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VICE PRESIDENT CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS IN HIS STUDY

Photographed especially for the National Magazine by Jessie Tarbox Beales

Chas. W. Fairbanks

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL XXIII. OCTOBER, 1905 No. 1.

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

DESPITE reciprocity congresses, with their demand for tariff revision, and railway rate control schemes, headed by that one emanating from the White House, there is a fair likelihood that not the least conspicuous issue before congress in session next month and thereafter will be made up of proposals concerning various phases of our relations with the Philippine Islands.

Chairman Sereno E. Payne of the house ways and means committee and Representative Grosvenor of Ohio, one of the tariff spokesmen of his party, went with Secretary Taft's party of tourists to Manila and had hardly taken a square look at the situation there before they declared themselves in favor of giving the island dependency free trade with the United States. This right

GOVERNOR E. W. HOCH OF KANSAS, FIGHTER OF STANDARD OIL, AND WHO SAYS THE NATIONAL CAPITOL LOOKS SQUATTY AND SHOULD BE CARRIED TWO STOREYS HIGHER

MISS ANNA HOCH, THE ATTRACTIVE AND WITTY DAUGHTER OF GOVERNOR HOCH, WHO CHRISTENED THE NEW BATTLESHIP KANSAS WITH WATER, AT CAMDEN, N. J., AUGUST 8.

From photographs by Snyder, Topeka, Kansas

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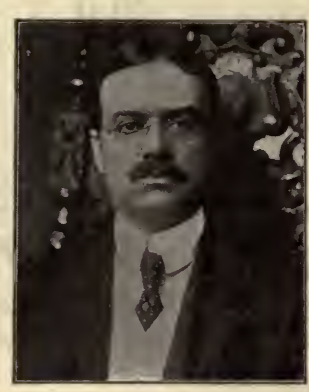
JAMES R. GARFIELD, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF CORPORATIONS



CHARLES H. KEEP (CHAIRMAN), ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

LAWRENCE O. MURRAY, ASSISTANT SECRETARY, COMMERCE AND LABOR

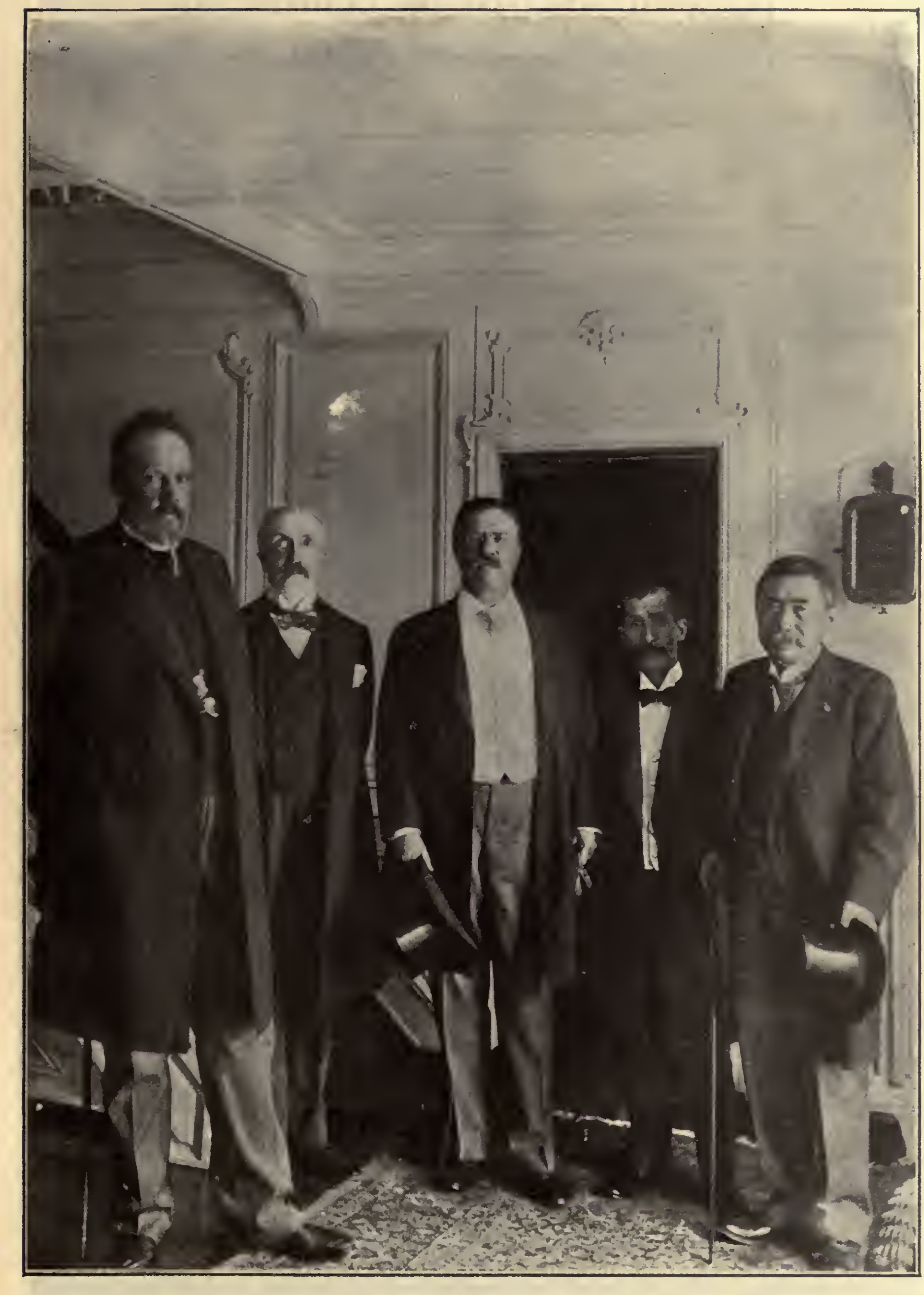
GIFFORD PINCHOT, CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF FORESTRY

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL

THESE ARE THE PRESIDENT'S INVESTIGATORS, STRONG MEN OF THE DEPARTMENTS, COMMISSIONED TO MODERNIZE FEDERAL BUSINESS METHODS, AND ABOLISH RED TAPE AS FAR AS POSSIBLE. THERE IS ENTIRELY TOO MUCH LONG-WINDED LETTER WRITING DONE IN THE FEDERAL OFFICES. EVERYBODY REFERS EVERYTHING TO SOMEBODY ELSE, BLACKENING ENDLESS REAMS OF PAPER AND "KILLING" ENDLESS HOURS OF HIGH PRICED TIME. THE INVESTIGATORS, KEEN, PRACTICAL YOUNG MEN OF AFFAIRS, ARE EXPECTED TO WEED OUT MUCH OF THIS NONSENSICAL PRACTICE, AND TO UNCOVER PETTY GRAFTERS LIKE SOME OF THOSE WHOSE SLEIGHT OF HAND WORK IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT HAS LATELY AMAZED THE SECRETARY AND DISGUSTED THE PRESIDENT.

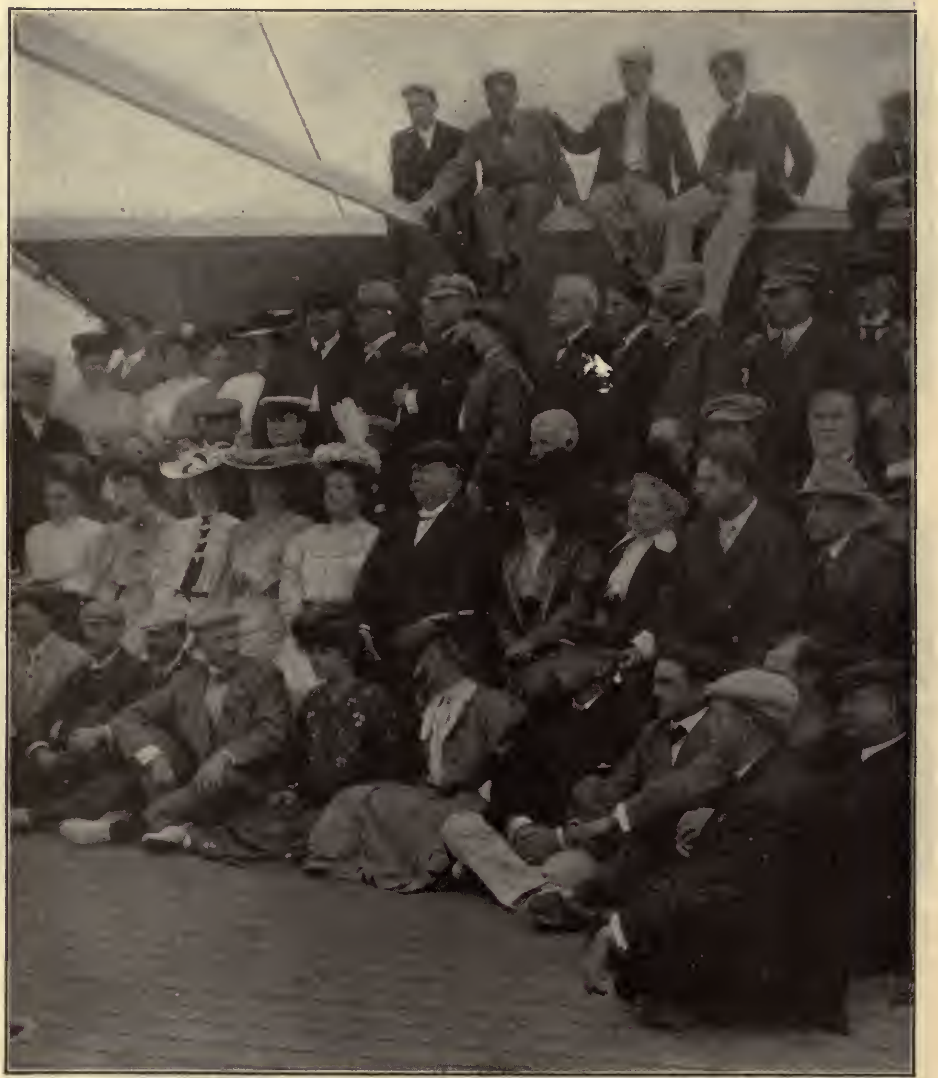
about face from the "stand pat" attitude occupied by Mr. Grosvenor prior to his journey eastward is paralleled by the change of heart that befell Bourke Cockran, the eminent New York anti-imperialist, in the same latitude and longitude. Mr. Cockran went there, it is intimated, to get material with which to fight for Filipino independence of the tyrannical rule of the United States, but he hadn't been there long until he made up his mind that he was all wrong in holding that opinion,—that the Filipinos are best off under the Stars and Stripes, and that we should never even think of letting them leave the family.

Chairman Payne, although one of the foremost "stand-patters" with regard to tariff revision generally considered, has within the past year entertained somewhat more liberal views than many of his distinguished party contemporaries in relation to our duty to the Filipinos. His eastern journey has merely



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE PEACE ENVOYS IN THE CABIN OF THE GOVERNMENT YACHT MAYFLOWER, OFF OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND, AUGUST 5TH., 1905

The Russian envoys were Count Sergius Witte, greatest of Russian financiers, and Baron Rosen, the czar's ambassador to the United States. The Japanese envoys were Baron Komura and Minister Takahira. It was due to the president's active personal intervention at a critical stage, when proceedings were deadlocked, that peace was concluded at the Portsmouth conference on terms creditable to both of the contending nations.



SECRETARY TAFT AND HIS PARTY THAT HAS BEEN ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, SEATED, IS IN THE CENTER OF THE FIRST ROW, SECRETARY TAFT IN THE CENTER OF THE SECOND ROW.—AMONG THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PARTY ARE SENATORS FOSTER OF LOUISIANA, DUBOIS OF IDAHO, LONG OF KANSAS, NEWLANDS OF NEVADA, WARREN OF WYOMING, PATTERSON OF COLORADO AND SCOTT OF WEST VIRGINIA; REPRESENTATIVES PAYNE OF NEW YORK, GROSVENOR AND LONGWORTH OF OHIO, McKINLEY AND FOSS OF ILLINOIS, CURTIS OF KANSAS, SHERLEY OF KENTUCKY, COOPER OF WISCONSIN, JONES OF VIRGINIA, WILEY OF ALABAMA AND GILLETTE OF MASSACHUSETTS; COLONEL G. R. EDWARDS, GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS AND SEVERAL OTHERS NOT IN OFFICIAL POSITIONS.—THEY STOPPED AT HONOLULU AND IN JAPAN ON THE WAY OUT.—RETURNING, THE PARTY IS DIVIDED, MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AND SEVERAL OTHERS GOING TO PEKIN, ON THE INVITATION OF THE EMPRESS OF CHINA.

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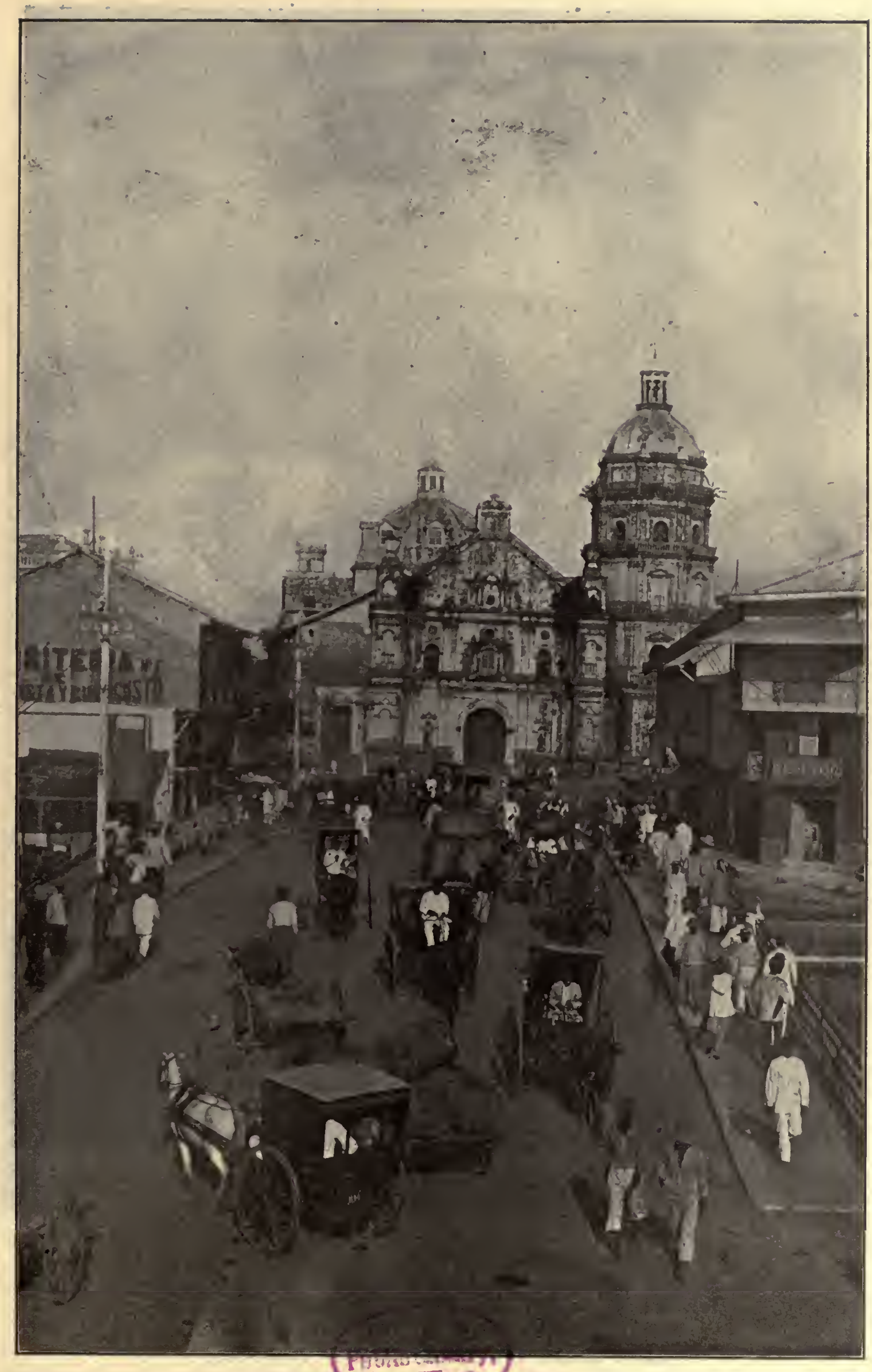

BINONDO CHURCH, MANILA, AN EXAMPLE OF SPANISH ARCHITECTURE IN THE PHILIPPINES, AND ONE OF THE SCENES VISITED BY SECRETARY TAFT'S PARTY

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ELIHU ROOT OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY OF STATE AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MOST TRUSTED OFFICIAL ADVISOR.—MR. ROOT HAS SELECTED ROBERT BACON, LATE PARTNER OF J. P. MORGAN & CO., TO BE FIRST ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE, SUCCEEDING FRANCIS B. LOOMIS, WHO IS SHORTLY TO JOIN HIS DEAREST FOE, HERBERT BOWEN, IN WELL EARNED RETIREMENT FROM THE PUBLIC SERVICE. — PRESIDENT CASTRO OF VENEZEULA INCITED THEM TO SLAY EACH OTHER AND SO GOT RID OF TWO FOES BOTH MR. ROOT AND MR. BACON HELPED THE PRESIDENT TO SETTLE THE COAL STRIKE

CHIEF ENGINEER JOHN F. STEVENS, THE AMERICAN RAILROAD MAN WHO HAS UNDERTAKEN THE JOB OF DIGGING THE PANAMA CANAL AND WHO PROMISES TO STICK TO HIS TASK UNTIL THE CANAL IS FINISHED

By courtesy of the Chicago Evening Post

confirmed and perhaps broadened his conception of our duty to our wards.

Mr. Bryan, ignoring the sad fate of Judge Parker when the latter tried for

GENERAL KING, ACTING COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE G. A. R., SUCCEEDING THE LATE GENERAL BLACKMAR

the presidency on the main proposition that we ought to haul down the flag in the Philippines, is preparing to visit the islands to get anti-imperialistic powder for the next presidential campaign. It is no secret that he hopes to win the nomination of his party in 1908, and it is understood that he regards Japan's victory over Russia as evidence that we have all along under rated the capacity of the Filipinos for independent self government. Whether Mr. Bryan, like Messrs. Grosvenor and Cockran, will reverse his views when he gets a chance to compare facts with theories, remains to be seen, but it may be said in advance, and we doubt if anyone will deny it, that Mr. Bryan is mighty "sot" in his ways. He still insists that sixteen to one is "everlastingly right," and apparently he expects the American electorate to realize it some day.

⁂

The scheme for Philippine tariff legislation when congress adjourned at the last session according to a recent writer in the Washington Post, was to pass a law admitting Philppine products free, with the exception of sugar and tobacco, upon which a duty of twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates was to be levied for the next four years, when there would be absolutely free trade on the products of the Philippines coming to the United States. Chairman Payne outlined that scheme to two or three of his associates and it seemed to meet with favor. He also remarked that if a bill like that was defeated or an attempt was made to hold it up by those who are standing for the Louisiana cane and western beet sugar interests, then a proposition for absolute free trade, to take effect at once, was likely to be made, and it would be very difficult to prevent it going through. He counted on the support of nearly all the democrats for a free trade measure, which would leave the sugar interests in a very small minority in the senate.

Mr. Payne's free trade declaration cabled to this country since his arrival in the islands indicates that he is now more determined than ever to bring about free trade in all products between nation and dependency as quickly as possible. He may not now be willing to wait even four years for free trade in sugar and tobacco. Representative Wager Sherley of Kentucky, speaking for his constituency in one of the foremost tobacco growing states, is with Secretary Taft's party and has declared his belief that American tobacco interests would not suffer any loss if the islanders were granted immediate free trade in that staple. Senator Foster of Louisiana, Senator Dubois of Idaho, Senator Long of Kansas and Senator Patterson of Colorado, all representatives of states in which sugar making is an important protected industry, are also in the Taft party, but, except Senator Long, they have given no sign of a change of heart. Up to the present they

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JAMES WILSON OF IOWA, SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

THE SCANDALS IN HIS DEPARTMENT AND HIS SURPRISE AT THEIR DISCOVERY SIMPLY PROVE HOW EASILY A GOOD SQUARE MAN WITH ARDENT SCIENTIFIC INTERESTS DOMINATING HIS THOUGHTS CAN BE IMPOSED UPON BY DISHONEST BUT PLAUSIBLE SUBORDINATES.

have opposed admitting Philippine sugar into our ports duty free.

* * *

Japanese capital is reported pouring into the Philippines, financing all manner of big private undertakings, and the leaders of the native population are said to have lost hope that American capitalists will ever do anything toward developing the vast natural resources of the islands. Japanese statesmen have made light of occasional statements by newspapers and public men, to the effect that Japan would like to possess the Philippines, but the administration at Washington apparently deems it well to make ready for any eventuality, since plans are afoot for strongly fortifying the principal ports. The next session will very likely also see steps taken for the creation of suitable defensive works in the Hawaiian islands, which in naval warfare would control the Pacific and are now practically defenseless.

Cornelia C. Fairbanks
Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks

FACSIMILE OF THE SIGNATURE OF THE WIFE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT, WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. FAIRBANKS, ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 5TH, WHEN VICE PRESIDENT AND MRS. FAIRBANKS VISITED THE OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE AND INSPECTED WITH KEEN INTEREST THE PLANT IN WHICH THESE PAGES ARE PRODUCED

* * *

IN view of the president's purpose to visit the home of his maternal forbears in Georgia this month, the National Magazine commissioned Miss Junia McKinley of Atlanta to prepare a brief historical sketch of the distinguished men and women who figure in the southern branches of the president's family tree. It will interest many of our readers to learn that President Roosevelt is in the line of descent from Scottish kings, and that one of his mother's brothers was an admiral of the Confederate States navy and another the sailing master of the famous privateer Alabama when that ship fought and was sunk by the Kearsarge. Miss McKinley writes:

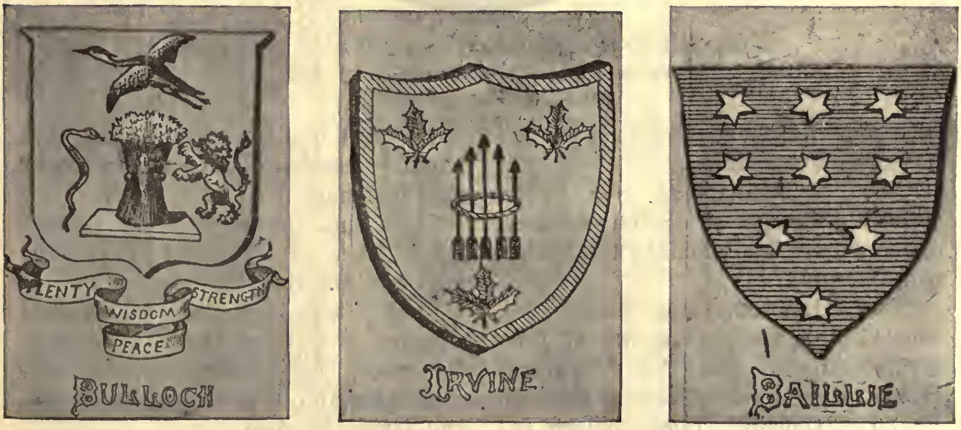
"It has been said that next to the president himself in the loving interest of the American people comes the mother of the president. Since the time of Mary, mother of Washington, this sentiment has grown with the nation's growth, and a halo of tender interest surrounds the mother of the president, her environment and her people.

"Possibly no previous chief executive owes more to his mother than Theodore Roosevelt, whose mother, Martha Bulloch, was born and raised in Georgia. She was a member of the old and distinguished family of Bullochs of Georgia. Martha Bulloch's ancestors came from Scotland to America early in the colonial period; they came from Baldernock, the records there showing that the Bullochs originally descended from Donald of the

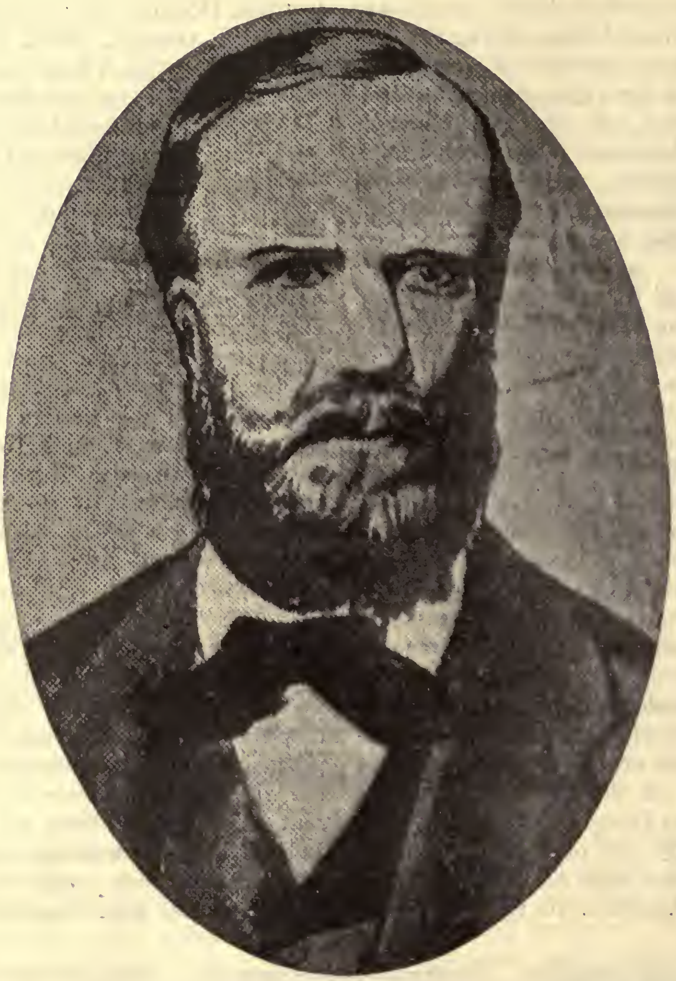
Isles. James Bulloch, lineal ascendant of Martha Bulloch, before settling in Georgia, came to the province of South Carolina early in the eighteenth century and there married Jean Stobo, daughter of Reverend Archibald Stobo, Scotch Presbyterian minister. Reverend Mr. Stobo settled in Charleston in 1700, established many churches and was a man of note in the colony. James Bulloch, the first of the name in Georgia, was a scholarly man, reading Latin and Greek fluently; he was educated in Glasgow. While in Carolina, he was justice of the peace in 1735, received appointment as special agent to the Creek Indians in 1741, and was a member of the Carolina colonial assembly from the parish of St. Paul in 1754. He was a planter and entertained royally at his country seat, 'Pon Pon;' he was a friend of General Oglethorpe, the commander of the king's forces, who was his guest at 'Pon Pon.' In 1760, James Bulloch was justice for Christ Church parish in Georgia, from which time he was of great usefulness and influence in the province. In 1775 he was a member of the provincial congress from the Sea Island district.

"The only son of James and Jean Stobo Bulloch was Archibald Bulloch, born in Charleston in 1730, and who married, October 19, 1764 — on Argyle Island in Georgia, Marie De Veaux, daughter of Colonel James De Veaux of Shaftesbury, Esquire, and Ann, the latter the daughter of Edward Fairschild and Ann, daughter of Edmond Bellinger, landgrave of South Carolina. Archibald Bulloch was the first republican governor of Georgia, speaker of the royal assembly in 1772, member of the continental congress in 1775 and 1776, president and commander-in-chief of Georgia in 1776-1777. That he was not a signer of the Declaration of Independence, from Georgia, was because his official duties prevented his being in Philadelphia. This document was sent by special messenger from the president of the continental congress to Governor Bulloch, who was the first to read the declaration in Georgia. Archibald Bulloch, patriot, soldier, statesman, was among the first to assert American rights in the province before Georgia abjured allegiance to British authority. He was loyal to principle, an ardent patriot, uncompromising and unostentatious. When the commanding officer at Savannah sent a special sentinel for Governor Bulloch's house, he refused, saying:

"'I act for free people in whom I have the most entire confidence and I



COATS OF ARMS OF THE BULLOCK, IRVINE AND BAILLIE FAMILIES, THE SOUTHERN BRANCHES OF THE PRESIDENT'S FAMILY TREE



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, SENIOR, MERCHANT OF NEW YORK
From an early newspaper print

wish to avoid on all occasions the appearance of ostentation.'

"He died February 22, 1777, in the faithful discharge of executive duties, and is buried in Colonial Park, Savannah, Georgia.

"His eldest son, James Bulloch, Jr., married Ann Irvine, daughter of John Irvine, surgeon, and Ann Elizabeth Baillie, daughter of Colonel Kenneth Baillie of 'Dunain.' James Bulloch, Jr., was captain in the continental army, 1778 to 1781; captain of Georgia state troops, 1790; clerk of the superior court, and honorary member of the state Society of the Cincinnati.

"His son, James Stephen Bulloch (grandfather of President Roosevelt) married Martha Stewart, widow of United States Senator Elliott and daughter of General Daniel Stewart of Georgia. The children of this marriage were Ann, Charles Irvine, Martha, and Irvine Stephen.

"Martha Bulloch married Theodore Roosevelt of New York, and their son

MARTHA BULLOCH, MOTHER OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

From an early newspaper print

Theodore Roosevelt is president of the United States of America.

"The father of Martha Bulloch, James Stephen Bulloch, was a prominent man in Georgia, was major of the Chatham Artillery, vice president of the Union Society, deputy collector of the port of Savannah, and member of the company that sent the first steamship, the Savannah, across the Atlantic ocean.

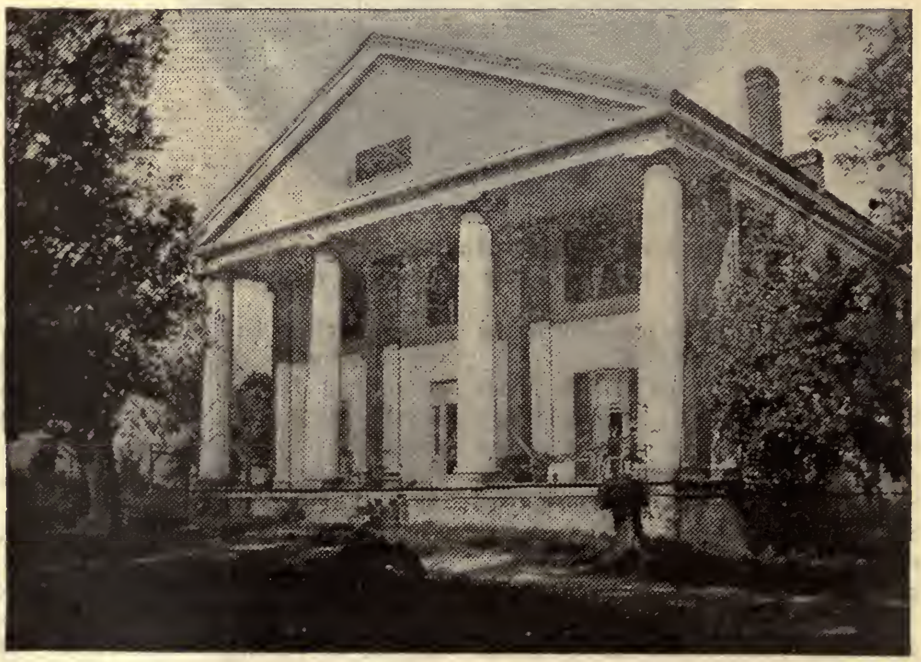
"Major Bulloch was a wealthy planter and many years before the Civil war removed from near Savannah to Roswell, Georgia, where he had erected a Summer residence. His home there was surrounded by broad acres and in a situation so lovely that he continued to reside there until his death, which occurred suddenly while attending church. All his children were raised in Roswell. The Bulloch mansion, still there, is a type of Southern architecture, with massive pillars and broad galleries. It was from this home that Martha Bulloch was married to Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., of New York. There are many still in

Georgia who cherish tender memories of the president's beautiful, aristocratic mother. Throughout her girlhood she was a noted belle, admired everywhere for her beauty, accomplishments, charm of manner and strong mentality. During a visit to her sister in Philadelphia, she met Mr. Roosevelt, who was captivated by the lovely young southern girl, and the announcement of their engagement soon followed. Felicitations and regrets were intermingled, for many deplored her loss when the bridegroom rode out from the North to claim his bride.

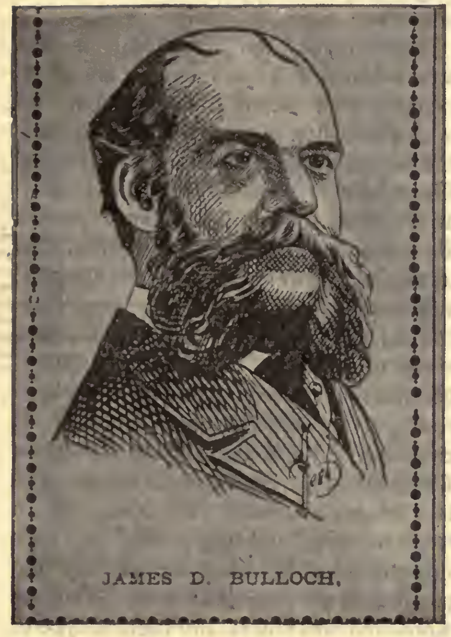
"Martha Bulloch Roosevelt loved with ardor her native state and mourned with anguish the sorrows that the war between the states brought to her people. On one occasion, after hostilities between North and South had begun and when her northern home was decorated for some festive occasion with American flags, she, to show her loyalty to the South, displayed from her boudoir window the Confederate flag, which caused angry sentiments in the crowd that collected in front of the house. They demanded the removal of the flag. She refused when told by Mr. Roosevelt and no persuasion from her husband could induce her to withdraw it. So he made a speech to the crowd, by this time a mob, told them his wife loved the flag, as she was a southern woman, and the mob dispersed.

"The Bullochs of Georgia have rendered distinguished service to country and state, fought in colonial wars, the Revolution and Indian wars, in the War of 1812 and down through the Civil war. Governor Archibald Bulloch's three sons were all men of note. His son Archibald Bulloch, Jr., was justice and collector of the port; his son William Bellinger Bulloch was captain of artillery, 1812; United States attorney, solicitor general of Georgia, mayor of Savannah, and United States senator.

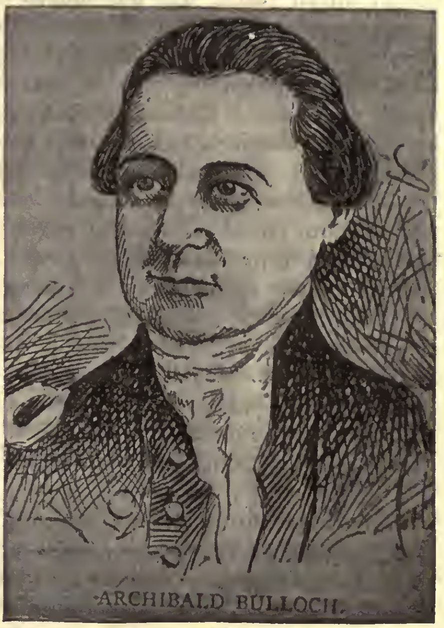
"Later members of Martha Bulloch's



MARTHA BULLOCH'S BIRTHPLACE, ROSWELL, GEORGIA, NEAR ATLANTA


JAMES D. BULLOCH.

JAMES D. BULLOCH, ADMIRAL IN THE CONFEDERATE NAVY,—AN UNCLE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT


ARCHIBALD BULLOCH.

ARCHIBALD BULLOCH, THE FIRST REPUBLICAN GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

family who rendered noted service to Georgia, were Irvine Stephen Bulloch, (Martha Bulloch's brother), sailing master of the Alabama when she fought the Kearsarge; Admiral James Dunwoody Bulloch, Confederate States naval agent abroad; Dr. William Gaston Bulloch, major in the Confederate army, and many others of Martha Bulloch's kinsmen whose bravery enrolled them among the heroes who fought under the banner brave hands bore unsullied all its years,

"'The Southern Cross and Crown,
The wonder of a thousand lands
And glory of our own.'

"'The flag that once did brave a world
From its proud standard riven,
Is folded from our sight and now
Hath no place under heaven.'

⁂

"One of President Roosevelt's maternal ancestors was Kenneth Baillie of 'Dunain,' ensign in 1735, captain, major and colonel in colonial regiments. Colonel Baillie was descended through Baillies of 'Dunain' from Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, and from William Wallace and other royal lines. Colonel Baillie's will, dated July 7, 1776, is recorded in Atlanta, Georgia. In this will, he directs 'Baillie's Island' to be sold and the proceeds given to his daughter Ann Elizabeth, wife of John Irvine, surgeon, son of Charles Irvine of Cults. Colonel Kenneth Baillie was one of the witnesses to the treaty between General Oglethorpe, commander of the king's forces, with the Creek Indians, August 11, 1739. Charles Irvine, mentioned in the will, married Euphemia Douglas, descended from 'Black Douglas' who died in battle with the Saracens while carrying the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land. Hence the human heart on the escutcheon of the Douglas family.

"Any record of Martha Bulloch's patriot ancestors would be incomplete without mention of her own grandfather, General Daniel Stewart of Georgia, who joined the continental army at the early age of fifteen years. He was indeed a Revolutionary rough rider and rode with Marion. Daniel Stewart fought in the southern campaign in 1780, was captured, taken on a British prison ship, escaped and fought until Cornwallis surrendered. He commanded troops against the Indians, was an elector to cast a vote for Madison, raised a brigade of cavalry in 1812 and was made brigadier general. Stewart county is named in his honor.

"Since Martha Bulloch, through Baillie-Irvine lines, was lineally descended from the royal house of Scotland, President Roosevelt is as truly of royal lineage as Edward VII of England, also descended from kings of Scotland.

⁂

"To the student of atavism, the president's ancestry presents much of interest. Paternally, his ascendants were from the fine old Knickerbocker families of New York. The founder of the Roosevelt line was Claes Martenszen Van Rosenvelt, Dutch trader, who came to New York in 1645, and many of whose descendants were men of note after the Dutch flag was superseded by the British. These thrifty Dutchmen traded, served God and country and fought in the Revolution as American soldiers.

"Maternally, our president is descended from English speaking ancestors except the De Veaux line—French. So in this blending of sturdy Knickerbocker and southern cavalier one queries, 'From which 'side of the house' does the president inherit his cordial manner, perfect dignity and courtesy? A genial current, transmitted, surely, from Martha Bulloch, and to her, perhaps, a heritage from courtly Chevalier De Veaux of the province of Georgia. From the Knickerbockers must have come much of the cool courage, tenacity and sturdy traits of character. From the Bullochs and the Baillies and the Stewarts of Georgia, gallant heroes all, must have come, with a large share of "fighting blood," the high integrity, loyalty to principle and fine patriotism that unite to make Theodore Roosevelt what he is, the highest type of American citizen, soldier and statesman. Descended from those royal rough riders, The Wallace and The Bruce, how fair he rode under tropic skies, how brave the charge up San Juan's heights, and, riding down again, he found himself enshrined in the hearts of the American people."

NIGHT SCENE AT THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL, PORTLAND, OREGON:—THE REFLECTION OF THE LIGHTS UPON THE LAKE

THE GREATER FAITH

By Christobelle van Asmus Bunting

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

"IN a thousand years it would never happen again," and Mrs. Norman Stapleton stirred her bouillon absently as she sat at a solitary luncheon in her father's home.

She had come over that morning to look up some old pictures in the garret. There was a daguerreotype of her father when a boy, and Mrs. Stapleton wished to find it. She happened upon many other relics — dusty books and all that sort of thing. In one old fashioned dresser she found some personal belongings of her mother's. There was her diary, and Mrs. Stapleton opened it. She ran through the pages rapidly till she came to the year of her own wedding. She found the date, May 14. There was nothing written there, but below, on the fifteenth, it read:

> Josephine married. Poor child, with no mind of her own! Fortunately she has a mother. Mr. Stapleton is all I could possibly wish. I am so glad it is over. It is all so nerve tiring.

"Poor mamma," she said, and then Mrs. Stapleton had come downstairs again. How the hours had gone! She had no idea it was already noon, and she was to meet Jane Stockton at twelve. She must call her at once by wire and explain, and—then it happened.

It was the strangest thing—a coincidence merely—not at all impossible, but so unlikely. The wires were crossed, and when she asked for Miss Stockton someone said:

"Who's talking?"

"This is Josephine."

"Not Josephine Gilbert?" he interrupted.

"Yes. Why? Who are you?"

And then it came out that he was Jack Souther. And she had told him he might call that very afternoon.

"Are you still living in the old place?" he had asked.

And she had answered: "Yes."

And now, after an absence of more than five years, he had come back. Josephine wondered if he knew she had married—but of course he must know.

So she had remained to lunch there. He would likely call late in the afternoon. She would ask him to walk home with her.

Did she think really that Jack Souther would call late? Well, he did not and he drove up, too. She heard him whistle as he used to in the old days. Through the bare Autumn trees she could see he was not coming in. She went to the porch.

"Bring your hat, Jo," he called, and then he jumped out of the carriage and waited for her.

Mrs. Stapleton was excited. She pinned on her hat and taking her jacket on her arm she hurried down the walk.

They did not hold one another's hand in a long, close clasp. They did not look long into each other's eyes without one word. No; there was nothing strange about their meeting. To a passerby it would have seemed they had parted only yesterday.

"I thought we should enjoy a drive most," he said as he got in after her.

"How long is it?" she asked.

"Nearly six years."

"What brought you back?"

"You."

Her color heightened.

"Then he does not know," she said to herself. To him she replied:

"I thought you had forgotten."

"Why did you never write to me?" and he turned and looked squarely at her.

"How should I know where to find you? Would 'Mr. John Souther, Africa', have reached you?"

"I sent you two letters, Jo. Didn't you ever get them?"

"I never heard from you after the night you left."

"Did you get the flowers that next day?"

"No," she answered slowly, "I never heard anything."

"I suppose your mother thought best not to bother you. Doubtless she—"

"Don't," interrupted Mrs. Stapleton. "She is dead."

"Oh," he said quickly, "forgive me." But in his eyes there was a look of suppressed relief. "It happens sometimes, you know, that letters and all do get irretrievably lost—but I fancied, perhaps, that you had reason, some good reason, for not writing me."

"No," she answered, "I should have written had I known where you were, but I was led to think that if you were desirous of hearing from me you would let me know your whereabouts. I suppose with some trouble I might have found you—but, well, I did not."

"Never mind now," he smiled at her. "It was a long wait, but it's over."

They had come to the same old cross-road that led to the bridge. In the distance was the little white district school. The fallen Autumn leaves rustled beneath the carriage. It was the only sound anywhere.

Jack Souther slipped his arm through the reins and let them hang loosely.

"Have a cigarette, Jo?" he asked, smiling as he lighted one himself.

"No, thanks," she returned, laughing lightly. "You're not changed at all."

"Nor you."

"Don't you think so?"

"Not in the least, unless, perhaps, it's your heart. Tell me about it," and he leaned forward and looked back into her eyes.

"We were very happy in those dear dead days," and she sighed slightly.

"Are they so dead?" he asked.

"I don't think they could be more so."

"I did not mean to stay away so long, Jo." He was silent a moment; then he added: "The night I left I was determined I should show your mother that I was worthy of you."

"You were always," she said quickly.

"My family was all right, but we were poor. 'A poor doctor's son,' she said—and justly, and I knew I had no right to ask you then. I only wished to make sure you would wait, but your mother had said to me: 'To wait for what?' Had I 'any assurance of better things?'—and I had none. I only felt. I did not know. I should have come back before, but I was not ready, and I knew until that time there was no use. And I did not even know I should find you—but these things are all mapped out, no doubt. You love me, don't you?" he asked abruptly.

She looked at him, but she could not speak. The deep blue of his eyes was so true, so sure. What would he think?

"Say it, Jo," he smiled, reaching for her hand.

"I can't," she choked, "I married the next Spring after you had gone."

He did not reproach her. He answered only:

"Poor child! I might have known it. It was your mother. Who is he?"

"Norman Stapleton."

"Oh, he stayed here, then?"

"Yes, he joined the firm of King & Gordon."

"Where are you living?"

"In Harvard Place."

"But Jo, you are not happy?"

"I have not let myself think of it until today," she said slowly. "I thought you had forgotten."

"When did your mother die?" he asked.

"A year ago."

"It would have been too late then," he mused half aloud.

"Yes," she agreed, "I was married long before."

They were crossing the bridge. He leaned toward her.

"For the sake of old times?" he asked.

His lips were very near her own.

"No," and she pushed him away gently. "We have no right."

"I guess you know," and he lighted another cigarette. "This is a queer world. I can't imagine things as they are." He gathered the reins. "Shall we speed some?" he asked.

He did not wait for her to answer. It was not long before they reached the city road again. The sun had gone down and the day was already over. Lights shone from the different homes and they could see through the windows as they passed.

"Where shall I take you," he asked.

"It is the third house in Harvard Place."

She did not ask him in when they reached Mrs. Stapleton's home.

"Thank you for coming with me," he told her.

"You were kind to take me," she smiled forcedly.

"May I call?"

"Certainly; whenever you like. Mr. Stapleton is in Canada on a hunting trip. Went with Charlie Burrows and Bobbie Alsworth. How long shall you be here?"

"I am not sure."

Someone came by and spoke to her. She seemed disturbed.

"Goodnight," he said.

"Goodnight," and Mrs. Stapleton turned and went up the steps. She did not go inside till she saw the carriage turn the corner.

❧

There were two letters waiting for her. One was an invitation to Mrs. Smith's reception. In the other she learned that Norman Stapleton had killed two deer.

II

Mrs. Stapleton did not see Mr. Jack Souther again till the afternoon at Mrs. Smith's. She had a birthday the Monday before and he had sent her a great box of chyrsanthemums. Mr. Stapleton had not forgotten it either, though he was in the heart of the forest. He had left word at the jeweler's before he went away. It was a beautiful string of garnets—a rosary. That night Mrs. Stapleton prayed the prayer for faithfulness and fidelity.

Mrs. Stapleton had been brought up in a convent, and all her religious training had been from the sisters. Her mother had sent her when quite young. Mrs. Gilbert was obliged to travel for her health — afterward she became a Christian Scientist. Before, she had been rather negative. They had taken a pew in the Methodist church because Mr. Gilbert's mother worshiped there. She had sent Josephine to the "Sacred Heart" because it seemed to be the only thing at that time. She had not imagined the child would become a Romanist, but it did not matter. When Josephine grew older Mrs. Stapleton would take her to her own church. But Josephine did not waver.

Mrs. Smith's was the first invitation Mrs. Stapleton had accepted since her mother's death. Everyone was exceptionally pleasant to her. There was Mrs. "Dick" Kendall, whom, at a distance, she had always admired. She had never known her well. Mrs. Stapleton's mother did not like Mrs. "Dick." Josephine wondered why. She could not help feeling it was unjust.

"I am glad you are out," Mrs. "Dick" said. She was almost the first to speak to her.

"Thank you," Josephine answered.

"Do you know," Peggie began, "that Jack Souther's back? Oh, but of course you must," and Peggie laughed knowingly. "He was a sweetheart of yours, wasn't he?"

"He is a very dear friend," she returned smiling. "Yes, I've seen him. It was quite funny," and then Mrs. Stapleton related the telephone episode.

"How romantic," Peggie was saying as Mr. Hardy came toward them.

"What's romantic?" he asked.

"Oh, good afternoon," she smiled graciously. "Have you met Mrs. Smith's niece?"

"Yes, she is charming," Mr. Hardy went on. "She makes silhouettes."

"Makes what?" Peggie asked.

"Silhouettes — cuts them out in no time. She's awfully clever! Fresh from school."

"Yes," and Peggie led the way to the library. "Come, have some tea. Mrs. Smith has a different sort than Mrs. Stevens was on her hands. Dorothy Stevens is her niece, you know?"

"Oh, yes, I know," Mrs. Stapleton assented. "I used to meet her at the club. She's not been lately."

"That so?" and Peggie looked about some. "There's Jack Souther," she said again, "talking to Mrs. Smith's niece. She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Oh, that's Miss Clarke?"

"Yes; come, I will introduce you."

Soon Mrs. Stapleton found herself alone with Jack Souther drinking tea. She wondered for a moment how it happened.

"The flowers were beautiful," and Mrs. Stapleton turned toward him.

"I thought they might please you," he said.

"It was very kind in you, I am sure."

"It was a selfish pleasure."

Things seemed strained. Mrs. Stapleton felt that she had no right to be siting there with him. She felt that others would notice it; though there was Mrs. Darrell Stevens and Mr. Hardy chatting together, and she heard once that he had been very fond of her—after her marriage, too.

"Has Mr. Stapleton returned?" Mr. Souther asked. He knew that he had not.

"No, he will not be home for another week."

"It must be lonely," he ventured.

"It is, very," and Mrs. Stapleton's hand shook beneath her cup.

"I don't care for tea," he said again, "do you?"

"No, not particularly."

"Shall I take your cup?"

"Thank you."

He placed them on a table near by.

"Do you remember the cocoa we used to make on Monday afternoons when your mother went to her whist club?"

She smiled.

"How much fun it was. You always used to kiss me for the money in my cup," he went on.

"How dreadful of you," she remonstrated.

"But you did. And do you remember, Jo, the day your mother came home? I literally fell up the front stairs and down the back, and afterward I telephoned you, and you met me on the corner. You just happened to, you know. I had the carriage, and oh, what a drive we had that day!"

"And we lost the whip!"

"Yes, and your sapphire ring! How we hunted for them both!"

"And I got back very late."

"Yes," he said meditatively. "Do you remember anything particular about that drive?" he asked.

Her cheeks flushed. Mrs. Kingsley Hudson came up just then.

"Why, Jack Souther!" she exclaimed, "where did you come from? We are expecting Stuart home next week. You know Stuart, Mrs. Stapleton?"

"Oh, yes, quite well. Our birthdays are on the same date—year and all."

"Why, yes, I remember. Have you met 'Puss'—his wife?"

"Is Stuart married?" asked Jack in surprise.

"My, yes—has a daughter nearly three

years old. A man has no right to bury himself as you have done.”

“I’m beginning to think I did make a mistake,” Jack Souther returned, almost sadly.

“You’ve been very successful, haven’t you?” she asked, smiling. “How long shall you be here?”

“I don’t know yet.” He glanced at Mrs. Stapleton, but she was not looking at him.

“I am to give a dinner next Thursday for Stuart and ‘Puss.’ You will be there?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Will you come, Mrs. Stapleton? Stuart will be so glad to have you. Mr. Stapleton will be back, won’t he?”

“No, I do not expect him until Saturday or Sunday.”

“Can’t you come anyway? Please do.”

“I shall need a partner,” Jack said lonesomely.

“Why, certainly,” Mrs. Hudson urged. “Come and sit next to Jack.”

There was no excuse to refuse. Josephine accepted with thanks. And so it came about that Mrs. Stapleton came to Mrs. Kingsley Hudson’s dinner party.

Covers were laid for twelve, and it happened that Jack Souther was the only unmarried person there.

“I’m glad you’re not an old maid,” Peggie said consolingly. She sat on his left.

“I might as well be,” he returned. Peggie thought he seemed regretful.

“Come over some time,” she said later when they were leaving.

“Thank you, I shall.”

⁂

Peggie was toasting marshmallows before a grate fire, with the children, when she heard the street bell. She was surprised when Jack Souther came in.

“I owe you an apology,” he began, “for not coming on your day at home, but somehow I felt like coming this afternoon, and I could not resist.”

“I’m very glad you came,” and Peggie extended her hand cordially. “These are my boys, John and Robert. They have grown up since you’ve been away.”

The children soon left them alone.

“It’s grown very cold out, hasn’t it?” Peggie asked. “Won’t you have some marshmallows?”

He reached for a stick, and, putting one on the end of it, held it before the coals.

“You have a nice family, Mrs. ‘Dick.’”

“Yes, we are very happy,” she answered smiling.

“You were always lucky.”

Peggie laughed.

“Be careful; you’re burning it.” She reached for the toaster. “One might imagine you in love.”

“I am.”

“Oh, tell me about it!” Peggie prepared another marshmallow. “Don’t spoil this one. Who is it—Miss Clark?”

“No,” he answered dreamily, “it wouldn’t be my fate to fall in love with someone I might possibly marry.”

“Goodness!” ejaculated Mrs. ‘Dick.’ “You frighten me. Please tell me quickly—but I can guess,” she added ponderingly. “It’s Josephine Gilbert Stapleton!”

“Yes,” and Jack Souther dropped toaster and all into the fire. “You see, Mrs. ‘Dick,’ I’ve always been in love with her — and,” he went on slowly, “I believe she has been with me.”

Peggie looked at him. “They seem very congenial,” she interposed.

“Do you like him?” he asked.

“Yes, rather. He’s not my sort, exactly. He’s too unbending. But I do think him a pleasant person. He is English, very.”

“Her mother made the match.”

“Oh, certainly! Mrs. Gilbert never cared for me. Told Mrs. Alfred Hall she thought me frivolous. I always felt sorry for Josephine."

"And I," Jack Souther said emphatically. "It was just this way. I knew I could never marry Josephine if I were a poor man. I did not dream Mrs. Gilbert would die — and I knew Josephine would never take any radical steps against her mother; so I made up my mind I'd make good, and I have,— to what purpose?" he added bitterly.

"Well," said Peggie sympathetically, "I'm awfully sorry for you, Jack. I wish you could get over it."

"I can't."

"But you might. You must go away, you know, and perhaps new scenes and people might change you."

"It's too deep seated, Mrs. 'Dick.'"

"You won't go, then?"

"Oh, yes, I'm going. There's no use to remain. It's only a constant reawakening to us both."

"She still cares, then?"

"I am sure of it."

"Did she say so?"

"No, Josephine wouldn't do that."

"I suppose not. Her religion is a great deal to her. She would never dream of a divorce — and, then, there are no grounds."

"No, there is but one thing could bring her to me, and that is death."

"Maybe he will shoot himself on this trip," Peggie said wickedly. "How dreadful!" she added quickly. "I did not mean to say it."

"No," he answered, rising. "You are loyal, that's all."

"And it's no comfort to say that you will have each other in the next world," she added.

"It's not material enough," he answered, smiling.

They were jesting, but neither of them felt that way.

"Come again," she urged as they came to the hall.

"It's very good in you to be so solicitous, Mrs. 'Dick.'"

He held out his hand.

"Something will happen," she consoled him.

Jack Souther couldn't help feeling Mrs. 'Dick' was speaking the truth. He lighted a cigarette as he came outside. Peggie watched him from the window.

"Poor boy!" she said aloud. "I wonder if he will get over it — I mean I wonder when?"

She lighted the yellow lamp in the music room.

Mrs. Stapleton entertained for Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Spaulding. She gave a theater party with a supper afterward. When the first act was over Mr. Hardy leaned across and said to her:

"I understand you are going away soon, Mrs. Stapleton."

"Yes, I am going west with Miss Stapleton."

"So soon?" asked Peggie.

"It is rather early." Josephine felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. Jack Souther was looking straight at her. "But Miss Stapleton is anxious to get away, and so I shall not inconvenience her."

"Is she here?"

"No, we expect her Wednesday."

"Where are you going?" Mr. Souther asked. He had not taken his eyes from her, and Josephine felt they were searching her very soul. A great lump rose in her throat as she answered, trying to be unconcerned:

"West, to Denver first, and then to the coast — probably."

The curtain rose.

"Holy Mother, I thank thee!" she gratefully prayed.

Peggie looked at Jack Souther. Each knew what the other was thinking, and each knew where Josephine Gilbert Stapleton's heart was.

In the lobby Jack got a word with her.

"I may see you before you go?" he asked.

"Come up tomorrow at ten," she said almost breathlessly.

When Mr. Souther came to the Stapleton's steps the next morning the large door opened. Mrs. Stapleton stood there with her wraps on. She wore a fur collar that well became her.

"I have been watching for you," she said, coming out. "I thought you would not mind walking over to my father's with me."

"I shall be glad to do so," and they started together down the walk.

"When are you going?" he asked.

"Tomorrow night or the next morning."

"Don't go," he said regretfully. "I'm going away, Jo. I did not intend staying this long. I wish I had not caused you all this pain and trouble. Forgive me."

"I do not blame you," she answered sweetly. "No one's to blame — only there's no use to try. We couldn't ever be only friends — not after all we have been to one another. Perhaps there is such a thing as friendship after love, but it's beyond you and me, Jack. We have always been so free and frank, and it would be as impossible for us to ever take things commonplace again, as for the sun not to shine. Perhaps if we had our way—who knows but we might have seen that it was not all we imagine it, after all, but we have never really had 'an affair' so to speak and—well, because we are who we are it's not only wicked, Jack, it's dangerous. I am uncomfortable when I know you are here."

"I will go away."

"No, I shall not drive you from your friends. They are all you have. I can go better than you."

"I shall be gone when you return. And this is all, then? This is the end?"

She looked at him.

"What would you have me do?" she asked hopelessly.

They had come to the Gilbert home.

"It's a very cold goodbye," he said, as she held out her hand.

"There is nothing else," she answered.

Mrs. Stapleton took from her pocketbook a worn, tiny piece of paper, on which something hardly legible was written.

"It's a prayer," she said, as she handed it to him. "I wrote it — for you —years ago."

He took it and put it carefully away in his card case.

"Thank you," and he smiled sadly at her, "and if anything happens I will come for you?"

"Yes, and I shall be waiting."

Mr. Jack Souther walked away hurriedly.

Mrs. Norman Stapleton went into her father's house. She played nearly the whole of Lohengrin and then she went to her own old room, and, throwing herself on the bed, she wept.

❧

After Mrs. Stapleton went away Mr. Jack Souther found everything empty. He called on Mrs. "Dick" Kendall and Mrs. Kingsley Hudson, but they did not entertain him. Peggie went so far as to give a small, informal chafing dish supper, just to throw Mr. Souther and Miss Clarke together, but she confessed to Dick afterward that "it was the pokiest thing" she had "ever been at. When a man's in love, the very best thing to do is to leave him there."

"I reckon that's about right, Peggie," Dick returned laughingly.

"If I had my way, they would come together," and Peggie laid her book on the table.

"How about Mr. Stapleton?"

"Oh, I don't know. Seems he is the least concerned. I suppose he would get over it — could; but Jack Souther can't — won't."

"Has he gone away?"

"Not yet; goes Thursday, I think."

"Where is he going?"

"South somewhere." Then she added abruptly: "Shall I have a brown or gray tailor-made?"

"They each become you. Have both," Dick suggested.

"I think I'll have brown," said Peggie meditatively. "I like brown."

III

From a window of his room at the hotel Jack Souther saw a party starting for the golf links. He watched silently some seconds, then turning and picking up his hat he walked out. In the office he came face to face with Mrs. Norman Stapleton.

In both their eyes there was a mingling of surprise, happiness—and regret.

"Why, Jack!" she exclaimed.

"I thought you had gone to Denver," he returned.

"No, we changed our minds."

"I am glad of it. How do you find Jacksonville?"

"We like it very much—and you?"

"I have just come."

"Miss Stapleton and I are on our way to the links. Will you come with us?"

"Gladly," he smiled at her.

Miss Stapleton did not play, and she got tired and went back to the hotel. Josephine and Jack played all morning. Neither one of them referred to anything past between them. They laughed and chatted like any friends might.

When Josephine was alone in her room, she thought it all over.

"After all," she said to herself, "I have been mistaken. We can be friends. I am glad he came. It will break the monotony. I was foolish and hysterical to have fancied Jack and I could not be friends. Why shouldn't we be? Just because when we were young — very young — we were sweethearts, is that a reason we should not be friends now? How silly I have acted! Why don't I think more quickly and act less so?" Josephine argued until she quite convinced herself.

And so the days passed quickly enough. Sometimes they went with others; sometimes they went alone.

One day Jack asked Josephine and Miss Stapleton to go for a drive. They accepted, but when he came for them Miss Stapleton's head bothered her.

"It's too bad to have put you to so much trouble," Josephine said sympathetically, as they stood together on the piazza.

"You don't care to go?" he asked.

"Why, yes," she answered quickly. "It didn't occur to me we could go anyway. Wait, I will be back presently."

Josephine almost regretted she had told him she would go. She remembered their last drive at home; but she was unnecessarily perturbed. She even thought afterward that Jack was cool toward her. It pricked her pride a little.

"How glad I am," she said to herself, "that I did not give way that first day."

Only once did she have cause to think, even, that he still cared, though she could hardly believe, in her heart of hearts, that he did not.

He had taken dinner with them at the same table, and they were coming out of the dining room.

"How many people there are here," she remarked.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "Does it oppress you?"

"Oh, no, only sometimes I feel it. Sometimes I wish to be alone."

"All alone?" he asked, but he did not wait for her answer. He added quickly, "I would not care to be all alone, unless two were counted one."

She looked at him, but he was looking straight beyond. The orchestra was playing a waltz, and the dreamy strain came to them where they were.

"That makes one wish for solitude," he said.

"Yes, it does," and she smiled almost lovingly.

❧

Some one asked Miss Stapleton where

Mrs. Stapleton's husband was. She asked more than that, and then this same individual went on to say that there had been a great deal of speculation as to the relation of Mrs. Stapleton and Mr. Souther.

"Of course," she continued patronizingly, "I don't approve of such gossip, but in a place like this one has to be very careful. For instance, Mrs. Sears said to me only this morning when Mrs. Stapleton started for the links with Mr. Souther: 'There they go again, always together,' and then she went on to say that the other afternoon they drove till after sunset, and then danced together that evening. As I've said, I don't think the least thing about it at all, but I thought possibly you might thank me for telling you. It's those most concerned who hear least, as a rule."

Miss Stapleton did thank her. She herself had been thinking a great deal about it lately. She had never been accustomed to a friendship of this sort —but she had thought it distinctively American. She knew her brother's wife must be all he had said, and even now she did not doubt it, but it was quite plain that if her actions were causing comment that something must be done to stop her continuance of such indiscretion.

Miss Stapleton did not go to her sister-in-law and in a friendly way tell her—no, she was "afraid to hurt Josephine's feelings." It would doubtless be "most embarrassing" and so she decided to inform her brother of the affair, and he would know exactly what course to pursue.

It so happened that the day Miss Stapleton's unfortunate letter arrived, Mr. Stapleton had had a most annoying and disagreeable hour at luncheon at the club. He came in and sat at the only vacant table, which was in a corner next the wall—but before he had finished the place was quite deserted. Behind him he could hear two men talking. Evidently they thought themselves in the room alone. It was evident, at least, that they did not know him. His attention was attracted by one of them saying "Mrs. Stapleton."

"What!" exclaimed the other, "You don't mean to say that Jack Souther has never gotten over that?"

"So I'm told. I heard he had followed her to Jacksonville, and that they were togther constantly."

Mr. Stapleton did not wait longer.

He felt choked—strangled. He fairly flew up the street, as he went home, and there the first thing that greeted him was his sister's letter. He paced up and down the long hall. His "name," his "honor" — everything was swept away — and he "had been blind" — he had trusted her. His "wife," his "wife, good God!" He could not believe it.

He took the sleeper that night for Florida.

IV

If Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton had married for love it would have been different — but neither one of them had done so.

Mr. Stapleton had married because he wished to identify himself with a home. He had never really been a club man, though he frequented a club occasionally. It was rather for convenience than pleasure. Indeed, it was solely for convenience.

And Josephine: it had been her mother who had married her. And it happened, too, that Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton had been very congenial. As yet neither one had experienced any monotony. They were both resourceful. They each had their own interests. They were both fond of music, of art, of books. Time never dragged for either one.

Mr. Stapleton, too, was proud of his wife. She was a musician and attractive. On the other hand Mrs. Stapleton respected her husband, and even found him entertaining; but to neither had there ever come a real passion for the other.

Josephine smiled sadly one day as she thought of it. She had come across a sketch of a Greek maiden Jack Souther had done. She remembered how one day she and Jack had tied the horse in a country road, and then gone over to sit in a clover field. She had made a wreath of the blossoms and he put it on her head and called her his "Greek girl." And then how they had planned what they would do when they were married. She was to have one Grecian gown all white with bands of silver in her hair; and about her hips she was to wear a heavy chain linked with pearls. And then on nights when he came home all tired and just a little cross, maybe, she would dress so and play for him, while he was quiet and smoked and smoked. And then, when she became ill, he would be so good to her. He would read and sing those queer songs she liked so well—those funny darkey melodies; and they would love, and love, and love.

"How different it is now," she thought—"how different!"

⁂

When Mr. Stapleton reached the hotel Mrs. Stapleton was out.

"We did not expect you here," his sister said excitedly.

He was very calm.

"Where is Mrs. Stapleton?" he asked.

"I think they are on the links."

"'They!' So it has come to this?"

"Oh, do not be so harsh, Norman. I misspoke myself. It is nothing. I am sorry that I unduly alarmed you. I thought you might speak to Josephine as I could not. She might take offense at anything I might say, while you, being her husband, understand better how to approach her."

"There is nothing to say—to ask. It has become common gossip—at the club—everywhere."

"Norman!"

"It is quite true."

And then Josephine came in. The scene that followed was quiet and decidedly unimpassioned. Josephine tried to explain, but her words carried no conviction. There was no persuasion in them. They sounded, even to him—and to herself, too—untruthful.

She could not go to him and, with her arms about his neck and her eyes all smiles or tears, say: "Norman, how could you think it?" If she had been able to do so there would have been no occasion. True love could never have been tortured with the thoughts he endured. Instead she looked at him and pleadingly said:

"What will you do?"

"There is nothing but divorce," he answered icily.

"Divorce!" she gasped.

Their eyes met.

"I have not been unfaithful," she said defiantly.

"You have compromised my name."

"And you are going to give proof to it?"

"I am going to protect it."

"Do not divorce me," and she reached for his arm, but he drew back.

"There is no other way," and turning he left the room.

V

Mr. Jack Souther was stupefiedly surprised to learn the next day that Mrs. and Miss Stapleton had left. He could think of nothing to occasion such an abrupt departure. He felt sure that before the day was over he would hear something; but when not only the day but the night also passed without word from her he was more perplexed and worried than he cared to admit. He rose late to find an unsatisfactory note saying that they were obliged to return home and for him not to follow. There was "no use," she said. But Jack knew that something strange had happened.

He dreamed that night that she was nailed to a cross. It impressed him so he could not sleep. The next day he went after her.

On his arrival he called on Peggie.

"All I know," she said, "is that Stuart Spaulding and someone else said something one day at the club. They thought they were quite alone, you know, when suddenly, from an obscure table away back in the corner, where there was a chimney, up sprang Mr. Stapleton. The next thing we heard he had left and then they all came home again; and this morning Nan Clarke came over and said there was to be a divorce."

Mrs. "Dick" and Jack Souther looked at one another.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"No," Peggie hesitated. "I hate to tell you, for very probably there's not a word of truth in it."

"What is it?"

"Well, that Josephine is going back to the convent. She is going to do some work where married women are admitted. I don't know what."

Jack was whiter than the chrysanthemums beside him.

"When is she going?" and his voice shook.

"I don't know," Peggie answered. She was more frightened than anyone knew. She had not dreamed he would take it so.

"He has gone away."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Josephine's alone with his sister. I suppose he will come back when she is gone."

"Mrs. 'Dick,'" he asked, standing, "will you go to her?"

"I?" Peggie said, bewildered.

"Yes, and say I sent you. Tell her I know everything, and I am waiting to come to her."

"Shall I?"

"Go quickly, please go, Mrs. 'Dick.' I will come back at five to hear what she says."

Peggie followed him to the hall. She shook visibly as she fastened on her hat.

"It's so cold," she said indifferently, and they went out together.

⁂

Peggie was waiting for him when Jack Souther returned.

She smiled when he came in, but the hand she gave him was like ice.

"Tell me," he inquired excitedly, still standing.

"I'm afraid it's no use, Jack. She is heartbroken, like a flower wilted. She believes there is no hope, no happiness ever again. I told her what you said, and she said to thank you, but her mind was made up. There was 'no other way'. She goes tonight."

"Tonight! By what train?"

"Oh, Jack! I don't know. What are you going to do?"

"I am going to save her," and he fairly ran to the hall.

"Goodbye," he said, taking Peggie's hand. "What could I have done without you!"

When the door shut after him Peggie sank into a hall seat.

"What have I done!" she said despairingly. She heard Dick coming up the steps and she rose and opened the door.

When a nine o'clock, north bound train pulled out of the station that night there was one man on it that might have attracted attention for the fact that he was very white and restless; but everyone else had his or her own affairs at heart, and Mr. Jack Souther was left entirely to himself.

He tipped the porter liberally to ascertain if Josephine was unmistakably aboard. The man came back with plenty of assurance, saying among other things that her bag was marked J.G.S.

Jack stayed in the smoker till his berth was made up, and it was not until the next morning, when the train steamed away and they stood together on the platform of the little private station, that they met.

"I knew you would be here," she said as he came up to her. "I couldn't help feeling your presence all through the journey."

"Then you were not lonely?"

"No, I felt a sense of freedom—of liberty, somehow. For the first time in my whole life I begin to feel responsible—individual."

She had not been weeping, and her eyes were a clear, soft gray. The cold November sun rising in the east cast an uncheery welcome about them. Against the sky the convent cross rose in the frost dipped morning. Bells were calling to early mass.

"Come, let us sit here," and he led her to a station bench. "Are you cold?" he asked.

"No," she said, but he turned the collar of her coat about her neck.

"What made you come?" she asked.

"Because you wished for me and I wished for you."

"But you cannot stay." She put her hand on his arm. Through his heavy coat he felt the touch. The thrill came back to her.

"We cannot help it," he began. "In the ages past they knew nothing of it, but as man has evoluted, as human nature has grown, so has love developed, and we have arrived at the age of love ere we are born. We—you and I—are ripe for it. We cannot stay this thrill within our blood; we cannot stop these heart throbs; we cannot keep our souls apart. This yearning, this hunger to help, to protect, to shield, to love—it comes from within. It reflexes from you to me and back again, and so on forever. It's not the passion of a day, dear; it's the love of eternity. It's straight from God."

He folded his hand over both her own. The sun rose just behind the cross; a cold east wind blew about them. She looked away toward the convent. In the balance hung sacrifice and happiness: the hope of joy beyond, or the fulfillment of joy on earth. The one was a clear, white, steady glow of endless atonement; ceaseless prayers of repentance; of sacrifice of the body for everlasting peace of the soul. The other was a warm, red flame of love. Love scarce lisped as yet; love true and enduring; love that nothing could change nor turn aside; love of the heart and love, too, of the soul. She touched his knee—the thrill came back again. Why could not this love last forever? Why not go together on and on into eternity?

Mass was over. Through the gate the sisters came. She looked from them to him. He smiled at her.

"Yes, you are right," she said slowly. "God gave us this love and we cannot throw it away. In all the world who but you has ever cared what I have been? Who ever dreamed what we have dreamed for one another? Who ever understood the other as we have done—and now that we at last are free to love and live, what right have I to make a prison for it? No; I will go with you."

She stood.

"Come," she said, "let us be going."

The sun shone upon them as they turned to go.

"See," he said, "the heavens are glad."

"Yes, it is God's blessing," she said, smiling.

⁂

Peggie was sitting on the side veranda when Nan Clarke rode by. Peggie beckoned her in, and Nan rode up the drive.

"Come and visit a little," called Peggie.

"Thanks, I will," and Nan dismounted and took a wicker rocker.

"Where have you been?" Peggie asked.

"Out on the river road with Mr.

Hardy. Has he any money, Mrs. 'Dick?'"

"Oh, I don't know," Peggie laughed. Why?"

"I was only wondering. You see, Mrs. 'Dick,' I've got to marry money. I'm not as independent as my cousin Dorothy. I'm from the poor branch of the family."

"All right," returned Peggie, "we will marry you to a millionaire."

"Oh, by the way," Nan continued, "I saw Mrs. Stapleton just now. Mr. Hardy pointed her out to me. She's dreadfully ugly. Such a pity that his other wife had such an ending."

"What do you mean?" Peggie asked.

"Why, that she shut herself up in a convent. Mr. Hardy says she was dreadfully sweet—a real lady, too,—and he treated her shamefully. Poor thing, now she is pining her life away saying prayers. I don't think she was horrid, do you?"

"Why, no," said Peggie emphatically. "It was purely a case of misunderstanding and unwarranted mistrust."

"That's the trouble about marrying for money—or anything else excepting love. It's taking such chances, isn't it, Mrs. 'Dick?'"

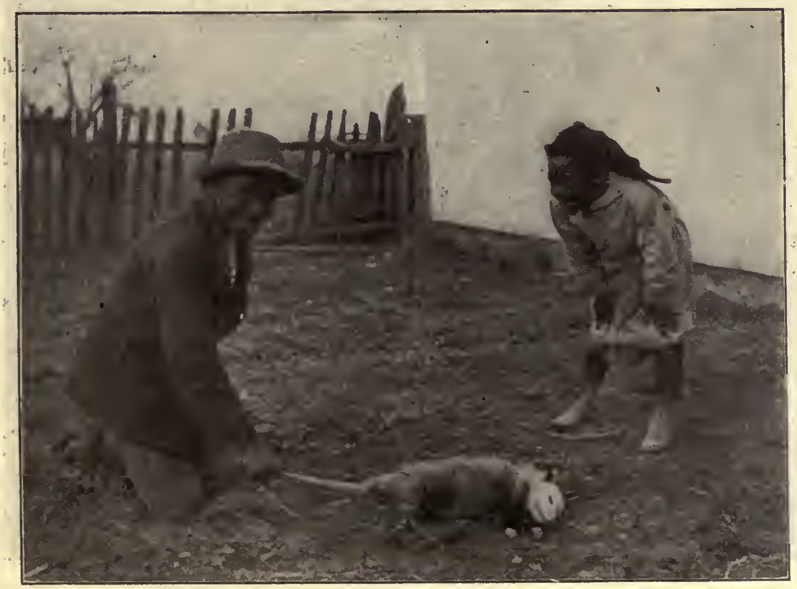
"Yes," said Peggie, rocking to and fro, "it is."

"I wonder," said Peggie to herself, when Nan Clarke rode away, "if Norman Stapleton knows."

Peggie was thinking of a letter she had received from Algiers some months since. A letter from Jack and Josephine Souther.

"Well," she said, going inside, "if he doesn't, he probably will. This world is too small for secrets. After all, what does it matter?"

"PLAYING POSSUM" ❧ An Autumn Idyl



Photograph by Cora J. Sheppard, Shiloh, New Jersey

PORTLAND, OREGON, MOUNT HOOD TOWERING IN THE BACKGROUND

MAN IN PERSPECTIVE

II. — THE SURVIVAL OF MAN

By Michael A. Lane

Author of "The Level of Social Motion," "New Dawns of Knowledge," etc.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

IN that Almanac de Gotha of Nature, customarily called the "Theory of descent," we find, by careful tracing, that men are descended from a hairy animal with very long arms, prognathous face, tremendous neck- and back-muscles, comparatively small brain case, and a habit of climbing trees; which habit, by assiduous cultivation, enabled him to get out of reach of his natural enemies when threatened by them with death.

This nimble (and ferocious) ancestor of ours probably had many other salutory and useful traits of body and mind, that assisted him in circumventing his enemies while he was evolving from a mere simian into an early man, during which pre-human stage of his racial existence he was confronted with numerous "problems" quite as serious as, if not very much more serious than, the problems that confront his book reading, electric lighted, and telephone using posterity today. Numerous as were his problems, however, they could have been all summarized, or synopsized, under two large heads: First, how to escape being killed; secondly, how to get enough to eat.

Two large, all inclusive, and frightfully suggestive thoughts! Problems, indeed; problems that called for prompt decision and quick action in circumstances wherein to hesitate, or to be a trifle defective in sight, or hearing, or smell, was, as a matter of positive fact, to be wholly and irrevocably lost.

There is the best of evidence for the belief that this ancestor of ours, — call him pithecoid, pithecanthropus erectus, anthropoid, primate, ape, monkey, or any other common, or proper, name you will, — was not found wanting in the various crises by which as a developing race, he was confronted. We know that he managed to get away from his enemies and we know that he managed to get enough to eat; facts, the indubitable nature of which is made plain by the existence of us, his children, here and in the present day.

When pithecanthropus passed down his traits, (slightly modified) to that generation of his which we may call "primitive men", he passed down his responsibilities and his problems also. How escape being killed; how get enough to eat? The problems were the very same, only the means of solving them were more serviceable and more feasible. Primitive man could make fire and clubs. He could not hear as far, see as far, or smell as far as his ancestors; his arms were not as long, his neck- and back-muscles not so powerful, his jaw not so prognathous. But he could make fire and clubs; and even stone hatchets and spears with sharp flint heads. He could build a house for himself. His brain was larger, and whenever his natural enemies saw him coming their way, they cautiously withdrew and hid themselves, if indeed they were not caught and killed before they had time to make good their instinct to get away. Fire, spear, house, club, large brain, and improved hands. In one word a — man.

Primitive man was a fair improvement on his ancestors, but was not yet without his two principal problems, or two mother problems, in which all secondary problems were bound up: To escape being killed; to get enough to eat.

In his attempt to solve these two problems, primitive man laid down the foundation of the future civilization of the world. He was the original founder of art and science, of law and order, of trade and agriculture, of education and manufactures, of invention and morality; and of religion — that is, if we date the foundation, or beginning, of these things from the time in which they first took definite shape, so that men could speak of them as categorical things, and express the idea of them in an intelligible way.

We can say with all possible solemnity of truth that this marvelous society of ours, of which we sometimes—in moments of exalted excitation—boast to one another in vast outpourings of unpentable breath and wind-speech, was founded by that filthy, vermin infested, superstitious, hand to mouth, murderous, thieving ancester of ours; who did not found it for his posterity, but founded it in a sort of Fabian-like emergency, or in what statesmen call nowadays opportunism. He had to escape being killed, he had to get enough to eat. He founded modern society.

And a first class foundation it was, when you consider the purpose of it; for it was, in the minds of the founders, an imperative necessity to escape being killed by animals other than men, and to make sure of having enough to eat, not only from day to day, but from month to month, and even from year to year. The food problem was solved forever when it dawned on the mind of primitive men that it would be a wise procedure to raise flocks and to grow crops. And in their solution of the food problem, that other problem, of their natural enemies, was solved, as it were, in a corollary; for agriculture quickened the invention of tools, and this quick invention was applied to the hunt.

In the early natural history of the human race, men, in all probability, played havoc with every kind of animal with which they came into contact, for it would appear that vast numbers of terrestrial animals — the majority perhaps —are born today with an instinct of fear of men. If we assume that men killed off all species of animals which could not be domesticated, and which did not have an instinctive wariness and fear of men, the almost general fear of the human kind, observed in most wild animals of the present, would be accounted for.

Here then is the debt we owe to our primitive ancestor, stated in terms of the things he accomplished: He eliminated all danger of being killed by animals other than men; he contrived definitely and permanently to eliminate all danger of death from starvation—two performances well worthy all the consideration that philosophy can give them.

These root problems, which were settled ages ago by the establishment of primitive agriculture, gave way to other problems concerned with the dealings of men as among themselves. Man, collectively, was now sure of a living, and was likewise placed above the possibility of being destroyed by natural enemies; or, to say the least, of being destroyed by such natural enemies as he could grapple with and kill. There might still have been a possibility that the human race would be wiped out by the very lowest of all living organisms — those vegetable microbes that feed on the bodies of men, killing them in the process. But man luckily escaped that possibility, or, rather, was strong enough to resist destruction from such sources — having, in common with other animals, a protecting army of "white corpuscles" which swarm by billions in his blood and scour all quarters for invading microbes. Wise Metchnikoff calls them "phagocytes" — mere microbe eaters which save the lives of men and make possible the continued existence of his race as well as that of other races.

Man, as a race, therefore, is quite out

of all danger of being killed by natural living "enemies", (including microbes) and out of all danger of not having enough to eat; which assumption, of course, excludes the altogether speculative possibilities of a new and invincible "plague" or of the exhaustion of the earth's productivity in the matter of food. Man, collectively, is sure of a living and sure of his life.

What then? you will say. What of it? What, specially, is the importance of the fact that the ancestors of men managed to get away from their enemies and managed to get enough to eat?

The importance of this fact is, when we come to look into it without particular prejudice in one direction or another, really of no more weight than the importance of any other fact of any other kind whatsoever. We sometimes say, with a certain degree of pride, that man has "trampled a path from Silurian distance strewn with the dead." Man has waded through blood and death to his present eminence, with this result only, that he can say that he possesses in the highest degree the quality of fitness for survival. But in this respect he amounts to no more than any other animal or vegetable that has accomplished the same thing. Millions of other species have managed to survive; and the survival of man has depended quite as much on accident as has that of other kinds of animal, and of plants. That much flouted aphorism to the effect that "the world was produced by a fortuitous concatenation of circumstances" will commend itself to him who persistently asks the why of everything he sees or hears of. A fortuitous concatenation, such as Topsy was thinking of when she said she "just growed" — a sublime truth, the meaning and the force of which were as far from the mind of Harriet Beecher Stowe as Indus is from the pole.

Man "just grew" into all that he is — just grew from his beginnings down in the slime where life originated—grew with a mass of other slowly motile, crawling and squirming things, to emerge in the present day a fairly powerful cannibal, who owes his "limited supremacy" to kind, blind Accident, his creator.

As a primitive hut, built of sticks and mud, was the germ of a Vanderbilt palace, so was the undifferentiated cell the germ of a man; for what is your palace but a differentiated hut, though somewhat larger and more complex? Likewise what is the difference between the modern painting and the picture-writing on the walls of Scandinavian caves, if it be not — growth, or the accumulated effects of growth? This is what is called Evolution—survival by means of natural selection — and it embraces not only man but the whole infinity of things besides. The survival of man means, in the general scheme of things, no more than the survival of oxygen or of aluminum silicate, such as we call "sand," and find piled in vast quantities on the sea shore and elsewhere; a mere drift of things, in an orderly manner, but in an order that has no definite plan or purpose in it, so far as the shrewdest of observers has as yet been able to point out.

In the general drifting of things we see certain particular, special drifts which invite our curiosity — such as Life, for example, because so intensely and pressingly obvious. The physiologist, clearing up his ground, and trying to arrive at some generalization which he can call a "law," by infinite looking into a microscope discovers a thing which is called "muscle," and a property of that thing, which he calls "contractility". A muscle contracts. Whenever a muscle is stimulated it contracts. The function of muscle is contraction, and nothing else. It is said therefore, that contraction is the "specific energy" of muscle. The muscle fibers of a man's body are essentially the same as the muscle fibers in the body of any other animal. It would appear that wherever the property of contractility is found specifically evolved, developed, or "energized," it takes the form of a muscle fiber. The fly alights on your bald head by means of the muscles that move his wings. You drive him away, kill him if you can, by means of the muscles that move your arm. The musculature of the fly's wings enables it to survive because that musculature enables it to get away before the musculature of your arm can kill it. In that classic little animal, amoeba, is found the fundament and potentiality of all muscularity and contractility — undifferentiated and non-specific energy. Its whole body contracts and engulfs its prey. Nature, drifting musclewards from amoeba, has produced the fly and — You. Man and fly — or say gnat that gets into your eye, causing unspeakable annoyance — are both eminently "fit to survive," — possess the quality of fitness for survival in high degree — seeing that both are alive and thriving at the present time, having muscles and nerves essentially the same in structure and function.

Now the problems which confront the fly are the same problems that confront the early ancestors of men: How escape being killed? how get enough to eat? A fortuitous concatenation of circumstances carried man — or his ancestors — a little higher on the drift, a little farther than most other animals. A blind, mechanical drifting, or pulling, this way or that, drifted, or pulled, a few million more of nerve elements into his body than fell to the lot of other animals; and man's nervous and muscular systems "grew" to such extent and with such effect that he accidentally discovered that he could practice intensive cultivation. Carried a little higher, drifting a little farther, we behold him here and now clothed in "limited supremacy," but not yet wholly and unlimitedly supreme, since fly lights on his bald head, and gnat, having muscles very like his own, occasionally gets into his eye, causing him unspeakable annoyance, and often times intense pain.

We speak of man's survival, of man's struggle, and of man in general, or generically, as a genus, kind, or category which, let us ever bear in mind, exists only as an idea, and not as a concrete thing, to be laid hold of palpably. Man has survived, it is true, but the circumstances in which he survived, the forces that selected him for survival, so to speak, split him into a number of varieties, precisely as similar circumstances produced widely diverging species and varieties of — gnats and flies, let us say, and of innumerable other animals that have survived along with him.

In the hot tropics, for example, only the highly pigmented races of men can exist. The blond European is snuffed out there in a few generations, if not in the first. The black pigment fades from the skin of men as one goes toward polar regions, save for the handful of Asiatics who by means of plenteous blubber and houses of ice have lingered, a social vestige, in the arctics, mere blubber suckers without politics, religion, or crime. White, red, yellow, black; long headed and short headed, straight and curly haired; patriarchal, matriarchal, from bosjesman, say of Australia, to the Royal Society man of London who, also, may wear whiskers for personal adornment, and rings on his fingers. Yet all these are men and are, as a genus, or kind, collectively called "man," each species surviving in its own environment, and fortuitously led, by his own special "concatenated circumstances," to the particular state in which we find him now.

Having trampled his path from Silurian or other distance thus far, and having in the meantime, by means of his supremacy, or "mastery of the earth" or as much of it as his pigmentation (or want of pigmentation) will permit, solved his ancient problems of getting away from his enemies and getting enough to eat, man is confronted by a new problem which, when formulated, seems to be this: How escape from self destruction? How prevent himself from wiping himself out? Somewhat after the fashion of the microscopic animals in the drop of water, which rend one another until the last gorged cannibal dies of starvation, having nothing more to rend and devour.

(Pent up in a drop of water may exist an entire microcosm, a world in little, in whose vast depths range swiftly moving, hungering organisms, seeking to escape from those who would devour them, seeking whom they may devour. The primordial problems are there in the infinitely little, no less than abroad in the larger world in which we ourselves live, and whereof we are partly the masters.)

The struggle for mere food has been replaced, with men, by the struggle for wealth in general — a struggle of man with man, and nation with nation, for the plainly avowed purpose of acquiring a wealth produced by others, and acquiring it by force or diplomacy, which latter is only another word for fraud. The nations of today inherit the enmity which, in times previous to the evolution of nations, was the enmity of the tribes for neighboring tribes, and before that ancient enmity can be replaced by amity the natural racial hate of the black and yellow man for the white man, and vice versa, must be removed by the removal of the one or the other, or the production of a new race in which the several characters of the surviving races will have been blended. A new problem may then confront the new cosmopolite, of which we may see more hereafter.

MICHAEL RYAN, CAPITALIST

A STORY OF LABOR

By F. F. D. Albery

COLUMBUS, OHIO

XIV

FOREBODINGS

THERE had been universal distrust and misgiving. The times were uncompromisingly hard. Failure had followed failure in the business world. Prices had gone down and it was next to impossible for many large concerns to keep afloat. Some that were heavily backed by strong capitalists continued in activity for the sake of keeping in the market, although every day meant loss. But wherever it had been advisable to do so, factories were closed down, fires were banked and the pay roll was stopped until such time as business could be carried on at a profit. Here and there a concern, actuated by motives of humanity, instead of closing down proposed to keep its men at work at reduced wages or to keep part of the men only employed. The former course had been adopted by Kruger, Gill & Wamser, who, besides desiring to keep their works open, had always treated their men with consideration and hoped by the adoption of this policy to remain in the field of activity and keep their force together at the same time. But dissatisfaction had been rife for a long time and the agitators had obtained strong positions. The men who work over hot fires and with the stubbornest material known to man seem to be peculiarly sensitive to all influences which appeal to their independence and manhood; and the palpable admixture of foreign blood adds to the liability to take unreasonable and extreme views from which it is hard and often impossible for them to recede. It had frequently occurred that the men were on the point of striking, but rare tact and the great prosperity of the business had made it possible to meet on some mutual ground which had heretofore worked for pacification and apparent contentment.

Now, however, the conditions were changed. The depression in trade was general. Everybody was losing money. The times were out of joint and there was no help for it. When notices were posted about the mill that a general reduction of wages had been found necessary there were visible signs of discontent. The men began to gather in small groups and the air became heavy with portents of danger. It might all have been arranged in some way but for the prompt arrival of walking delegates who instructed the men not to submit. But as some of them who had families to support were willing to continue, it became a serious problem with the managers as to whether they should import enough extra men to carry on systematic work for the sake of the loyal ones or whether the mill should be shut down. Under Ryan's advice it was decided to continue and a number of outside men were engaged to take the places of the strikers. Whereupon, a committee from the striking employes waited on the officers of the company to protest against their jobs being given to nonunion men. Upon being informed that the company would not tolerate such interference they threatened to prevent the "scabs" from working at all. The designation "scabs" evidently included their fellow workmen as well as the new men and the feeling against them was more bitter than that against the others.

In the efforts to preserve the peace many meetings were held, most of them stormy and uncompromising. At each of these the leaders of the men appeared to be those of wildest and most unreasonable views, whose harangues were applauded as though the sentiment expressed truly represented their own feelings, until finally the men were worked up to a state of frenzy. By this time it had become necessary to guard those who were still willing to work and occasional acts of violence had been committed. One or two of the new men had been roughly handled and in one instance an old employe against whom the strikers held a particular grudge barely escaped with his life. There had even been some attempts at incendiarism which the strikers indignantly denied responsibility for. It was altogether a bad situation, bad as could be, and it seemed to demand unusual action.

It was thought that possibly Ryan, by reason of his close association with the men, his continued membership in the local lodge, his labor among them and his persuasive manner of speech, might be able to pacify them, and it was determined that upon the first occasion he should address them in the effort to bring about harmony and peaceable relations. He had no hope of convincing the real malcontents and the evil minded ones, but he knew that among the men was a large majority who were simply led by the idea of loyalty to the union and to their fellow men, who needed work and who were perfectly willing to do it but were either afraid or ashamed to face the scorn of their leaders; and these he hoped to reach over the heads of their despotic officers, whose interest seemed to lie in constant agitation and turmoil. It had been suggested to him that there might be personal danger to himself in undertaking to stand before a mob of angry men, many of whom were undoubtedly suffering by this time, and whose families must be in distress; for be it known there is no born capitalist or aristocrat who is so hateful to such a mob as the man from their own ranks, who has succeeded and whom they have seen rise step by step to opulence and power while they themselves have stood still. There seems to be a bitterness of hatred toward such an one. Jealousy, that wickedest of all poisons, lends a hideous intensity to the feeling which easily encompasses murder in its scheme of revenge and makes it more dangerous than the viper's sting.

But Michael Ryan knew no fear. These men with whom he had associated every day were all known to him individually as to their powers and mentality. He feared no one of them in his individual capacity. Why should he fear them all? It was simply Jones, and Chapman, and Williams, and Thomas, and Evans, and all the others together. Who and what were they? His misguided brethren whom he pitied for their short sightedness in being led by such undisguised frauds as Bill Kitchen and the walking delegates who were not iron men at all but butchers and bakers and candlestick makers who came from nowhere and were mixing in where they did not belong.

He would speak to these men. He would make an effort to reach their reason and persuade them to break away from their evil and fatal bondage and be men, independent, manly men and not slaves in a servitude the most barbarous, tyrannical and senseless that had ever been known.

He would not have undertaken it at all if it had not been that he really wanted to come to the succor of these men and their families. He did not care to break up the union or destroy its influence but he did want the men to use common, ordinary sense in conducting their own business affairs. He did not want them to be dictated to by men in no way superor to themselves only in assumption and he did want them to see and understand that they were fighting against their own best interests.

In this cause he was willing to take all chances and with hope in his heart he waited his opportunity.

XV

THE SITUATION STATED

THE more Michael Ryan thought about the conflict between the striking employes and their employers the more deeply seated became his conviction that the men were in the wrong, but just how to convince them of it became a serious problem. He had many times, in conversation with them, individually and in the little contests of argument that had occurred between different groups, gone over the situation of American workmen generally as compared with those of other countries. Upon this branch of the subject he had read deeply and studied much, had seized every opportunity to gain information from those who, more fortunate than himself, had travelled in foreign parts and observed the actual conditions there existing, but mostly from the experience of those of the laboring class who had left their native shores in order to get the benefit of those advantages enjoyed by their brethren in far America, where the larger wages and better treatment made it possible for them to advance beyond the mere point of animal existence. He knew that the average laboring man in this country, if he were industrious and frugal, could in time become the owner of a home with healthful surroundings and some degree of comfort and even luxury which was hopelessly beyond the reach of the average laborer in any European country.

He knew also that by reason of his importance as a voter and the equal of all other American citizens, the occupation of him who toils for daily bread is dignified, and that self respect and independence, going hand in hand, brought contentment and reward in satisfaction with life and those occupations to all who had the good fortune to look at things in their right light. That it meant more than the ability to live and earn money; that each day should carry with it its own appreciation of a nobler and freer existence. The fact that his children could be respectably clothed and well fed and educated in the free schools to any calling for which they were fit. His daughters could get education enough in the public schools to become teachers and his sons to the point where other doors stood wide open for professional or business careers which he had never had the advantage of. His wife could associate with women of some standing in the community, who were not ashamed of her because her husband was a laboring man. This and more was so apparent to him (and it seemed that it must also have been always apparent to the others) and the argument had spent its force. The fact was they were here and enjoying all these blessings which they knew were scarcely within the reach of their brethren across seas. They were American citizens: some of them, like himself, born in America and having never known anything else but free speech, free thought, free schools and the equality of all mankind. They spoke from that standpoint and therein lay the danger. They were free American citizens. They knew their rights and imagined they were only claiming them.

They had been taught to feel that anther force, towit, Capital, had stepped into the place of the crowned despot on the other side of the Atlantic and was becoming a menacing danger to our free institutions and to their personal liberty. It was worse than a royal foe inasmuch it was the end and aim of all our striving; that it converted free-born Americans into worse tyrants than those they had fled from, that its attractiveness to all classes rendered it insidious and that the most dangerous to the laboring man of all others was the one from their own ranks who by good fortune had arisen to the ranks of opulence. All of evil that was implied in the words trust and corporation was now concentrated in one generic word "Capital." To be a capitalist was almost the equivalent of being a criminal and Capital itself was the great standing crime of the age. The more ignorant the man happened to be, the more deep-seated seemed to be his conviction that every rich man was his natural enemy, and the demagogue orator seemed to have no trouble in convincing his audience that Capital had stolen its substance from labor; that, whereas labor produces everything and Capital produces nothing, therefore Capital is a fiction—a falsehood in fact which should be destroyed and its substance restored to those who have created it and to whom it rightly belongs.

This idea was so attractive to the unthinking, so convenient to the lazy and incompetent and withal so useful to the wicked that it never failed of its due effect on the mob, in whose eyes it was unanswerable. Michael Ryan fully realized what he had to meet and was sore perplexed as to just what he should say in order to satisfy the men and yet keep away from this proposition to which all argument seemed to drift.

XVI

A TYPE

THE home of Robert Duncan was humble enough and there were only the most ordinary comforts about it. Still it was a home and here he had lived with his wife and children in happiness and contentment and what was lacking in show and elegance was quite made up in excessive neatness and cleanliness, for Mrs. Duncan was one of those never resting, supercritical Scotch housewives who, when they can find nothing else to do, will always find something to scrub. It followed from this nervous habit of hers that everything was in the highest state of polish and that the paint had been scrubbed off the woodwork in many places in the effort to get rid of the last speck of imaginary dirt. The result of all this was absolute neatness and cleanliness from the floor to the table cloth. Moreover, Mrs. Duncan was an excellent cook and the plain fare which they were able to afford was always most appetizing. People were wont to say that Mrs. Duncan's bread and butter were good enough for the president of the United States, and when these were supplemented by a baked potato and poached egg, why, the Waldorf-Astoria could give you no better meal. But the blight of the strike was over all and it had not missed the home of Robert Duncan. He was loyal to his union—went with the men when they decided to strike, although it was against his judgement and he had voted against it: but with him the voice of the majority was law, and when the others laid down their tools he did so also. He did not believe in violence and in all the meetings of his local he invariably counselled moderation. Following consistently this course, he had incurred the displeasure of the more violently disposed, and criticism of his alleged lukewarmness was frequent among men of the Bill Kitchen and Hall stripe. Nevertheless he did not change his course and his stubborn Scotch honesty made him always ready to defend his position, which he did with intelligence and force. But as the slow weeks dragged on and no solution to the difficulty seemed probable, and as the relief from the allied organizations came less frequently and in smaller and smaller amounts, he began to chafe under the miserable conditions which had reduced the men to poverty. For some days the supplies which he had been able to furnish his family had been very meager—not sufficient for either comfort or health — and they were beginning to show the effects of it. He would not beg or borrow as some of the men did, deeming it unmanly for a big, strong, healthy man, who was capable of earning good wages, to live off his fellows, and the result was that he was even worse off than most of the others.

"We can't stand it much longer," said his wife one evening after the children had been put to bed. "Today I gave my share of what we had to Jim and Alice and there was scarcely enough to satisfy them. Isn't it nearly over? Can't the strike be called off?"

"I'm afraid not," said Duncan. "In fact, it seems to be getting worse and I'm afraid there will be violence any day. The men are getting desperate and the outside help from the other unions is about played out."

"Well, I think it all nonsense," said Mrs. Duncan. "Here you were making good wages and everything going on all right when somebody from the outside comes along and says you must have things so and so or go on a strike. It isn't fair. Why should this mill be bound by some other mill or a lot of carpenters or some such other folks who can't get along with their bosses. If I was you I wouldn't stand it any longer. Here we are with nothing in the house to eat and not because you can't work but because you won't work; and you won't work not because you don't want to but because somebody else don't want you to. I'm sick and tired of this union business. Everything's for the union. What does the union do for you or your family?—Gets you into trouble all the time. That's what it does. Keeps things stirred up. Makes your life miserable. Puts you in danger and then when you're loyal to it and stick to it, lets you starve. What difference does it make to you how much Kruger, Gill & Wamser make? Let them make millions, so's they let you make your own honest wages."

"Well, dear," said Duncan wearily, "I guess you are right. I'd like to go to work tomorrow. In fact I never wanted to stop, but you can't keep up organized labor that way. We must all stick together or we never can accomplish anything."

"But why can't a man go to work to keep his family from starving," persisted the wife.

"Because we're supposed to be helped through by the allied organizations where there is no strike on," returned the husband; "but somehow it always fails at the critical point. We do well enough at first but by the time when the fight is to be lost or won the strikers are starved out. The men have scattered and found other employment and the few that are left either give it up or resort to violence and become law breakers and have to meet the police and the militia. I've about made up my mind that organized labor don't pay and I wish they'd give it up and let us work like men."

"Isn't it a good way to break it up, to go back to work?" asked Mrs. Duncan.

"I don't mind being called a scab," said Duncan mournfully, "but some of those fellows would just as lief kill me as not if they could do so without being found out, and I'm afraid things are so bad now that any man who goes back to work for the company would be followed around by a crowd with clubs and stones, and that would give those devils their chance."

"Well, something's got to be done right off," said Mrs. Duncan, the tears streaming down her cheeks, for in her weakened condition from lack of food, she was unable longer to control herself.

"The children must have food even if they are not properly clothed. I can't get washing without taking it away from some of the other women who need it just as bad and we must have help some way. I guess the men wouldn't hurt a man like you with a wife and children to support, if they know how it is, and that we've got to have something to eat."

"Well, I'll see what I can do," and that night Robert Duncan prayed as he had never prayed before that his God, the God of his fathers, would come to their relief. That he would bring light and reason to his misguided fellow workmen, make an end of the uncalled for estrangement between master and man and let peace once more reign in their community to the end that all might pursue their daily vocations honorably and live uprightly.

XVII

A BLOOD OFFERING

WITH the dawn arose Robert Duncan and after taking only a cup of coffee started off to the works. He carried no dinner bucket this time; the little that was left in the home must be doled out to the little ones until such time as more could be provided. To say that he was not afraid would be to put the situation untruthfully for he had that proper fear of any result that might take away his protection to his little family even for a short time. It was a beautiful morning in May and, as he passed the open fields that intervened between that part of the town where he lived and the great mills, the meadow lark's note came joyfully on the wind, the fragrance of clover blossoms filled the air and peace seemed to reign over all. Only the heart of man was disturbed and he wondered why the Almighty could allow such discord to prevail when peace was in the fields and air. It seemed so incongruous and absurd and his philosophy of life so futile and unsatisfactory. What right had any human being or any set of men to disturb the harmony of the universe? Yet so it had been since time began. From great wars to petty quarrels between individuals of no importance there was always strife. He could not comprehend it and like many another who has attempted to find the key and failed, he gave it up with a sigh.

As he neared the works certain so called "pickets" accosted him, to each and all of whom he frankly said that his family was on the verge of starvation and that he was going to work to save their lives; and to the credit of the men let it be said that they did not attempt to molest him by word or deed until he came up to the gate of the mill yard where half a dozen men stood guard. Those attempted to dissuade him and insisted that a loyal unionist would let his family starve before going in. They warned him that thereafter he would be classed with the scabs but further offered no resistance and allowed him to pass in. When he came out that evening the group had grown to much larger proportions and they engaged him in earnest argument in the effort to pursuade him that his example would exert a powerful influence on other men who were wavering and tried to make him see the enormity of his crime from the standpoint of loyal union men; but he waved aside all argument and refused to listen to them, reminding them that his wife and little ones must be fed. "If I was alone, boys," said he in a broken voice and with tears in his eyes, "I'd stay with you, but I can't see my wife and babies die when work is to be had at good wages, and I'm going to work as long as God will let me, so you might as well let me alone. The union's all right till it lets you starve and then it's all wrong, and you know it and if you weren't afraid of each other you'd say so too." A number of these men agreed with Duncan in their hearts, but either they had gone too far to retreat or they were actually afraid to express themselves for they allowed one or two blatant fellows to hurl "scab" after him and to threaten to "fix him tomorrow."

"All right, boys," called back Duncan as he strode homeward, "I guess it don't make much difference whether I'm fixed by you or by the union. I'll be just as dead one way as the other."

For several days thereafter,as he came and went, certain demonstrations were made and the vile epithets increased but Robert Duncan never flinched. He was doing his duty as he saw it in the sight of God and man and no one could turn him aside. He, however, made it a point to emphasize, whenever the opportunity came, the position he had taken, that only actual want had driven him to return to the mills. That it was his wife and children for whom he was sacrificing even honor, as they looked at it, and that he considered it a man's duty to sacrifice all—even his standing among his fellow men, for the sake of those whom God had placed in his charge. But as the days succeeded each other he realized that only a little thing lay betwen him and destruction. He frankly confided his fears to his wife, now a patient watcher at the bedside of their little daughter Alice, who had for some days been suffering from a fever that refused to yield to the plain, old fashioned home remedies which she was able to provide. They were so reduced financially that the thought of a doctor's bill seemed appalling and they had deferred incurring that expense, hoping that the child's illness might be only temporary; but now it had reached the point of necessity, and, weary and worn with watching, and fearing they had taken too much risk in the effort to save the little they had for food, they finally sent for a young physician of the neighborhood who at once recognized the dreaded typhoid. Even this additional calamity failed to soften the hearts of the rabid ones among the strikers and there were those among them who even in the face of death upbraided Duncan daily and brutally hoped that any calamity might come upon him because he had "gone back on" the union.

The crisis in the disease was approaching and Duncan had sat up through the whole weary night in order to let his wife sleep and rest for her duties during the day. At daybreak he had prepared a simple breakfast and something for his own lunch and wearily dragged himself to his work. As he approached the works it became evident that something unusual was on and his heart sank as he approached the crowd.

"Here comes the dirty scab," exclaimed one of the men. "Let's stop him," and the crowd gathered about him. "Boys," said he, his voice trembling, "please don't bother me today. My little Alice is dangerously sick and I have been up all night. I haven't had a wink of sleep and am nearly dead myself. I must work to pay the doctor. I don't dare stop now. For God's sake have a little pity on a man in distress and let me alone."

"See here, Duncan," said another who had been drinking heavily and was in an ugly mood. "This thing has been going on long enough and you've got to stop. If we can stand it, you can, and all that stuff about the kid we've heard before. Other folks have got sick people besides you and you'd better go back and take care of her."

"I can't go back and I won't," and the old fire came back into his gray eyes and he pushed forward through the crowd. Instantly half a dozen clubs were raised and he was beaten down to the earth, two of the brutes striking him after he had fallen. There he lay unconscious and bleeding while the crowd moved on. But several of the men, becoming alarmed because he did not move, went back and finding him still bleeding and unconscious and breathing heavily and irregularly, attempted to revive him by dashing water in his face, but all to no purpose and they dispatched a hasty messenger for the nearest doctor. By the time the doctor arrived Robert Duncan was past relief. They carried him to his home where his broken hearted wife, wearied by the long watching and dumbfounded by the enormity of her loss, received them in silence with terror stricken countenance. She had no words of reproach but broken in her sorrow could only say as they laid the cold form of her protector down, "How could they do it! How could they do it!"

There was a feeble effort on the part of the members of the union to help pay the expenses of his burial, but the poor fools were helpless. They had no funds and could get no help from the sympathetic organizations and if it had not been for the generosity of the mill owners poor Duncan would have had scant burial indeed. Some of the strikers made show of attending the funeral but the widow sent word that she could not stand it to see any of those murderers there. This term she applied to all the members of the union as it could not be ascertained who had actually struck a fatal blow, and for want of identity and because she believed it to be so she ever after maintained that her husband had been murdered by the union.

XVIII

REFLECTION

As Michael Ryan matured, his views of men and life mellowed down to a point where he was most tolerant of many of the weaknesses of mankind. He had never been an extremist, had never held after the straightest sect of the Pharisees on any proposition except the one that a man must work and earn his own way; and along with that there had always gone the corollary that a man had a right to work, that it was his God given birthright, with which no other man had a right to interfere. Even the man who failed was entitled to credit for all that he did and if it seemed a matter of hard luck he was entitled to as much praise as the one who succeeded, especially if the success seemed also a matter of good luck. In his own case, for instance, he gave himself credit only for the actual labor he had performed and the frugality with which he had managed. His savings were more to his credit than his inventions. Most of his success was due to good luck. He was fortunate in having hit upon a machine which could be used to great advantage. That was good luck.

He contrasted himself with other men. There, for instance, was his friend Harrison the lawyer. Harrison was a whole souled, earnest fellow whose pride was to know the law. He was utterly lacking in business sagacity and many a man in his own profession with infinitely less capacity was doing much better and making money by taking advantage of the commercialism which presents itself in all arts and professions, while poor Harrison was trying his best to become a great lawyer. Whenever Harrison had attempted to branch out and perform as other alleged lawyers did, the performance was so grotesque and clumsy as to seem half criminal and he would be criticized accordingly. He little heeded the fact that the ordinary business man, the lawyer's client, was not looking for a man who knew the law, so much as for one who could carry out his scheme, and Harrison soon fell into disfavor by telling men that they had no rights in certain cases, that they were not entitled to do this and that. They would go straight off to Mungries, who would first find out what his client wanted to do and then assure him that it could be done as a matter of course, and, strangest of all, it seemed that the inferior man succeeded in his efforts quite as often as the superior; and yet no one of intelligence could talk with the two men for five minutes without becoming aware of the infinite chasm which separated them.

Then there was Armsted the plumber, a royal good fellow, fine in every way, with the heart of an ox; whose generosity and fine tact had ministered to many and many a poor one and who never turned a beggar away. Armsted was sober, industrious, everybody liked him and yet he was always hard up and seemed never to get ahead.

Then there was Billers the shoe man —originally a shoe maker, now a shoe merchant, absolutely without genius of any kind. He always had time to sit and gossip even while customers waited. He could drink more beer than old Gambrinus himself and half the time was not in his store. But Billers was growing rich without apparent merit. It was simply good luck with Billers.

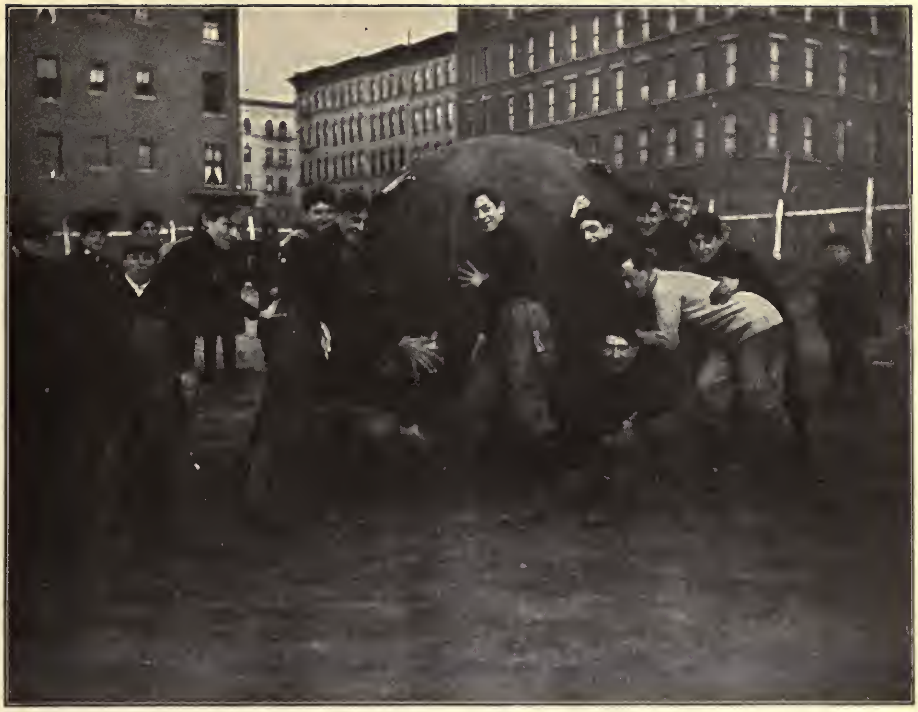
Then there was Sasson the banker, small of intellect, narrow in all his views of life. Honest in money matters only because he was a coward and feared the law, but otherwise dishonest in every way, mean, sneaking and underhanded, taking advantage of every little technicality, posing as a Christian for the advantages it gave him over the weaker brethren, willing to cheat the state in the matter of taxes, if lying and perjury could do it, self-satisfied, simpering, but always insignificant and despicable in the eyes of manly men. It was said of him that he was so mean that he cut his own hair and filled his own teeth. Yet this man was successful in business because from his youth he had been gnawing away like a rat, accumulating wherever he could, never giving to any charity unless it could be advertised fully and bring the proper return, regarding all men from the "holier than thou" standpoint; with no love for his kind and no compassion in his heart. He would take the last cent from a poor widow and her children provided it were so stipulated in the bond, and would never relieve any distress that required a sacrifice on his part. Yet Sasson was a successful man and a leading citizen. But it was such as he that Michael Ryan despised. To him they were the scum of the earth and hell had no pit deep enough for them. Then there was poor Hall, who seemed to have been born with the mark of Cain upon him. Hall had struggled against himself. Here and there he had vanquished but only to fall back again into deeper woe. Fate had been against him from the start. His temperament, his disposition, his melancholia, his prejudices, his weakness had all been born in him and Ryan always felt that if Hall did anything only half-way decent he was entitled to a crown of glory for it. Defeat was his portion, but Ryan in his justice never put the same measure upon him that he did upon other men. He knew the load that Hall carried and he blamed Providence rather than Hall for most of his failure and wrong doing. If Hall had only been willing to come to him and, confessing all his weakness and inability to cope with his nature had thrown himself on Ryan as upon an elder brother, it would have delighted Ryan beyond measure and he would have felt repaid for what he was often prone to look upon as an empty, useless life. He needed just such an outlet for his affection: a dependent soul who could draw inspiration and comfort and sustaining grace from the larger and stronger character would have been to Ryan the equivalent of children of his own blood and would have been compensation for much that had been otherwise denied him. Indeed, he yearned for this. His affection for Hall was peculiar, for he had never outgrown the simplicity of his youth in this particular and his early friends were his life friends through all vicissitudes of mature existence, and it is fair to say that had he become a king he would have always needed the friends of his youth even though they had become beggars. His philosophy of life had kept clearly before him the idea that we are all responsible for the sins of others, that organized society in its weakness and incompleteness is ineffectual to do much more than "haud the wretch in order;" that it never reaches below the skin; that it converts no one and convinces no one and that worst of all many of its well meant regulations drive some peculiarly constructed natures to the very thing they should avoid.

His comprehensive vision was large enough to see all this and yet when it came to methods he was miserably weak —at least so he felt.

In the matter of the strike he saw clearly and comprehended both sides of the controversy. He was compelled to concede that just argument might be made on both sides and yet he was inexorable when it came to the question of interfering with the property rights of the owners or the personal liberty of the men who were willing to work. There was only one side to that and, whatever just grievance the men had, they had no right to prevent men who wanted to work for the company from doing so, or to prevent the company from carrying on its operations if it could find men willing to work.

The murder of Robert Duncan therefore came to him with stinging force as a climax to outrages which had been culminating and nearly drove him to the point of unreason in his attitude toward the striking employes. It seemed to him that the union by permitting such a thing to occur had put itself deliberately out of the pale of the law and where it had no right to expect to be treated in any other way than as a criminal. It was all very well to say the union did not approve of violence and that the outrage had been committed by a few hot heads, but Michael Ryan knew that if there were no unions to encourage the men in their position, there would have been no strike and none of the distressing things which had grown out of it, yet he believed in organized labor and could see a great and useful field for it.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NOVEMBER]



THE NEW GAME, PUSHBALL:—A PUSHING MATCH

PUSHBALL, A STRENUOUS NEW GAME

By C. H. Allison

NEW YORK CITY

A POPULAR objection to football is that most of the play is invisible and unintelligible to the untutored layman. Free kicking and spectacular runs of course appeal to the veriest novice, but a contest between two evenly matched teams as a rule develops nothing more interesting than a series of scrimmages in which the observer sees only a mass of struggling bodies piled up in a heap, disentangling themselves at intervals merely to repeat the unavailing onslaught. An occasional glimpse of the ball as it is punted or kicked for goal, and numerous aggravating delays to permit of the injured being revived or carried off the field, furnish inadequate diversions to this monotonous performance. The initiated may be able to follow the plays closely; to the average person without a college education or a predilection for sports it is incomprehensible, dull, cruel.

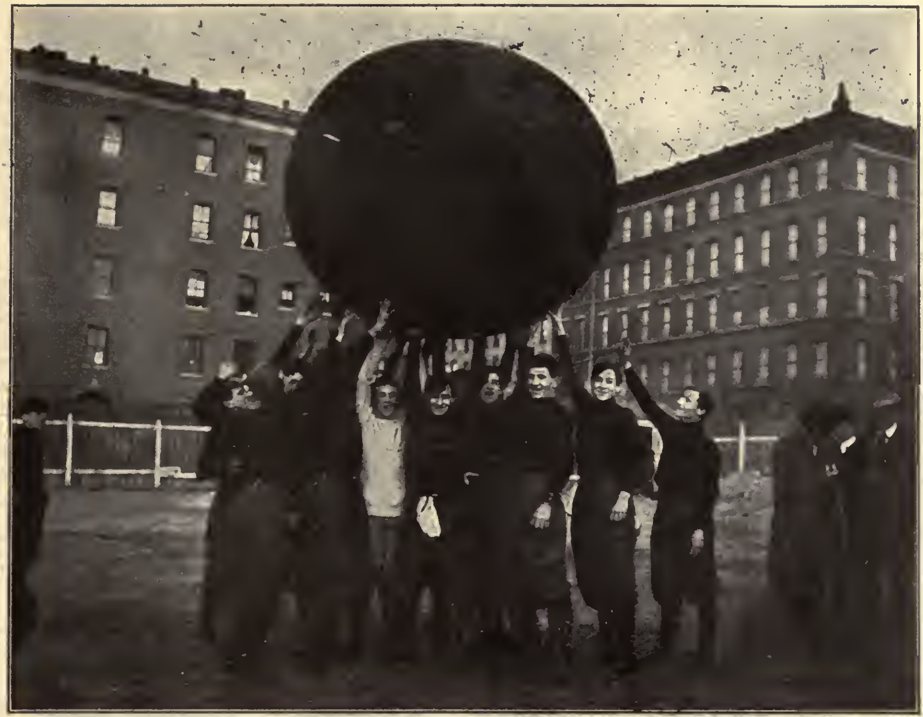
This was the way it looked to Mr. Moses G. Crane, of Newton, Massachusetts, who, as the father of three Harvard football players, in the early nineties witnessed many games at Cambridge. "Why not make the ball so big that the spectators can always see it," he asked some members of the Newton Athletic Association. The suggestion took root, and after talking the matter over with them Mr. Crane in the Fall of 1894 had an air inflated sphere, constructed much after the manner of a football but six feet three inches in diameter and weighing seventy pounds. The first game of pushball, as it was named, was played on the grounds of the Newton Athletic Association shortly after Thanksgiving Day in that year. A set of rules was promulgated, conforming largely to those governing football, and now pushball is taking a permanent place in the category of American sports.

In 1895 the game was introduced at Cambridge, matches being played between the students at Harvard and the Manual Training School. It was not till 1902, however, that pushball obtained any extended recognition. In that year the game received fresh impetus from its simultaneous introduction in New York and London. Mr. E. V. Hannagan took a team of American players to England and a public demonstration of this new form of amusement was given at the Crystal Palace. In New York, Mr. W. Carsey, manager of Equitable Park, convinced that pushball would prove entertaining and attractive to the public, organized two teams and put his theory to the test. He was not disappointed. The game at once became firmly intrenched in the favor of those who saw it.

Pushball is played on a gridironed field or floor, 120 yards long by fifty wide, with goal posts at either end twenty feet apart and connected by a cross bar seven feet from the ground. The mammoth ball, almost globular in shape, should measure six feet in diameter and weigh between forty-eight and fifty pounds. It is usually inflated with compressed air. The ball is placed in the middle of the field and the teams line up as follows: Five forwards on the forty yard line, two left and two right wings on the twenty yard line and two goal keepers on the goal line—eleven men each. At the sound of the referee's whistle both sides plunge at full speed upon the ball. And then the fun begins. If the ball is caught fairly between the two human battering rams there is a rebound from its elastic sides that sends the players sprawling like tenpins. It does not take long, however, for the entire twenty-two men to get around the sphere, put their shoulders to the wheel, so to speak, and push for every ounce of energy in them. The heavier, stronger team will of course have the advantage, but some trick plays have been invented which lend variety to the game and redeem it from being a featureless contest of mere brawn and muscle.

For instance, a sudden upheaval from one side will sky rocket the ball over the heads of the others, or a quick change in the angle of pressure may force the ball sideways. When followed up speedily these tactics invariably result in substantial gains. A sensational play is known as "stealing the ball." This is accomplished much on the principle of "interference" in football. Eight men of one team form a "box" and tackle the entire eleven on the other side, giving three of their forwards a chance to run the ball down the field for goal. Another opportunity for clever headwork arises when one team has been penalized a second time for fouling, its opponents being given the privilege of a "flying wedge." The penalized team is behind the ball, bracing but prohibited from moving it. The other team lines up on the opposite side, and on signal rushes full tilt forward. Instead of hitting the ball "head on," which would have about as much effect as butting a stone wall, the attack is so manoeuvred that the ball is charged in zigzag fashion and forced out of the "pocket" formed by the men behind it. This scatters the defense and gives the "flying wedge" temporary possession of the sphere.

Under the rules the players may obstruct their opponent by the body, and may tackle and hold. After the ball is once put in play the men may assume



ONE OF THE TRICK PLAYS:—SHOOTING THE BALL OVERHEAD

any position on the field within the rules. That is to say, the goal keepers and wings are not obliged to retain their original stands, but may all join in the active operations about the ball. A first penalty entails a loss of ten yards; a second penalty the "flying wedge"; further penalties being administered of the same severity in rotation. Pushing the ball under the cross bar counts five points; tossing it over, eight points; a safety, namely, getting the ball across the goal line but not between the posts, two points.

Pushball is still in its infancy, but its promoters hope great things for it. It is essentially a Fall and Winter sport, and can be played indoors as well as out. Indeed, there are more indoor games in New York than on open fields. The regimental armories of New York offer splendid facilities for pushball by reason of their large floor space, but when necessary the official dimensions and markings of the "field" can be reduced to meet the capacity of any restricted area. The game can be played very nicely on a floor one-half the regulation size.

Pushball is becoming a favorite recreation among regimental and athletic associations in New York, and at several of the larger colleges it is taking hold. The game is especially popular with football players after the close of the season. It can also be played on horseback. This variety of the sport has been witnessed not only in New York but in Australia, France and other countries.

Perhaps the expense of the outfit, the ball alone costing $60, may militate against the general adoption of the game; but as a means of public amusement and harmless, healthful exercise it is hard to beat. Pushball, however, must be seen to be appreciated.

THE DAISY FIELD, A SOUVENIR OF GOLDEN-HEARTED SUMMER

AT THE END OF THE FURROW

By Ernest McGaffey

Author of "Poems," "Sonnets to a Wife," etc.

LEWISTON, ILLINOIS

CALE STERLING stopped his team and took a look in the direction of Jonesburg. "Reckon that must be Doc Williams," he said to himself. "What's he out this early for, I wonder?"

The sun had hardly spread out a dull red glow above the eastern slopes, and Cale sat on his riding plow and idly waited until the approaching buggy from town came around the corner of the field and halted at the fence.

The occupant, a man of about sixty or more years, keen and shrewd of face and erect and stalwart of frame, looked at the young fellow as he rested on his plow, and for a moment said nothing except the conventional "Howdy". On the lapel of the elder man's coat was the bronze button of the Grand Army of the Republic. There was a dash of the military in his bearing, and his nose was curved like an eagle's beak.

"Cale," he said suddenly, and his eyes flashed as he spoke, "the Spaniards sunk a vessel of ours in Havana harbor yesterday, and a lot of our boys were drowned like rats in a trap."

The boy sprang from his plow, a flush on his tanned cheek, and hurried to the rails of the stake and rider fence.

"Does that mean war, Doc," he inquired eagerly?"

"I don't see it any other way," was the reply, "and I'm so sure of it that I'm out——"

"For recruits," broke in the young fellow, lifting his slouch hat from his forehead and running his hand through his thick brown hair.

"You've hit it, Cale; I've seen four already and two are ready to go."

"When you going to enlist 'em?" was young Sterling's next question.

"Right away," was the response. "I'm due in town as soon as I can get back, to start the ball rolling, and I expect to see Ed Robbins and a few more of the boys before I reach there. What say? Do you want to go?"

The young fellow looked at his questioner proudly.

"You know I want to go," he cried, and there was a thrill of intensity in his voice. "I'll unhitch right now and go on with you to Edwardses. Jim'll go when he knows I'm going."

He hurriedly unhitched the sorrel team from the plow and securing the lines gave them a slap with his gray hat and they started for the barn.

"They'll go straight for the barn," he explained to the doctor, "and I'll holler at Pap as we go by. I'll leave the plow where it is at the end of the furrow."

"You'll have plenty of time to come back and get ready if there should be war," said his companion, as the two men whirled down the road and came towards the Sterling farm house. Old man Sterling was out in the yard as they drew near, his grey hair tumbled and floating in the morning breeze, and a scythe in his hand as he sat at a grindstone moving the stone with his foot and sharpening the implement.

"Going to town!" shouted Cale, as the buggy went past. The old man laid the scythe by for a moment and said, as his forehead wrinkled, "Going to town, hey; what's become of his team?" But he turned to his work again, and when the horses put in an appearance he put them in their stalls and went about his regular work.

Jenny McCorliss was out in the front yard of her home when Cale Sterling came back from town. He passed the

McCorliss farm without a glance in the direction of the girl, who was very busy training morning glory vines around the porch. She was not so busily occupied but what she saw Cale go by, and she watched him stealthily to see if he would look towards the house. But he went blithely on his way without a glance towards his sweetheart.

They had quarrelled at the "literary" and he had said to her, "you'll be the one to come and make up, or there won't be any making up at all."

She had laughed at him, and told him that he was too sure of himself, and that it was time he was getting more reasonable and less proud. But the days had gone by and the weeks had passed and somehow reconciliation was further away as time slipped on.

It seemed as if a knife had been driven to her heart when she heard of Cale's enlistment; and a dull ache came with each recurring dawn when he went away. For the war came, and Cale and Edwards and many more of the boys from around Jonesburg had gone away with a regiment which had been raised mainly through the energy and determination of Doc Williams.

Old man Sterling had said little. On his coat, when the grizzled grey beard did not hide it, could be seen the Grand Army button. On Bunker Hill monument was the name of one of his mother's people.

As he explained it without any boasting,he "came of fighting stock naturally, and Cale would have disappointed his daddy if he had hung back when the flag was attacked."

He left the riding plow at the end of the furrow. "If Cale gets back he can go ahead with the work," he said. He went about his daily tasks with the same methodical care which had been his habit, and mingled with his neighbors cheerfully.

But to the girl the waiting was a heavy burden. From the vine clad porch of her Tennessee home she had watched the sun go down and had never failed to look towards the town in a vain hope that she might see Cale Sterling coming back. As the months faded and word had come that his regiment was in the field, and that it had been engaged with the enemy, her anxiety increased.

Cale's father had received three letters from his boy, and they told of voyages at sea, waving palm trees, drilling, rifle practice, strange peoples, and burning tropical suns. The father smiled grimly to himself as he read the words "rifle practice." If they had any better rifle shots in the army than Cale he'd like to know it. Tennessee riflemen were known in Andrew Jackson's day, and "a squirrel's head at a hundred yards" was a good old rule that was applicable still.

The months rolled around from Summer to Winter and to Summer again.

The war was over and the Stars and Stripes had been hoisted in Havana. Cale Sterling had somehow dropped out of sight. He had been sick, he had been wounded, he had gotten well and had started for home, he was going to reenlist—all this and more Jenny McCorliss had heard through the neighbors who occasionally saw old man Sterling. But how heavily the time dragged on to her, no one could have told but herself. A thousand times she blamed herself for not having sent him a goodbye message before he left, but it was too late now.

Yet she said to herself again and again, "If he comes back I'll make up." The Summer wore on and deepened into Autumn. It was time for the Fall plowing. The riding plow, stained and rusty, stood where Cale had left it. The oaks and hickories were beginning to turn red and yellow. The morning glories had withered to mere strings of russet, and the haze of a dreamy quiet filled the air. The girl, dreamy as the season, sat on the side porch and watched the road.

"Cale Sterling's home!" shouted her

younger brother as he caught her sun bonnet up from the porch and tied the strings in a fit of mischief. He threw the bonnet down again and disappeared in the house. A wave of joy almost overwhelmed her. Cale Sterling home! She followed the boy into the house where he was excitedly telling the news. Cale had arrived the night before. He was going right on with the Fall work. He was looking fine, and had a medal.

Early the next morning the girl was on her way to the Sterling farm. A bevy of quail ran across the road in front of her, and turtle doves crossed overhead, their swift wings cleaving the air in rapid flight. As she reached the gate she saw a team come from the barn, and driving them was Cale. He came close up before he saw her. He was thinner and if possible straighter and handsomer than when he went away. On his head was a yellow military hat, but there was nothing else about him to mark the soldier unless it was his bearing, which insensibly reminded her of Doc Williams.

His face paled through the bronze as he saw her. He pulled up the team sharply.

"Jenny," was all that he could say. Her lips trembled, and at first, to hide her embarrassment, she said: "Where are you going, Cale?"

"Down to get my plow," was his reply as he looked at her wonderingly.

She stepped forward. "I've come to make up, Cale," she cried, as the pent up sorrow of all those months of waiting rained down her pale cheeks.

He put his arms around her without a word.

Then, driving the horses with one hand, and with his right arm around her, she crying and he comforting her, they went over the brow of the hill and across toward the end of the furrow.

THE FOUNDERS ❧ By Nathan Haskell Dole

POEM FOR THE DEDICATION OF A MEMORIAL TO THE EARLY SETTLERS, NEWBURY, JUNE 17, 1905

HOWEVER far we roam
Our hearts are filled with longing for the home
Where all our old associations center:—
The tiny village by the placid river,
The weather-beaten farm-house on the hill
Which we can never enter
Without a joyous thrill,
Or think of now without an eyelid's quiver.
How dear those ne'er forgotten places:
The room where first we saw the light,
The fireplace where each bitter Winter's night,
The great logs, blazing, brightened the fond faces
Of Loved Ones now forever vanisht:—
The cheerful Father who all trouble banisht,
The brave, unselfish Mother, crowned with holy graces,
Whose hand and thought ne'er rested
From care for those that 'neath her roof-tree nested;
The sisters and the brothers full of life

In eager emulation free from strife.
We seek the attic where on rainy days
We used to find delight in simple plays
    Drest in the quaint garb of the long ago
Dragged out from some deep cedarn chest:—
    A revolutionary uniform that would make glow
Keen military ardor in the young lad's breast;
    A bridal costume of rich silk brocade
    To deck the merry little maid,
Who—God be praised:—should never know
The heart-break it bore silent witness of—
The ruptured wedding, the forgotten love!
There stood the well-carved spinning-wheel
    With twisted strands of flax
        Like maiden's hair:—
    With what untiring zeal
We spun it round; how strong to bear
Our manifold barbarian attacks!
Oh how the rafters echoed to our capers!
What rumbly rocking-chairs we liked to drive!
        What joy to dive
Deep into barrels with their musty papers,
Ill-printed century-old Almanacks
With words of wisdom mingled with predictions—
Poor Richard's proverbs, Thomas' racy fictions
    And yellow journals—yellow with old age,
    With bits of history on each page.
And all the time the rain upon the roof
Would patter tinkling monotones for our behoof.
    Or mindless of the downpour, older grown,
We found a pleasure tramping thro the fields
    Tracing the crystal brook. Those days have flown;
    No modern trout-stream yields
Such specked beauties as we used to catch!
The fish and our young appetites were made to match!
    And shall we pass without a word
The low, unpainted Schoolhouse? How absurd
That all the mighty river of our Knowledge,
    Swelled full by years at College,
Took its first rise within that tiny hall!
        Yet we recall
    That there we earliest heard
The royal accents of our English tongue—
    Creation's Hymn by Milton sung,
The scenic splendors Shakespeare wrought.
        There were we taught
True pride in Liberty to feel
    For which our Grandsires fought!
And so those seats rough, hard, knife-hacked;
Those narrow walls, that ceiling blacked,

Seem like a sacred shrine
Whence streams a glory national and divine
That makes us kneel!

II.

Ev'n as we to our Childhood's home return
So come the scattered clans
To visit the ancestral seat where burn
The altar-fires of Man's
Unquencht devotion to his Race.
And ancient Newbury is such a sacred Place!
Here, in the early days, when Danger lurked
At every turn;
When bush or boulder ruthless worked
Its fatal spell
And tomahawk or flint-sharp arrow fell
On pious Pilgrims unaware;
When every forest covert was the lair
Of prowling wolf or sneaking bear,
Along the pleasant reaches of this stream
Where now, as then, the sunbeams love to gleam,
And sweet reflections dream,
Settled the sturdy Founders, men of mark,
Undaunted, howe'er dark
The storm might threaten, whate'er doom
Might strike them from its purple gloom.
God-serving Pilgrims, full of grave intent,
Accepting, solemn-glad, their banishment
From England's unmaternal heart,
Here planted they the seed
From which should start
A mighty Race to vanquish and to lead!
It were a welcome meed
To ring out in strong lines each yeoman name
Of those high souls who hither came!
From them, by intermarriage, thro long years
A thousand thousand woven ties—
The links of mingled destinies,
Cemented by the Alchemy of tears
For common sorrows, common fears,
Bind us their children's children subtly clanned.
From all the cities of our splendid land,
From sleepy village and from upland farm
Drawn by a magic charm,
We come to shake the proffered hand
Of Brotherhood!
Ah! It is good
To pledge the Friendship that shall hold
Our hearts in union pure as gold.
We come to honor the Departed,

The Great-hearted,
The Founders whose low, moss-grown graves
The quiet River laves.
Silent they lie; but mayhap around us now
Unseen, unheard, a solemn host they bow,
Participating in these festal rites,
Rejoicing in this day and its serene delights.
Hail to you, honored Dead,
Who once with stately tread
Passed these fair streets along!
Ye little knew what strange
Portentous, mighty change
Should work to make a pygmy grow into a Giant godlike-strong!
How from the feeble fringe
Of white that scarce could tinge
The vast, wide continent
Should spread a Nation grand
To occupy the land
In all the length and breadth of its magnificent, unknown extent:
That all the tribes of earth
Should here obtain new birth
In Liberty and Peace,
That wealth beyond compute
Should wax as waxed the fruit
On yonder fields in year to year's ten-million-fold increase.
Hail to you, honored Sires!
A Hymn of praise to you shall rise,
Accompanied by a thousand tuneful lyres,
To you the Faithful, you the Pious, you the Good and Wise!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

By Yone Noguchi

Author of "From the Eastern Sea", Japan of Sword and Love," etc.
TOKYO, JAPAN

ONCE Mr. Stedman (why is it I cannot mention him without employing Mr.?) said somewhere,—yes, in his stanzas on Shelley's "Ariel":

> " * * * * Like thee, I vowed to dedicate
> My power to beauty; aye, but thou didst keep
> Thy vow."

Surely he frequently acknowledged and deplored his defection from the muses' train of loyal subjects, since he was obliged to appear in the banking parlor or in the Stock Exchange. Remember, however, he carried poetry into the banking business, and not the banking business into poetry! It would be great if you could worship and burn incense and serve the deities and muses exclusively. But I should say it would be greater if you, while making daily bread, could be influenced unconsciously and guided continually by the real principles of Beauty. It seems to be important first to be a Man. Woe unto the poet who wants to secure the immortelles of the muses and would look to the muses for a daily shower of manna, in this age and country of activity and necessity of money! I am sure that the poet is nothing if he fails in making a man of himself and allows himself to suffer for the comforts of a good home. It is great for Mr. Stedman to strike the golden mean, and still greater for him since he can keep acquaintance with the sacred nine at the same time. True, there is nobody in America, and perhaps in Europe, who has done so much and has worked so conscientiously and tirelessly for the cause of poetry. And yet he is the business man and the beloved father. He realized what Byron wrote Tom Moore just before sailing in defense of Greece: "A man ought to do something more for society than write verses." I agree with Lafcadio Hearn, who preached to his Japanese students that they should never in the world start life as writers. That they should make living expenses with something else. They will be apt, if they do not, to burden their songs with references to woes which are all too common, and to add to the sorrows of their fellow sufferers. We have had enough sadness in poetry. We need more happiness. I do not see any more well balanced poet than Stedman. I confess he is not my own taste. He is not salty and peppery enough. But he is a poet,—an elegantly dressed poet, too. In his work we have thoughts for the patriot, sighs for the lover, wit and wisdom, songs grave and gay, noble sentiments, and some religious spirit also. In one word, he is the gentlemanly poet. He never goes to the extreme.

"Did you send a copy to Mr. Stedman?" I was always asked by my friends in California, where I published my first two books. Really, we looked upon him as a gate keeper of Parnassus, into which we wished to point our footsteps. Once I received a note from Arthur Stedman (how I wished it was Edmund Clarence! I was one of those who loved autographs of the good and great) saying that his father was grateful for my "Voice of the Valley" (my second book) and was too feeble to hold a pen. I thought ever after that he was almost dying. To my utmost surprise, he was the most lively little old gentleman, whose blue eyes,—yes, Burns' eyes also were blue — sparkled kindly and vividly, when I met him first. Where? And how?

I was exceedingly talkative on that evening at the dinner table. It was three or four years ago. They invited me to the New York Players' club, that time I was fresh from London. As I said, I was verily talkative. So I am, once in a while. Remember, not so often, since Joaquin Miller's first lesson he gave me some ten years ago was that silence is golden. I talked on books and men. I talked on my seeing a duchess in London and sitting in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey! I talked about my opinion of "The Darling of the Gods." There was no one who did not ask me how I liked the play. The play was first staged in those days. By the way, how charming Miss Bates was as the Japanese princess! I was called to give attention to an old, grey gentleman who sat two or three tables away. Tom Walsh said: "He is Stedman."

I jumped up suddenly, to my friend's amaze. I quietly approached his table and introduced myself,—"I am Yone Noguchi." He looked at me first suspiciously, and later on, happily. And he exclaimed: "Really! Really! I am glad you were not a myth." We shook hands to our hearts' content. I felt as if he was an old friend at the first glance. So he was. It is not only with him that "Yone Noguchi" was supposed to be a phantom. Many people fancied that Gelett Burgess (dear Frank as I call him) was masquerading.

him) was masquerading under the Japanese kimono. Quite often I had read such a thing even in papers and magazines. I appeared to Mr. Stedman as Yone Noguchi in flesh and blood. So he was aghast at first.

Once he invited me to the Authors' club. He received me with showers of smiles. (How kind he was, in appearing on that evening of penetrating cold!) We sat in a corner and talked poetry. He was eager to hear the news of the younger poets of London. He cast the most interesting eyes always over the young man's production. He loved the young writers. He didn't wish to talk about the already established ones. He was the young man's sponsor. There in New York is no young man who does not receive encouragement from him.

"How do you live, Mr. Noguchi? How do you make your living? Pardon me for asking such an impolite question! But I am sure I am qualified to, as I am old enough to be your father," he said suddenly. And he told me that making a living by writing was the most wretched sort of thing. But he made me assure him that I shall never forget to love Beauty and sing songs. "Like a nightingale on Spring morn," he exclaimed.

There was quite a gathering of well known personages. I met Poultney Bigelow, who counts many princes and ambassadors,—he will also call up half a hundred Japanese celebrities in one minute,—among his friends. There was the professor of Chinese with the impossible German name, who once talked with Li Hung Chang. And there was Mr. Conway, full of reminiscences of Huxley and Spencer. I was sincerely delighted to hear from him that he once employed Tatsui Baba (the wonderful revolutionist who has been dead many years) to translate from Japanese mythology, when Baba was hard up in London. Doubtless Baba breathed Mr. Conway's rich breath and touched his kind hand. He said that Japan must keep Buddhism. She is gone, he said, if she shall adopt Christianity. He denounced Christianity with might.

I and Mr. Stedman talked on Joaquin (the poet of the Sierras) and Miss Coolbrith—that sweet California singer. And we wondered how many easterners heard and appreciated her golden voice. I showed Mr. Stedman a copy of London Punch which happened to be in my pocket. It had the clever parody on my London book, "From the Eastern Sea," by Owen Seaman. "That's great! I never had such an honor in my life. You must have been successful in London. It shows all that," he said, and held my hand tightly.

We left the club very late. It was twelve o'clock. We both took the Broadway car down town. I bade him goodnight and left him at Madison Square. It was such a night with the shining moon. My footsteps were light, the breezes played with my coat sleeves. I shall never forget the treatment Mr. Stedman gave me.

How beloved he is among the younger people! He will be eternally remembered as a dear gentleman.

HOKKU ☘ ☘ By Yone Noguchi

(From "Japan of Sword and Love")

WHERE the flowers sleep,
 Thank God! I shall sleep, tonight.
Oh, come, Butterfly!

FALLEN leaves! Nay, spirits?
 Shall I go downward with thee
'Long a stream of Fate?

THE RED CRAVAT

By Stanley Waterloo

Author of "A Man and a Woman," "The Story of Ab," etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE relations between young Marion Durand and his semi-fiancee, Miss Evelyn Reed, were something exquisite. Each was cultivated, each had keen perceptions and each appreciated the fact that one was born for the other. They were perfectly happy only when together and yet there was just a blemish, just one little spot on the full blown rose of their relationship. The blemish was perceived only by Miss Reed, but the fact that Durand failed quite to comprehend it did not help the situation. In affairs of this sort the lady is, necessarily, the arbiter. She is judge, jury and, upon occasion, executioner.

The pair have been just referred to as existing under a semi-engagement. A semi-engagement, as all the tactful world knows, is a mutual understanding between two people that some day they will be united in marriage, but without any absolutely definite arrangement as to time and place. This indefiniteness, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, comes from the attitude of the woman. Anything but an ardent and expressed desire on the part of the man for a fixed wedding day, as society is organized, may be considered either weak or wicked. Nothing paltry, nothing even conservative, is allowed him in his attitude. He must—to be neat and alliterative—"press persistently." If he fail in this not only must doubt be cast upon his earnestness, but, worst of all, it is bad form.

Durand failed in nothing. He labored strenuously to induce Miss Reed to select some particular hour of some day in some month and week when she would become his wife. He was frightfully in love and did even more than the conventionally required plunging forward under the spur of his heart's desire. Miss Reed was in love almost as thoroughly as Durand—for he was a most attractive and desirable young man—but, as is often the case with tentative brides, she chanced to be a woman. Being a woman, and an adorable one, by the way, she had something of the "my prince must be a hero" element in her composition; and it was because Durand was but a great big, handsome, straightforward, educated business man and nothing more nor less, one who had never done any deed of derring-do to speak of, unless it may have been the casual licking of somebody in his callow days, that the cup of her content lacked bubbles over the brim. She wanted him to "do something" for her sake and she did not hesitate to tell him so.

"I'd do anything for you, that is, anything that would be all right, and you know it, Evelyn," was the only answer occurring to the perplexed suitor, on such occasions as she expressed herself in a more than ordinarily accentuated mood. "I can't rush down and determine what the Yucatan ruins really mean, because an expedition into those forests would cost more money than I've got and it would take a long time. I can't break into congress from the district I live in, for it would take more money and a longer time to down old Devereaux, and I can't do any of the other things you would probably suggest more easily. But anything that requires just a dash I'll try to accomplish for you. Won't you accept that? Can't you think of some little whirl that will show my earnestness, and yet not take me away from you, something which will show you that I'm game? Do that and I'm with you. And then we'll get married!"

Miss Reed was in despair. What could be done with such eminently practical heroics.

"You do not understand," was all she said. And so the relations drifted on between the two, Durand practical and pleading, and the lady still hesitant about giving herself finally to one who lacked, seemingly, some of the attributes of the hero whose image she had cherished beyond her girlhood.

They remained affectionate, the two, and were so close in all things that their friends laughed at what they called their "domesticity;" but the question of a wedding day remained. Marion still suffered under what he called an "indeterminate sentence" of hoping against hope. And so the months passed.

Physically, Durand was up to all the requirements of even his much demanding sweetheart. "He was tall, he was dark, he was haughty of mien," though his haughtiness chanced to be but the evidence of a decent bashfulness; while his eyes were what are called piercing, though they pierced nothing in particular, and his moustache of the large, raven's wing variety. He had, in a general way, a knight of old air blended with the modern practical; he was good to his mother and stuck to business and wondered whether he liked Ibsen or not. But it was his dark, mysterious look which had first attracted the object of his passion.

If her highest conceptions were not met by the deeds of her sweetheart, Miss Reed at least delighted in his outside personality, and (so unaffectedly and gently close were their relations) unconsciously to herself had begun to assume a somewhat arbitrary attitude. She suggested the style of hat he should wear and directed him in various things of that sort. As for him, he but obeyed blindly. He was her manikin if she desired. His own tastes were modest; he never wore glaring things, but he didn't mind obeying her occasional suggestions.

There came a day when Miss Reed, on a shopping tour, saw a cravat in a window. If she had failed to see that tie it would have been a marvel, for half the town had seen it. It shone in the midst of the cravat filled window of a gentlemen's furnishing store and caught firmly, for a fiery instant, the attention of the passing multitude. It was large, what is known as of the four in hand order of ties, and was of a general color to which no man could give a name. It was orange and yet was not an orange for it suggested at the same time vivid scarlet. It was a flame and yet a flash light. The only contrast to the glare was furnished by polka dots of startling white on the red blaze, and they were but intensifying. The orange suggested at first the flashing color of the oriole and one thought of orchards or the elms; the next moment a flamingo rose from some Florida sand bar and the rays of the midday sun were dwarfed. There were a few other colors which did not match. Appalled at first, then fascinated, Miss Reed stood before the window and studied that revelation of Earth's Last Day, when comes the general conflagration and, by degrees, her curiosity overcame her first alarm, for she was naturally gifted with taste in colors and all contrasts. It was a case like that of Vice, which

> "Seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

She began to wonder where the marvelous, sinister, burning thing could ever find its setting? What should be about that blaze compared with which the heart of the opal was as snow, or the electric light a shadow? Talk about the fascination of your cobra or your basilisk or your Ancient Mariner! Weak, absurd things. Then came a sudden, awful solution of the question, a quickening, wondrous inspiration, making all things easy. Upon one place in all the world could that bit of sheet lightning rest where it must contrast wildly and yet blend properly with dark surroundings, and, though furiously inartistic in itself, aid in the making of a grand artistic whole. There flashed upon her an inspiration. But one man in existence could wear that flaming tie, and he, that one man, her own swarthy lover!

She bought the tie — and a most expensive tie it was—and took it home with her to await the evening when Durand was to call. When home, she opened for an instant the box in which the thing rested and the ceiling gave forth a swift, grim radiance. She closed the box again. "How it will appeal to him!" she sighed ecstatically.

Durand came in the evening, pleaded as usual, was, as the common people say, "turned down" as usual, and, as usual, contented himself and was moderately happy. It was quite late, and after they had been almost sentimental together, that Miss Reed produced the tie. It burned vividly but Durand was in a state of daring exaltation. "Fine tie," he said.

She told him, in a woman's way, how she had discovered it in a window and had at once perceived that it was just the thing for his dark style of manly beauty. What man could resist such an appeal to his personal vanity, coupled with the knowledge that the woman he loved had been thinking of him, even on a shopping tour? Besides, he had great confidence in her artistic judgment. "I'll wear it tomorrow," he said.

When they parted that night the equation between them was so nearly perfect that Miss Reed almost decided that he was worthy of anything and that she would marry him anyhow soon, and, as for him, he was just simply and loftily elated. Would he wear any kind of a tie suggested by her? Well, rather!

He did not that night open the box containing that tie. He threw his clothes on hurriedly after his bath next morning and only saw the tie in its Alaric, Genghis Kahn, Timur, Napoleon destroying intensity when he had put it on. He looked at it, and as it not merely shouted but roaringly commended itself there was a jump from the mirror, and an endeavor to collect himself, as he sat down weakly in a chair. He meditated almost tremblingly, but with reason. "It's nothing but a piece of cloth," he said. "It is—it is—I don't know what —but it's from Her! I'll wear it anyhow." And he sallied forth, the bravest man in all Chicago.

Upon the street he went and toward the station, for he came down town by the swift suburban train. Among his friends, indeed among the closest of them, was Armidam, of the Central Trust Company, good man and fond of dogs. Armidam's most cherished possession was the great dog Jove, a monster St. Bernard, a winner of the first prize in the latest dog show. Armidam had his great dog with him, the monster St. Bernard, "gifted with almost human intelligence," who followed him each morning to the train, and then, his grave duty performed, went sedately home again. The hastening Durand caught up with Armidam and his dog.

The usual morning greetings were exchanged between the men and they rushed through the station and to the platform overlooking the railroad track. Up to this point the two men had walked side by side together, the dog a little behind. Upon the station platform they turned squarely front to front, talking business as the train rushed down beside them.

The dog, the great St. Bernard, the ideal in quadrupeds of his class, order, family, genus, species and variety, gave one good natured upward look at Durand, now squarely facing him. He gave one look, then plunged over the station platform, sheerly in front of the in-coming train and was gathered in and ground into lifelessness in an instant. Subsequently they found most of what was left of him artistically wrapped in even layers about the wheels of the rear truck of the rear car of the suburban train.

Armidam gave one look at Durand, a look demanding awful, sudden sympathy and then his eyes met the neck tie. He stood and choked. He understood. He was thinking of his glorious St. Bernard but, still, he was reasoning. He looked again at Durand, gasped and hesitated as his eyes fell a little and then, all his manhood asserting itself, broke out in Anglo-Saxon:

"You've killed my dog with your neck tie! No wonder he jumped in front of the train! You've killed my dog! And you've got to pay for him! He won first prize at the last show! I've been offered $1,000 for him! You must pay for the dog!"

Durand was astonished. He hadn't thought of consequences like this before. But he must pay for the dog. justice was justice.

"I'll pay you $500 for the dog," he gasped and he leaped for the train.

Of course he thought after he had found a seat in the train. Almost any man thinks after he has leaped upon a train, after a tragedy, especially if he be a suburbanite. Durand thought and he thought hard. He was already what is popularly known as "in a hole," and he knew it. He wanted to throw the neck tie out of the open car window, but his natural grit revolted. So he settled himself down to be a solitary, threatening volcano. He looked across the aisle of the car, this man with the extraordinary social and physiological and psychological hoodoo upon him, and saw there two people whom he knew well.

The two opposite were a well known banker and a more or less prosperous widow. The widow was forty and fair. The banker was sixty and rich, and the banker had become enamored of the widow and they were engaged. Of the widow it may be said briefly that she belonged, by inheritance or otherwise, to the laissez faire, the merrily "let 'er go" group of the world, though she was of a fine sort, speaking generally. She was in earnest in her engagement with the stubborn old banker for really sentimental as well as business reasons, though business is business. The banker was thoroughly and jealously in love and was, furthermore, possessed of an apoplectic tendency.

The woman, clever as she was, had a weakness which is sometimes semi-tragic in its consequences. Whenever she saw a startlingly droll thing she must laugh. She could not help it. As Durand sat down pantingly in his seat across from the banker and his inamorata, the lady chanced to look up and stare him squarely in the face and bosom. Then she turned red and then pale, gasping inconsequently the while. Durand smiled broadly and leaned toward her, half extending his hand in grinning forgetfulness and she, surmising in the fraction of a second that she had been assumed as a confidant in some awful jest, started to reach her responsive hand to him behind her escort, who was sitting next to the aisle. But the hands were never clasped. Her eyes had never left the neck tie and she suddenly leaned forward sobbingly, to all appearance, just as the banker turned glaringly upon Durand. He looked too high and did not see the necktie and thought, naturally, that the two were parting forever. What past history was behind all this? The banker grasped the side of the seat, rose unsteadily with ruddy countenance, gurgled hoarsely and tried to say something, then lurched forward along the aisle, fell and began flopping up and down in a most alarming manner. It was not an apoplectic stroke but it was some sort of a fit which created wild confusion in the car as the train stopped at the Van Buren street station, where the unconscious man was taken off and transferred to a cab, accompanied by the now weeping widow, who, as she left, gave one glance at Durand so full of reproach that he would never have forgotten it, had he understood it. The woman feared that the engagement was inevitably off, but that was not comprehended by the cause of all the trouble. He walked slowly toward Michigan avenue, amazed and dazed but soon to be alert of thought and step again.

In a purblind sort of fashion, Durand drifted into line with the other scores of passengers on the suburban train, walked down the slope toward Michigan Avenue and then northward on the East side of that thoroughfare, intending to turn west in Jackson boulevard. He was just stepping from the sidewalk at the intersection of the boulevard and the avenue, when a vision bore down upon him from the westward which transformed him in a moment into the happiest faced man in all the city. The vision consisted of Miss Reed in her new automobile, driven by a man reputed to be one of the finest chaffeurs in the United States. More than a mere chaffeur, too, was this gentleman at the wheel, for, in his native France, he had been an artist, not a successful one, it is true, but an artist, nevertheless, with an eye for the perfect or the awful in all colors and with a nature so nervous and sensitive that the quality amounted almost to a disease. Failing at art, he had come to America, where, with privation facing him, he had become a chaffeur and one of the very best. Mr. Reed, careful of his daughter, had imported from the East this most reliable and admirable of characters.

The automobile came whirling around southward from the boulevard, describing the outside of a segment of a circle which was perfect in its smooth completeness, and the whole picture, the handsome conveyance, the immovable and supposably imperturbable chaffeur and the beauty in the tonneau, was such as to attract the instant admiration of the mass of people from the in-coming train who were about to cross the street. But this admiration lasted only for the fraction of a second; then it changed to alarm and that of a sort which transformed an orderly string of pedestrians into a mob scrambling frantically for anywhere.

As already said, Durand was just stepping upon the crossing as the automobile swung around. He was not ten feet distant from the passing vehicle, and the eyes of the chaffeur could not but comprehend him and all his details. What happened was something beyond description. There was one wild second glance from the man driving the machine, then his arms twitched, affected with a paralysis as sudden as paralysis could come, while his eyes assumed a glassy stare to match his suddenly paling face. He was sitting helpless, all control of the automobile lost to him, while the machine itself, taking a sudden veer to the eastward, stormed at the sidewalk, which it overleaped gracefully, and turned suddenly south in a manner which would have left death and destruction in its trail, had not everybody, by some miraculous dispensation, managed to leap or roll or fall out of the way on either side. It tore southward, veering slightly toward the middle of the park and headed directly for the Logan monument, the monument which stands upon the crest of a great artificial mound. It reached the base of the mound, ran to the top, then hesitated for a moment and came backward. There had been an accumulation of thin Spring ice, and, at an upward angle of forty-five degrees, the wheels of no automobile in all the world could hold their grip there. The machine shot backward away upon the plane of the park and then forward again to attempt the ascent once more. It kept doing that. The chaffeur remained in his place in a state of uttermost imbecility. Miss Reed, in the rear, sat white faced and apparently too weak to cry aloud.

Meanwhile things were happening all about, with a degree of celerity never before surpassed or even equaled upon the lake shore side of the great city. Durand had seen it all, had seen the automobile suddenly running to destruction with the idol of his heart, and had started wildly, though of course ineffectually, in pursuit. Some hundreds of other people, shouting hoarsely, started with him; all did their best.

Meanwhile, something effectual was being swiftly done elsewhere. Just opposite the monument, on the west side of the avenue, a retired railroad president witnessed from his residence the first inception of the assault of the automobile upon the monument. He was a man of action. He had saved trains in his time. He sprang to his telephone and within a minute had called up the police and fire departments, commanding them to rush to the Logan monument upon the instant, and would have called out the militia if he had known just whom to summon. There was a rush from all directions; the insurance patrol, the police patrol wagons from the nearest stations, the engines and the hook and ladder companies—everything—seemed to reach the monument at about the same time. The fire and police forces and the pursuing throng from the foot of Van Buren street, of whom Durand was easily in the lead, came swirling about the monument together, though, necessarily leaving a space about the automobile, which was still charging up the slope, sliding backward and charging again. It had already made its sixteenth dash upon the pedestal at the summit.

All that happened at this critical instant happened with suddenness. Almost foremost upon the scene, tumbling from the slight buggy in which he had always reached a fire before his engines and his men, was the veteran fire chief, the hero of a thousand struggles with the dangerous element which it had been his duty to encounter. A man of quick comprehension, of swift decision and of instant action was the old chief. He ran almost into Durand's arms. He gave one look at the young man—and—that settled it.

The chief did not know yet just what was going on in the park about the monument, but years of battling with strange circumstances had taught him that when things were going wrong, the first thing to do was to remove the cause. He knew in his soul, he felt it from head to heel, and his instantaneous second thought determined it—he knew that whatever was happening in that park was caused by Durand's neck tie. He did not hesitate a moment; he leaped upon the astonished young man, tore away the neck tie and cast it upon the ground, where the ice seemed to melt away beneath it, and the very roots of the hidden grass begin to crackle.

All was ended in almost no time, now. The exhausted automobile at last refused the climb; intelligence came into the chaffeur's eyes again and strength to his limp muscles. He turned the machine slowly, facing toward the highway. The pink came again into the fair countenance of Miss Reed, as Durand, hatless and cravatless, dashed forward and lifted her to the ground.

Of what happened afterward, it is needless to tell, save that Miss Reed had comprehended all that had occurred at the foot of Jackson street, saw what had benumbed her driver and had imperiled her own life. Later, she heard, of course, of the incident of the dog and of the banker and the widow. And Durand had worn that tie for her sake!

She had found her hero!

RALPH KEELER OF VAGABONDIA

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "Exits and Entrances," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

A CERTAIN fraternal society had announced a ball for a charitable object, and Ada Clare and I had been begged "of our pity" to bear witness to it. She was not yet inured to wild western ways, and the friend who accompanied us felt sure that she, at least, would enjoy the spectacle. San Francisco was then about fifteen years of age and perhaps a trifle frisky.

We had not been long in the hall as spectators when a cotillion was announced, and the floor was soon blocked off in hollow squares, where the four sets of partners faced one another and impatiently awaited the beginning of the fray.

In the set nearest our seats there was a sprightly youth who, by his spirited antics, soon attracted our undivided attention. He was of medium height, slender, wiry, with a head that seemed a little too large for the body, but feet that were as agile as a rope dancer's. If he at first awakened our interest and surprise, it was not long before he startled and amazed us. He pirouetted like a master of the opera ballet; he leaped into the air and alighted upon the tips of his toes; he skipped among the dancers as airily as a puff of thistle down, and, on occasions, gave a toss of the toe that must inevitably have dislocated the halo of his partner, had she worn one, and, as it was, caused her to duck instinctively and resolve herself into a convenient and apologetic courtesy. Our friend knew him and knew something of his history, and told it to us while the unconscious subject was still capering nimbly.

Right here I cannot do better than quote from Thomas Bailey Aldrich's tribute to Ralph Keeler, written many years ago, when Keeler was the hero of a mystery that has never yet been solved:

> [Keeler came of an excellent family, I believe. In one of the early chapters of his *Vagabond Adventures*, he hints as much, in a half deprecatory way, as if it were not becoming in a vagabond to have too respectable antecedents. He hints at it darkly, so to speak. Of his early life, which was a singularly sad one, this book appears to be a faithful account. The story, as I have heard it from his lips, does not differ in essentials from the printed narrative. It can there be seen that Keeler, who was born in Ohio, lost both his parents in his infancy, and, at his tenth or eleventh year, found his surroundings so intolerable that he ran away from the home provided for him, and never returned to it. "I gave up," he used to say, "what I have ever since been struggling to gain." Not that he regretted this particular home. "It is due," he writes, "to both of us — the home and myself — to observe that it was not a very attractive hearth I ran from. My father and mother were dead, and no brothers or sisters of mine were there; nothing at all, indeed, like affection, but something very much like its opposite." This is the only bitter passage in the book, throughout which the light heartedness is pathetic. He escaped from the house in Buffalo at night, and secreted himself in a neighboring stable until he obtained a place as steward's assistant on board the steamboat Diamond. Then began the little vagabond's adventures, a squalid life among wharves and steamboats and railway stations.
>
> First he is cabin boy on board the Baltic; then train boy on the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana railroad, selling economically composed and fatal lemonade; now he is the infant phenomenon of Kunkel's band of negro minstrels; now he is end man in Johnny Booker's Ethiopian Troupe; now he is drifting down the Mississippi, with sacred wax statuary and stuffed animals,

in Dr. Spaulding's floating palace; now we find him with that burnt cork washed off — miraculous transformation! studying the classics in St. Vincent's College, at Cape Girardeau, where he remains sixteen happy months, and picks up enough pure French to last him a lifetime. Now he is clerk in the Toledo postoffice—something of a come down, we should say, though still a man of letters — and now he is steerage passenger on an English steamer, heading for Queenstown. From London he goes to Paris; thence to Heidelberg. He is a student in the famous Karl Rupert university, and wins his diploma, too (this end man), making pedestrian tours meanwhile, through Italy, the Tyrol, Switzerland, France and Bavaria, wearing the costume and speaking with the accent of a veritable Handwerksbursch.]

The music and dancers having come to a full stop, our friend went in search of the object of our interest and curiosity, and very shortly presented him as Ralph Keeler, professor of modern languages in a fashionable private school on the once aristocratic but now decidedly democratic Rincon Hill.

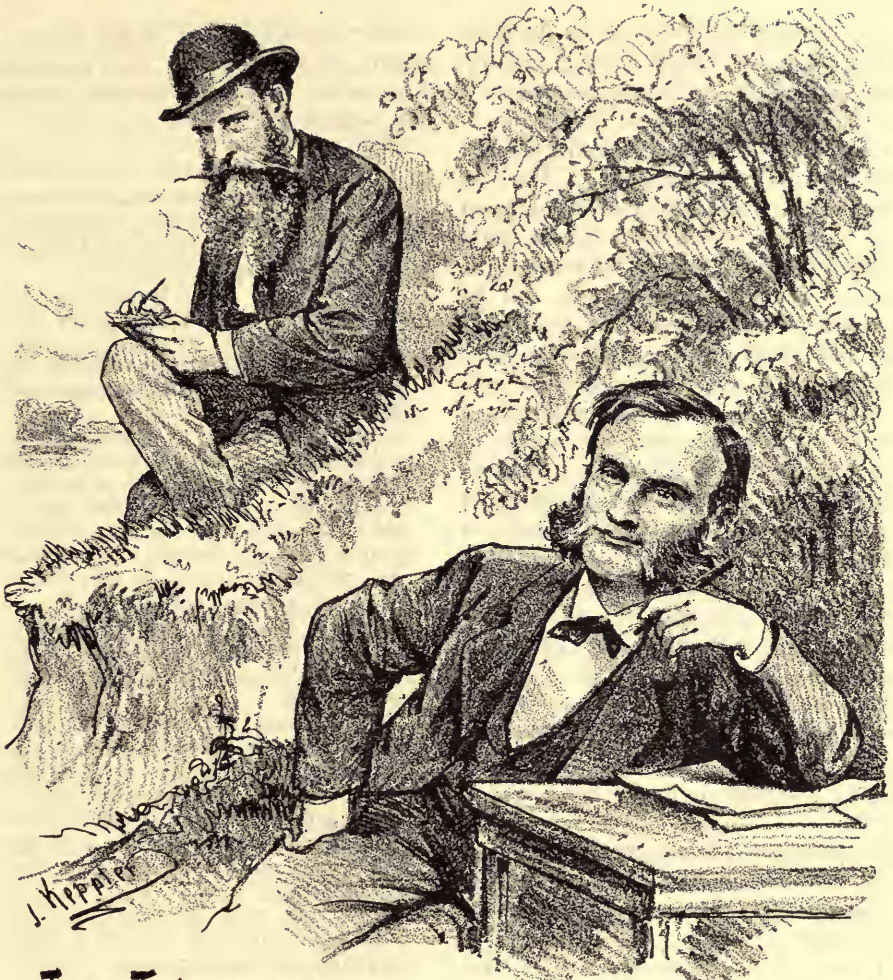
Beside being a professor of modern languages, Ralph Keeler was a weekly contributor to the columns of the "Golden Era"—at that time the cleverest literary weekly on the Pacific coast. His feuilleton was always readable, and he wrote with much spirit and freedom, signing his contributions "Alloquiz." Occasionally a graceful bit of verse appeared under his own name, but he preferred to use a pen name which was the merest ghost of a disguise, it being pretty generally known that Ralph Keeler and "Alloquiz" were one and the same.

Our meeting that evening was a happy one, and our friendship soon warmed into an intimacy that we both enjoyed. At this time Ralph was in travail with a novel—his first and last—and, as is apt to be the case, it seemed to him and to me a matter of very great pith and moment. The coming novelist believed—as, I suppose, all coming novelists do — that he had solved a problem that has puzzled and confounded all the novelists that have ever tried and failed. "The trouble with the novel," said Ralph to me, one day, "is that it is written for one person only, or one kind of person; now, it should appeal to all; not all of it to all, which would of course be quite impossible, since no two of us are exactly alike in taste or preference;—but one person should like it for one thing in it and another for another, and thus all the world of readers will find something somewhere within its pages that strikes home to his heart and makes the book forever precious to him."

I quite agreed with him without knowing exactly why. Ralph then pointed out to me how the sale of such a book, since it appealed to one and all, must necessarily be fabulous; and I was very glad for his sake that it must be so, and for mine that unbounded success awaited his honest and enthusiastic labors.

The book was called "Gloverson and His Silent Partner." The scene was laid in San Franciso; the time about 1860. There was a plot which we had often discussed together; there was humor for those who love to laugh; and pathos for those who prefer to weep. There was a song composed and sung by Mr. Lang, the score of which — really from the pen of J. R. Thomas—is printed in the text of the story, and a footnote announces that, "This song is also published in sheet music with an accompaniment for the pianoforte." Toward the end of the volume the song is heard issuing from a subterranean music hall, and the voice of the singer is recognized by passers by; this naturally leads to the discovery and rescue of one so necessary to the development of the story and the happy climax, which could not have resulted had there been no second advent after the hero's mysterious disappearance.

In another chapter of the book the


J. Keppler
The Taking of St. Louis by Ralph Keeler
and A.R. Waud, special correspondent and artist of
"Every Saturday"

A PENCIL PORTRAIT OF RALPH KEELER (SEATED) FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER PRINT

flighty, not to say flippant, Miss Sophia Gass, writes a note to her fiance, who has proposed to another without having notified her of his intention, and she writes gaily upon her own monogram paper, — the monogram being reproduced upon the printed page, but not the script — which was a trap to catch a breach of promise. There was a window in the house of the heroine that was like a transformation scene, and could assume various virtues, and did, e'en though it had them not. The window was Ralph's own invention, perhaps patented, and that it might not make him foolish in the eyes of the carpenters and joiners union, he applied to a distinguished architect of San Francisco, explaining his model and having it pronouced practicable by the architect. Sometimes, lounging in the reading room of the old Mercantile Library, Ralph would drop in upon me, and, seizing me by the shoulders, would say: "Come with me! I have another chapter finished. You must hear it." Away we would go to his lodgings in Minna street and there he would read at me, carefully studying my facial expression the while. I appreciated humor, and he was well aware of the fact; if his humor did not awaken in me an appreciative response it had to be touched up until it was irresistible. He knew me for a sympathetic fellow, and so hoped to touch me to tears at intervals; yet he held women in higher estimation and counted chiefly upon their emotional natures for his success in pathos. Having read his touching chapter to them, if they wept not, that chapter was rewritten until it touched the high water mark.

Now if logic is logic and there is any thing in it worth while, should not this novel have taken its place among the mighty few that outlive a brief season or two?

It fell from the hands of the publishers with a dull thud that chilled the heart of one of the jolliest bohemians that ever lived.

In 1867, I went upon the stage in Sacramento, California, making my first appearance as Arthur Apsley in "The Willow Copse," to the Luke Fielding of the late W. C. Couldock. I did not enter the profession because I longed to be an actor, or because I believed I had any dramatic talent; but had to do something and to go somewhere in order to do it, and as the stage was the only avenue left open to me, I made my debut in a modest role and was kindly received before and behind the footlights and made my escape as soon as I could do so decently and in order.

Ralph Keeler had just made his first appearance as a lecturer, and, looking upon ourselves as, in a certain sense, public characters, out of my misery I wrote to congratulate and encourage him in his new and promising career. He replied:

> MY DEAR CHARLEY:
>
> Your letter was very, very kind; coming, as it did, before the general public had pronounced in my favor, it was fairly and squarely generous.
>
> I believe you will reap your sure reward in the success of the literary venture you, yourself, are about to make. For, after all, there is an undercurrent of compensation running through most things mundane.
>
> Affairs go on here very much as the acting in front of a booth, luring people to the best, or the worst, places beyond; and giving them a pretty fair idea of what they will find on the outside. Justice may grope blindly, in poor tinsel and threadbare tights, on this side of the booth, my boy, but it is justice, all the same; beginning the performance, in this world, which it shall end in the next, with the applause or condemnation of the angels.
>
> If you act and sing to the better audience in yourself, Charley, I believe you will always wake echoes in the right quarter. Better the encouragement of the high minded few, than the plaudits of the blatant many; for God is on the side of true art, and that will leave you still in the majority.
>
> I did not mean to preach to you, Charley, but to thank you for a letter that came near making me cry.

The "literary venture" Ralph so kindly refers to as my "being about to make" was a windfall of verses, gathered and edited by Bret Harte and published by A. Roman, San Francisco, 1867, and now happily beyond the reach of the collector.

Ralph Keeler cut loose from the California that he always loved and went to Boston to enter the literary arena. On the back of one of his lecture circulars he writes:

> I have stricken it rather rich in the lecturer biz. I don't think the book will be out before next September.

His circular reads thus:

TOLEDO, NOVEMBER 25, 1867.

TO LECTURE COMMITTEES:

Ralph Keeler, of San Francisco, the special correspondent of the *Daily Alta Californian* has prepared and is ready to deliver before the Lecture Associations of the country, a lecture entitled,

VIEWS BAREFOOTED;

Or, The Tour of Europe for $181 in Greenbacks.

For terms and particulars address
John H. Doyle, Toledo, Ohio.
Or the Lecturer, care
Petroleum V. Nasby, Toledo, Ohio.

In March, 1868, he wrote:

I have delayed answering your glorious letter till Nasby should have finished his lecture tour and I should have gone to Toledo. I have nothing new to tell you. Since my lecture tour closed, I have been quietly domesticated here in the woods, rewriting that everlasting novel. I have three offers for t from publishers, but do not feel very much encouraged withal.

The next publishing season is September and that will be in the height of the election excitement. Blast the president, say I; I may have to wait on his account—whoever he may be—till next January. I have worked too hard on the thing to feel like giving it the disadvantage of a dull market.

Tell me more little gossip about the Occident. Everything is interesting that comes from California. I have almost made up my mind to go to Boston in a week or so to meet and hear Dickens. Mr. Fields, I believe, will do me the favor to introduce me, and I shall at last have the honor of clasping the hand that forged the iron hook of "Captain Cuttle, Mariner."

You wouldn't tell me, I suppose, but I would like to know how big an ass I have made of myself in my *Alta* letters and just exactly what the Pacific literati think of them. I have your little book of poems on my table here and I open it many times, finding something new and always beautiful in them at each new reading. At a farm house in this county not long since I picked up an old *New York Independent* and saw for the first time that glorious notice of your book in it: you have of course seen the notice. Wasn't it generous and whole souled? I couldn't have felt better if it had all been written about myself. Give my love to Harte. Lovingly,

RALPH.

BOSTON, MAY 1868:

I send you a copy of *Gloverson;* [his novel just out] — Now, Charley, I want you to send me the copy of the *Overland Monthly* that has a notice of *Gloverson,* if that periodical does use anything of the kind.

Write to me. I preached last night in these precincts. The people were easy to please.

Love in haste. Ever yours, RALPH.

CUSTER, WOOD CO., OHIO,
June, 1869.

MY DEAR BOY:

I have just been reading your *Utopia* in the *Overland* and am so delighted with it and your manifest growth in practical ways and things that I forgot you never acknowledged the receipt of the book I sent you — [*Gloverson* — my speedy acknowledgement went astray] and hasten to congratulate you with all my soul.

I am sure that I have grown out of the book and all conceit in it; but I hate to have you and all my California slide out from under me: you see I can't walk on thin air. Let me hear from you for the memory of old times.

That letter was written on the back of one of his circulars, announcing his lecture entitled, "Views Barefooted" and also an "entirely new lecture" entitled "Broken China." This postscript is written on the face of the circular:

God bless Bret Harte for his stories of mountain life. There is nothing in the range of art to be compared with them, except, maybe, Jefferson's acting in *Rip Van Winkle.* I have just been reading *Miggles* to a room-full and we have all been crying like babies.

PORTLAND, WHITESIDE CO., ILL.
Aug. 8, 1869.

Your letter reached me here, bringing with it all the cheer of a remembered S. F. day. Everything, indeed, that comes from that favored coast of yours, and of *ours*, has an electrical shock in it. The earth must move slower to the acre, everywhere out here east of the Rocky Mts. He is happier who lives a beggar in S. F., than the cold blooded, purple and fine linen rascals of these even tempered regions. Don't think of leaving that millenial spot, Charley; you will regret it if you do.

If you are serious about coming East to lecture, I am sorry, by the "naked truth," to offer you no encouragement. Lecturing is about "played out," except in the case of the moss-heads with a quarter of a century's reputation to back them. My slight success was only sensational and was not great enough to warrant you in risking anything in the same way. Frankly, if I had to commence from the beginning at this advanced stage of my years, and *modesty*, I would not have the courage. You never had, and I shall never again have the *brass* and impudence to go through what I did to challenge public attention.

Stay where you are, if you can, Charley, and grow up with the country, for the highest civilization on the continent, in my humble opinion, will be reached on the Pacific Coast.

I have no idea what my prospects are for the coming lecture season, but it is my intention to come to you in the Spring or early Summer, after I have published a little book that I am thinking of but have not yet touched. Certain literary people whom I have never seen — one of them, by the way, your aged brother poet John Neal of Portland, Maine,—have written to me advising me to write my life in the same off hand way as I wrote my Minstrel article, and I may do it after I have published *Views Barefooted* in the *Atlantic.* I think of calling it *Memories of a Vagabond*, or something of that ilk, and have it end at the age of 22, which was my age when I returned from Europe.

—

Oct. 3d, 1869.

I don't know when I shall have time to get at my *Memories of a Vagabond.* I got another letter yesterday from old John Neal of Portland, Maine, from which I quote this comforting sentence apropos of the subject in question: "P. T. Barnum, Geo. Francis Train, the Count Johannes, and ever so many more threaten us with their autobiographies." Have you read John Neal's *Recollections?* I shall have to read them before meeting their author, if I lecture at Portland this Winter. I have never seen the venerable John. Do you remember how Lowell gives it to him in his *Fable for Critics?*

My lecture prospects are favorable enough, but I think this is the last Winter I shall be in that line. I am going into legitimate literature — to starve, perhaps, but there must be a certain consolation in starving for high art. In the Spring I propose to point for one of two places with a view to settling; either in Ithica, N. Y., where there are lakes and a library and a pretty country; or S. F., where a man's head is always clearest and his body always soundest.

When I came back here I found that some inconsiderate power that *bes* had sent me an appointment to a desk in one of the departments of Washington. It purported to come from the secretary of the treasury and was sent to me by young Stanton. I was, of course, very grateful but respectfully declined. You see how earnest I am in my resolve to starve for the Muses' sake.

—

CARLO MIO:

Your delightful letter came to me while I was in the thick of my late lecture skirmishes. I have carried it in my pocket just four thousand, five hundred miles. I have made considerably more miles than money, my boy. When you are aware that I have been forced to go nearly a week at a time without finding a chance to get shaved, you may know that I have had little nerve for any kind of writing — and I have done none at all.

In the course of my travels from the upper Mississippi to Boston and New York, you should have seen me in the palace cars, unshaved and unshorn, foul of face and linen, but with my boots scrupulously polished every morning by the porter. Whenever it was necessary to put up an appearance of respectability, I had to hide my head and elevate my feet. The foregoing is somewhat personal, but goes, I fancy, to establish the sincerity of my apology for not writing as soon as I hungered to do.

—

Feb. 27, 1870.

CARLO MIO:

Since your last good letter was written I have been many miles with dire Winter, way up in Minnesota on a lecture skirmish; hence the interim in the present correspondence. Had two railroad accidents inside of six hours and oh! such lots of that kind of fun; but I like the Minnesotans for all that: they are more like Californians than

> any people among whom I have journeyed yet.
>
> I think you will have no little satisfaction in remembering that you were polite and kind enough to speak well of my bad *Second Vision of Judgement* when you know that it is my permanent *adio* to verse making. Howells writes me that I made sad work with three syllable rhymes: How could I help it when I know nothing about prosody? Howells also tells me in a little note, just come to hand, that my European experiences — considerably rewritten by yours truly and transmitted to the *Atlantic* a week or so ago — will be published, he thinks, in the July number of that magazine. This will form the third or concluding portion of my prospective *Memoirs of a Vagabond*, which I hope to have done and published some time during the present year. This, I think, is all the shop news I have to tell you about myself.

After Ralph Keeler's debut in San Francisco, Bret Harte, in the Evening Bulletin, thus wrote of his "Views Barefooted."

> The lecture was instructive, entertaining and graceful, without flippancy, slang or coarseness. Those who expected, from its somewhat sensational title, any corresponding effect in style or subject matter, were disappointed. While relating his adventures with a good deal of quiet humor, the lecturer never lost his self respect or dignity, nor for a momentary applause sacrificed his sense of literary propriety. He told in good English, with frequent epigrammatic terms and playful illustrations, the story of his wanderings, his student life in Germany, and those ingenious shifts of a "barefooted" traveler, which were the theme and *motif* of his lecture. The pleasant ripple of his narrative only changed when the quieter depths of pathos or sentiment demanded it.

Surely the passage above quoted—it appeared on every circular that was issued so long as Ralph was in the lecture circuit — should interest the lovers of Bret Harte.

It is in its way a curiosity and sounds to me just a little bit as if the young writer had been conscientiously giving his days and nights to the study of Addison—as recommended by the ponderous Doctor Johnson, who might have easily crushed Addison with a single adjective. How happy could Bret have been with either were t'other dear charmer away; and how much more profitable he was when he soared above them both.

Keeler seemed to step down from the lecture platform quite naturally, and no doubt did so with a sense of relief. He probably never liked the wear and tear of that strenuous round, with its thin houses and foul weather to be encountered at frequent intervals. He tried his best to spare me a disappointment in that line of disappointments and nobly succeeded.

Keeler went abroad for a season, and while in London had a comedietta produced at one of the local theaters. Prentice Mulford, who saw much of him at the time, told me that Ralph's chief concern was not whether the play was to be "booed" by the play going booers, but what clothes he should wear when called before the curtain by the rapturously applauding house. He tried on various suits, Mulford to pass judgment upon them as to their cut and fit, and if they harmonized with his complexion. And then the hat — what kind of hat to carry in his hand and just how to carry it — this was a perplexing question. Should he, as it were, snatch it hastily from his head, as if he was urged before the curtain by sympathetic players who were so proud of his success, and then bow his thanks while he crushed the hat in modest confusion? Or should he stalk down to the footlights with calm indifference, with no thought of hat or apparel or anything else in particular—as if this were, after all, an old story and hardly worth the bother?

Ralph and Prentice rehearsed the scene again and again with ever increasing delight — but alas! there was no curtain call.

This did not worry him in the least. His good nature was inexhaustible. He took life as he found it and made the best of it. I am inclined to think he got more out of it than most people do. I remember going to his chamber in San Francisco on a certain occasion and finding him bubbling with mirth over his own little joke. On the wall of the room, which was a large and bare one, he had tacked a green bough brought home from some suburban pilgrimage. I asked what it meant. With exuberant laughter he assured me "that was a Frenchman's idea of the country!"

Upon his return to the States Keeler was employed by the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly. There was a rise for a young man alone in the world, from juvenile clog dancing in a strolling negro minstrel troupe to the assistant editorial chair in the first literary organ in the land. He called himself "Cub-Editor," when for a little while he was left in charge of the magazine, and it was then I wrote to him concerning an article of mine which had been accepted and paid for, but had not yet made its appearance in print. I began to feel that it was not profitable to receive pay for articles that were apparently never to see the light. Better no pay at all than to be thus cast into oblivion without the glance of one friendly eye.

Keeler wrote me:

> I have been under the weather and the bed clothes pretty constantly since your last arrived — which is my excuse for delay and present brevity. I write now to tell you for Mr. Howells that he will publish your article as soon as he can; that Mr. Fields left lots of stuff in his hands—some that has been *five years* in an unpublished state; but yours will appear as soon as possible.

I suppose it did—but the interesting fact remains that one of the "South Sea Idyls,"—"A Tropical Sequence,"—included in the Scribners' edition of the "Idyls," remained seven years in the office of the Atlantic Monthly before it found its way into print.

Ralph wrote me concerning a little sketch of mine called "My Long Lost Brother," in which I had ventured to suggest a change in the stage business of the closing scenes of "Hamlet," hoping, if possible, to relieve the stage at the final curtain fall of some of its dead. He says:

> That *Hamlet* finale of yours is a good idea: did you think it all out by yourself? It is much better than some of Fechter's amendments — which, by the way, I was surprised to see at their fountain head the other day in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. I have sold myself body and soul to the *Atlantic* and *Every Saturday*. I get the same wages whether I write little or much, but I can't write for anything else. In this chartering, however, I have a vivid idea that I am not the party that is "sold." I never made so much money before in my life and it will be some time, at least, before I shall be worth what I get.

He made a long tour with A. R. Waud, the artist, and together they did articles now incorporated in Appleton's "Picturesque America." Finally he started for the West Indies as a special correspondent to report one of the revolutions that seem indigenous to the climate and the soil, and the next that was heard of him is embodied in the following paragraph that went the rounds of the press like lightning:

> **Supposed Death of Ralph Keeler**
>
> HAVANA, Dec. 26, 1874.—Ralph Keeler, a special correspondent of the New York Tribune, mysteriously disappeared from the steamer Cienfuegos on the passage from Santiago de Cuba to Manzanillo, and nothing has since been heard of him. His baggage was on board the steamer on her arrival at Manzanillo and was delivered by the captain to the United States consul there. Consul General Hall and the Havana agent of the Associated Press have inquired by the telegraph and mail in all directions for the missing man, but without result. It was at first supposed that Ralph Keeler had been accidentally left at Santiago, but another steamer arrived today from that port without

bringing any tidings as to his whereabouts. It is now feared that he fell overboard from the Cienfuegos.

For a very long time I hoped against hope that Ralph would some day reappear with a book of wondrous adventure, telling all that had happened since his startling disappearance. But the years pass by and there is neither sign nor signal concerning the fate of him who had so endeared himself to his friends that they must ever mourn his absence, and now, alas! if we would resurrect his precious bones I fear we must look for them in the port of missing ships.

"THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH ARE LONG, LONG THOUGHTS"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEIGH GROSS DAY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

LITTLE GREEN GOBLIN OF GOBLINVILLE

By James Ball Naylor

Author of "Ralph Marlowe", "The Witch-Crow and Barney Bylow", etc.
MALTA, OHIO

IV

BOB drew a deep breath and dropped down beside his companion. For several minutes they sat silent, each staring stonily into the other's white face. At last the boy murmured huskily:

"Fitz, are the feathers es—escaping very fast?"

The goblin shook his head.

"Not very fast," he said slowly, moistening his dry lips by rubbing them together, "just one at a time."

"Is the rip in the bag a very big one?"

"No."

Bob brightened.

"Couldn't we climb up some way, and fix it?" he inquired.

The goblin gave a negative shake of the head.

"No," he replied, "it's 'way up near the top of the bag."

"Well, what're we going to do, Fitz?"

"There's nothing we can do, Bob. The feathers are escaping—one now and then; and, little by little, the balloon will lose its buoyancy and sink into the sea. We're lost!"

"Look here, Fitz!" Bob cried sharply. "Surely you're not going to give up that way. I didn't think it of you. There must be something we can do to save ourselves."

The goblin dropped his chin upon his breast and, rolling his head, muttered: "Nothing!"

"But," the lad persisted, "we must do something. There's a little air still left in the tank, and when we sink too low we can let that out, and rise again. If we sail as fast as we can, can't we cross the ocean before we drop into it?"

Fitz Mee leaped to his feet like one electrified.

"Thank you, Bob—thank you!" he cried, grasping his companion's hand. "You've given me hope. We'll try your project; and if we lose, we'll have the satisfaction of knowing we died trying!" And he set his jaws with a resolute snap.

"I can't see where there'll be much satisfaction in that for us—after we're dead," the lad muttered under his breath.

The goblin hurried to the selector, and gradually turned the thumbscrew until the machine was wide open—the current was all on. The balloon instantly responded, and began to fly through the air at a speed little short of miraculous; its two occupants had to throw themselves prostrate and cling to the locker for safety. The still Summer air appeared to be blowing a hurricane; the placid, heaving ocean appeared to be racing toward the west, a foaming, tossing torrent. One by one, a few each minute, the feathers escaped through the rent in the striped bag; and foot by foot, very slowly but very surely, the aerial vehicle yielded to the overmastering power of gravitation.

On, on and on they sped, reeling off miles as a watch ticks off seconds. Neither the boy nor the goblin found anything to say. Both fully realized that they were running a race with death, and the knowledge awed them to silence.

The noon hour came, and still they were flying like mad due east.

Fitz cautiously lifted his head, put the binocular to his eyes, and looked away toward the south.

"There's the Azores," he said, shouting in order to make himself heard, his tone expressing relief and satisfaction.

"The Azores?" Bob bellowed in reply.

"Yes—the islands."

"Oh!"

"Yes; we're making good time."

"Well, hadn't we better stop there?"

"No."

"We're only a few hundred feet above the water."

The goblin shook his big head in a decided negative.

"Why not?" the boy insisted.

"I'm afraid to stop there."

"Afraid?"

"Yes; I'm afraid there's no geese on those islands."

"Geese?"

"Sure! We've got to have goose feathers to refill our balloon bag."

"Oh, I see! Well, what're you going to try to do, Fitz?"

"Going to try to make the coast of Portugal. We'll find geese there."

"You're sure?"

"Yes; Portuguese."

And Fitz Mee laughed at his own pun until his fat face became purple and his breath came and went in wheezing gasps.

"Oh, shut up!" Bob cried angrily. "This is no time to be laughing."

"Laughing will do just as much good as crying, Bob," Fitz made answer—but instantly sobering. "I believe we'll come out all right. There are geese in Portugal; and I think we'll be able to make the coast of that country. We're making good time; and we've not had to exhaust the air tank yet. We'll drive ahead and hope for the best."

One hour, two hours, three hours passed. The balloon descended so low the car threatened to dip into the waves. The goblin released the remaining air in the tank, and again they soared aloft, but only a few hundred feet. Another hour and again they were dangerously near to the water.

Bob cried: "Why, Fitz, the sun's 'most down! This has been an awful short afternoon."

"Yes," the goblin nodded, "and the forenoon was short, too. You must remember we're moving east very rapidly—running away from the sun, running to meet the night. It'll be dark soon. I wish we'd sight the coast; it seems to me it's about time we were doing so."

"What is that wavy blue line away ahead of us?" Bob inquired.

"I don't see anything," Fitz answered.

"I do," the boy insisted positively.

"Give me the glass."

"It must be land then," the goblin suggested.

"It is land!" Bob cried joyfully. "We're going to be all right, Fitz."

"I—I hope so," Fitz made answer; "I hope we'll make it."

Warned by his companion's tone and manner that danger was imminent, the lad jerked the binocular from his eyes and dropped his gaze to the ocean. One glance was sufficient; the car was threatening to dip into the water at any moment.

"Oh, Fitz!" the boy wailed. "What're we to do?"

"I don't know!" Fitz whimpered, wringing his hands and wriggling about upon the locker. "We can't do anything—oh, we can't do anything! We're lost—lost!"

"Look here, Fitz Mee — you old Convulsions!" Bob cried angrily. "You got me into this thing; now you've got to help get me out. Wake up! You're playing the baby. And you called me a coward! You're the coward! Wake up!" roughly shaking him. "We've got to throw something overboard, and I'll throw you in about a minute."

Just then the car hit the water a glancing spat that threw a blinding cloud of brine over the two aeronauts. The balloon rebounded from the impact and continued its mad speed.

"Whee!" screamed Fitz Mee. "You're right, Bob. We must lighten the balloon some way; one more lick like that will tear the car loose from the bag. Raise the lids of the locker, and throw out everything but the food supply."

Frantically they began to lighten ship, flinging into the sea odds and ends of various kinds—the accumulation of many voyages. It availed them little, however; the balloon ascended but a few feet, and skimmed dangerously near to the water, into which it threatened to take a final plunge at any moment.

Now the coast line was plainly visible to the naked eye; and now it was but a few miles away, the hills and rocks standing out distinctly. Yet how far off it seemed to the despairing aeronauts! Neither spoke; each held his breath and his tongue, expecting to have to make a final struggle and swim for life.

Lower and lower sank the balloon. Once more the car spatted the water; and this time it did not rebound, but went tearing along at railroad speed, deluging and almost drowning its occupants. For a few minutes the two lost all sense of their surroundings—nearly lost consciousness. Then the car struck the shelving, sandy shore with a smart bump, and the balloon came to a full stop. The wild and dangerous ride was over!

"Saved!" sputtered Fitz Mee, jumping from the car and dancing up and down.

"Saved!" coughed Bob, indulging in similar antics.

Then they tearfully embraced, whirling round and round, their saturated garments dripping a circle of wet upon the yellow sands.

The sun was gone from sight; the shades of night were stealing in upon them.

"We can't do anything tonight toward resuming our voyage," the goblin remarked; "it's almost dark now. Then you're wet and weak and I'm famished and faint. We'll spend the hours of darkness here upon the warm sands, and in the morning we'll look around us."

"All right," the boy agreed; "I guess that's the best we can do."

By dint of a deal of tugging and grunting, they drew the balloon up out of reach of wave and tide. Then they wrung their garments, swallowed a number of food tablets and drink pellets and lay down to sleep under the shelter of an overhanging cliff.

The sun was an hour high when they awoke. Simultaneously they opened their eyes and sprang to their feet. Sleep had much refreshed them; the warm air and sand had dried their garments. After partaking of a hearty but hasty breakfast, they began to look around them.

At their feet lay their balloon, a sorry looking wreck. But close examination made plain the fact that it could be easily repaired and put in shape. A short distance to the north a river put into the sea. They sauntered to the mouth of it, and took in the view of the broad, fertile valley. A mile or two up the stream lay a small village.

"I'll tell you what we've got to do, Bob," Fitz remarked reflectively, scratching his head.

"Well, what?" inquired the boy.

"We've got to go to that town."

"What for?"

"For cord and goose feathers. We need the cord to splice the broken ropes of our car, and we need the feathers to refill our bag."

"Yes," the lad mumbled, "we need those articles all right, Fitz; but maybe the people of the village don't have such things."

"Of course they do," the goblin sneered superiorly.

"How do you know?" the boy said tauntingly.

"Well, I know."

"No, you don't; you just guess."

"A goblin never guesses at anything."

"I guess he does; you guessed we'd get drowned—but we didn't."

"Shut up!"

"You shut up!"

"I won't!"

"Neither will I!"

Then they stood and silently glared at each other for a full half minute. Finally both began to look foolish and burst out laughing.

"Fitz, you're too hot headed, "you old Epilepsy," Bob giggled.

"I know it," tittered the goblin; "but so are you, Roberty-Boberty."

"I know it," the boy admitted; "but I can't stay mad at you, Fitz."

"I can't stay mad at you, either, Bob. Now let's stop our foolishness and mosey up to that village, and see about the cord and feathers we need."

"All right. But how are we to get the things, Fitz?. Have you any money?"

"I've got gold; that's just as good."

"Gold?"

"Yes. Look here."

The goblin took a bag of yellow nuggets from his pocket and emptied them out and shook them before the boy's eyes.

"Is that gold?" Bob inquired, interested and not a little excited.

"Sure," Fitz Mee answered.

"Where did you get it?"

"In Goblinland."

"My! Is there much of it there?"

"Bushels of it. These nuggets are as common there as pebbles are in your country."

"Gee!" the lad exclaimed, in wide-eyed wonder and admiration. "You goblins must be mighty rich."

"We don't put any value upon gold," was the complacent reply; "we never use it at home."

Bob was thoughtfully silent for some seconds.

"What're you thinking about?" his companion inquired, with a shrewd and cunning smile.

"Thinking how rich I can be when I go back home," was the frank admission. Then abruptly: "What's that coming down the road yonder, Fitz?"

"Hello!" the goblin ejaculated delightedly. "We won't have to tramp to the village. That's a gooseherd. See; he has the geese tethered together with twine and is guiding them with a crook. We'll wait here and buy them of him."

The gooseherd and his flock drew near. He was a tall, angular young man, ragged and barefoot. His merry whistle rose above the strident quacks of his charges, and his flat feet softly spatted the dust of the highway in time to his own music.

Fitz Mee stepped forward, politely lifted his cap and said in greeting:

"Good morning, Sir Gooseherd."

The young man stopped in his tracks and dropped his crook and his jaw at the same time. Plainly he was startled at the sudden appearance of the little green sprite and his companion, and just as plainly he was greatly frightened.

"We desire to purchase your geese," the goblin ventured, boldly advancing, "How much gold will buy them?"

The gooseherd let out a shrill yell of terror and turned and fled up the road as fast as his long legs could carry him. The geese attempted to flee also, but, being tethered together, became hopelessly and helplessly entangled and fell to the ground, a flapping, quacking mass.

Bob and Fitz hawhawed heartily.

"Hurrah!" the goblin whooped. "The geese and cord are ours, anyhow."

"But we didn't pay the fellow," Bob objected.

"I'll fix that," his comrade assured him. "When we've plucked the feathers off the geese, I'll tie the bag of nuggets round the neck of one, and then we'll turn 'em loose. The young fellow'll find 'em and get the gold. And now we must hurry up and get through with our job and be off from this coast; the gooseherd may come back and bring his friends with him."

The two diminutive aeronauts laboriously disentangled the geese and drove them to the immediate vicinity of the wrecked balloon. There they plucked the feathers of the quacking, quaking fowls, and refilled the balloon bag and closed the rent. Then they turned the stripped and complaining birds loose, one meekly bearing the bag of gold; and finally they spliced the broken ropes of the car and were ready to resume their voyage.

"Jump in and pump up the tank a little, Bob," Fitz cried joyfully. "I'll be ready to weigh anchor when you say the word."

But at that moment came the patter of many feet upon the dry sand, followed by a shower of clubs and stones that rattled about the car and the heads of its occupants, and instantly the balloon was surrounded by a crowd of gaping, leering villagers!

"Captured!" groaned Fitz Mee.

"Captured!" echoed Bob.

The villagers began to close in upon them, brandishing rude weapons and uttering hoarse cries of rage.

In sheer desperation the goblin squirmed and grimaced, and ended his ridiculous performance by uttering a blood curdling "Boo!"

The startled villagers fell back in indecision and alarm, tumbling over one another in frantic efforts to get out of reach of the little green sprite. Taking instant advantage of the respite, Bob whipped out his knife and cut the anchor rope and aloft the balloon sailed, followed by the screams and yells of the surprised and disappointed peasants.

"Saved!" murmured the boy.

"Saved!" whispered the goblin.

And they fell into each other's arms and wept for joy!

V

ALL that day and all that night tne two daring adventurers traveled steadily and directly eastward, and at dawn of the next day they were floating high over western China. The air was thin and penetrating and both were shivering with cold.

Fitz Mee, standing upon the locker and watching the sunrise through the binocular, observed:

"We're almost to our journey's end, Bob."

"Almost to Goblinland?" the boy queried.

"Yes; I can see it."

"Where—where?" Bob cried eagerly, mounting to his comrade's side.

"See that mountain top a little to the left yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's Goblinland."

"Golly!" Bob muttered. "It must be a pretty cold place to live," and his teeth chattered sympathetically at the thought.

"No, it isn't," the goblin assured him. "You see Goblinland is really the crater of a volcano."

"The crater of a volcano?" said Bob in mild consternation.

"Yes," Fitz laughed. "But you needn't be alarmed, Bob; it's an extinct volcano. Still the crust over it is so thin that the ground is always warm and the climate mild. Now we're getting right over the place. Release the selector and pump up the air tank, and we'll soon cast anchor in port."

As they slowly descended Bob swept his eyes here and there, greedily taking in the scene. Goblinland was indeed the crater of an immense ancient volcano. The great pit was several miles in diameter and several hundred feet deep, walled in by perpendicular cliffs of shiny, black, volcanic rock. Through the middle of this natural amphitheater ran a clear mountain brook; and on either side of the stream, near the center of the plain, were the rows of tiny stone houses constituting Goblinville. Shining white roadways wound here and there, graceful little bridges spanned the brook, and groves of green trees and beds of blooming flowers were everywhere.

"How beautiful!" Bob exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes," the goblin nodded, his eyes upon the village below, "to me at least; it's my home."

"I know now why you goblins always travel in balloons," the lad remarked; "you can't get out of your country in any other way."

Again Fitz Mee nodded absent mindedly. Then he said: "My people are out to welcome us, Bob. Look down there in the public square."

The boy did as directed.

"What a lot of 'em, Fitz!" he tittered gleefully. "And what bright colored clothes they wear—red and green and blue—and all colors. But how did they know we were coming?"

"We goblins know everything that's going on, I told you," was the quiet reply. Then, after a momentary pause: "The mayor will be present to greet us, Bob. He'll make a speech, and you must be very respectful and polite. See them waving at us, and hear them cheering!"

A few minutes later the balloon had touched the earth and eager hands had grasped the anchor rope.

"Hello! Hello, Fitz Mee! Welcome home, Fitz Mee!" were the hearty greetings that arose on all sides.

Fitz Mee stepped to the ground, bowing and smiling, and Bob silently followed his example. The balloon was dragged away and the populace closed in upon the new arrivals, elbowing and jostling one another and chuckling and cackling immoderately.

"Shake!" they cried. "Give us a wag of your paw, Fitz Mee! Shake, Bob Taylor!"

There were goblins great and goblins small, goblins short and goblins tall; goblins fat and goblins lean, goblins red and goblins green; goblins young and goblins old, goblins timid, goblins bold; goblins dark and goblins fair — goblins, goblins everywhere!

Bob was much amused at their cries and antics and just a little frightened at their exuberant friendliness. Fitz Mee shook hands with all comers, and chuckled and cackled goodnaturedly.

"Out of the way!" blustered a hoarse voice. "Out of the way for his honor, the mayor!"

A squad of rotund and husky goblins, in blue police uniforms and armed with maces, came forcing their way through the packed crowd. Immediately behind them was the mayor, a pursy, wrinkled old fellow wearing a long robe of purple velvet.

The officers cleared a space for him, and he advanced and said pompously:

"Welcome, Fitz Mee, known the world over as the Little Green Goblin of Goblinville. I proclaim you the bravest and speediest messenger and minister Goblinland has ever known. Again, welcome home; and welcome to your friend and comrade, Master Robert Taylor of Yankeeland. I trust that he will find his stay among us pleasant, and that he will in no way cause us to regret that we have made the experiment of admitting a human being—and a boy at that! —to the sacred precincts of Goblinville. The freedom of the country and the keys of the city shall be his. Once more, a sincere and cordial welcome!"

Then to the officers:

"Disperse the populace, and two of you escort the Honorable Fitz Mee and his companion to their dwelling place, that they may seek the rest they so greatly need after so arduous a journey."

The officers promptly and energetically carried out the orders of their chief.

When Fitz and Bob were alone in the former's house, the latter remarked:

"Fitz, I believe I'll like to live in Goblinville."

"I — I hope you will, Bob," was the rather disappointing reply.

"Hope I will? Don't you think I will, Fitz?"

"I don't know; boys are curious animals."

"Well, I think I will. You know you said I could do as I pleased here."

"Yes."

"Say, Fitz?"

"Well?"

"How does it come that you goblins speak my language?"

"We speak any language — all languages."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"Why, how do you learn so many?"

"We don't have to learn 'em; we just know 'em naturally—as we know everything else that we know at all."

"My, that's great! You don't have to go to school, nor study, nor anything, do you?"

"No."

"Gee! I wish I was a goblin."

"But you're not," laughed Fitz Mee; "and you never will be."

"But I'll be a man some day, and that will be better."

"You'll never be a man if you stay in Goblinland."

"I won't?"

"No."

"Won't I ever grow any?"

"No; you're as big as a full grown goblin now."

"Well, I'll get older and then I'll be a man, or a goblin, or something, won't I ?"

"You'll still be a boy."

"Shoot"! Bob pouted. I don't like that. You told me I could be what I pleased in Goblinland."

"No, I didn't," Fitz Mee returned quietly but firmly. "I told you that in our country boys—meaning goblin boys, of course,—were compelled to do what pleased them and were not permitted to do what pleases others. You, as a human boy, will be subject to the same law or custom."

"And I can do anything that pleases me?"

"You can't do anything else."

"Bully!" Bob shouted gleefully. "I guess I'll like Goblinland all right; and I don't care if I do stay a boy. Am I the first human boy that ever got into your country, Fitz?"

"You're the first human being of any kind that ever set foot in Goblinland."

"Is that so! Well, I'll try not to make you people sorry you brought me here, Fitz."

"That's all right, Bob," his companion made reply, a little dejectedly, the boy thought. "And what would you like to do first, now that you are in a land absolutely new to you?"

"Fitz, I'd like to take a good long sleep."

"That would please you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"More than anything else, for the present?"

"Yes."

"All right. Off to bed you go. You'll find a couch in the next room. Go in there and tumble down."

"I will pretty soon."

"But you must go now."

"Why?"

"Because it's the law in Goblinland that a boy shall do what he pleases — and at once."

"Well, I won't go to bed till I get ready, Fitz."

"You don't mean to defy the law, do you, Bob?"

"Doggone such an old law!" the lad muttered peevishly.

Fitz Mee giggled and held his sides and rocked to and fro.

"What's the matter of you, anyhow?" Bob cried crossly.

His comrade continued to laugh, his knees drawn up to his chin, his fat face convulsed.

"Old Giggle-box!" the boy stormed. "You think you're smart — making fun of me!"

Fitz Mee grew grave at once.

"Bob," he said soberly, "you'll get

into trouble, and you'll get me in trouble.''

''I don't care.''

"Go to bed at once, that's a good boy."

''I won't do it!''

Just then the outer door opened and a uniformed officer stepped into the room.

''His honor, the mayor begs me to say,'' he gravely announced, ''that as Master Robert Taylor has said that he would be pleased to go to sleep, he must go to sleep, and at once. His honor trusts that Master Taylor will respect and obey the law of the land, without further warning."

And the officer bowed and turned and left the house.

"Well, I declare!" Bob gasped, completely taken aback. "What kind of a country is this, anyhow!"

Fitz Mee tumbled to the floor, and rolled and roared.

The ludicrousness of the situation appealed to the fun loving Bob, and he joined in his companion's merriment. Together they wallowed and kicked upon the floor, prodding each other in the ribs and indulging in other rude antics indicative of their exuberant glee.

When they had their laugh out Bob remarked: ''Well, I'll go to bed, Fitz—just to obey the law; but I don't suppose I can snooze a bit.''

Contrary to his expectations, however, the lad, really wearier than he realized, soon fell asleep. He slept through the day and far into the hours of darkness, and it was almost dawn of the next day when he awoke.

He quietly arose and began to inspect his surroundings. A soft, white radiance flooded the room. He drew aside a window blind and peeped out. Darkness reigned, but bright lights twinkled here and there. He dropped the blind and again turned his attention to things within.

''I wonder if Fitz is awake,'' he mumbled; ''I'm hungry. ''I suppose he slept on the couch in the next room. And I wonder where all this brightness comes from; I don't see a lamp of any kind. O! it comes from that funny little black thing on the stand there. I wonder what kind of a lamp it can be."

He walked over and looked at the strange object—a small, perforated cone, from the many holes of which the white light streamed. Noticing a projecting button near the top of the black cone, he made bold to touch it and give it a slight turn. Instantly the holes had closed and the room was in darkness. He turned the button back and again the holes were open and the room was light as day.

''Well, that beats me!'' muttered Bob. "It looks like an electric light, but I don't see any wires—there aren't any wires. I must find Fitz and learn about this thing.''

He peeped into the adjoining room, which was in darkness, and called:

''Fitz! Oh, Fitz!"

''Huh!" was the startled reply.

''Are you asleep, Fitz?"

''Yes—no, I guess so—I guess not, I mean.''

Bob laughed.

''Well, get up and come in here,'' he said.

"Why, it isn't morning yet,'' the goblin objected.

''I've had my sleep out, anyhow.''

''I haven't.''

''Well, get up and come in here, won't you?''

''I suppose I might as well,'' grumbled Fitz; "you won't let me sleep any more." Then, appearing in the doorway and rubbing his pop eyes and blinking: "Now, what do you want?''

"First, I want to know what kind of light this is,'' indicating the little black cone.

"Why, it's an electric light, of course,'' Fitz Mee made answer, in a tone that showed his surprise and wonder that Bob should ask such a question.

"I don't see how it can be—I don't see any wires," the boy returned.

"Wires?" chuckled Fitz. "We don't need any wires."

"Well, where does the electricity come from, then?"

"From the bug under the cone."

"The bug?"

"Yes, the electric firefly. Didn't you ever see one?"

Bob shook his head, half in negation, half in incredulity.

"Well, I guess they're peculiar to Goblinland, then," Fitz went on, grinning impishly. "We raise them here by thousands and use them for lighting purposes. The electric firefly is a great bug. Like the electric eel, it gives one a shock, if he touches it; and like the ordinary firefly it sheds light, but electric light, and very bright. I'll show you."

He gingerly lifted the perforated cone.

There lay a bug, sure enough, a bug about the size of a hickory nut, and so scintillant, so bright, that the eye could hardly gaze upon it.

"And this is the only kind of light you have in Goblinville, Fitz?" the boy asked.

"Yes. We light our houses, our streets, our factories, our mines, everything with them."

"Wonderful!" Bob exclaimed. "And what do you do for fire, for heat?"

"We don't need heat for our dwellings. Owing to the fact that our country is protected from all cold winds by the high cliffs around it, and that the earth crust is thin over the fires of the volcano below, the temperature remains about eighty the year round. Then we don't cook any crude, nasty food, as you humans do; so—"

"No, you live on pills!" Bob interjected, in a tone of scorn and disgust. "Bah!"

"So," Fitz Mee went on smoothly, unheeding his comrade's splenetic irruption, "all we need heat for is in running our factories. For that we bore down to the internal fire of the earth."

"Gollee!" Bob ejaculated. "You do?"

"Yes."

"Well, where are your factories, Fitz? I didn't see anything that looked like factories when we got out of the balloon."

"They're all in caverns hewn in the cliffs."

"And the fire you use comes from way down in the ground?"

"Yes."

"And you light your factories with electric fireflies?"

The goblin gravely nodded.

Bob was thoughtfully silent a moment, then he remarked:

"It must be awfully hot work in your factories—the men shut up in caves, and no fresh air."

"We have plenty of fresh air in our works," Fitz hastened to make plain. "We have large, funnel shaped tubes running up to the mountain tops. The cold wind pours down through them, and we can turn it off or on at our pleasure."

"Say!" Bob cried.

"What?" queried his companion.

"I'd like to go through your factories."

"You mean what you say, Bob?"

"Mean what I say?" said Bob in surprise bordering on indignation. "Of course I do."

"That you'd like to go through our factories?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"When do you want to make the—the experiment—the effort?"

"Today—right away, soon as we've had something to eat."

"All right, Bob," with a smile and a shake of the head, "but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, nothing. We'll have breakfast and be off. It's coming daylight, and the factories will be running full blast in an hour from now.''

''More pills for breakfast, I reckon,'' Bob grumbled surlily.

''More tablets and pellets,'' Fitz Mee grinned, rubbing his hands and rolling his pop eyes.

''Huh!'' the boy grunted ungraciously. "I wish you folks cooked and ate food like civilized people. I'm getting tired of nothing but pills. I can't stand it very long—that's all."

''You'll get used to it,'' the goblin said consolingly.

''Used to it!'' the boy snorted angrily. ''Yes, I'll get used to it like the old man's cow got used to living on sawdust; about the time she was getting used to it she died.''

But he accepted the tablets and pellets his comrade offered him, and meekly swallowed them. Then they caught up their caps and left the house.

VI

Bob and his comrade went straight to the mayor's office; and to that august official Fitz Mee said:

''Your honor, Master Taylor wishes to go through our factories.''

''So I've heard,'' the mayor answered grimly, ''but could hardly credit my ears." Then to Bob: ''Master Taylor, is this true that I hear; that you desire to go through our factories?''

"Yes sir,'' Bob replied respectfully but sturdily, rather wondering, however, why such an ado should be made over so small a matter.

"Very well, Fitz Mee,"said the mayor to that worthy, ''I'll depend upon you to see that Master Taylor goes through our factories; and I'll hold you responsible for any trouble that may arise. Here's your permit.''

When the two were out of the mayor's presence and on their way to the factories, Bob remarked:

''Fitz, what did the mayor mean by saying that he'd hold you responsible for any trouble that might arise?"

''Oh, nothing — nothing!'' Fitz Mee answered hurriedly and grumpily.

The boy questioned his companion no further, and soon they crossed one of the picturesque bridges spanning the brook, ascended a long, gentle slope to the base of the black cliffs, and stood before a wide, nail studded door.

To the officer on guard Fitz Mee presented the mayor's permit. The guard deliberately and carefully read the slip of paper, then he lifted his brows, drew down the corners of his mouth and grunted pompously:

''Fitz Mee, you're aware of the import of this official document?''

Fitz Mee nodded gravely, grimly, and Bob looked from one to the other in silent wonder.

The guard went on: ''This permit of his honor, the mayor, says that not only is Master Robert Taylor, the friend and comrade of the Honorable Fitz Mee, hereby permitted to go through our factories, but by the same token is compelled to go through them—this being his expressed desire and pleasure; and that the Honorable Fitz Mee shall be held responsible for any trouble that may thereby arise. That's all right, is it, Fitz Mee?''

''It's all right," Fitz muttered sullenly but determinedly.

''Pass in,'' said the officer, unbolting the door and dragging it open.

As soon as the two had stepped over the sill the door was slammed shut behind them, and Bob heard the great bolts shot into place and shuddered in spite of himself.

On each side of him were smooth, solid walls of rock; ahead of him stretched a dusky corridor, dimly lighted with electric fireflies suspended here and there. The dull rumble of distant machinery came to his ears; the faint smell of smoke and sulphurous fumes greeted his olfactories.

''Fitz?'' the lad said to his comrade,

who stood silent at his side. The goblin simply gave the speaker a look in reply.

"Fitz!" Bob continued, "what's the meaning of all this talk about my going through the factories? What's the matter, anyhow?"

"Nothing—nothing!" Fitz murmured hoarsely, shiftily gazing here and there.

"Yes there is," the boy insisted. "Why do you all emphasize the word "through?"

"Why—why," Fitz stammered, rubbing his nose and blinking his pop eyes, "we thought maybe you didn't mean that you desired to go through the factories; thought maybe you meant you desired to go partly through, only—just wanted to see some of the things."

"No," Bob hastily made reply, "I want to go through; I want to see everything. Understand?"

Fitz nodded.

"Well, come on, then," he said; "we've got to be moving."

As they moved along the corridor, Bob became aware of doors ahead opening to right and left. He saw the flash of flames and heard the whirr of wheels and the hubbub of hammers.

"This room to the right," said Fitz Mee, "is the machine shop; that on the left is the forging room."

They visited each in turn, and the lad was delighted with all he saw.

"He! he!" he laughed, when they were again out in the corridor, and free from the clash and thunder and din that had almost deafened them. "The idea, Fitz, of me not wanting to go through your factories; of not wanting to see everything! You bet I want to go through! You thought I'd be afraid; that's what you thought, and the mayor, too. But I'll show you; I'm no baby—not much!"

His companion grinned impishly, but made no reply.

The next place they entered was the great moulding room. Open cupolas were pouring forth white hot streams of molten metal, which half nude and sweaty, grimy goblins were catching in ladles and bearing here and there. The temperature of the room was almost unbearable; the atmosphere was poisonous with sulphurous gases.

Bob crossed the threshold and stopped.

"Come on," commanded his companion; "we must hurry along, or we won't get through today."

"I—I don't believe I care to go through here," Bob said hesitatingly.

"Why?" Fitz Mee jerked out.

"It's so awful hot and smelly," the boy explained; "and I'm—I'm a little afraid of all that hot metal."

"No matter; you must go through here."

"I must?" Bob said indignantly.

"Certainly. You said you'd be pleased to go through our factories; so now you must go through—through every apartment. Boys in Goblinville, you know, must do what pleases 'em."

"But it doesn't please me to go through this fiery furnace, Fitz."

"Well, boys're not allowed to change their minds every few minutes in Goblinville. Come on."

"I won't!" Bob said obstinately.

"You'll get into trouble, Bob."

"I don't care."

"And you'll get me into trouble."

"You in trouble? How?"

"You heard what the mayor said, didn't you?"

"Y-e-s."

"Well?"

"Well, I'll go through, for your sake, Fitz; but I don't want to. Doggone such a fool law or custom—or whatever it is—that won't let a fellow change his mind once in a while, when he feels like it! A great way that is, to let a boy do as he pleases! But lead on."

They sauntered through the moulding room, Bob trembling and dodging and blinking, and out into the corridor again.

"Gee!" the urchin exclaimed, inhaling a deep breath of relief. "I don't want any more of that! I'm all in a sweat and a tremble; I was afraid all the time some of that hot metal would splash on me."

"It does splash on the workers at times," Fitz Mee observed quietly.

Unheeding his companion's remark, Bob continued: "And my lungs feel all stuffy. I couldn't stand such a hot and smelly place more than a few minutes."

"How do you suppose the moulders stand it, for ten hours a day?" Fitz asked.

"I don't see how they do, and don't see why they do," the boy replied.

"You don't see why they do?"

"No, I don't."

"For the same reason workmen stand disagreeable and dangerous kinds of work in your country, Bob—to earn a living."

"I wouldn't do it," the boy declared loftily.

"You might have to, were you a grown man or goblin."

"Well, I wouldn't. My papa doesn't have to do anything of the kind."

"You father's a physician, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, doesn't he miss meals, and lose sleep, and worry over his patients, and work sometimes for weeks at a stretch without rest or peace of mind?"

"Yes, he does."

"But you'd rather do that than be a common laborer for eight or ten hours a day, would you?"

"I — I don't know; I'd rather just be a boy, and have fun all the time. And I guess I've seen enough of your factories, Fitz; I want to get out into the fresh air and the sunshine again."

"You must go on through," the goblin answered, quietly but positively.

"Well, have we seen nearly all there is to see?"

"No, we've just begun; we haven't seen one-tenth part yet."

"Oh, dear!" Bob groaned. "I never can stand it, Fitz; it'll take us all day."

"Yes," the goblin nodded.

"Well, I tell you I can't stand it."

"But you must; it was your choice."

"Choice!" angrily. "I didn't know what it would be like."

"You shouldn't have chosen so rashly. Come on."

Bob demurred and pleaded, and whimpered a little, it must be confessed; but his guide was inexorable.

It is not necessary nor advisable to enter into details in regard to all the boy saw, experienced and learned. Let it suffice to say that at three o'clock that afternoon he was completely worn out with strenuous sight seeing. The grating, rumbling, thundering sounds had made his head ache; the sights and smells had made his heart sick. He had seen goblins, goblins, goblins—goblins sooty and grimed, goblins wizened and old before their time; goblins grinding out their lives in the cutlery factory; goblins inhaling poisonous fumes in the chemical works; goblins, like beasts of burden, staggering under heavy loads; goblins doing this thing, that thing, and the other thing that played havoc with their health and shortened their lives. And he was disgusted—nauseated with it all!

"Oh, Fitz!" he groaned. "I can't go another step; I can't stand it to see any more! I thought it would be pleasant; but, oh dear!"

"Sit down here and rest a minute," Fitz Mee said, not unkindly, indicating a rough bench against the wall of the corridor. "Now, why can't you bear to see any more?"

"Oh, it's so awful!" the boy moaned. "I can't bear to see 'em toiling and suffering — to see 'em so dirty and wretched!"

The goblin laughed outright.

"Bob, you're a precious donkey!" he cried. "True, the workers in the factories toil hard at dirty work—work that shortens their lives in some cases; but they're inured to it, and they don't mind it as much as you think. And what would you? All labor is hard, if one but thinks so; there are no soft snaps, if one does his duty. It's the way of the goblin world, and it's the way of the human world. All must labor, all must suffer more or less; there's no escape for the highest or the lowest. And work has its compensation, brings its reward; it --"

"Oh, shut up!" the lad muttered petulantly. "I don't want to hear any more. You talk just like my papa does. I wish I'd never been born, if I've got to grow up and work. So there!"

"You'll never grow up, if you stay in Goblinville, Bob," Fitz Mee said softly; but his pop eyes were twinkling humorously. "And you won't have to work — not much, at any rate."

Bob was soberly silent; evidently he was doing some deep thinking.

The goblin went on; "If you're rested now, we'll resume our sight seeing."

"I don't want to see any more," the lad grunted pugnaciously; "and I'm not going to, either."

"Yes, come on."

"I won't do it!"

"Please do, Bob."

"I won't, I say."

"You'll get us both into trouble."

"I don't care if I do."

"They'll send us to prison."

"What!"

"They will."

"Who will?"

"The mayor and his officers."

"Send us both?"

"Yes."

"Well," bristling, "I guess they won't send me—the old meddlers! They won't dare to; I'm not a citizen of this country."

"That won't make any difference, Bob."

"It will, too. If they send me to prison the people of my country'll come over here and—and lick 'em out of their boots. Now!"

Fitz Mee bent double and stamped about the floor, laughing till the tears ran down his fat cheeks. But suddenly he sobered and said:

"Come on, Bob. You've got to."

"I won't!" the boy declared perversely. "I haven't got to."

The goblin made no further plea, but placing a silver whistle to his lips, blew a shrill blast. In answer, a squad of officers stepped from the shadows.

"What's wanted, Fitz Mee?" said the leader.

"This boy flatly refuses to obey the law—to go on through the factories, as he stated would please him."

"Boy, is this true?" demanded an officer..

"Yes, it is," Bob confessed fearlessly, shamelessly.

"Fitz Mee, he confesses," muttered the officer. "What would you have me do?"

"Take him up and carry him through," Fitz Mee said remorselessy.

"Very well," answered the officer. "But if we do that, we take the case out of your hands, Fitz Mee. And in order to make a satisfactory report to the mayor, we'll have to carry him through all the factories—those he has already visited, as well as those he has not."

"Yes, that's true," Fitz nodded.

"What's that?" Bob cried, keenly concerned.

The officer gravely repeated his statement.

"Oh, nonsense!" the boy exclaimed. "You fellows go away and quit bothering me. I never saw such a country! A fine place for a boy to do as he pleases, surely! Come on, Fitz."

All the goblins laughed heartily, and Bob disrespectfully made faces at them, to their increased amusement.

When the two comrades had finished their round of the factories, and were out in the fresh air again, the boy murmured meekly, a sob in his throat:

"Fitz, I'm tired—I'm sick of it all.

I wish I hadn't come here; I — I wish I was back home again."

"What!" his companion cried, in assumed surprise.

"I do."

"Back home, and be compelled to obey your elders, your parents and your teacher?" Fitz Mee said, grinning and winking impishly.

"Well, it wouldn't be any worse than being compelled to obey a lot of fool officers, anyhow."

"You're just compelled to do what pleases you—just as I told you," Fitz explained smoothly.

"Oh, do shut up!" the lad pouted.

"You're out of sorts; you're hungry," the goblin giggled; "you need some food tablets."

"Bah!" Bob gagged. "Pills! I can't swallow any more of 'em—I just can't! Oh, I wish I had a good supper like mother cooks!"

Fitz Mee threw himself prone and kicked and pounded the earth, laughing and whooping boisterously, and Bob stood and stared at him in silent disapproval and disgust.

VII

As the days passed Bob became more and more disgruntled, more and more dissatisfied with things in Goblinville. The bare thought of food tablets and drink pellets disgusted and nauseated him; and he could hardly swallow them at all. The young goblins would not, could not, play the games he liked to play. They were too small, for one reason, and then, as it did not please them to do so, they were not permitted to do so. And the boy was without youthful companionship. The only associates he had were his faithful comrade Fitz Mee and the officers of the town, who were always at his elbow to see that he did what pleased him. This constant espionage became simply unbearable, and the lad grew peevish, gloomy, desperate.

At last he broke down and tearfully confessed to his comrade:

"Fitz, I want to go back home; I do—I do! I can't stand it here any longer. It isn't at all what I thought it would be like, and I'm homesick."

Fitz Mee did not laugh; he did not smile, even. On the contrary, he looked very grave and a little sad.

"So you're homesick, Bob, eh?"

"Yes, I am, Fitz."

"And you desire to go home?"

"Uh-huh."

"You don't like things here in Goblinville?"

"No, I don't."

"What is it you object to?"

"Oh, everything!"

"But especially?"

"Well, the pills, I—I guess."

"Oh, that's all, Bob!" joyfully. "We can fix that all right. I'll get a special permit from the mayor—he's a political friend of mine—to let me prepare you food like you've been accustomed to. Then you'll be as happy as a clam, won't you?"

"I—I don't hardly know, Fitz; no, I don't think I will."

"What!"

"Uh-uh."

"Well, what else is wrong, then?"

The goblin's pop eyes were dancing with mischief.

"I don't like to be compelled to do what pleases me," Bob confessed shamefacedly.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Fitz Mee.

"Oh, you can laugh!" the boy cried, in weak irritation. "But I don't!"

"You said it would just suit you, Bob — before you came here," Fitz chuckled hoarsely, holding his sides and rocking to and fro.

"I know I did, but I'd never tried it."

"And you don't like it?"

"No, indeed," Bob answered very earnestly.

"And you're homesick, and want to go home?"

The boy nodded, his eyes downcast.

"All the goblins'll laugh at you if you go to leave Goblinville."

"Well, let 'em; I don't care."

"And your people and your schoolmates will laugh at you when you return home."

Bob was silent, deeply pondering.

"Don't you care?" Fitz Mee asked, cackling explosively.

"Yes, I do! But I've got to go, anyhow; I'll die here."

"Oh, no, you won't, Bob," said the goblin teasingly.

"I will, too; I know," said Bob, desperately in earnest.

"You'll have to go to school if you return home."

"I don't mind that; I'll have other boys to play with, anyhow."

"Yes, but you'll have to obey the teacher.

"I know."

"And you'll have to do what pleases your parents."

"I know that, too."

"And you won't be permitted to do what pleases yourself."

"I know; I've thought it all over, Fitz."

"And yet you wish to return home?"

"Yes, I do."

Fitz Mee laughed gleefully, uproariously, irrationally, laughed till the tears coursed down his cheeks and his fat features were all a-quiver.

"Ho! ho!" he gasped at last. "Roberty-Boberty, you're not the same boy you were, not at all. You're not half as high and mighty. What's come over over you, hey?"

"I've — I've learned something, I — I guess, Fitz."

"Oh, you have!"

"Uh-huh."

"What?"

"I'm not going to say," said Bob, grinning sheepishly, "but I think I know what you brought me to Goblinland for."

"What for?"

"W-e-ll, to—to teach me what I've learned. Didn't you?"

"I'm not going to say," mimicked the goblin.

Then both tittered.

"And you're bound to go back home, Bob?" Fitz pursued.

The boy nodded.

"You're a pretty looking thing to go back to Yankeeland—a little mite of a human like you!" sneeringly. "You'll never grow — always be a contemptible little dwarf."

"Oh, Fitz!" the lad wailed. "Is that true? Can't I be made a real boy again; won't I ever grow any more?"

"How can you?" countered his companion. "You took the gob-tabs to make you small, to make a dwarf of you. How can you?"

"Oh, Fitz! Fitz!" the boy groaned. "Why did you play me such a trick?"

"I didn't play you any trick," the goblin answered, with difficulty suppressing a grin. "You desired to come to Goblinville, and, in order to bring you, I had to shrink you."

"But can't you give me something that will—will stretch me and swell me again, Fitz?" said Bob eagerly, anxiously. "Can't you?"

"I don't know," with a solemn and reflective shake of the head. "I never heard of a drug or chemical that would do what you wish; but it's barely possible our chemists may know of something of the kind. I'll see about it. But here's a difficulty."

"What—what, Fitz?"

"Why, there's no means of getting out of Goblinland except by balloon, and I doubt if my balloon will carry you at full and normal weight."

"But can't you get a bigger one?"

"I might have one made; I don't—"

"Oh, no — no, Fitz!" the boy interrupted frantically. "Don't think of doing that; I can't wait. Can't you borrow a bigger one?"

"There are no bigger ones, except the

mayor's state balloon. It has two feather beds lashed together for a bag and a very large car."

"Can't you get it—can't you, Fitz?"

"I don't know, indeed. Then, here's another difficulty, Bob — and a greater one, to my mind."

"Oh, Fitz! Fitz!" the boy moaned, wringing his hands.

"Yes," the goblin nodded gravely, but his twinkling pop eyes belied his words. "You see, Bob, you're the first human being that has ever come to Goblinland. Now, the secrets of the country, including the secret of its whereabouts, even, have always been carefully guarded. I don't know what his honor, the mayor, will say about letting you go."

"I won't tell anything, Fitz — I won't —I won't!"

"Not a thing?" questioned Fitz Mee.

"No, sir,—not a thing."

"We-e-ll, I — I don't know. What will you do, Bob, if the mayor won't let you go back home?"

"I'll just die—that's what!"

The goblin slapped his thin thighs and laughed and whooped, and laughed some more.

Out of patience, the lad screamed:

"Laugh! Laugh till you burst, you old Convulsions! You old Spasms! You old Hysterics! Yeah! Yeah!"

And Fitz Mee did laugh, till he was entirely out of breath, and panting and wheezing like a bellows. When at last he had regained control of himself he whispered brokenly:

"Bob, we'll—we'll go and see — the mayor."

And they caught up their caps and were off.

"So you wish to go home, boy?" said the mayor, the august ruler of Goblinville and all adjacent territory, as soon as the two were ushered into his presence.

"Yes sir," Bob answered humbly. Then, with true boyish inquisitiveness, "But how did you know it?"

"Never mind," was the gruff reply. "It will please you to return home, will it?"

"Yes sir, indeed it will."

"Then you must go. Be off at once."

"But—but," Bob began.

"I'll fix all that," his honor interrupted, quickly divining what the boy meant to say. "I'm as anxious to be rid of you as you are to be gone. You've stirred up a pretty rumpus here —you have. You're the first human boy that ever came into my domain, and you'll be the last. But I trust your experience has done you good, eh?"

Bob nodded.

"Very well, then. Sign this pledge, that you won't reveal what you've seen and learned, and that you'll take the lesson to heart."

Bob gladly signed the pledge.

"Now," continued the mayor, his eyes snapping humorously, "these are the conditions under which you must leave my domain: I'll call in the chemists and have them restore you to normal size; I've already communicated with them, and they assure me they can do it. Then I'll let the honorable and worthy Fitz Mee take my state balloon and carry you back to Yankeeland. You will set out this afternoon at one o'clock. But one other thing I exact: you must bear nothing away with you that you did not bring here with you." And the mayor gave the boy a keen, searching, meaningful look that the latter could not interpret.

The chemists came in — three aged and bewhiskered goblins wearing long, black robes and silk skull caps.

"My good chemists," said the mayor, "are you ready for the experiment?"

"All ready, your honor," the eldest of the three made answer, bowing profoundly.

"To work, then," the mayor commanded.

The younger two advanced and caught

and held Bob's hands, their fingers upon his pulse. The oldest produced a tiny phial of thick, opalescent liquid.

"Put out your tongue," he said to the boy.

The lad unhesitatingly obeyed, and the aged and trembling chemist let a drop of the viscid liquid fall upon the tip of the youngster's quivering organ of speech.

The effect was instantaneous and startling, if not marvelous. Bob let out a mad bellow of pain, shaking his head and writhing and drooling. The mayor changed countenance and deprecatingly shook his head. Fitz Mee groaned aloud.

"Draw in your tongue and shut your mouth and swallow!" the three savants simultaneously yelled at the boy.

Bob reluctantly did as he was told, and immediately, instantaneously, he was restored to normal size.

"Whoopee!" shouted the chemists, embracing one another and indulging in mad capers and other manifestations of insane joy. "A success! A complete success!"

"Thank goodness!" murmured Fitz Mee. "A success!"

"Yes," the mayor muttered drily, grimly, "a remarkable success — a too remarkable success. My good chemists, destroy what you have left of that stuff, and make no more on your peril. I'm not going to have a race of grotesque goblin giants for subjects—a prize fighting, football playing lot! You hear me!"

Then to Fitz Mee:

"You take your departure from the public square at one o'clock, remember. The state balloon will be there in readiness. You're excused."

When the two comrades were again at Fitz Mee's residence, Bob remarked ingenuously:

"Fitz, while you're getting ready I'm going to gather up some of the gold nuggets I saw on the shore of the brook."

"Better not," Fitz replied, without looking up from his work.

"Why?"

"I wouldn't, if I were you."

"Well, why?"

"They're not yours."

"I know. But you goblins make no use of them, and it wouldn't be wrong —wouldn't be stealing, would it?"

"No," Fitz Mee mumbled, "it wouldn't be robbery, exactly. But you heard what the mayor said."

"What about?"

"That you weren't to take anything away with you that you didn't bring here with you."

"Yes, I heard him. Is that what he meant?"

"To be sure."

"Well, why does he object to my taking a few old nuggets of gold that none of you will use?" said Bob peevishly.

"For this reason, Bob: You take that gold back to Yankeeland and tell where you got it—"

"But I won't tell where I got it," the lad interrupted. Unheeding, the goblin continued: "And your money mad people will search out our country and conquer and ruin us."

"Oh, pshaw, Fitz!"

"What I say is true, Bob."

But Bob was neither convinced nor satisfied, and he resolved to have the nuggets at all hazard. Where was the harm? The gold was of no value to the goblins; it would be of great value to him, and he wouldn't say a word about where he got it—indeed he wouldn't! He would take it, and no one would be the wiser or the poorer. So, while his comrade was busy at other things, he slipped out to the brookside and filled his pockets.

One o'clock came, the time of departure, and all Goblinville, including the mayor and his officers, was out to see the aeronauts off upon their long voyage. The mayor shook hands with the two and wished them godspeed, and the populace gave them three hearty cheers.

Then the anchor was weighed and they were off. Slowly and majestically the great state balloon began to ascend. But when it had risen a hundred feet, Bob, looking over the side of the car, became aware of a disturbance in the crowd beneath. He saw goblins excitedly running this way and that and a number of officers trundling a big, black object upon wheels across the public square.

"What's the meaning of the rumpus, Fitz—what's that the officers have?" the lad cried to his companion.

"Why," Fitz gasped, taking a hurried look beneath, "the officers are running out the dynamite gun!"

"And they're training it upon our balloon — upon us!" Bob whispered hoarsely, his soul a prey to guilty fear. "What—what can it mean, Fitz?"

Then arose the voice of the mayor, bellowing:

"Fitz Mee, descend! come back! That boy can't leave Goblinland with his pockets full of gold. He has deceived me; he can't leave Goblinland at all. Come down; or we'll send a dynamite shell through the balloon bag, and bring you down in a hurry!"

Fitz gave a few strokes to the pump, and the big balloon came to a stop. Bob sat silent, speechless at the dread result of his rash act.

"You've played the mischief, you have, Bob Taylor!" his companion snarled angrily, reproachfully. "And you'll get to spend the balance of your days in Goblinland—that's what!"

"Oh, dear!" the boy found voice to moan. "Oh, dear!"

"Hello!" Fitz called over the side of the car. "Hello, your honor!"

"Hello!" answered the mayor.

"If I'll make the boy throw the gold down to you, will that satisfy you?"

"No, it won't!" came the hoarse and determined reply. "Bring the young scamp back. He shall stay in Goblinville!"

"I guess I won't!" Bob shouted, desperation spurring his courage, and he sprang to the air tank and opened the cock. The balloon began to rise swiftly.

"Oh, Bob—Bob!" Fitz Mee groaned. "What have you done! We'll both be killed!"

"Boom!" went the dynamite gun, and a shell tore through the balloon bag, rending it asunder and sending goose feathers fluttering in all directions.

The car began to drop like a plummet. Its occupants let out shrill screeches of terror. Then came the proverbial dull, sickening thud!

Bob felt the empty balloon bag fall over him and envelope him; and then he lost consciousness.

"Bob, crawl out of there."

"Fitz! Fitz!" the boy cried, disentangling himself and struggling to his feet.

"Fits?" laughed a big, manly voice. "Yes, I guess you've got 'em, Bob, and you've rolled out of bed in one and dragged the covers with you."

Bob blinked and rubbed his sleepy eyes. There stood his father in the doorway, grinning broadly.

"Hustle into your clothes, laddie," he said; "breakfast's ready."

SUMMER'S GOODBYE ✤ By Sarah Isham Coit

ROXBURY, CONNECTICUT

A veil obscures the morning sky;
O'er hill and dale deep shadows lie;
The trees their branches toss on high;
The zephyrs sigh, the blossoms die,
And Summer says, "Goodbye, goodbye"—
And Summer says, "Goodbye."

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By Helen Arthur

NEW YORK CITY

XXIII

ROSALIND COGHLAN

ACCORDING to all the known signs, Rosalind Coghlan should be a great actress; her mother, her uncle, and now her cousin Gertrude have all shown the public that they were and are in the class distinguished for ability.

Rose Coghlan, today, is as well known in the West and North as she is in the South and East, while those older play goers, who had the opportunity to see her brother, Charles, in "A Royal Box" speak of it as of a precious memory. And now the careers of their two daughters are beginning.

I dined with young Rosalind Coghlan —and she is young, not yet twenty— and I heard a great deal of "mamma" and "Uncle Charles," not spoken with any vain intent, but just the natural enthusiasm of youth taking no account of relationship.

"I can't begin to tell you how I love to hear the burst of applause which greets mother's entrance: when she was playing Penelope in Phillips's 'Ulysses' I used to go over to the Garden Theater just to enjoy it. I was in a way brought up on the stage, for I've travelled with mother since my earliest days and often sat in the flies playing with my dolly and waiting for mamma.

"I don't look a bit like an actress, do I? I mean in the sense that you'd pick me out and say: 'She's surely on the stage'. Mamma doesn't mean to let any of the objectionable features creep into my life. She knows what they are and she's twice as strict with me as she would be, were I not following her profession.

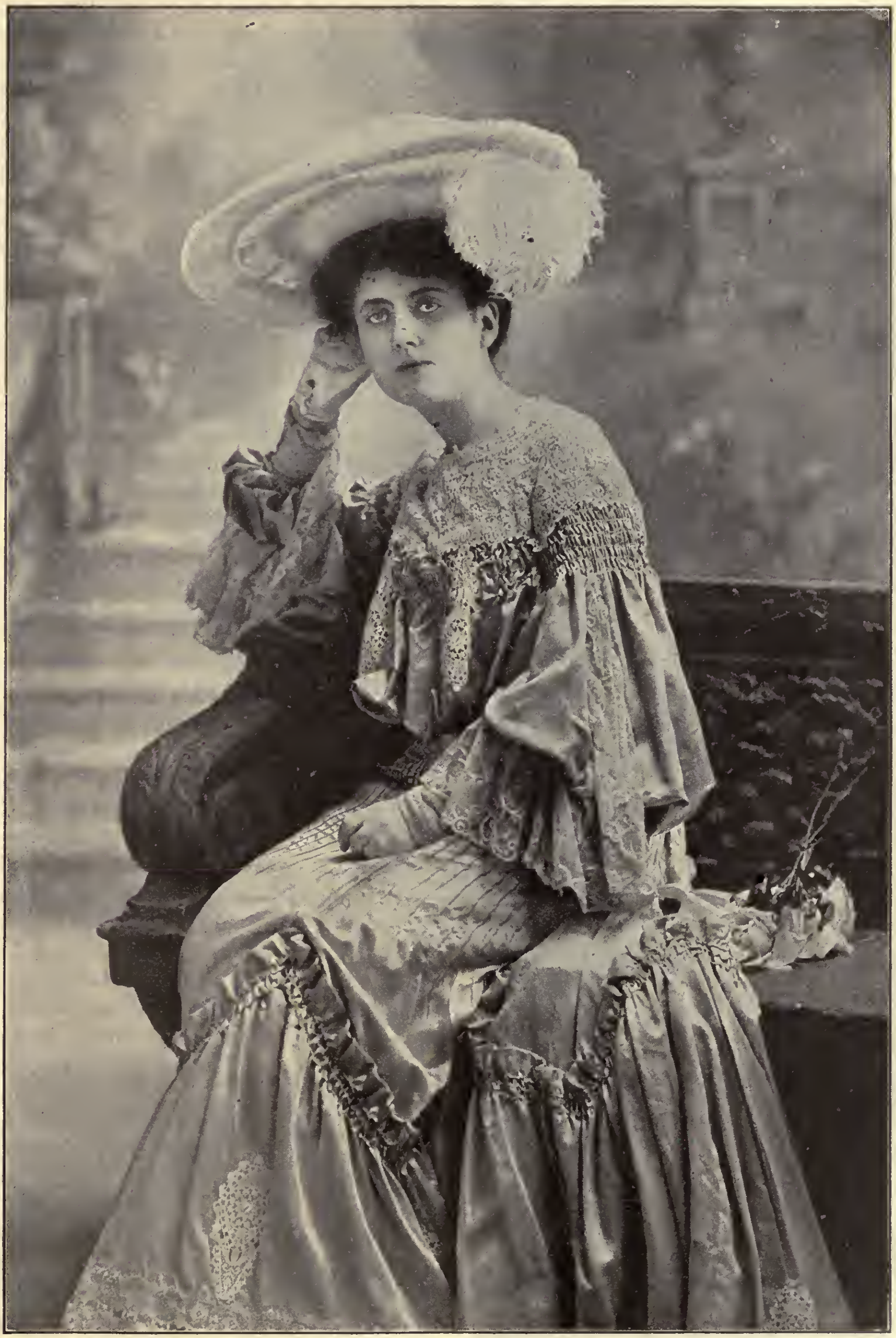
"In the abstract, it is nice to be guided by experience, but sometimes it is hard to obey someone, who says: 'My dear, I know—I've been through it all' — when what you want is just to be allowed to go through. I've been on the stage almost all my life. I've been the baby, the little girl, and the young miss in plays with mother. I remember once when my uncle and mother were playing together, and Uncle Charles wanted me to do something which I didn't choose to do, he picked me up and held me out over the balcony in front of his dressing room, and said: 'Now, young lady, you do that, or I'll drop you', and I said: 'Drop me, Uncle Charles'. That was the real Coghlan stubbornness, and he understood it, and gave in.

"Mother is a great help to me. I always rehearse to her, and there's one gift I have apparently inherited, the ability to memorize lines quickly. When I was in the Cleveland Stock Company, and there was a new play each week, I'd have my lines learned before anyone else, and besides I use to end by knowing the entire play.

"We have dozens and dozens of plays which uncle wrote, and many of them mother thinks are great. She says she will produce them 'some day' — and I mean to assist.

"Last year I was in Mr. William Gillette's company. He is one of the best of stage directors; besides he is so thoughtful of everyone that it is a privilege to play with him.

"This year I am to be Mr. Crane's leading woman. I have a long contract with Mr. Frohman, and I hope to work into serious roles. Mother makes me do each part carefully, and read systematically, but aside from that I am put through no stunts. I would like to sing in comic opera for just one season, but everyone seems to think the idea a



ROSALIND COGHLAN, TALENTED DAUGHTER OF ROSE COGHLAN

From a photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York foolish one, and reminds me of the comedian who longs to play 'Hamlet.'

"Mother and I keep our apartment in New York for the year round, and some times we are made happy by both playing here at the same time, so that real happpiness gets sandwiched in with all our hard work; however, those two things are all I want,—work and happiness,—and I have them both."

JULIA SANDERSON IN "FANTANA"
Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

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XXIV

JULIA SANDERSON

PLAYING one of the most important roles in a musical comedy which has had the longest run of any since the good old "Florodora" days, is a girl whose name was quite unknown to any audience. Julia Sanderson has the winning gift of artlessness, and she has it to that degree which makes the people out in front wonder if it's real or only part of her method. I couldn't tell, because between the acts of "Fantana" one could hardly get out of the part and back to one's natural self, so it seemed to me; and, besides, the two might be practically synonymous, for her role is that of a young, enthusiastic American girl and nothing more.

She had an unusually attractive dressing room, and I said something about it and the difference between now and two seasons ago, when she had to share one small room with other chorus girls. She looked over at me with a half smile and said: "Knock wood—I may go back to it, that's the beauty of this profession; it should keep us humble. I haven't anything to say about myself that's worth listening to, and I'm not going to pretend that I have.

"Of course I know that luck or fate, or whatever you want to call it, seems to have helped me out a great deal. I had an understudy role in 'Winsome Winnie'—so had four or five others; my principal fell ill and stayed ill and I played the part. It went well, but no better than would have been the case with the roles of the other understudies, whose principals enjoyed the good health which alone balked their ambitions.

PAULINE FREDERICK, A BOSTON GIRL OF REAL PROMISE

From a photograph by White, New York

"Then, you see, the manager said: 'That young Sanderson girl has it in her,'—probably the others 'had it in them,' but no one found it out; so you simply can't expect me to feel that great genius has put me where I am—not if you grant that I have a sense of humor. Now that I have arrived at a certain place, I find that it's easier to do things. I have opportunities which I mean to take advantage of, a salary which admits of having the best teachers and all that sort of thing, so I'll make an appointment with you—five years from date—and then I'll tell you how much credit for my position belongs to me."

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XXV

PAULINE FREDERICK

IN working out the destiny of the American stage, a very potent factor is the character of the recruits. That is why, when a young player does some bit so well as to attract notice, I am always glad to learn that a choice between the easy things in life and the hard road of work was hers, and that she elected toil.

When you hear someone say: "Why should she want to go on the stage? She has a good home, with plenty of money," do not at once suggest that vanity was the cause, but wait and see what the beginner does for herself and realize that the sacrifice of one's ease is a good proof of ambition.

Pauline Frederick had no illusions on the subject of the stage, nor did she lack for pleasures. In Boston, where she was born, her family belonged to the old, aristocratic "Back Bay colony," and she was just launched on her season as a debutante when the knowledge came to her that a fashionable life would in the end have no charms for her, and she told her mother that she meant to go on the stage. Her mother put no obstacles in her way, but suggested that as she had intended to be her guide and companion in the social world, she should continue as such in her professional career. I fancy Mrs. Frederick said to herself: "My daughter will tire of it in two months, but I want her to do what she thinks she wants to." So, down in the list of chorus girls, among the many feminine names to be found in a "Rogers Brothers" program, could be discovered the name of Pauline Frederick. Her singing voice was unusually good, though quite untrained, and her beauty much beyond the ordinary. She was given the understudy role to Miss Hattie Williams.

To be an understudy means as much or as little as the player so selected may choose, but to Miss Frederick it meant a great deal, and she knew Miss Williams' songs and lines and business so that she could have played at a moment's notice. But Miss Williams' health showed no signs of giving way simply to please an ambitious understudy, so Miss Frederick started in to learn other roles, and as one of the smaller parts was left suddenly vacant one evening by the player's illness, Miss Frederick got what she had been waiting for, a chance to show her own individuality. The manager remembered her, and though, to be sure, she returned to the chorus the next day, she was not forgotten; the next year she was given a small part in "The Princess of Kensington." Miss Frederick works constantly. She has her vocal lessons, her fencing, her dancing and her dramatic instructions. "My day is no fuller than it would be with teas, receptions and callers, nor are my hours at the theater as bad as those kept by the society girl. I know because I've tried both."

This year Miss Frederick had a good part with Lew Field's company, and no one was more delighted than that same mother who had been so sure "it wouldn't last."

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS ☙ By Alice F. Tilden

MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

I AM gliding into the dark, the dark,
  To the sound of a dipping oar,
With the silent sea behind me spread,
  And the silent sea before;
And far on the height is the beacon light
  I left on the fading shore.

The waters swirl below, below,
  As the darkness swirls above;
The soft night brushes against my hand
  With the rush of a winging dove;—
And near on the height is the beacon light
  That lights me to my love!

BULB POINTERS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

INDOOR CULTURE

NEARLY every person who forces hardy bulbs in any way has tried forcing the Chinese sacred lily and hyacinths in water, but comparatively few try to force other bulbs by the same method, though many may be so treated with equal success.

Some bulbs produce slightly shorter stems and smaller blooms when forced in water, while others have finer blooms than when grown in soil, but in any case they are objects of interest to people who would never notice them if grown in the usual way, and it makes bulb culture possible to people who live in crowded city localities where it is impossible to get soil.

The common method of arranging bulbs for water forcing is to put them in a glass dish with pebbles enough to support and hold them in position, but moss or some similar substance may be used instead of pebbles.

Get sphagnum moss, cocoanut fiber, the prepared mixture sold by florists, sponge clippings, or anything of like substance and soak it in water until every fiber is thoroughly saturated Put a layer of charcoal in the bottom of the dish to be used (to absorb impurities and keep the water sweet); over this, spread a layer of the wet moss; place the bulbs on this, with moss between and around them, and cover with a thin layer of moss.

Place in some cool, dark place where there is a good circulation of air (never in a closed cupboard or closet); keep moss moist, but not very wet. When the foliage is an inch or more tall bring the bulbs to the light and keep the moss a little more moist. As the buds develop give more water, with a little fertilizer or stimulant dissolved in it — as advised for plants forced in soil.

Vases, bowls, dishes or plates of all shapes and sizes may be used for this kind of potting, but the same laws of arrangement should be observed as in other methods of growing.

For large bulbs that produce large blossoms and make a good showing in large receptacles take a soft-baked, porous clay pot; fill it a quarter full of charcoal; over this arrange the bulbs and pebbles and then set the pot into a jardiniere containing water. If the jardiniere is too deep, place a brick or an inverted dish under the pot. When the water needs changing, the pot may be lifted out and replaced without disturbing the bulbs.

A large sponge makes a satisfactory holder for a dozen or more crocuses, chionadoxa, scilla siberica, muscari, or other small low growing bulbs. The sponge may be trimmed to a round ball and hung like a basket, but it is more easily kept moist if cut flat on one side and put on a plate, in which water can be kept. Take a large, coarse sponge and soak it until swelled to its full size; trim it to the desired shape and tuck bulbs into the pores, or cut gashes for them where needed. When the bulbs are in place treat the sponge exactly as the dishes of moss are treated.

It is a good plan, and sometimes less trouble, to put bulbs in soil (using any old dish) and keep them in it until the buds are well developed; then take them up, wash all soil from the roots, and arrange in a fancy dish to finish their development.

A very little of either nitrate of soda, or saltpetre dissolved in the water is helpful when a plant is being forced as rapidly as possible in order to have it in bloom at any given time, and another help toward rapid development is a frequent change of water, having the fresh water tepid when put around the bulb.

An article on water culture of bulbs would be incomplete without mention of the Chinese method of preparing their sacred lily bulbs:—Remove the brown scale at base of bulb, but do not remove the offsets [small bulbs], and then gash the bulb from the top downward, almost to the base. Make four gashes, cutting half an inch deep if the bulb is large. Cut a couple of gashes, a quarter of an inch deep, in each offset and the bulb is ready for growing.

Those who try this method for the first time will feel sure they have ruined the bulb, but they have NOT, and will wonder after it begins to bloom how one bulb can produce so many blooms.

❧

OUT-OF-DOOR CULTURE

In the southern states bulb planting may be delayed until very late, but in the North it should be done during October, or early in November in order that root growth may be completed before the soil freezes.

In spots where drainage is not perfect the beds should be raised sufficiently to permit any superfluous water to drain away, for nothing is more fatal to bulbs than having water stand and freeze around them.

For beds where bulbs are to be left undisturbed for a number of years it is best to remove the soil and fill in a substratum of well rotted manure; placing it well below the level of the bulbs. The roots will reach down to it and the effect on them will be more permanent than if the fertilizer is mixed with the soil immediately surrounding the bulbs. If the soil is heavy it should have a small proportion of sand or leaf mould (or both) mixed with it.

Soil for hyacinths, tulips, narcissus and other large bulbs should be loosened and pulverized to a depth of at least eighteen inches. Place the bulbs from four to six inches apart, and four inches below the surface of the soil. For smaller bulbs more shallow cultivation and planting is better, other requirements being the same.

Each person has her own idea of beauty and knows the amount of space at her command and as these are the factors which determine what kinds and how many bulbs should be purchased, it is useless to go into minute descriptions of varieties — the catalogues do that—or to give plans for bedding beyond the general cultural rules already given.

HOW ONE WOMAN RETAINS HER BEAUTY

By Mrs. T. A. H.

AUBURN, NEW YORK

ONE of the secrets of prettiness and a good complexion is preparing for the night. No woman who merely gives her face a slight washing before going to bed, and leaves her hair up, can hope to keep her youthful look. For unless hair and skin are stimulated and cleaned both will be dull in the morning. It takes one woman that I know one hour to get ready for bed, and she would rather have an hour and a quarter.

Her whole effect shows that she gives herself care, and her skin and hair are joys. Her arms and neck are soft and white, and the texture of her skin is fine. She was not originally a pretty woman, and in the strictest sense of the word she is not now, but she is more than that — fresh and attractive. Her method is one that should be followed, for it involves little expense and the time is a good investment. Every night she takes a warm bath. "I prefer it to a tub in the morning," she says, "because it relaxes my nerves and gets them into condition to rest."

First of all she takes down her hair and gives it a thorough brushing. Next she gives her face a thorough cleaning. In place of soap she rubs well into her cheeks, forehead and under her chin some Kentucky cold cream made of two ounces rose water, two ounces almond oil, one half ounce spermaceti, one-half ounce white wax and one-half dram tincture of benzoin.

This is easily made by herself by melting the spermaceti and wax in an earthen dish set in cold water. As soon as it melts she removes it from the heat, beats in the almond oil with a silver fork, and then adds the rosewater, drop by drop, to prevent curding; after the rosewater add the benzoin. Pour into a glass jar and keep covered. After this is rubbed into the face the complexion brush with very hot water is brought into use, and with those the cold cream is removed. A rinse with cold water is given to tighten the skin.

Having cleansed her face the woman then takes her tub, using a bath brush and castile soap. While the skin is warm from the bath she massages her arms, throat and chest with cucumber cream. This cream she also makes. She takes two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, five ounces of fresh cucumber juice, one and one-half ounces of cucumber essence, one-eighth ounce of powdered castile and one-third dram of tincture of benzoin. Obtain the juice by slicing the cucumbers, skin and all, and boiling slowly until they are soft and mushy. Strain through a sieve and then through cheesecloth. The essence is made by putting together equal parts of juice and high proof alcohol.

To mix, put the essence into a large fruit jar with the soap and let the latter dissolve; shake occasionally. In three hours add the juice and shake again. Then pour the mixture into an earthen dish and slowly add the oil and benzoin, beating all the time. Lastly add ten drops of violet extract. The mixture when finished should be smooth and milky. This will dry into the skin with massage.

The last thing the woman does before going to sleep is to assume a pleasant expression. You may think that sounds silly, but if you go to sleep with your facial muscles contracted they will soon show by giving you habitually an unpleasant expression. She makes it a rule to look pleasant. Consequently, now that she is thirty-eight she is supposed to be about twenty-eight. It is just because she has learned how to prepare herself for the night's rest.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S QUILT

By Emily Hewitt Leland

POMONA, TENNESSEE

INFINITESIMAL squares and stars
Of faded pink and green and blue,
Upon a ground of yellowed white,
And every stitch so fine and true!

Five thousand stitches, at the least,
(In one wee square I count three score)
Those gentle, patient fingers wrought —
And goodness knows how many more!

A pretty quilt! — it must have warmed
Its maker's heart with modest pride
When in the spare room, bright and new,
'Twas seen by all the countryside.

Like some quaint perfume, faintly sweet,
It breathes across our modern ways
Of quiet mind and tranquil toil,
The calm content of old-time days.

Ah, great-grandmamma — crownéd soul!
(Afar? — or near? — who understands!)
With moistened eye and reverent lip
I kiss the work of your dear hands.

THE FUNNY PICTURE MAN ❧ By Miriam Sheffey

MARION, SMYTHE COUNTY, VIRGINIA

I WENT with mamma down the street to see the picture man.
He blew a whistle first and then he beat upon a pan.
He turned a double somersault, and jumped straight up and down.
He is the very *funniest* man that you could find in town.
He shook his fist and shouted "Boo!" then winked his eye at me.
I never dreamed how full of fun a picture man could be.
The funniest thing was when he hid his head behind his gun,
Then popped it up again and said: "That's all. The deed is done!"

"*As for the picture man he said I was a model model*"

Then mamma flew and grabbed me up to kiss and hug and coddle.
As for the picture man, he said I was a model model!
Before we went my mamma said she hoped I wouldn't cry.
"Cry?" Mercy me! I laughed until I thought that I should die!
My mamma says this little girl looks just the *very* way
That I looked when I went to see the picture man that day!

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you Try again. Enclose a stamped and self addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

KILLS BUGS ON PLANTS

By MRS. S. W. SHERMAN
Malden, Massachusetts

I have been following a suggestion made to me this Spring and find that saltpeter (prepared by dissolving one tablespoonful in a bucket of water) will not only kill bugs on vegetation but seems to act as a fertilizer to the soil. Spray and then repeat two days later. Two sprayings proved sufficient for the worst cases.

TO CLEANSE COMBS

By MRS. J. C. S.
Homeworth, Ohio

I lately learned such an easy and simple way to cleanse hair combs. Put a teaspoon or so of baking soda in a wash basin, pour on hot, or good warm, soft water. Throw in combs, let lay a little while, then then take small brush and cleanse; soon they are clean and sweet as if new.

SHORTCAKE CRUSTS

By MRS. E. C. D.

Rolfe, Iowa

When making shortcakes, instead of baking the desired thickness, then splitting, my way is to bake in two layers. Spread butter over the upper side of the lower layer, and on top of this place the other one; then when baked they come apart easily. This is much better than splitting the hot crust.

PLANT PESTS

By J. F. M.

Center Ossipee, New Hampshire

At this time o' year (late June) when every green growing thing is attacked by various bug-beetle-worm pests, all garden people are at wits end to find a universal spray. The following is the first "sure thing" we have used: one pint quassia chips; one pint home made soft soap; one tea cup kerosene oil.

Steep the quassia chips several hours in one gallon of water (hot). Add one gallon of hot water to the soap, and stir it until a strong "suds" is formed, add to this the quassia solution, then the kerosene oil and beat until thoroughly emulsified. To this now add two gallons of water, making four gallons in all. Apply this with any spraying machine or syringe, and it will drive every eating thing from plants and trees — both for indoor and outdoor plants.

HOW TO KEEP CREAM

By ETHEL HEALD MAC DONALD

Bangor, Maine

During the hot weather many find it difficult to keep cream from souring even in the refrigerator, unless they use it very soon after it is bought. Most of us who do not have cows, buy one-half pint at a time. Take this quantity as soon as it reaches the house, put in a bowl, add a heaping teaspoonful of powdered sugar, six drops of vanilla and soda the size of a small bean. Whip until foamy, but not thick. Put on ice and it will keep a week even in hot weather.

SOME WAYS OF SERVING COCOA

By A. L.

New York City

By the cup: Put one-half teaspoonful Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa and one teaspoonful granulated sugar in a clean, dry cup, mix both well, add one-half cup boiling water, stir until cocoa and sugar are dissolved, then add one-half cup rich milk, sweeten to taste, and cocoa is ready. This is much improved by boiling one minute.

By the quart: Mix thoroughly four teaspoonfuls Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa and the same amount of granulated sugar, add one pint hot water, stir until all is a smooth syrup and boil three minutes, then add one pint rich milk and bring all to a boil. Whipped cream when served is a great improvement.

Directions for making iced cocoa: Four ounces Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa, six ounces granulated sugar, mix cocoa and sugar well, add one quart boiling water and stir until all is a smooth syrup.

For serving by the glass: Half fill glass with shaved ice, add one or two ounces syrup, a little sugar (say one-half teaspoonful), fill glass with half milk and half water and shake well.

TO BEAUTIFY THE LAWN

By MRS. E. W. LOUDSBERG

Humboldt, Iowa

By digging away a strip of sod, about three or four inches wide, from the walks and around the trees and filling in the furrow thus made with fine white sand or gravel, one can mow the grass off evenly and in consequence the lawn is greatly improved and beautified. If the sand is put in sufficiently deep no weeds or grass will grow through and thereby, at the same time, a clean effect will be brought forth.

TO REMOVE NUT MEATS

By CLARA VAN BUREN

Elgin, Illinois

Pecan and hickory nut meats can be easily removed without breaking, by pouring boiling water over the nuts and letting them stand until cold. Then crack with a hammer, striking the small end of the pecan.

A HINT FOR WASHING DAY

By MARY A. HOGLE

Burr Oak, Michigan

In very cold weather, it is always imprudent for a woman to hang out the clothes while over heated and tired from doing a large washing. This can be obviated by hanging them out the next day.

Take each piece and shake well, then drop it into the basket, straightened out as much as possible, with the corners which you wish to pin to the line hanging over the edge of the basket. When all are in, in the order in which you wish to hang them up, fold the corners that hang over the edge of the basket all together back on top of the part already in the basket. Now, cover all up smoothly with a heavy, damp towel, and set the basket of wet clothes in some cold place where there is no danger of freezing. This gives you an opportunity to cool off gradually while cleaning up the rooms, putting away tubs, etc.

In the morning, remove the towel, turn the ends of pieces back over the edge of the basket, and there will be no trouble in hanging them all out, without getting chilled or suffering from aching fingers, and the clothes will have plenty of time to dry, which they do not have in short Winter days, if hung out after the washing is done.

Dry flannels in the house if weather is cold enough to freeze them.

DRIVES OUT MOSQUITOES

By MRS. A. J. BOYD

Chambersburg, Pennsylvania

Mosquitoes can be overcome by kerosene, they will drop into cup held under them, or a cloth saturated with it and hung on the head frame of the bed will drive them away from the occupants of the bed.

MUD FOR A SPRAIN

By N. M. F.

Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada

Apply a poultice of cold, wet earth to a sprain, changing it often so that it may be kept cold. This draws out the inflammation in a few hours and relieves the pain. Then a few rubbings with alcohol or any common liniment will make the joint as strong as ever.

SIMPLE REMEDIES

By LAURA E. KING

Hanford, California

I.—California cure for headache. Lay the head upon a pillow and strew the pillow with fragrant roses. Another cure for the same is to walk backwards.

II.— Lavender, when applied to face and hands, will keep away mosquitos in this western land.

III. — For malaria, put lemon juice in all the water you drink.

IV. — A tablespoonful of melted butter, swallowed, will cure croup and hoarseness. Melt over a lamp and take when necessary.

V. — For cancer, take violet leaves, (the garden variety is better than the wild violet) steep them in water, drink the hot tea thus made (a wine glassful several times a day), — and also apply cotton wool soaked in the hot tea, over the cancer. It has cured very bad cancers, and such a simple remedy ought to be known and remembered.

LACE INSERTION

By A DRESSMAKER

Mrs. J. Billings, Springfield, Massachusetts

Now that so much lace is used I find many are puzzled about inserting it. Cut the material in the desired shape, and baste the insertion firmly, just where you would like it to be, turning corners neatly, and where necessary to curve or round it, draw the little cord in the edge or gather on a thread where it can be easily shaped as desired, then stitch on the inner edge of the narrow margin, after which slit the material in the center of lace, turning back the edges, cutting down to enough for a tiny hem, then stitch again on the outer edge of the margin. On thin material use No. 200 cotton which is sufficiently strong for all purposes, and will launder any number of times, with no frayed edges.

For goods that are not to be washed the edge need not be turned under for the second stitching, simply turned back, stitched and cut down closely, leaving a very neat appearance.

SWEETENING SOUR FRUITS

By MISS S. M. MOIR

Detroit, Michigan

Put a pinch of soda into rhubarb or other sour fruit and only half the usual quantity of sugar will be needed.

TO CLARIFY COFFEE

By A. B. De C.

Mt. Lake Park, Maryland

Instead of using the white of an egg to clarify coffee drop a pinch of salt into the coffee pot before adding the water and you will have clear, bright, well settled coffee. This was learned from an old hotel keeper and will not fail.

MENDING A LEAD PIPE LEAK

By H. M. MALLOY

Moorhead, Minnesota

How to stop a pin hole in a lead pipe:—Take a tenpenny nail, place the square end upon the hole, and hit it two or three light blows with the hammer, and the orifice is closed as tight as though you had employed a plumber to do it at a cost of a dollar or more.

A COTTAGE CHEESE HINT

By MRS. C. D. B.

Rockford, Illinois

In making cottage cheese, sometimes after draining the curds through a cheese cloth bag, the curds are tough and lumpy. When such is the case, run them through the food chopper and they will become light and delicate. Then add cream, salt and pepper, and you will have a dainty dish. Sometimes I make tiny balls and roll them in chopped nuts; sometimes I add pitted cherries and make a salad of it; sometimes I thin it with cream and add caraway seeds, and again I add little onions.

A TRICK OF THE OVEN

By MRS. ROSE SEELYE-MILLER

Ipswich, South Dakota

If you wish to bake something quickly in a range with no fire started, get together a collection of fine wood or chips, start your fire, and let the top lids of the stove get very hot, put these in the oven on top of the grate, put the thing to be baked upon these hot lids and these will furnish bottom heat, while the quick fire will almost at once furnish top heat. The baking is very rapidly done with little heat in the house.

HOME-MADE PHOTO PASTE

By MRS. C. E. STANLEY

St. Louis, Missouri

Not many people know that the finest paste for mounting kodak pictures is made with ordinary starch not cooked quite so much as for stiffening. I know a photographer who mounts his most expensive pictures this way.

TO KILL WEEDS

By E. PRONDZINSKI

St. Cloud, Minnesota

If one will, when the dew is on, sprinkle a little fine salt on the leaves of any plant he wishes to kill he will be both surprised and pleased at the result.

WASHING WHITE SILK

By MRS. A. B E.

DeWitt, Nebraska

In washing white silk use cold water to keep it from turning yellow.

REMEDY FOR SEA SICKNESS

By LUCY MONTGOMERY

Cavendish, Prince Edward Island, Canada

Take bromide of soda, four drams, bromide of ammonia two drams, pepperment water three ounces. Mix well. Use for three days before journey begins. It is not needed afterwards. Take a teaspoonful in wine glass of cold water before each meal and also at bed time.

TENDER OMELETTES

By SARAH E. WILCOX

Madison, Ohio

A little boiling water added to an omelette as it thickens will prevent it being tough.

HINTS FOR IRONING DAY

I.

By MRS. A. P. WHITMAN

Tacoma, Washington

When ironing, if your flat irons do not heat fast enough, try placing a dripping pan over them, and they will get hot much quicker.

II.

By MRS. THOMAS DENHAM

Moosomin, Northwest Territory, Canada

In ironing, put all common towels, cloths, etc., through the wringer, set close. This mangles them nicely.

A "NATIONAL" STRAWBERRY STORY

By SUE E. SINDLE

Terre Haute, Illinois

In the Spring of 1904 our National Magazine called attention to the free seed and plant distribution carried on by the department of agriculture at Washington.

Late in the season I wrote the department for strawberry plants. The supply was nearly exhausted but they sent me fifteen plants of the Brandywine variety. These reached me April 30, in good condition. I set them out the same afternoon. May 15, I hoed them. Two plants were dead. From the remaining thirteen plants I picked one pint of nice berries the 30th day of May this year and had fresh berries every day from May 30 to June 21.

Those thirteen plants made me a bed from which I picked just thirty-five quarts of fine berries. The first of the season berries sold here at twelve and one-half cents per quart; afterward at ten cents and then at eight and one-third. Now don't you think my subscription to the National was a good investment? I could write quite a story of financial helps by way of the National if I was sure the publishers cared for it.

[Just what we do want. Let's hear from other members of the National family along this line. — The Editor.]

FOR LIGHT DUMPLINGS

By MRS. C. VAN BEE

Elgin, Illinois

To have dumplings in a stew perfectly light, they should be laid on the meat and not dropped into the broth. If there should not be meat enough, make a foundation with potatoes. In mixing use just flour enough so that thev can be handled nicely.

KITCHEN AND PANTRY HINTS

By HELEN M. HOBBS

Los Angeles, California

In making tomato soup the milk will not separate if you pour the hot milk into the hot tomatoes—not the tomatoes into the milk.

In heating milk that you are afraid will sour, do not add any salt until after the milk has boiled. Salt helps it to separate.

Try putting your dry groceries, such as beans, rice, tapioca,—into glass jars. You can see in a glance what you want and your pantry is thus free from mice and bugs, as well as neat looking.

A PAN AND KETTLE HINT

By MRS. C. W. FISK

Shelton, Washington

Do not put pans and kettles partly filled with water on the stove to soak, as it only makes them more difficult to clean. Fill them with cold water and soak away from the heat.

WINTER HOUSING VEGETABLES

By H. P.

Canton, Ohio

Pumpkins should be kept in a dry part of the cellar, apples in a moderately dry part; turnips should be kept in a damp part of the cellar.

A FISH BONE IN HER THROAT

By C. S.

Springfield, Missouri

My mother got a fish bone in her throat. She swallowed a raw, unbeaten egg and it carried down the bone.

TO DRIVE AWAY FLIES

By MRS. I. S. R.

Mountain City, Tennessee

Take five cents worth of essence of lavender and mix with the same quantity of water. Put the mixture in a glass atomizer and spray it around the rooms. The odor is especially disagreeable to flies.

NEW WORDS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

By MISS MARTHA McCONNELL

Topekas, Kansa

During vacation children as a rule do very little school work. A child may acquire a great number of new words in this way. Let mother or some other member of the family select new words from the reader and after carefully writing and printing them on a piece of cardboard about three by nine inches, tack it up on the wall where the child will see it. He will learn to recognize these words at sight and never know that he has been studying. Two or three words a week learned in this way will make a great improvement in his reading in the Fall term of school.

A child's vocabulary may be increased by taking a new word, perhaps a long one, and explaining its meaning to the child. Use it yourself in a sentence, then have him do so. In a week the word will be his. In this way children may easily acquire a large number of words which will help them more clearly to express their ideas and they will speak better English and use fewer "slang phrases."

I think any mother would enjoy doing this and watching her children "grow" mentally.

REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM

By SALLIE T. PARRISH

Adel, Georgia

Dissolve one tablespoonful of saltpetre in a quart of water and take a drink of the water — about one tablespoonful — three times a day. I have tried this and know it to be an excellent remedy for rheumatism.

CORN AND FELON CURES

By MRS. LENA A. RIPLEY

Poultney, Vermont

Baking soda dampened and spread on a thin cloth and bound over a corn, will remove it.

A paste made of equal parts of saltpetre, brimstone and lard, and bound about a felon will cure it. Renew as soon as the poultice gets dry.

A NEST OF BOXES FOR CLIPPINGS

By "HAL"

Bridgeton, New Jersey

We household folks are used to a "nest of boxes" for our spices, but have all tried a nest of boxes for clippings? In these days of magazines and newspapers everybody makes a collection of clippings, and they are valuable or not as we have them classified and conveniently at hand.

Select eight or ten pasteboard boxes of uniform size and color, such as can be obtained from dry goods or furnishing stores. They should be oblong, about five by ten inches, and if an inch or two deep will hold quantities of clippings. Label them neatly as for instance, "Recipes," "Household Helps," "Menus," "Poetry," "Remedies," "Games," "Famous Persons," etc.

The nest of boxes—one above the other—will fit nicely into the corner of a lower shelf on the book case where they are easily accessible when the various lists of valuable information are wanted.

REMOVING A RUSTY SCREW

By MRS. H. C. EWALD

Louisville, Kentucky

To remove a rusty screw, hold a red hot iron to the head of the screw for a short time and use the screw driver while the screw is still hot.

WHITE SPOTS ON FURNITURE

By MRS. H. C. EWALD

Louisville, Kentucky

For white spots on highly polished furniture, apply common baking soda, dampened. Allow it to remain on the spots a short time, then rub firmly and the spots will disappear.

DON'T PEEL PIE PLANT

By MRS. LILLIAN BENEDICT

Pomona, Tennessee

In cooking pie plant, do not peel it; the red skin gives a rich color to the sauce.

BOILED SWEET APPLES

By MRS. LILLIAN BENEDICT

Pomona, Tennessee

Place enough sweet apples side by side in a bright milk pan to cover the bottom; pour in about a pint of water; sprinkle over half a cup of sugar; cover with another pan and let them steam and boil until tender. When about half done turn each one over; when done, take up in a pretty dish, pour over the syrup and set away to get cold. It is a great improvement on the old baked sweet apple, and saves heating up the oven.

WASHING CHINA SILK WAISTS

By F. J. I.

Toledo, Ohio

To wash black or white china silk waists to look as good as new, use warm soft water. Make a suds of Ivory or any good white soap. Wash carefully with the hands, without rubbing. Do not put soap on the goods. Wash through two waters, having the last also a suds; do not rinse. When partly dry, iron on wrong side, with not too hot an iron.

PURIFYING A SOURED SPONGE

By L. A. P.

Westminster, Vermont

By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into a soured sponge and rinsing it several times, it will become as sweet as a new one.

A HANGING BASKET

By SUSIE G. GALE

Worcester, Massachusetts

Do you know that one of the prettiest hanging baskets imaginable can be made from a cocoa nut shell? Select a large cocoa nut,—if practicable, one shaped like a nutmeg. From the end containing the eyes slice off a section about one-sixth the depth of the nut. This leaves the edge of the basket curving in a little, making it graceful in shape. Bore three holes about three quarters of an inch from the edge for the cord or little chains by which to suspend it, and also a rather larger hole in the bottom for drainage.

GETTING PRUNES CLEAN

By MARY E. MENDUM

Dorchester, Massachusetts

A microscopic glance at the sticky coated fruit might result in striking the prune from our bill of fare. Cooked in the following way prunes will be absolutely clean and delicate. Wash and put to cook in cold water; let boil slowly for five minutes. Drain off this water and with it will go all impurities. Add fresh water and cook in a covered dish until tender. Sweeten to taste.

MAKE HIM A PENCIL POCKET

By J. P. STEVENS

New Haven, Michigan

A little thing which the husband will greatly appreciate is a narrow pencil pocket not over one inch wide placed on inside of coat, cutting through the facing to the right and a little above the inside breast pocket on the left side of coat. It should be just wide enough and deep enough to hold a pencil and fountain pen. If the husband be a business man who often goes without vest on hot days, he will wonder why he did not have it long ago. I have one put in all my business coats.

A CURE FOR HEADACHE

By H. H. TOMLINSON

Stepney Point, Connecticut

The juice of half a lemon in a cup of strong coffee without cream or sugar will relieve the worst headache.

FUTURE OF THE NEGRO IN AMERICA

WILL THE RACE BECOME EXTINCT?

By John P. Heap
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THIS article will be confined to a discussion of the question as it applies to the negro in the United States, without reference to his probable future in Africa or other countries.

At the risk of being tiresome I will restate a few well known facts.

During slavery the negro, generally speaking, (there always being exceptions to any general rule) was well supplied with wholesome food, was usually required to keep reasonably regular hours as to eating and sleeping, and in case of sickness was provided with medicines suitable to his ailment. The pecuniary interest of the master, if nothing else, prompted him to see that his slaves were well taken care of, they representing his wealth. Also the propagation of the species, if not positively encouraged, was certainly not discouraged, each increase representing certain value. The work he had to perform, while laborious in a sense, was not, generally speaking, unhealthy; his life was free from care, worry and responsibility, and he was in a large degree free from the usual debasing habits and vices common to the laboring classes among the free people in the large cities.

This manner of living and working had a tendency to produce, and did produce, strong, hearty males, or "bucks", as they were called, and the females or "wenches," living a free outdoor life, and not having their bodies cramped or deformed by tight lacing or other decrees of fashion, and not being worried by the question of how to provide for their offspring, were inclined to be prolific. This, then, was the condition of the negro at the beginning of the Rebellion, which was to have such a far reaching effect upon the future of the race.

At the close of the war, the negro, finding himself free from all restraint, and not realizing or appreciating the responsibilities of his condition or the results of his conduct, seemed, for a number of years, to have made it the business of his life to live up to the scriptural injunction to "multiply and replenish the earth." So rapid and alarming was the increase in the negro population for the succeeding twenty or thirty years that the negro question became a "problem" indeed. Those superficial students of economics who deal in percentages only could easily figure out and demonstrate, to their own satisfaction at least, that it was only a question of a few years when the black man would overrun the country and displace the white man by sheer force of numbers.

Contrasting his condition today with that at the close of his period of slavery, or even with his condition ten or fifteen years ago, and what do we find? He now sleeps where he can, eats what he can get, and when he can get it. He is not governed by any laws or rules pertaining to sanitation, or health, and by reason of his poverty, and in obedience to his common instincts, he crowds into the cities and there lives in the most crowded and unhealthy sections, is given over to indulgences, licentiousness and crime.

Instead of being encouraged to increase the size of his family, the tendency is constantly the other way, every addition being looked upon, if not by himself, at least by his white neighbors, as more or less a calamity. As he becomes educated and gets more and more into the ways of the white people, he becomes less and less productive of his species, and, though the birth rate is constantly being lowered, his manner of living in crowded, dirty, illy ventilated and poorly heated quarters, his consequent tendency to crime and disease, the death rate is getting higher, the death rate among negro children, especially in the larger cities, being something horrible to contemplate. In Washington City for the year 1902, there were 715 deaths among colored children under one year old, or at the rate of 458.3 per 1,000 colored population under one year of age. As there were born during that year 1,846 colored children, it seems that nearly forty per cent of them died before they arrived at the age of one year. The death rate, all ages, in the large cities having any considerable proportion of negroes, is about fifty per cent higher among the negroes than among the whites. That is to say, in cities where the death rate among the whites is twenty per thousand, that among the negroes runs about thirty per thousand.

According to the actual statistics for the year 1900, based on the census for that year, the mortality in four of the cities having the largest negro population was as follows:

Cities	White	Colored	Mortality per 1000 Population	
	Population	Population	White	Colored
Wash.	192,016	86,702	19.	31.2
Baltimore	429,699	79,258	19.1	31.3
Phila.	1,231,084	62,913	20.7	31.8
New York	3,376,536	60,666	20.2	32.5

Other cities having a large negro population where statistics have been properly kept show about the same proportion.

I might add that the annual report of Dr. Woodward, health officer of Washington, for the calendar year 1902, shows the death rate to be: white, 15.92; colored, 29.13.

It is also noticeable that, according to the census of 1900, the death rate among the negroes far exceeded the birth rate for that year in all large cities. Out of fifty-six cities reported in all parts of the country, North, South, East and West, the death rate among negroes is found to be greater than the birth rate in fifty cities. The record of a few cities will suffice to illustrate this condition. In Boston there were 240 births and 327 deaths, making an excess of deaths of eighty-seven. In Greater New York there were 1,430 births and 1,970 deaths, an excess of 290 deaths. In St. Louis there were 954 births and 1,155 deaths, making an excess of deaths of 561. In New Orleans there were 1,735 births and 3,310 deaths, making an excess of 1,575 deaths. In Washington there were 2,003 births and 2,704 deaths, an excess of 701 deaths. Other cities show about the same condition. For the calendar year 1902, according to the report of Dr. Woodward, above quoted, there were in the city of Washington 1,846 births and 2,596 deaths among negroes, or 750 more deaths than births.

These conditions are constantly growing worse instead of better, it being a well known fact that the negro will do nothing of his own motion to better his condition; and the intense natural hatred that exists (and which I believe is increasing) between the races prevents the whites from taking any serious interest in his welfare.

All this results in the deterioration and weakening of the race, which will finally end in its extinction. There is no such thing as the blood of the race being improved by the intermixture of other races, as no race will mix with it. Most of the states have laws prohibiting negroes marrying whites, and while it was no uncommon thing in slavery times for negro women to have children by white men, such occurrence is now exceedingly rare.

There is yet another influence that is doing much to hasten the final extinction of the race, and to which we might well apply the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," and that is the tendency to keep the negro out of the professions and skilled trades, and make him simply a burden bearer, a "hewer of wood and drawer of water." He is being constantly and continually crowded to the wall, and held there by pressure from all sides. He is a veritable Ishmaelite, in that, while his hand may not be against every man, "every man's hand is against him." No race has ever yet been able to hold its own against such pressure, and the negro will not be able to do so.

It is rapidly coming to that point where a negro cannot get work, or hold a position once obtained, if that work or position is wanted by a white man. He is being kept out of the trades. Few of the various trades unions will allow him to affiliate with them. Even the Federation of Women's Clubs at its meeting at San Francisco last year refused to "federate" with the colored women's clubs.

Education will not avail him when it comes to working at skilled labor or practicing the professions. He can act as hod carrier, plumber's or tinner's helper, but no matter how well educated or skillful he may be, he cannot hope to become a master mason, plumber or tinner.

Outside of the city of Washington, the conditions pertaining to the negro are abnormal, I know of but one licensed negro plumber, and he told me a few years ago that he had a harder time each year to get his license renewed; and I have no doubt that by this time the powers that be have refused to renew it on some flimsy pretext, the real reason being his black skin. I know of no white man who would employ him to do his plumbing, except in the capacity of a helper, and as there is practically no such work to be done for the negroes he will soon have to starve, if he has not already done so, or go to work as a helper for some white plumber. This notwithstanding the fact that the particular plumber alluded to was more skillful in his trade, and a better workman than many a white man who holds a license as a master plumber.

White men are taking the place of negroes as barbers and bootblacks. It is becoming more common every day to see boot blacking stands and barber shops owned by white men who have negro helpers. Even the helpers' places will be taken by the whites as competition becomes fiercer and work harder to get.

Italians and other foreigners come over to this country and open cobbler shops for mending shoes and succeed while the negro next door, doing equally as good work, starves, for the reason that white people, and negroes who have the means to pay for the work, will patronize the Italian in preference to the negro.

Negro lawyers, physicians and dentists must practice among their own people.

No white man would think of employing a negro lawyer to plead his cause before a court or jury, nor employ a negro doctor in case of sickness, or a negro dentist to work on his teeth. On the other hand few negroes will employ negro lawyers, much preferring white men, and would seldom call in a negro M. D. but for the fact that few white doctors will attend negro patients except as a matter of humanity. No white dentist will do dental work for negroes, except possibly now and then pull an aching tooth to relieve suffering; and if his white clients get to thinking he takes negro work they will quickly desert him. All this tendency of white physicians and dentists not to minister to the black man naturally makes it difficult for him to get timely and proper attention, and shortens average life.

Negro teachers can only be employed to teach their own race, as no school director would dream of employing a black teacher for white children.

Many causes conspire to shorten the average life of the negro. If a sewer is to be opened or other unhealthy or dangerous work to be performed, the negro gets the job. His life is held cheap. If a riot occurs where negroes and whites are engaged, the usual result is five negroes killed and as many more wounded to one white man killed, or in about that proportion. The killing of a negro by a white man is seldom punished, or if at all only lightly. The hot end of the poker is always toward him.

The average life of the negro is much shorter than that of the whites. In Washington for the year 1902 (Dr. Woodward's report) the average age at death was: white, forty-one years, one month and ten days; colored, twenty-six years, five months and twenty-nine days.

The point I make is this: as the negroes are crowded together, either by flocking to the cities or the rural districts and small towns, through the working together of the influences alluded to in this article, the birth rate will decrease and the death rate increase, so that there will come a time, and that not very far distant, when the latter will exceed the former and the race will rapidly decrease, the race problem cease to be a problem and then will come extinction. This will as certainly occur as it has occurred to the North American Indian, and the natives of the Sandwich islands, the negro not being able to stand civilization any better than the Indian or the islander.

OCTOBER DAYS

By Henry Walter Graham

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

IN robes of airy purple,
The distant hills are clad,
And Autumn's horn of plenty
The husbandman makes glad.
The corn fields are rejoicing
In treasures yet untold;
The orchard boughs are bending
'Neath wealth of red and gold.
The shepherd winds are driving
White flocks across the skies;
The vine's rich interlacings
Are clad in Tyrean dyes,
The chestnut's dropping largess
The busy squirrels claim;
Adown the vale the sumac
Holds up its torch of flame.
The jaunty jay is jeering
Atop the locust tree,—
A cynic fop in feathers, —
Disdaining minstrelsy;
The crafty crow, slow winging
His lazy flight along,
Reviles the woodland chorus
With critic croaks at song.
The graceful maple trembles,
Ablush with maiden shame,—
The Frost King rudely kissed her,
Her cheeks are all aflame.
The stately elm is crested
With plumes of fairy gold;
The vine's rich, luscious clusters
"Imprisoned sunshine" hold.
The ivy, gently clinging,
Has caught the gnarléd oak,
His ragged scars concealing
Beneath her crimson cloak.
The birch, arrayed in tatters
'Mid this rich brotherhood,
Clings to his wasting treasures—
The miser of the wood.
The thrifty bees hold revel
Upon the goldenrod;
To zephyrs, gently waving
The purple asters nod;
The brooklet's fairy island
Holds beauty's sweet surprise,—
There violets, in secret,
Are painting Summer skies.
Queen Autumn's brows are flushing
With warmth of amber wine,
Her dreamy eyes are closing,—
Oh time most rare, divine!
Now smiling, sun crowned Summer
Returns with glad surprise,—
Softly she comes, on tiptoe,
To say her last goodbyes.

L. L. Matthews

Berry-time

Text and Illustration by

Louise Lewin Matthews

HYDE PARK MASSACHUSETTS

SWEET is the way through the fields to the old wall
by the lane,
Where berry vines are growing, kissed by the gentle
rain.

Over the stones they clamber, some red, some black
and sweet,
All purpling in the sunshine beneath the Summer heat.

Where hay fields lie a-dreaming and wild flowers
bloom and nod,
The richest berries cluster behind the goldenrod.

Dear Nature, all your seasons add largess to our dower;
Grateful for all, we thank you most for this, the
children's hour.

NOTE and COMMENT

By Frank Putnam

T. R., HIS CRITICS AND SOME OTHERS

THE RAILWAY CRITIC, in its August number; remarks editorially that —

> Better lawyers than Mr. Roosevelt find ample grounds for action against Paul Morton and other Santa Fe officials. Their motives are known to be disinterested and above suspicion. But Mr. Roosevelt, with executive, not with judiciary powers, declares his friend Mr. Morton innocent and prevents the courts from hearing his case. The coddling of Mr. Loomis was an unfortunate mistake, but the protection of Mr. Paul Morton takes on some of the aspects of a national scandal.
>
> In every railroad headquarters in the country there will be rejoicing. To save Paul Morton from the necessity of declaring himself Mr. Roosevelt has practically issued a general amnesty to all railroad law breakers. Personal guilt is abolished. Only corporations can sin, and for them the penalty is a trifling fine. In order that Mr. Paul Morton may go free the statute is made a dead letter.

From which it would appear that not even the railway interests are unanimous in favor of the suspension of statute law by executive edict at the pleasure of the president.

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T. R. has come in for some hard raps of late. His critics say he should have prosecuted Paul Morton, instead of praising him; that Bowen, who blabbed and got kicked out of the diplomatic service, was not more at fault than Loomis, who dabbled in claims against the nation to which he had been sent as our envoy, and who got a special mission to France along with a mild admonitory hint from Taft. The critics say T. R. talks too much. They intimate a belief on his part that we elected him pope, not president. They say he wronged Wallace, charging that the ex-chief of canal diggers quit for more money, when in fact (his friends say in his defense) he quit because red tape tied his hands so that he couldn't dig, or not with any peace of mind. They say T. R. is backing and filling with regard to railway rate fixing. They say he is merely bluffing about "busting" the Beef Trust—and by way of proving the truth of their assertion they cite the fact that he is still using Garfield, whose infantile report upon the Beef Trust filled the country with mingled amusement, disgust and wrath.

Summed up, the charges amount to a general indictment for lack of steadiness, reserve and consideration for fellow servants of the public.

—

I am very fond of T. R. He is a big, impulsive, warm hearted, full blooded, open faced, hard fisted fighting man. He is fully as wise and good as the average of American citizenship —and that is something I could not say of most public men at Washington. He is, in brief, a whole man with the bark on. In some of the cases cited above, I agree with his critics, and I think it is a good thing that the press is reacting from the semi-idolatrous praise it gave him for some time past. Such unstinted adulation is not good for any public servant. It did not seem to feaze T. R., though it may have made him a bit more heady than usual. But he is game, and will take his little dressing down without a murmur. Moreover, his critics will never get a chance to damn him for doing anything in the tainted money line. When we have the spectacle of two United States senators convicted of illegal practices that constituted a gross but probably not uncommon betrayal of their oaths of office, and a third hopelessly smirched by Equitable revelations, with a lot more big men dwelling under the grave and growing suspicion that they hold public and semi-public office as a means of private graft rather than of patriotic service, it is worth while to be able to point to our busy young president and say, with swelling chest, "Well, he may blunder occasionally—I admit that he does; but, by heaven! his hands are clean!"

—

He keeps everlastingly at his job. He certainly was not bluffing when he praised the strenuous life. If I were tainted with any vulgar desire to become rich in mere money, I should instantly set up a factory at Battle Creek, Michigan, for the manufacture of a new breakfast food to be named "Teddine." Anybody so tainted is welcome to the suggestion.

—

It is early to begin speculating upon what the president will do when his term of office ends, but the following, from the Boston Transcript, is worth reading and making a note of:

> Certain of President Roosevelt's qualifications for his high office were duplicated most closely by John Quincy Adams of all his predecessors. Adams from youth prepared for a civic career; he had an affluent and cultured environment; he knew history and literature; and he had the academic stamp of Harvard university, and for a time was a professor there. To a degree not equalled in the earlier history of the country and not duplicated until the present administration, he was "the scholar in politics."
>
> In diplomatic experience prior to assuming the duties of secretary of state, which he filled with consummate ability, he was preeminent among all who have filled that post, not even Mr. Hay having had any such training as Adams had at the courts of the Netherlands, Prussia, Russia and England.
>
> With the new definition of the Monroe Doctrine and the increase of our power and responsibility in the states of Central and South America, which the last decade has brought, Adam's paternity of what has usually been credited to Monroe has been made clearer, and his foresight and courage as a statesman have been recognized more adequately, though there is chance for a very much wider and truer apprehension of his merits by his countrymen.
>
> He deserves more study also because of his example as an ex-president. We wonder what Mr. Roosevelt will do when his term of office is over, and he a comparatively young man. It is suggested that he become president of Harvard university or mayor of New York city. It is far more likely that he will do as Mr. Adams did than that he will settle down to private life, as Mr. Cleveland has in Princeton, New Jersey. Mr. Adams, when defeated for a second term by Jackson, thought it not beneath him to enter congress from Massachusetts, and from 1831 to 1848 he served his native state and the nation with a wisdom which was the fruit of his experience as chief magistrate, as well as of his native talent and culture.
>
> The most glorious chapter of his personal history was his defence while in congress of the rights of petition and free speech, and his sturdy championship of the Abolitionists, whose radicalism was so unlike the Whig opportunism of Adams' party supporters.
>
> Mr. Roosevelt, as senator from New York state, might give the Empire State a standing in the senate which it cannot have as at present represented, and might aid in carrying into effect policies which in the very nature of the

case he can only initiate, not complete, during the single term of office to which he is pledged.

—

It delights me to think of how T. R. must be looked up to by the Indians, whose conception of the presidency is expressed in the phrase they apply to the occupant of that office, i. e., "The Great Father." For he comes as near being a "great father," officially, to all sorts and conditions of people, as any man who ever sat in the White House. At 9 a. m. he offers a word of good advice to the negro; at ten, he warns the bad little Beef Trust boys that they must toe the mark or take the dire consequences; at eleven, he writes a preface for a book on birds, or bears; at noon, he calls a halt in a war between two great powers and gets them to send men here to talk peace terms; at one, he eats goulash with the Hungarians of New York City, and actually likes it fully as well as he says he does; at two, he gives a piece of straight talk to college men and boys on honest sport; at three, he fraternizes with the temperance folk, and tells his friends, the Pennsylvania miners, that booze breeds more misery than breakfast food—or words to that effect; and so on through a day concluded by reviewing with discriminative art an obscure but beautiful poem, his praise whereof reveals unsuspected springs of Norse mystery and Berserk sadness in his own spirit.

—

When I told Paul, one morning, that I was going to Washington to call on the poet "Ironquill," Paul said:

"Be sure to go up and see President Roosevelt. He's great!"

I was curious to learn how Paul came to take such an unexpected interest in a public man—keeping in mind the number and variety of his other interests as a lively ten year old boy. He explained:

"I've just been reading his 'Ranch Life and Hunting Trail,' and say, he's a corker!"

Captain Loeffler let me into the anteroom and gave me a seat in line with the door opening into the president's private office. I should say the anteroom is twenty feet wide. At my right was a lean and genial priest from the Roman Catholic university. Over in the far corner a group of negro bishops — fat and shiny and eager and all smiles. I got into conversation with the Roman, who told me, in answer to a sincere but possibly undiplomatic inquiry, that his school had quit teaching hellfire as an article of faith, and enlightened me pleasurably upon a number of things in that line. I was watching his forefingers forming the long sides of an acute angle in the air before his jolly face, and taking in his gay comment, when of a sudden the door of the executive chamber swung open with a bang, and before I could get squared around in my chair, or out of it, T. R., with a motion something like a cross between the gaits of a grizzly bear and a panther, was across the room and had my baseball fingers wrapped in the tightest grip they ever knew. As they say in the prize ring, he didn't give me time to get set, wherefore, the little handful of conversational nuggets I had panned out for him never got delivered. All that I could think of to tell him was that, in common with my folks out West, I was entirely satisfied with the way he was running things. He expressed his appreciation in a grin that was half a laugh and told me he was glad to hear it. I bade him good morning, but before I got through the door I saw him pumping the right hand of my friend the priest, heard him tell that gentleman to come inside presently and saw him make what it is not, I trust, improper to designate as a running jump at the six black bishops over in the far corner.

When I got outside, in the road, I said to myself, "Good Lord! If we democrats only had a man like that!"

HIGGINS AVENUE, LOOKING SOUTH: TWENTYFOURTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY BAND IN FOREGROUND

Photograph by E. F. Woodman of the Anaconda Standard

MISSOULA COUNTY AND CITY, MONTANA

ORIGINALLY this county embraced nearly all that portion of Montana lying west of the Rocky Mountains, but in 1893 both the northern and southern extremities were taken away, leaving 6,385 square miles of the 17,575 embraced within the earlier boundaries to make up the present county. With its diversified wealth and almost limitless resources, this vast territory is indeed an empire, rich in gold, silver and baser metals and boundless forests, together with rich, productive soil to delight the farmer and fruit grower. Nature has also provided a most delightful climate and grand scenery, and all these advantages have drawn together an energetic, progressive class of citizens devoted to their locality and enthusiastic over its possibilities.

Missoula is indeed the garden spot of Montana, reveling in fruits and flowers, magnificent trees and balmy atmosphere, abundantly watered, and with mountain and plain vieing in their efforts to reward intelligent industry, it is a source of perpetual delight to all, and the just pride of every Montanan.

Including mining claims amounting to 10,925 acres, the number of acres of land assessed is 1,241,981 and the extent and value of the various groups is: first class grain land, 11,139 acres valued at $301,305; second class, 20,354 acres at $193,371. First and second class hay land, 9,592 acres at $113,711; grazing land, 123,676 acres at $229,431; timber land, 618,807 acres at $1,695,637, and 455,535 acres of railroad land at $986,194. Improvements on these are placed at $432,882, and city and town lots are assessed at $1,081,316, with improve-

SOUTH SIDE MISSOULA RESIDENCE

ments at $1,230,985. Live stock valuations total $492,214, made up of 4,989 horses at $122,022; 18,614 cattle at $319,573; 9,564 sheep at $19,128; 1,473 hogs at $7,387; 272 Angora goats at $1,104, and 230 buffaloes at $100 each.

One of the most important industries of Missoula county is lumbering, which has here reached its highest development. Many of Butte's famous mines have millions of feet of Missoula timber on their various levels, while of late years the product of the mills has found its way into markets east of the Mississippi. So important has this new trade become that it is announced for the coming year that the sawing season will be extended to include the entire twelve months.

Other products of this industry include sash, doors and finishings, office furniture and boxes, including fruit and packing cases which are turned out at the rate of a carload a day. Some of the mills are of the portable kind, being moved to the holding of the owners as cuttings are finished, the lumber being generally sold to the larger companies. Others are splendid, modern plants with steam feed, double band saws, one cutting 225,000 feet a day.

NORTH SIDE MISSOULA RESIDENCE

The largest company has cut 35,000,000 feet of logs, which are brought to the river by train and floated to the mill, a distance of twelve miles. The railroad is a private one, entirely in the timber country and sixteen miles in length. There are also extensive operations on the Coeur d'Alene branch of the Northern Pacific railway with two very large mills at St. Regis and Lothrop.

WIDE, WELL SHADED RESIDENCE STREET

Other industries are the flour mills, brick yards, brewery, foundry, cigar factories and the machine and repair shops for the railroad, employing several hundred men.

Although but imperfectly developed, the agricultural interests of Missoula are highly important. But little of the land in the immediate vicinity of the city is under cultivation, owing to the absence of any adequate system of irrigation. Plans have been prepared to remedy this condition, and it is expected that 1906 will see a large area of fine soil under water. The northern end of the Bitter Root valley is still in Missoula county and contains some highly cultivated farms and grand orchards. Orchard Homes and the Rattlesnake district are two farming localities producing everything in the way of garden truck, including sweet corn, tomatoes, celery and strawberries. River bottoms about Grass Valley and Frenchtown are cropped to wheat, oats and hay, and the bench lands are also being brought in.

Since irrigation has wrought such wonderful changes, diversified farming has gained a prominent place among the various pursuits. Time was when the big ranches, with thousands of head of cattle, sheep and other live stock roaming upon them, were considered the thing. But conditions are entirely different now. There is a natural inclination upon the part of the old timers as well as the new comers to depart from the early methods, break their large tracts into small ones and convert them into crop producing fields.

There is also a great farming area on the Flathead Indian reservation tributary to Missoula which will become part of the county in a short time.

In every settled part of the county may be found the fruit trees whose products have done so much to call attention to the possibilities of Missoula, exhibitions of it amazing even the citizens of other portions of the state.

An enterprising County Fair association has also been highly instrumental in advancing agricultural and horticultural interests, and the prospective opening of the Flathead reservation will bring a large number of people, many of whom will become residents.

Missoula, the county seat, has a population conservatively estimated at 10,000 and during the past five or six years has had a wonderful growth. It is a division point on the Northern Pacific with two branch lines, the Bitter Root and the Coeur d'Alene, making an enormous freight traffic. The city is a noted educational center, having the University of Montana, four large ward schools, and a high school just completed which cost $36,000, beside the Commercial Business college just erected at a cost of $20,000. The latter building is of white brick and very attractive.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA, AT MISSOULA

Missoula has a daily and several weekly papers and a new Carnegie library.

The county is divided into forty-five school districts and has fifty-seven school buildings valued at $162,000.

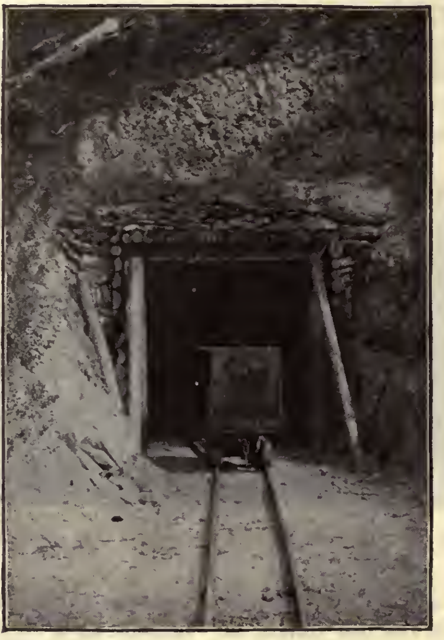
The banks report capital stock of $350,000; surplus and profits, $100,000; deposits, $1,601,460; loans and discounts, $1,305,280, and cash and exchanges, $675,620.

In no city in the state is there less contagion than in Missoula. At an altitude of 3,200 feet, in the heart of a mountainous country, the atmosphere is pure, containing an abundance of oxygen. Malaria is unheard of here, and people find the place a haven for the treatment of many of the diseases so common in other sections.

Much has been said and written of Missoula, the rapidly growing metropolis of western Montana, but justice has hardly been done the reality. Cosily situated at the very foot of the western slope of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, it is the natural gateway to a vast area of timber and agricultural lands to the west, while on the east are the immensely rich mineral deposits for which the state has become celebrated. Nature has so designated it that the city itself, so far as location, topography of surrounding country, scenic beauty and wealth of diversified industrial pursuits are concerned, stands preeminently above most cities of the West.

Its people are hospitable; its standards of culture are of the highest. It is the home of the state university, of academies and colleges. It has fine clubs, social and musical organizations. Most all of the religious denominations are represented, having adequate places of worship.

It is the distributing point for all of western Montana: the Bitter Root valley to the south, the great Flathead Reservation to the north, the rich mineral section of the Couer d'Alenes west to Wallace, Idaho; and the tributary Big Blackfoot and Clinton districts north and east



MOUTH OF A MINING SHAFT

It has fine business blocks, wholesale houses and retail stores that would reflect credit upon a city twice her size, complete sewage and water systems, a fine paid fire department, efficient police force, and all the other adjuncts of a well regulated city.

In short, Missoula has the best prospects of any city in the West.

GREAT FALLS HEIGHT 96 FEET

THE GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI RIVER AT GREAT FALLS, MONTANA
Photograph by the Elite Studio, Great Falls, Montana

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

By W. A. Remington

Secretary of the Commercial Club

MONTANA from a car window does not exhibit its great agricultural areas nor its mineral resources. Those high benches are producing great crops of grain; the rich valleys and fertile lowlands are gradually being tilled as the number of settlers increases, and the rugged and broken sections are continually unfolding their hidden wealth. Fortune today smiles on the agriculturalist as she has for years on the miner.

In the midst of a great section of this state that is particularly rich in both agricultural and mineral resources, Great Falls is admirably located. The falls of the Missouri at this city, in which Lewis and Clark were specially interested in 1805, and which are today objects of great interest to visitors, possess a vast industrial value. Within a distance of seven miles the river descends over a series of falls and cascades 535 feet. When fully developed, these falls will produce more than 300,000 horse power. At the present time the copper smelting works of the B. and M. company use power from this river, as well as the flour mills and other industries of the city, but only a small fraction of the power is being used.

It is the cheapness of this power and its favorable location that enables the B. and M. company to ship its ore a distance of nearly two hundred miles and smelt it, a considerable percentage cheaper than it could at the

VIEW FROM GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY STATION, GREAT FALLS

mines. Last year this company produced metals to the value of about fifteen million dollars. It is also noteworthy that the cost of developing the power of these falls, not only what is now being used but what can be developed, is extremely low as compared with the water power of Niagara, Holyoke or any of the well known power plants of the East.

About these falls will ultimately be located many mammoth industrial plants, and it is not improbable that the milling center of this country will at no very distant day jump from Minneapolis to Great Falls, as it moved but a comparatively few years ago from the falls of the Genesee to the falls of St. Anthony. The grain fields of the Northwest are in the near future to furnish the bread of the country, and even now wheat is being brought across the border from the Canadian fields. Great Falls is the center of a larger area susceptible of irrigation than any city of this or any other land. One million acres is not too large a figure at which to place the estimate. One large enterpise near Conrad that will irrigate an immense tract is nearly completed, water having been turned into the main canal several weeks ago. The Sun river project of the government will add 350,000 acres of irrigated land. To the north of us is the Milk river project; to the east the Glendive, and to the south the Huntley, beside many smaller enterprises built by private capital.

CASCADE COUNTY COURT HOUSE

To the crops that will be produced on these irrigated areas there is to be added what is raised on the lands that receive a sufficient amount of rainfall to produce good crops, and these lands are of large extent. To the southeast of Great Falls is an area as large as the state of Ohio, untouched by a railroad, and yet it is the best agricultural section of the state. The rainfall is sufficient for growing all kinds of grain; the soil is extremely fertile, and the conditions are in every way favorable to the farmer. When railroad facilities are added to this section its settlement will be rapid, and it will supply an enormous amount of grain to the mills at Great Falls.

Cascade County, of which Great Falls is the county seat, produces more than one-half of the coal mined in the state. One million tons of a good quality of bituminous coal is annually taken from the mines of this county. The towns of Belt, Stockett and Sand Coulee are coal towns, and are up a few miles from this city. Coal underelies a large part of the county, but at these towns outcrops, and, the measures being horizontal, is easily mined. The Great Northern railroad, the Amalgamated company and other large corporations of the state use the coal from these mines, and the coal is also shipped east and west throughout the state and to neighboring states.

Great Falls is also the headquarters for the various mining companies working the silver-lead mines of the Little Belt mountains and the gold and silver mines of the neighboring districts. The product of these mines amounts to millions annually. Another valuable resource of the city and county is the extensive deposit of iron ore. The leads of red and brown hematite ore run from fifty-eight to sixty-eight per cent. of metallic iron. While all the essentials of steel making are found adjacent to this city, such as lime, silica, coal, iron ore, etc., the moment for starting a steel making plant has not arrived. The making of mining and mill machinery, cast iron water pipe for the cities of the state, etc., is, however, one of the important industries of the city.

The mines and smelters of the county make a home market for all the farmers can raise and much more than can be grown. The price of land is low, the country has been little advertised and therefore is settled slowly. The wave of immigration from the East has reached the eastern confines of the state, and as it rolls over the state, as it is bound to do in a very short time, the price of land will double and treble. That the farmers of this section are prosperous is shown by the construction of rural telephone lines, the erection of cooperative creameries that are proving very successful, etc. Fruit is also successfully grown in this county. About the homes in this city it is a frequent sight to see apple trees bending under their load of fruit.

As a wool market Great Falls attracts buyers from nearly every commission house in the East. For the past ten years an average between eight and ten million pounds of wool have been sold on this market each year. Beef, mutton and horses are shipped in large quantities to the eastern markets. The banking and commercial advantages of the city attract business from the entire northern and eastern central part of the state. With the increase in railroad facilities, and particularly in the eastern and southeastern parts of the state, this business will greatly increase.

HANDSOME PUBLIC LIBRARY, THE GIFT OF ANDREW CARNEGIE

The city itself has been admirably laid out and possesses an abundant water supply, good schools, electric railways, lights, sewers and other modern conveniences. There are fine public buildings, beautifully shaded avenues, handsome parks and lawns, and it is considered the most beautiful city in the northern Rocky Mountain states. It has every requirement to make it a city of homes. Its schools are maintained at a high standard. Sixty-three teachers are employed, and the high school is on the accredited list of most of the eastern

VIEW OF FOURTH AVENUE, NORTH

THE FAMOUS "GREAT SPRING"

colleges. The water works are owned by the city and there are thirty-one miles of cast iron main laid in the city. The city has 400 acres of park lands, of which 100 acres are improved and which add greatly to the attractiveness of the city. The parks are under the control of a local park board appointed by the governor of the state. This board has in connection with the parks an extensive nursery for growing ornamental shrubs and trees. So successful have they been that they have sold large numbers for use in other parts of the city.

The city has eleven miles of boulevarded avenues, and new ones are being laid out. The drives through Riverside park, which has a river frontage of nearly a mile, and the drives of Gibson park, together with these improved avenues, make this one of the attractive features of the city. The city also owns 220 acres just outside the city limits having a frontage on Sun river of a mile and a half. This land is naturally beautifully located and in its wild state has a charm as a picnic and pleasure ground that cannot be increased by artificial means.

The climate of this city is to the new comer a revelation. He has associated Montana with the frozen north, but finds that the climate is far milder than that of the eastern states. Located in a great basin on the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains, the climate is tempered by the warm winds that come out of the Southwest. These give to this section a climate that is similar to that of Utah and states far to the south. It is a healthy climate; statistics show that it has a lower death rate than any other part of the United States. The bright, sunny days that characterize our Winters are cheerful and invigorating.

While this city is full of opportunities for the settler, to the visitor it has many points of interest. Besides the falls that are many and varied in their beauty, the giant spring located just outside the city is one of the wonders of the Northwest. This spring, spoken of in the journal of Lewis and Clark as the "Wonderful Fountain," flows out of the hillside but a short distance from the river bank, or rather it comes up in the hillside. The flow is apparently the same throughout the year and its temperature varies but slightly from fifty-two degrees. It is also but a few hours drive to the mountains; or, a trip by train to Neihart will unfold mountain scenery unsurpassed in its magnificence by any similar stretch of road.

BLACK EAGLE FALLS, ONE OF GREAT FALLS' NATURAL POWER ASSETS

COURT HOUSE SQUARE FROM MAIN TO WASHINGTON STREETS

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

THE city of Bloomington, situated in the richest agricultural district in the state of Illinois, is well known for the stability and enterprise of its business men and for the beauty and comfort of its homes. Already one of the foremost cities in the state, with the rapid progress that is now being made it is but a question of a few years until it will be one of the foremost cities in the middle West. The observant visitor sees on every hand the evidences of prosperity and progress. Handsome store and office buildings offer accommodations for business and professional men.

The history of Bloomington dates back to July 4, 1831. It was on that day that a certain tract of land given by a Mr. Allen was sold at public auction in order to raise funds with which to build a court house. The marvelous increase in real estate values can be inferred from the fact that the lots bordering on the public square were at that time sold as low as $50. After this sale a court house was built and the permanent location of the city was established. At that time the population did not number more than eighty persons, but this increased until in 1836 the inhabitants numbered over 450. About this time the city suffered a severe setback from the panic of 1836. The courage and industry of the sturdy pioneers brought the village successfully through this crisis, and the growth and development of the city went on even more rapidly than before. Schools and churches were built, a more effective form of government was adopted and the foundation for greater Bloomington was securely laid.

In 1852 the growth of the city was accelerated by the building of the Illinois Central railroad with Bloomington as a station on its line. As early as 1853 cars were running on this road, and in the same year the Chicago & Alton started train service between Bloomington and Springfield. These two roads gave the city new life, and by 1860 the population had reached 2,000. From that day to this the growth of the city has been constant, — never of the nature of a boom, but always steady and permanent. From a population of 2,000 it has made a good substantial gain until at the present time the census shows a population of 35,000. These figures do not accurately represent the number to which the city is entitled, for many people living in the outlying districts are in reality a part of the city, but being outside of the corporation limits they are not so classified.

This is the Bloomington of today. As

a well lighted, well watered and well paved city it has but few equals. The idea of civic improvement has always been encouraged by the officials of the city, and with good results. Splendid streets with good sidewalks, well built sewers, the purest and best water in the world, well improved parks — these together with home loving, law abiding citizens, magnificent churches, up to date street railways, colleges and other educational institutions, make Bloomington what it is—the model city of the middle West.

IN THE RESIDENCE DISTRICT

During the last few years the industrial part of Bloomington has taken on new life. New manufactures and other business enterprises have located in the city, the result being to swell the total amount of business already carried on. These shops and factories give employment to thousands of laborers. While the manufactured products of the individual factories may not aggregate as much volume as the output of individual factories in other cities, yet the total output will compare very favorably with the product of other cities that are much larger. Right here it should be noted that ten diverging trunk railway lines give excellent railway connections, offering special advantages to manufacturers and jobbers and making the city one of the best distributing centers in the state. It should also be noted that the prosperity of Bloomington is in no small measure due to the prosperous condition of the surrounding agricultural community. The majority of the farmers of McLean county own their own farms,

BLOOMINGTON'S CITY HALL

NORTH SIDE OF COURT HOUSE SQUARE

HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

have them paid for, and many of them carry good bank accounts.

But the city of Bloomington does not offer attractions to the manufacturer or business man alone. For the home seeker there are advantages equalled by but few cities, excelled by none. With its fine sewer system, pure water, healthful location and efficient administration of the health laws Bloomington shows a sanitary record that makes it a most desirable location for the private citizen. Good sanitary conditions have kept the city surprisingly free from epidemics, and the death rate is unusually low.

In driving about the city one is impressed with the amount and quality of the street paving. Bloomington is the birthplace of brick paving, and since its introduction twenty-five years ago the work has been carried on to such an extent that of all the cities in the West of similar size Bloomington is easily in the lead.

It is not possible in the limited scope of this article to set out in detail all the facts that make Bloomington a desirable residence center. But one fact is of such importance as to warrant special mention. The schools of this city have always been the pride of its citizens. Much attention has been paid to the construction of the buildings while in the character of the work done their claim to a high degree of excellence is admitted all over the state. The Illinois Wesleyan University offers excellent opportunities along the line of higher education. It offers preparatory as well as collegiate work. Located at Normal, two miles from the court house, and connected with the city by an electric railway, is the state normal school, which has long been known as one of the best institutions in this part of the country for the education of teachers.

Another institution that makes for the progress and prosperity of Bloomington is the Business Men's Association. This association was organized in 1900, the object being to get good, safe industries to come to the city and also to assist those that were already here. The membership roll shows a large number of the business men of the city. Much good has been accomplished by this organization, and it is safe to say it will always be an important factor in the city's progress. It is manifestly impossible to make any magazine article of three or four pages a complete exposition of the advantages of a city. We can but state facts and let the reader form his own opinions.

ONE OF BLOOMINGTON'S NEW HOTELS

WITHERS PUBLIC LIBRARY

HOUGHTON'S LAKE

HOW THE SILVER DOLLARS WERE RECEIVED

PORTRAITS of five of those who received awards of silver dollars as high as their head, are presented in this issue. The other portraits were not received in time for October and will appear in November. The letters of appreciation that are pouring in are certainly an inspiration and the highest commendation possible for the conscientious work performed by the committee. A number of Heart Throbs will appear each month. They will not be the highest awards, but will range from A to F. These contributions will be appreciated by our readers and become an important feature of the National, for what is more refreshing than to meet an old friend in print! It is planned to print the prize awards and a number of others in book form later, which will make a rare selection of 1,000 heart gems—selected by the people of the present generation,—beginning with President Roosevelt's favorite heart throb

> "Mine eyes have seen the glory of
> the coming of the Lord"

and the late Secretary Hay's choice of "Crossing the Bar," to the jokes and humorous bits that have endured for generations.

* * *

Mr. Thomas J. Bissell, principal of the Charlton street school, Newark, New Jersey, writing under date of September 5th, says:

"The Adams Express has just delivered to me six hundred and fifty dollars, which has been awarded to me in your Heart Throb Contest. First of all, let me express to you my thanks for the same, and through you to the honorable judges whom I shall also address by letter later.

"About a year ago my attention was called to your magazine, and the offer made. It had the ring of sincerity, and after reading of some of the wonderful things you were doing decided to send you a clipping that I had carried about in my purse for ten years at least. I had read and reread the clipping myself, and thought if ever there was a Heart Throb it surely was contained in the sentiment expressed in that little poem. I have received the magazine every month thereafter, and do not hesitate to say that of all the magazines in circulation none was enjoyed more than the National. I had almost forgotten the matter of a prize. Wednesday evening, August 30, I stopped over night at Hotel Essex, Boston, Massachusetts. I spent Thursday on Boston Common, Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill and the State House. I reached my school on Friday about ten o'clock, and by ten-thirty had your telegram reading, 'Telegraph quick your exact height to the thirty-second of an inch. Verify later in letter before a notary public,' signed, 'Joe Mitchell Chapple.'

THOMAS J. BISSELL, NEWARK, N. J.

"I was too busy to think much, finally concluded that two men in the lobby of the hotel had made a wager on my height. Some of my friends suggested that the police of the Hub were after me, etc. I sent the information desired and when I had time to collect my thoughts the name of Joe Mitchell Chapple rang in my ears, and I knew I had won a prize. Even then I did not dream that I had won so much. I really had forgotten the conditions of the contest. When I received your letter and also the one signed by W. B. Allison and George Dewey as judges, notifying me that I had won, I was really prepared for it. The great surprise came when the Adams Express Company unloaded the six hundred and fifty-three silver dollars.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart and am sure if I were poetically inclined, I could produce the greatest Heart Throb that ever came from a human being. Long live Joe Mitchell Chapple and the National Magazine. May the magazine continue to make the wonderful strides in the future it has in the past. Gratefully,

Thomas J. Bissell.

Newark, N. J.

Mr. Bissell supplies the following facts concerning his career to date: At present principal of Charlton street school, Newark, New Jersey, and secretary and treasurer of the Newark Principal's Association, member of the executive committee of the State Teachers' Association, choirmaster of Memorial Presbyterian church and Peddie Memorial First Baptist church. He was born at Stanhope, Sussex county, New Jersey, October 23, 1865, son of Joseph H. and Susan J. Bissell. He married Clara L. Seitz, and they are the parents of three children, Nina, Ola and Cryil. Mr. Bissell was educated at Stanhope public school, Rutgers college and New Jersey State Normal school. After graduation he was successively and successfully superintendent of schools in Madison, Summit, Belleville, Flemington, New Jersey, and principal of Charlton street school, Newark. He says that he has "always saved clippings of emotion" and has many more that would make a fine collection if published."

⁂

Mr. H. M. Riseley, of New York City, who received a first award has been an occasional contributor of special articles to the National Magazine. Writing from 135 Edgecombe avenue, New York City, under date of September 7, Mr. Riseley thus acknowledges receipt of his budget of silver dollars:

"My Dear Mr. Chapple: The $603 came to hand today by express. I simply cannot tell you how glad I am. They could not have come to one who would try to accomplish more with them.

H. M. RISELEY, NEW YORK CITY

(Enclosure)

"I enclose photo and letter giving biographical sketch, etc., in accordance with your request."

"It is difficult to describe what my feelings were upon opening your letter advising me that I had been awarded one of the 'height' prizes in your 'Heart Throb' contest, except to say that I had to pinch myself — so to speak — before I could believe that it was really so and not a dream.

"Then, too, I might be pardoned for being skeptical, for just once before in my life I won a prize; but simultaneously with the promised date of payment the payer to be went out of business and my bird never came 'in hand' and therefore was worth no more to me than the proverbial 'two in the bush.'

"And so, perhaps, I could not say more for the National Magazine and its most enterprising and original editor, than that in the matter of interesting reading as well as of prizes, you always 'deliver the goods.'

"Now about myself there isn't much to say, but in accordance with your request I send you my photograph and would state that I was born thirty years ago on a farm in Ulster County, New York, the region made famous as the land of Rip Van Winkle. I beg to assure you, however, that 'Rip' could not have slept so peacefully on that farm, for 'Dad' would have had him up every morning at five o'clock milking a goodly sized herd of cows. When about twenty years of age I came to New York City. I don't know as I can say that I had all my worldly goods done up in a red bandana handkerchief, like we read of so much in story books, but I had no trouble in finding storage room. During the ten years I have been here I have been kept pretty busy principally in trying to keep my income UP and my expenses DOWN, a kind of warfare particularly violent in this great Metropolis. Your prize will, therefore, give the scales of my ledger a handsome boost on the right side, and give me a chance to catch my breath for the next round. My career so far has been fairly successful, and I am now an humble servant of a large railroad system, but I have never yet found a place for business or pleasure that dims in any way my cherished memories of the old home. Nor have I missed sending or receiving a weekly letter from there, during that whole time, and this probably accounts for the fact that the verses I sent you, entitled 'With Love — From Mother,' appealed to me so very strongly. Evidently they did to the 'judges' too, I am happy to say, and through them they incidentally 'touched' you, — in more ways than one. I can only add that I sincerely hope that you and your magazine will continue to prosper, and that the prize money which you have so liberally distributed will come back to you eventually a hundred fold."

☘

"St. Louis, Mo., September 1, 1905. Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, Dear Sir: This morning the expressman appeared at my door tugging what seemed to be a 'hefty' bag. He asked if my name corresponded with one he had on his records, and when I proved my identity to his satisfaction, he turned over to me thirty-two pounds of silver dollars. Later on a strong young man took the package on his shoulder and accompanied me to the bank where the silver was counted and checked out $620.00.

MRS. C. I. GAGE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dear Mr. Chapple! I do not know how to find words with which to thank you sufficiently for your great kindness and promptitude in this matter. I shall try to repay you by working for the spread of your magazine, the success of which must be one of your dearest ambitions.

I hope that your fertile brain has already evolved another unique contest for us. It seems to me that such features, faithfully executed (as in this case) cannot fail to be wonderful factors in the permanent growth of a publication; especially as applied to the National Magazine which, when once introduced, needs no other champion.

Wishing you ever increasing prosperity and happiness, and thanking you

again for your courtesy, I remain,
Cordially and sincerely yours,
Mrs. C. J. Gage.
Care Republican Iron & Steel Co.

⁂

Susan E. Dickinson, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, awarded one of the first ten awards, makes the following graceful acknowledgement of the National's notification of her good fortune:

"803 Electric Street, Scranton, Pa., September 4, 1905.—Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, the National Magazine, Boston, Mass.—Dear Sir: Your dispatch of Friday, September 1, asking for my exact height to be wired to you at once was received at a late hour that evening on my return from a brief absence. The son of the friend with whom I make my home took the measurements with great precision, and it corresponds exactly with the measurements, taken before at various times simply to satisfy girls or women of my acquaintance that they were (or were not) a little the taller. The answer to your question was then telephoned down to the Western Union office, from which we are some two miles distant. On Saturday the verification was mailed you.

"This morning I am in receipt of your favor of August 31, being the official one bearing the signatures of Senator Allison and Admiral Dewey, which, apart from their special significance in this contest, I shall prize highly always.

"Enclosed is 'the brief biographical sketch" you ask for. It is the uneventful one of a born scribbler with whom until the past few years the duties of home had a necessary precedence of the pen. To send you a photograph, I shall have to have one taken, not having any in my possession or within reach."

(Enclosure)

"I was educated in the 'Select Schools' of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia and at Westown; this last a boarding school. Taught for a few years in the public schools of Philadelphia. While yet a school girl began publishing verses in the Saturday Evening Post, then still edited by Henry Peterson. Later became for a time a contributor of special articles to the Philadelphia Press, New York Herald and Illustrated Daily Graphic, and of verses over various pen names and finally with my own name. Removed to the Wyoming Valley, and for several years past have resided in Scranton, engaged in newspaper work."

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Mr. J. W. C. Pickering, of Lowell, Massachusetts, awarded one of the ten principal prizes, was made aware of his good luck on his birthday, a fact he made known in the following letter of acknowledgement:

"Your favor informing me that I had been awarded one of the prizes in the 'Heart Throb' contest, received yesterday, September 4. The prize, six hundred and twenty-nine silver dollars, came by American Express today. When I received your telegram on September 1 (the anniversary day of my birth) wishing me to send you my exact height, even to a thirty-second of an inch, it was the first intimation that my contribution had found favor with the impartial judges of your magazine's splendid contest. The formal announcement received yesterday and the silver this morning, I assure you came as a surprise, and I must confess were received with much pleasure and appreciation.

J. W. C. PICKERING, LOWELL, MASS.

The very liberal and fair offer to your subscribers for contributions, either as clippings or original stories, made it possible for anyone of the quarter of million of the National's constituency to take part in the contest, knowing that your own high character and the standing of the judges would give them fair and honorable treatment in the final award. I appreciate this prize, not only for its pecuniary value, but because your judges have considered my 'Heart Throb' worthy of notice among so many contributions from men and women of literary ability and reputation. I believe that the National Magazine, which has been making such rapid strides of late under your able management, is bound to come to the front, and ere long must rank with the top leaders in circulation, not only for the judicious and up-to-date business methods employed in its executive department, but for its value as a twentieth century literary production and a publication such as is desired and will be required in the families and homes throughout our great country.

REV. F. P. FISHER, STANWOOD, IOWA

"As requested, I send, under separate cover, my photograph. In regard to brief biographical sketch, I will simply say I am a native of Lowell and have been engaged in an active business career since starting out in my younger days. Am at present president of the Pickering Manufacturing Company of this city, one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the country of ladies' and gentlemen's knit underwear, our goods not only being sold in every state of the Union, but in many of the foreign countries. Have been connected with our financial institutions and other large corporations, not only in New England, but in the South and West. Was associated with the gentlemen who built up the large telephone corporations in these portions of the country. In a very busy life have found recreation and pleasure, as well as benefit and improvement, in devoting a portion of my time to literary pursuit and religious work.

"Wishing you continued success, I am very sincerely yours,

J. W. C. Pickering.

⁂

"Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple: My Dear Friend, I find myself suddenly in the midst of "fame and fortune" and all on account of the National. The fame I don't know what to do with, the money I can take care of very easily. Permit me to extend my sincere thanks to the National for their generosity, their strict integrity, and their prompt method of doing business. Pardon my delay, please, in the acknowledgement of this. I had waited for the silver to arrive. It came this morning. The telegram announcing the fact was something of a surprise, but more than that, it convinced me that the National is alive and up-to-date, and is in fact as well as name a national magazine. Long may she live. Yours truly,

"Fred P. Fisher."

The subject of this sketch began life as the son of a millwright, Mr. Theodore Fisher, in Rockford, Illinois, soon thereafter moving to Waterloo, Iowa. The parents wisely decided that the country offered the best opportunities for developing manhood and muscle, and, with three boys, moved on a farm four miles from the city. In the early eighties he entered Cornell college, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, was graduated in 1886, and took his master's degree three years later. A year in a bank, two years as deputy clerk of the district court of Harrison county, Iowa, a law student, and now a Methodist pastor in Stanwood, Iowa.

WHERE ROOKWOOD POTTERY IS MADE

EVERY woman,—and possibly many of the men reading the National will be interested in knowing something about Rookwood. I boarded a car to go up "the incline" at Cincinnati. In a short time we reached the summit, and the good natured conductor touched me on the shoulder and pointed to the left:

"There is Rookwood."

"Rookwood?" I said.

"Yes, the real Rookwood," he said, as I still hesitated. In his very glance there was an air of pride as though he felt convinced that these buildings on the summit of Mount Adams are one of the real sights of Cincinnati. The first inspection of Rookwood suggests an artistic chateau in France or a country house in England rather than anything in the nature of a factory, for there is not even a tall chimney. What I saw was a row of gabled, vine covered, stucco buildings, pervaded with a strong suggestion of the artistic — such is Rookwood — and how many homes in the United States have in them some reminder of this ideal enterprise!

Inside the buildings there is much that recalls the glamor of those ancient days when the master potter wrought with his craftsmen for the value and love of the work itself, and not for any profit that might accrue, and it seemed like the beginning of those days so eloquently sung by Rudyard Kipling. That time when

"No one shall work for money, and no one
  shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and
  each in his separate star,
Shall paint the thing as he sees it for the
  God of things as they are."

The impulse toward pottery of this high class in the United States was made manifest in the centennial year, 1876, at Philadelphia, but it was at Rookwood that the work was actually commenced in the year 1880, and we owe the fostering of this beautiful art to Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer, wife of the ambassador to Austria and aunt of Congressman Nicholas Longworth, who had the idea of making art pottery, and named the Rookwood factory after her father's country place near at hand. No more beautiful situation could have been chosen, and before entering the buildings one is impelled to enjoy the view of the stately Ohio river and look out from this fine eminence on the city and its beautiful suburbs.

* * *

Five minutes after I had crossed the threshold I felt convinced that I was in a place where artistic attainment was the basis of all effort. It was my good fortune to be shown about by Mrs. Adams, who had charge of the exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition and who — like everyone else connected with Rookwood — is thoroughly in love with her work. We

went first to the room where the different vases and pieces of pottery were shown, still moist from the hands of the makers. At this point the soft, malleable clay is given individuality by the delicate touch of the artists' brushes, every detail being as distinctive as the last touches given to a great picture by a master hand. It only required a glance about the room to feel assured that this is indeed a rendezvous for artists—men and women "artistic" to their finger tips.

The artists who work here are students from the Art Academy of Cincinnati, an institution that has done more, perhaps, than anything else to give an impetus to artistic expression and the development of a high standard of taste throughout the Middle West.

This is the place where the artisan and the artist combine their efforts and produce a perfect work of art. Nothing is made by pattern nor are duplicates permitted. Each article reflects a spirit of freedom and broadness in the conception with a delicacy of feeling which shows that the personnel of the workers is given full play. The artist first decides upon and perfects his model, and then come the workers who put concentrated skill and energy into making the article perfect with the deft touch of twirling fingers or with the "throwing" apparatus, which makes even the workmanship in the modelling department a triumph of individual craftsmanship. On the moist clay, before the firing is done, the colors—and what artistic colors they are—for which the Rookwood is famous are mixed with the clay and become a veritable part of it, rather than merely an outside coating. The blending of shades, the treatment and the decoration of the vases, is always a labor of love, and is pregnant with artistic enthusiasm. After the decoration has been completed the pieces are fired and the various glazes are afterward applied. All this care in the manufacture accounts for the unmatchable beauty of the under glaze effect of this pottery—a beauty only attained at tremendous risk and expense.

The glazes have the effect of glass over a pastel, but this high glaze finish is not the only kind used in Rookwood, for the dull mat glazing is to be found here in unequalled beauty. This kind of ware has become exceedingly popular in recent years and was first made here in 1896. It was most fascinating to go through the work rooms and long line of studios at Rookwood, for on every side were the evidences of genuine artistic effort.

In his snug office, under the gables, with the quaint dormer windows, and on the walls many rare works of art — contributed by Rookwood enthusiasts — I found Mr. W. W. Taylor, manager of the concern since 1883, when he assumed the direction of the works. It is not necessary to talk long with Mr. Taylor to discover that if there ever was a man thoroughly in love with his work it is the director of Rookwood. It is plain to see that under his leadership the workers at Rookwood were inspired with the desire to produce quality rather than quantity.

In the display room it was

interesting to see a number of spectators looking upon the vases which cost upward of $1,000, and it was indeed fascinating to inspect that other rare achievement in the way of Chinese Oxblood, the articles in mat glazing, the lamps, the tea sets — in fact all that array of beautiful products which might be studied day after day by connoisseurs and lovers of the beautiful without danger of weariness. If there is any one institution more than another that emphasizes the wonderful artistic development of America in recent years, it is Rookwood. This name has become a criterion, and wherever one finds a home possessing even one piece of this pottery the conviction comes that the owner of the house is blessed with excellent taste.

* * *

Of all the pieces displayed, nothing is more attractive to me than those decorated with the beautiful sea green shades, where the darting fish sun themselves in translucent waters; or those lovely iris designs that speak of the influence of Japanese art in the person of a son of the flowery land who is one of the artists at work in Rookwood.

The value of each piece of pottery is determined rather by an artistic standard than by the actual time or effort spent upon it. An article which was produced in a comparatively short time may be more highly valued than a piece of less original design which took much longer to execute. Apparently the days when "potter was jealous of potter" are gone, for whatever the valuation of the work, there seems to be no break in the harmony at Rookwood.

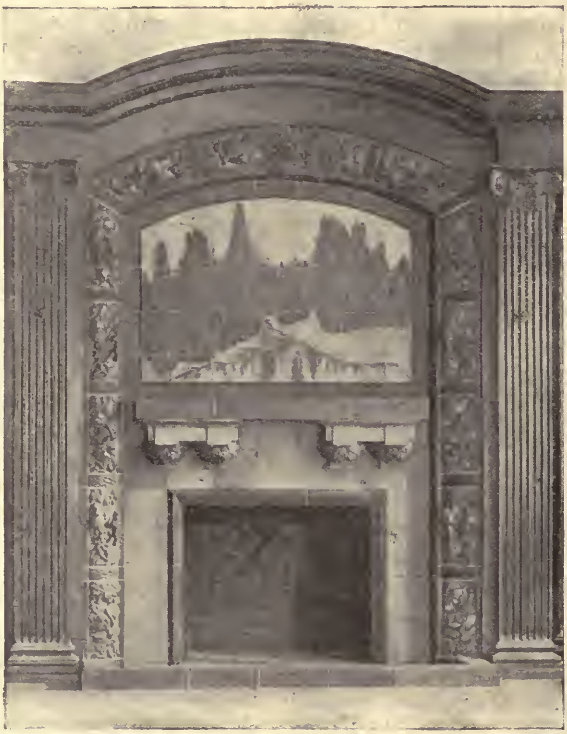
It was here for the first time in my life that I understood the fascination that might attach to being a vase connoisseur, for I noticed among the visitors several who stood, apparently motionless for hours, before one piece, absorbed in deep study, their eyes glistening with appreciation. I think if every reader of the National could see what I saw that beautiful August day, they would all avail themselves of the first opportunity of securing a piece of Rookwood for their homes. That beautiful room had an attractiveness that even an art gallery hardly possesses, for in this building may be seen the actual work in process of completion. The production at Rookwood seems to be a combination of painting and statuary, and the beautiful pieces of pottery seen on the mantels and in every part of American homes speak a message to the lover of work, telling of the joy of work for its own sake.

Perhaps no industry has been more utilized than pottery in "pointing a moral," for here are many pieces made from the same clay, yet with as much individuality and as strong a difference as exists in the personality of the artists who have designed the various pieces. I found that there were absolutely no two vases alike, which must greatly enhance the value of Rookwood to the modern woman, who has the joy of knowing that she possesses in her "Rookwood" something absolutely unique. Imitation, too, is impossible, for every genuine piece of Rookwood is impressed with the trade mark, the P and R combined, while the flame at the top of the mark indicates to the initiated, the date of the piece so that anyone familiar with Rookwood trade mark can tell the exact year the article under inspection was made. The decorator's initials are also an interesting study, and among them may be found many names well known in American art circles.

The rare specimens of "Tiger Eye," first made in Rookwood in 1884, attract a great deal of admiration. This class of pottery has been manufactured in Sevres, Copenhagen and Berlin, but never have the products of even these famous potteries equalled the "Tiger Eye" made in Rookwood.

* * *

Of recent years Rookwood has achieved another triumph and acquired a reputation for architectural decoration, such as the bas reliefs in the subway in New York City, in Fulton street, which show the first steamboat; or the decorations in Wall street, where the old stockade is depicted from which the street was originally named. Church decoration, mantels, friezes and all sorts of artistic decoration for the home or for public buildings are exquisitely executed by the Rookwood workers, and a visit to this pottery is proof conclusive that it is not necessary to go to Europe to secure the most artistic decoration for handsome homes, churches and public buildings.



During my call at Rookwood I noticed many of the studios vacant, the artists being away on their vacations in all parts of the country, searching for new ideas, fresh inspiration from the fields and forests, for the unique conceptions which distinguish Rookwood. There never was a time when artistic production was more appreciated in America than now, for as our prosperity increases we are better able to value the luxuriant, yet simple, beauty of such works of art as the Rookwood pottery, of which every piece possesses that subtle "something" of which one never wearies. In these inanimate vases there is a greeting, a message, an influence, that becomes a veritable part of the life of the owner.

Hail to Rookwood and its awakening of the art impulse — Rookwood, that stands for superlative in craftsmanship as well as for the highest art ideals in the adornment of our homes!

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

ONE of the unique features of the National for the future will be the printing at random of some of the selections of those who secured awards.

It is not possible for us to publish a budget of the pages of Heart Throb selections as we had intended, for October. The pages are ready, but the delay is occasioned by waiting for permission to republish the copyright selections. We have applied for this permission, but have not received some of the responses in time to get the matter in this magazine.

I wish I could express my appreciation of the letters which are coming in not only from those who received awards but from those who did not, but still are anxious to see some of their old favorites in print in the pages of the National.

We are now contemplating printing the entire list sent in, or as many of them as we can find space for, in a handsome book, with illuminated cover, on which will be a reproduction of the celebrated drawing of "grandmother with her scrap book," which appeared on our March cover. It is difficult to say just when this book will be ready, but we hope in time for the holiday trade, as with its gilt edges, gold lettering on the cover, and pretty arrangement of verse and prose it will be just the thing for a Christmas or New Year gift. This book should be one of the most unique ever issued, as the matter in reality is chosen by the thousands of individuals who have sent in their favorite poems or prose. The names of those contributing will be printed in the index in connection with the title, so that everyone will know what everyone else sent in. The price will be $1.50, and if you are interested it would be well to send on an order at once to be put on file. If the book is printed before December 20 the order will hold good, otherwise it will be considered cancelled. The books will be shipped in the order the requests are received, so it would be well to send in your order at once and you can send in money later if convenient. This will enable you to make a gift of unusual interest to your friends, as it will represent the heart feeling of thousands of your fellow countrymen and women, and will preserve many favorite gems in prose and verse.

* * *

LET'S talk it over—well, yes. Heretofore I have done most of the talking, but now I sit back in my old rocking chair and look at the pyramids of letters piled high on my desk. We will not quote from the old masters but from real, living writers this time. I reach out, draw one from the pile without any special care as to selection. Let them come as they will. This comes from Iowa, good old state.

"I suppose that the money you send is for one of the clippings sent in some time ago. I thank you very much; it is another link in the chain that binds me to the National and to Joe."

Now for another. This is from Wisconsin:

"Your letter of September 7 received, containing a "heart throb" for me in the shape of a check, for which please accept my thanks. I am proud that my selections won the approval of your judges, and also greatly pleased to be in possession of the three autographs contained in your said letter.

Then comes a friend who wishes to frame the judges letter and adds:

"This was the most unique and at the same time the most interesting magazine contest that I have ever known."

"From Minnesota we have:

"I received your announcement of the fact that I had been awarded a prize for contribution to your contest. Of course I did not expect anything of the kind, because I acted hurriedly and only took part to push along a good thing."

Another reads:

"I thank you very much for the little award you send me for my contribution. It was altogether unexpected, I assure you, consequently all the more appreciated. When you first suggested the idea I thought it a fine one for your subscribers. . . . . I will return you the check and you can please use it for my subscription, which I think is about out."

I look to see where this good friend lives, and find it is South Carolina.

A Massachusetts contributor writes:

"Am very much pleased to receive award in the Heart Throb contest, the check for which is here by acknowledged. It was not required as an incentive to work for your magazine."

Another from the same state reads:

"I can hardly express to you the surprise and pleasure with which I received your letter this evening, awarding a prize to one of my contributions in your Heart Throb contest. I thank you most cordially and only hope the same profit will accrue to you and your magazine that you have bestowed upon others."

From New York I have this letter:

"Your valued gift received and to partly show my appreciation for same I wish to have the enclosed dollar entered as a subscription to the National for one year beginning with September, 1905, number."

But the next letter I take up is from a friend who has not won an award. She writes on other business and then says:

"I am pleased with the National Magazine and am not disappointed in not receiving a prize—I really did not expect it," and the entire letter is in just as friendly a tone as though she had won the biggest award. This is only one of many letters of this kind that we have received, while many of our subscribers write us that now they are on our books for five, seven or ten years they feel a special interest in the magazine, and almost regard themselves as part owners, which in reality they are.

Talk about reciprocity! I wish you could see our own checks come pouring back to us as payment for future subscriptions to the National. I think this must have been as great a surprise to me as the receipt of the checks seems to have been to those who received awards. It is a singular fact that the people who expected to receive awards did not get them, while those who sent in contributions merely because they personally admired the selection, were the people who drew the prizes, though of course we could not know these details until they afterward wrote us. The letters are what count; for, as Secretary Hay so well said, no man is too successful to appreciate a word of praise or encouragement. But perhaps the most delightful compliment I ever had was the sight of a number of subscription cards where every square left blank for the various years was covered right across the card.

Every subscriber helps to make the National better. Just ask your friends about subscribing.

DURING a recent visit in England, we arrived in Manchester, and as we drove along the busy streets of the "city of looms" I noticed among other things the statue of Cromwell, with its rough hewn pedestal of granite, which seemed especially suited to the iron character of the man. As we were enjoying a drive in a hansom, passing from one part of the city to another, the lady at my side suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, there is where our toothpaste is made!"

True enough, there were the modest letters, "Jewsbury & Brown," makers of the Oriental Toothpaste, so familiar to us, in the convenient little china jars. For Oriental Toothpaste has been the standard for the best trade in the world for many years past. It is surprising to note the widespread use of this article in the United States, and its popularity, like all popularity that endures, is based on merit. Perhaps it is not too much to say that in all lands where toothpaste is used, the Oriental has won its honestly earned laurels.

It was strange how seeing that familiar name on this occasion impressed us. How often we had looked upon the little labels in the bathroom at home and never dreamed that we should one day visit the place where those tiny porcelain jars were filled with their valuable and useful contents—for what can be of more value than that which helps to preserve the teeth?

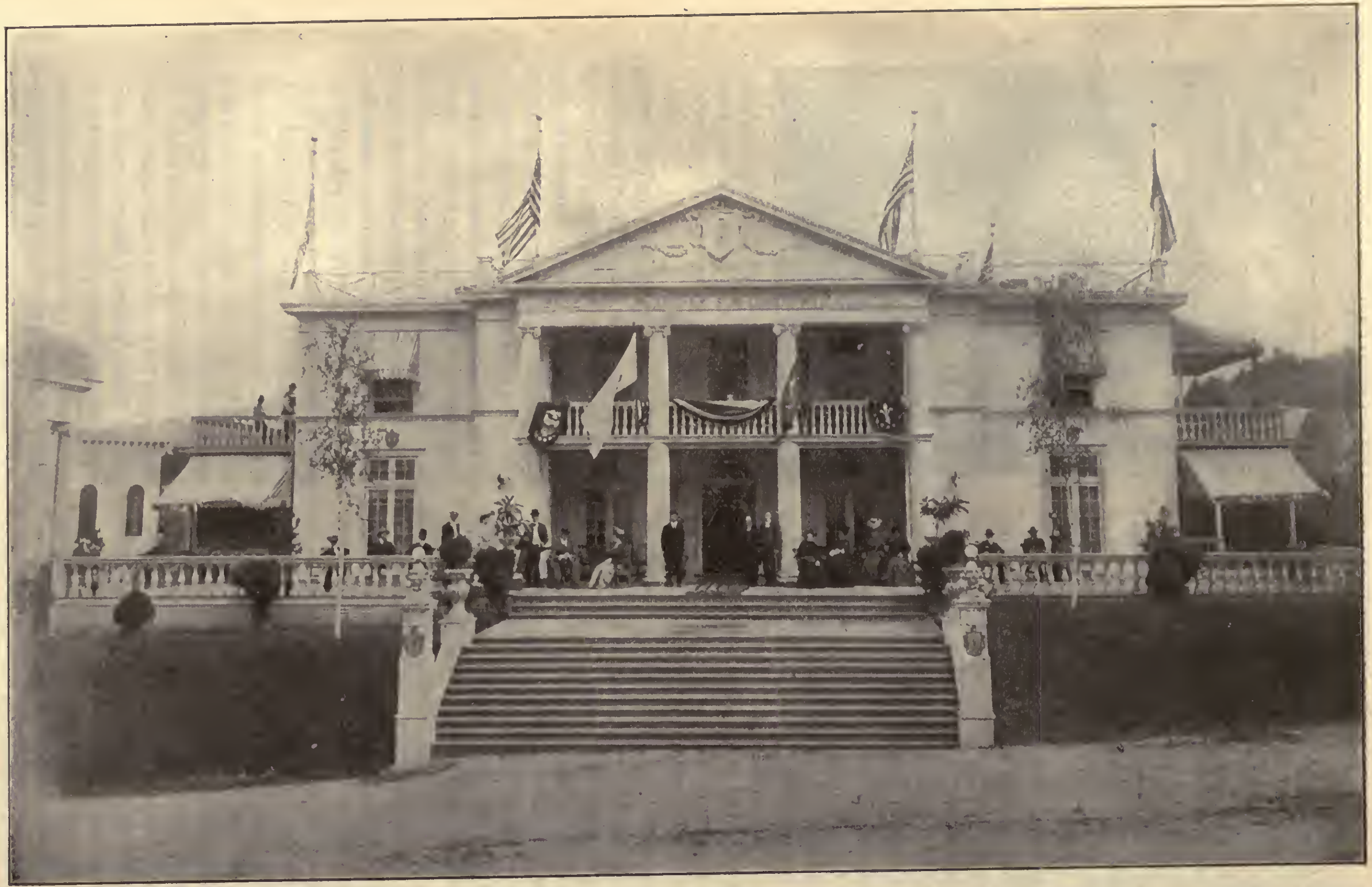
Ardwick Green,—there is something antique in the very name. There is a sort of old English substantiality and picturesqueness about it. How many times the use of that red paste night and morning had been a part of my toilet, but I little dreamed when I used the Oriental day by day that my first advertising contract secured for the National Magazine on foreign soil would be given by Jewsbury & Brown, proprietors of the Oriental Toothpaste and one of the largest firms of manufacturers and exporters of mineral waters in the United Kingdom.

ESTABLISHMENT OF JEWSBURY AND BROWN, MAKERS OF "ORIENTAL" TOOTH PASTE, ARDWICK GREEN, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

There are many thousand readers of the National to whom this name has become familiar through the medium of their frequently recurring advertising.

The exchange of products in this way has, I believe, had much to do with the amity between the nations. While the American mind may insist on the superlative quality of everything manufactured in this country, still it must be confessed that it is human nature to recognize that quality is a world wide standard, and its recognition is universal. I know that the interest of our readers in this product will be enhanced by this little sketch, for I fancy that there are few Americans who have visited Manchester, England, who have not come upon this interesting spot.

No souvenir carried away from England was more prized than that little pot of Oriental Toothpaste, presented at the factory to the lady of the party.



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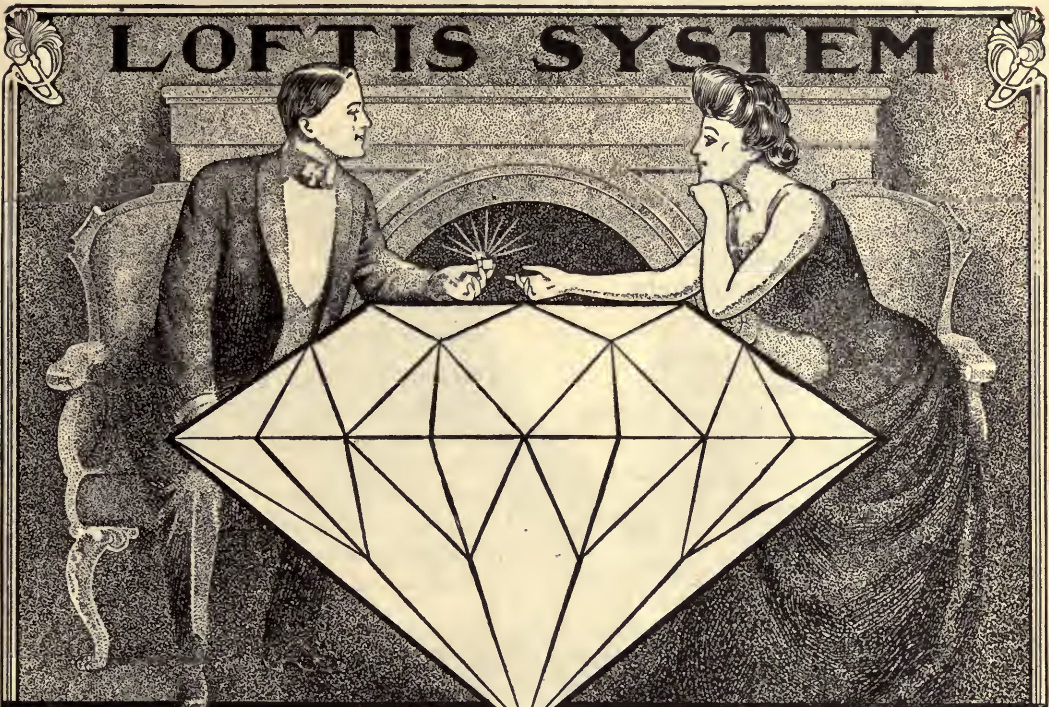

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The Gold Medal, Highest Award which we won at the World's Fair, St. Louis.

Our Little Steel Safe will help you to save a Diamond. We furnish one to every person whether a customer or not. Put the Little Safe on your desk, bureau, bench or table and every day drop into it the stray pennies, nickels and dimes that are frittered away without notice. Do this for a few days and you will have the first payment ready for a Diamond. We will deliver the Diamond at once while you keep the little savings bank at work saving the small amounts necessary to meet the monthly payments as they mature. *Write Today.*

The Old Reliable Original Diamonds on Credit House.

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Address to the Unco' Guid or the Rigidly Righteous

My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that ever was dight,
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a well gaun mill,
Supplied wi store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce wisdom's door,
For Glaikit folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propose defences,
Their donise tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state with theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What raging must his veins convulse
That still eternal gallop;
Wi wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on you scud your sea way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco lee way.

See social life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Til quite transmugrify'ed, the're grown,
Debauchery and drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
The eternal consequences;
Or your more dreadful Hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving Why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, t'is he alone,
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

—Robert Burns.

⁂

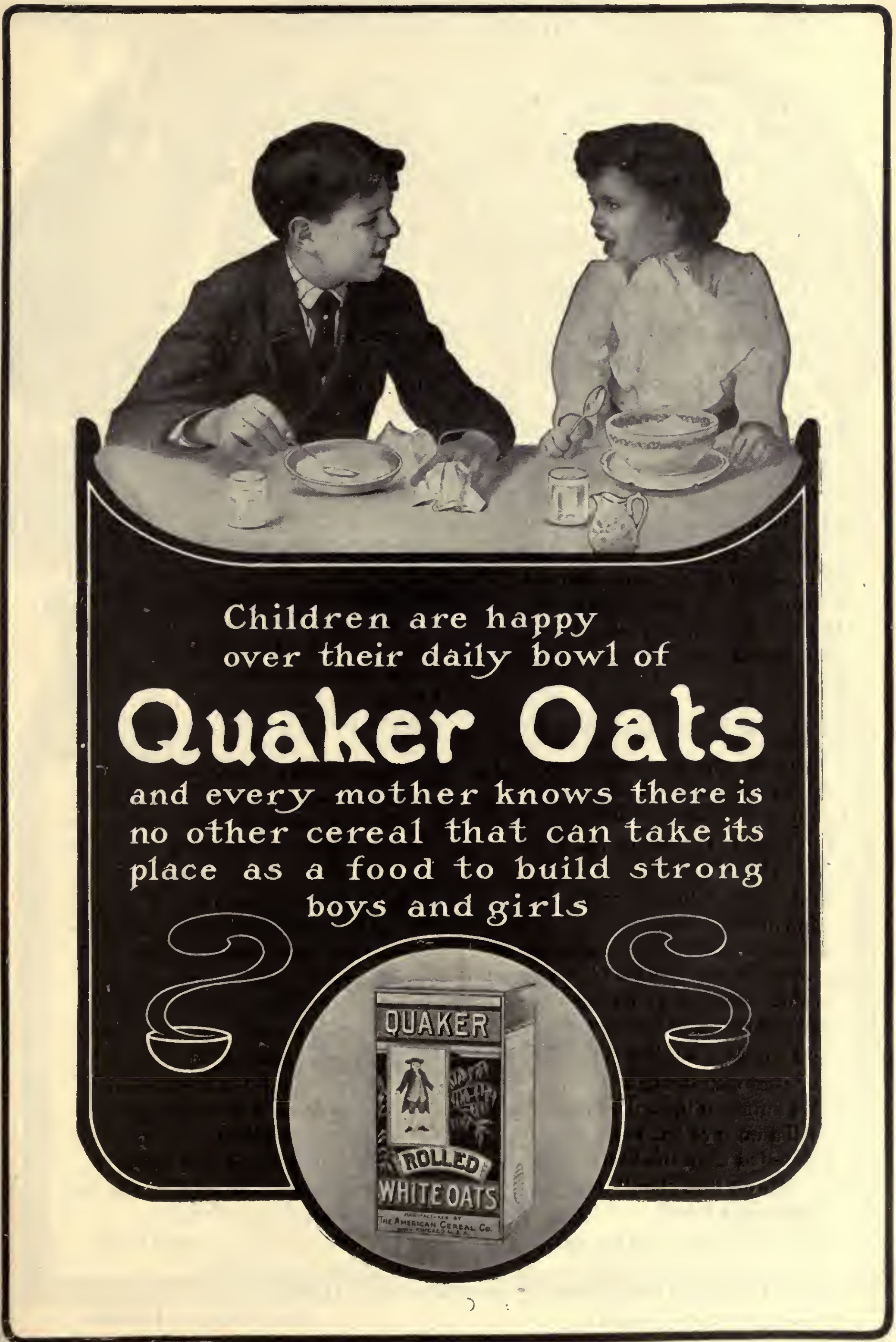
Come, Rest In This Bosom

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! What was love made for, if 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in the heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss.
And thy angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee—or perish here too!

—Thomas Moore.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ROLLED
WHITE OATS
MANUFACTURED BY
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Children are happy
over their daily bowl of

Quaker Oats

and every mother knows there is
no other cereal that can take its
place as a food to build strong
boys and girls

"HEART THROBS" AT RANDOM

Consequences

A traveler on the dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time,
To breath his early vows,

And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern.
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;

He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He paused again, and lo! the well,
By Summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became

A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
Admonitory flame;
The thought was small, its issue great;
A watchfire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on that tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—

It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first
But mighty at the last.

—New York Magazine.

◆

Crossing the Bar

This is the favorite poem of the late Secretary John Hay

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea:

But such a time as ocean seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.

◆

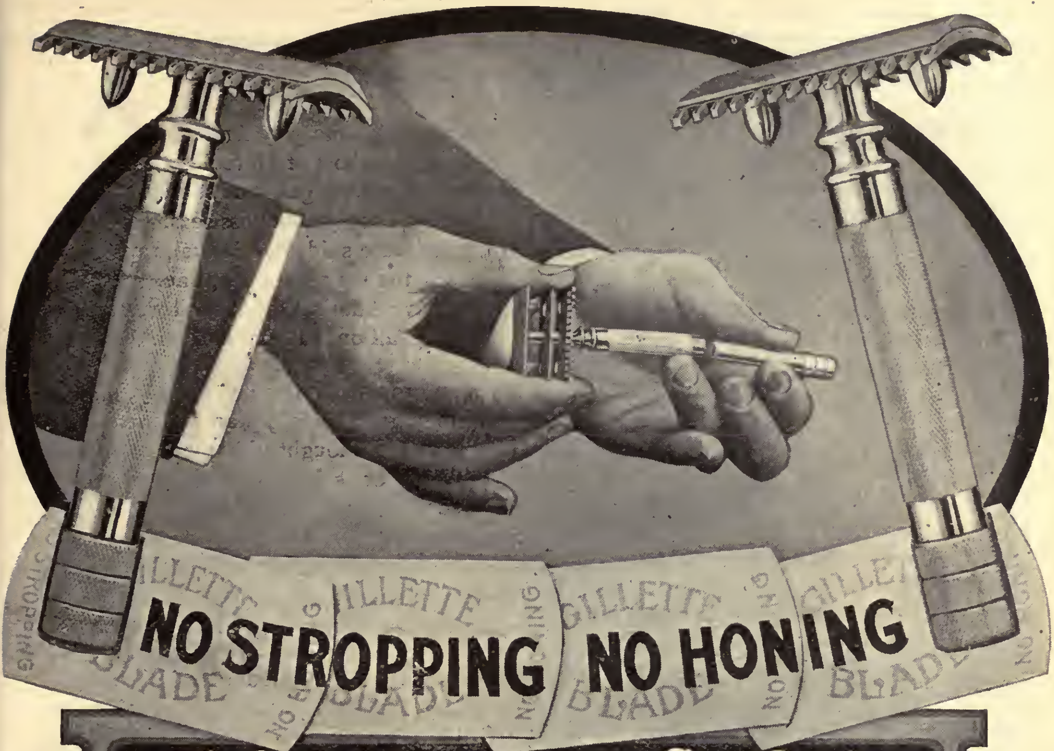
A well known Indiana man,
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)

—San Francisco Bulletin.



Gillette Safety Razor

There are several kinds of safety razors — the **Gillette Safety Razor** — and the other kinds.

Most other safety razors have been on the market for years. **The Gillette Safety Razor is a new idea,** and is the **only** safety razor made on the right principle, insuring a **clean, sure, easy,** and **comfortable** shave to the man who uses it.

One of the indisputable proofs of its success is that **hundreds of thousands are now in use.** Every one sold and used means a happy, satisfied customer, ever ready to sing its praise. Every Gillette Razor sold (and every day shows a steady increase in sales) proves that the man who buys a Gillette is not satisfied with the other kind or with the other method.

For comfort, health, and economy's sake shave yourself the Gillette way. Once that way, never again the other.

The price of the Gillette Safety Razor is **$5.00** complete in an attractive, compact, velvet-lined case.

The Razor is **triple silver-plated;** has **12 thin, flexible, highly tempered** and keen double-edged blades. These blades are sharpened and ground by a secret process and **require no honing or stropping.**

Each blade will give from twenty to forty smooth and delightful shaves. You therefore have by using a Gillette Safety Razor **400 shaves without stropping,** at less than 1 cent a shave.

Over 200,000 now in use.

Ask your dealer for the Gillette Safety Razor. Accept no substitute. He can procure it for you.

Write to-day for our interesting booklet which explains our 30-day free trial offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours does not, we will.

KING C. GILLETTE

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
1141 Times Building
42d Street and Broadway, New York

"HEART THROBS" AT RANDOM

Bereaved

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck—the hands you used
To kiss—such arms—such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say something
Between the tears, that would be comforting.
But oh!—so sadder than yoursely am I,
Who have no child to die!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Afterwhile

Afterwhile we have in view
The old home to journey to;
Where the Mother is, and where
Her sweet welcome waits us there,
How we'll click the latch that locks
In the pinks and hollyhocks,
And leap up the path once more
Where she waits us at the door,
How we'll greet the dear old smile
And the warm tears, afterwhile.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

My Symphony

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion: to be worthy, not respectable: and wealthy, not rich: to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly: to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart: to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never: in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common.

This is to be my symphony.

—Willam Henry Channing.

Columbus

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the ghost of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, now let us pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone,
Speak brave Admiral, what shall we say?
Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on.

My men grow mutinous day by day,
My men grow ghastly wan and weak,
The first mate thought of home,
A spray of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
Say Admiral, say, what shall we do,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?
Why, you should say at break of day,
Sail on, sail on, sail on and on.

They sailed, they sailed as winds that blow,
Until at last the first mate said:
Why, not even God would know
Though all my men and I were dead.
The very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Speak brave Admiral, what shall we say?
Sail on, sail on, sail on and on.

Then I sailed, then I sailed then spake the mate,
The mad sea shows his teeth tonight,
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,
As lifted teeth he wished to bite.
Say Admiral, say, just one good word,
What shall we do, when hope is gone?
The words leaped as a leaping sword,
Sail on, sail on, sail on and on.

Then pale and wan he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah! that night,
Of all dark nights, and then a speck,
A light, a light, a light, a light;
It grew; a starlight flag unfurled;
It grew to be time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world; he gave that world,
Its grandest lesson: On! Sail on.

—Joaquin Miller

A Good Income

may be obtained immediately from any idle money you have on hand by simply depositing it in this bank at

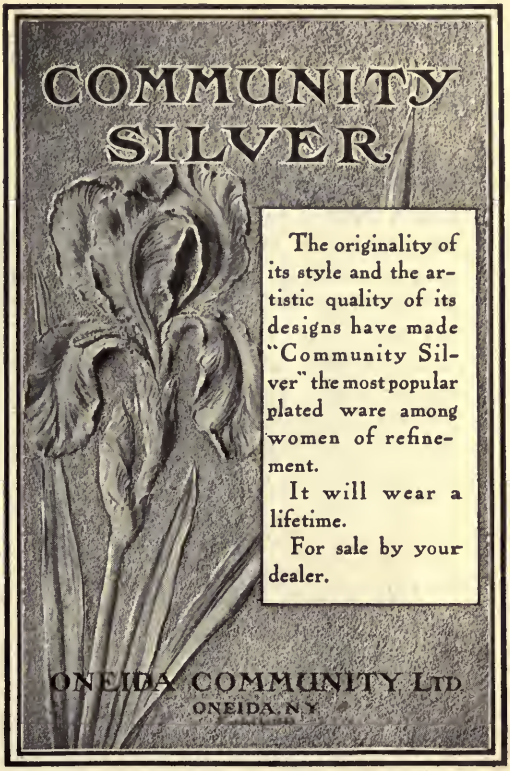
4% Annual Interest

payable or compounded semi-annually. It's an investment in which both principal and interest are absolutely secure, and quickly available. Write for booklet "A" describing the bank and its system of mail accounts.

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK

Capital, $1,000,000.00

Frick Building PITTSBURGH, PA.



COMMUNITY SILVER

The originality of its style and the artistic quality of its designs have made "Community Silver" the most popular plated ware among women of refinement.

It will wear a lifetime.

For sale by your dealer.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD
ONEIDA, N.Y.

COOPER'S

Spring Needle DERBY RIBBED UNDERWEAR

Appeals to Men of Fine Habits in Dress

Made of the Spring Needle fabric of remarkable elasticity, knitted on machines of our own invention and manufacture. The garments made from this fabric are of the finest yarns and their hygienic value is unsurpassed. They always retain their original shape even after the hardest wear. **From first to last they maintain that same elegant silky feel and easy, comfortable and natural fit.**

They are made in two-piece and union suits, in various sizes, weights and colors.

Ask for the genuine COOPER'S TRADE MARK DERBY C RIBBED REGISTERED UNDERWEAR

COOPER MFG. CO.
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

Look for this trade mark COOPER'S TRADE MARK DERBY C RIBBED REGISTERED UNDERWEAR

The First Steamboat Passage Money Ever Paid

Says the narrator of this incident:

"I chanced to be in Albany when Fulton arrived with his unheard of craft, the Claremont, which everybody was so anxious to see. Being ready to leave, and hearing the strange looking boat was about to return to New York, I went on board, and inquiring for Mr. Fulton was directed to the cabin, where I found a plain looking, but gentlemanly appearing man, wholly alone.

"'Mr. Fulton, I presume?'

"'Yes sir.'

"'Do you return to New York with this boat?'

"'We shall try to get back, sir."

"'Can I have passage down?'

"'You can take your chance with us, sir.'

"'How much is the passage money?'

"After a moment's hesitation, he named the sum of six dollars, and I laid the coins in his hand.

"With his eyes fixed upon the money, he remained so long motionless that I concluded there was a miscount, and asked:

"'Is that right, sir?'

"The question roused him; he looked up, tears brimming his eyes and his voice faltering as he said:

"'Excuse me, sir, but memory was busy, and this is the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation; I would order a bottle of wine to commemorate the event, but really, sir, I am too poor.'

"The voyage to New York was successful and terminated without accident or delay.

"Four years later, when the Claremont, greatly improved and renamed the North River, and two sister boats, the Car of Neptune and the Paragon, were regularly plying between New York and Albany, I again took passage.

"The cabin was below and well filled with passengers. As I paced to and fro I observed a man watching me closely, and thought he might be Fulton, and as I passed him our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet eagerly extending his hand and exclaiming:

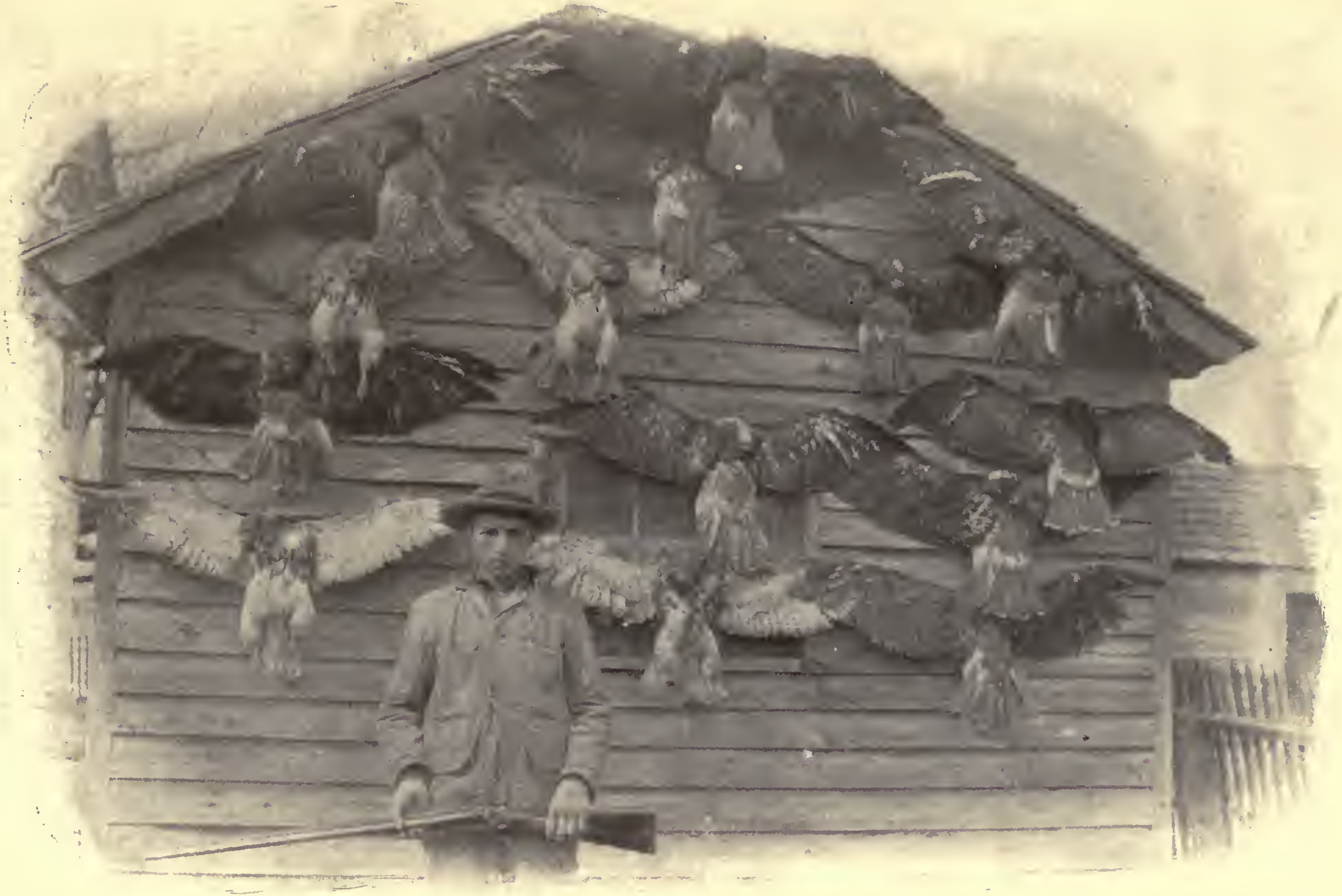
"'I knew it must be you. I have never forgotten your features. Come, I can now afford that bottle of wine.'

"'As we discussed the nice lunch he ordered spread for us, Mr. Fulton ran rapidly and vividly over his experiences of the past few years. He spoke of the world's coldness and sneers, of the hopes, fears, disappointments and difficulties which had followed him through his whole career of discovery up to his final crowning triumph of success.

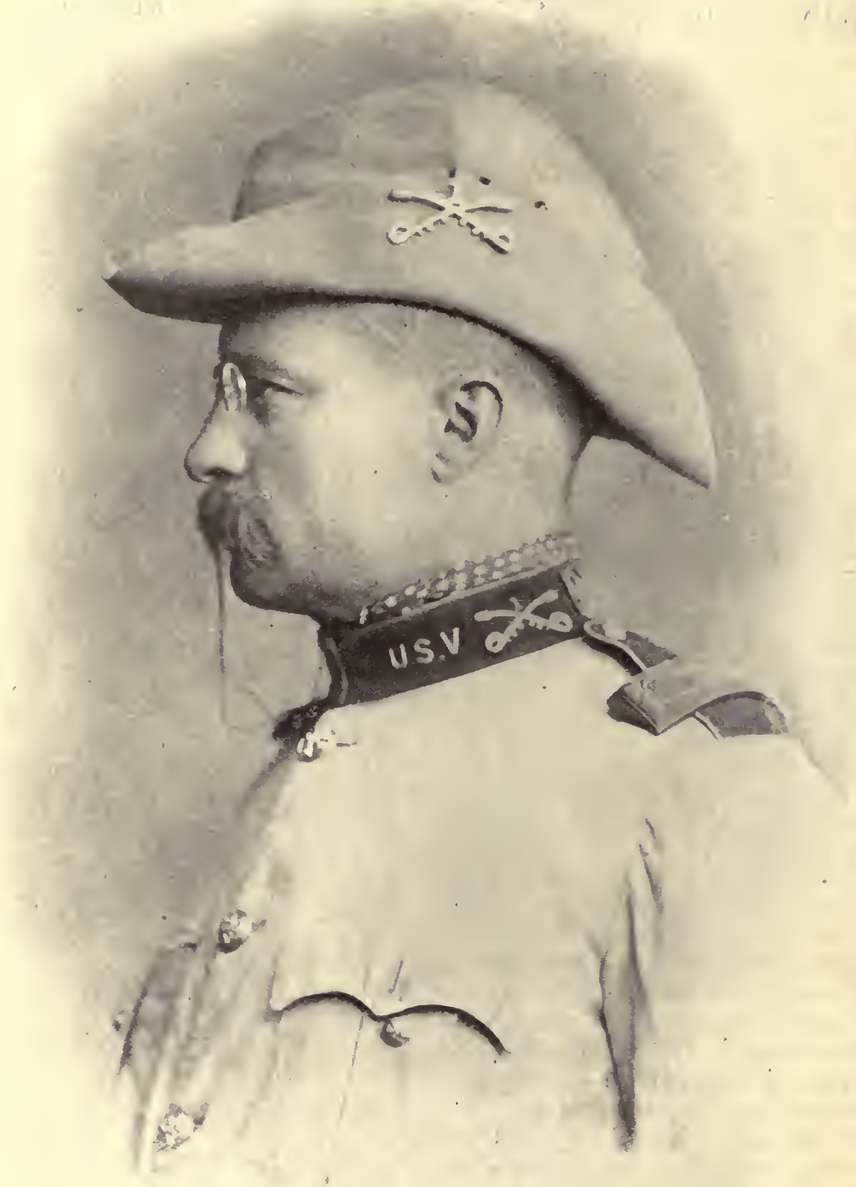
'I have again and again recalled our first meeting at Albany and the vivid emotions caused by your paying me that first passage money. That sir, seemed then, and still seems, the turning point in my destiny,—the dividing line between light and darkness—the first actual recognition of my usefulness from my fellow men. God bless you, sir! That act of yours gave me the courage I needed.'"

⁂

A clergyman, anxious to introduce some new hymn books, directed the clerk to give out a notice in church in regard to them immediatey after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give out with reference to the baptism of infants. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he announced: "All those who have children they wish baptized please send in their names at once." The clergyman, who was deaf, supposing that the clerk was giving out the hymn book notice, immediately arose and said: "And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained of me any day between three and four o'clock; the ordinary little ones at fifteen cents, and special ones with red backs at twenty-five cents each."



HAWKS ☙ Photograph by Cora J. Sheppard, Shiloh, New Jersey



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PEACE ADVOCATE

Photograph copyright 1898 by Rockwood, New York

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

OF all incidents associated with the career of Theodore Roosevelt, none reaches the superb heights of heart interest attained in the leave-taking of his old friends and neighbors at Oyster Bay, before returning to Washington for the Winter. It is the heart qualities that make or unmake a man, as well as determine the effect of large movements. Here were school children, with fluttering flags and songs, the stately sheriffs, old neighbors and friends of youth and manhood, all assembled to bid the president godspeed as he left the little brick station at Oyster Bay. The refrain of the song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," had a touch of devotion and sincerity that met with a response throughout the nation. It was a ripple of the uplift which has taken firm hold of the conscience of the nation. With all his determination and energy, President Roosevelt could never be termed a scold, and in this instance there was a revelation of the wonderful heart power of the man, such as nothing else could furnish. For upon a man's personal relations with his fellow men must his public acts be founded.

Витте

Witte

SHOWING THE SIGNATURE OF WITTE, THE RUSSIAN STATESMAN AND CHIEF PEACE ENVOY, IN RUSSIAN AND IN ENGLISH SCRIPT

Near the new office of the town clerk stands the only form of inscription in bronze or stone that indicates that one inhabitant of Oyster Bay has become president of the United States. This is the inscription on the old cannon which was unveiled by the president on its presentation to the village of Oyster Bay.

On reaching Washington, the triumphal ride down historic Pennsylvania avenue was like another inauguration. Crowds of people followed to the very gate of the White House, and there, in the fading light of the Autumn evening, he rose in the carriage, with his family about him, and bade his friends "good night and good luck." It was a graphic and thrilling picture of the simplicity and cohesiveness of our own democracy as exemplified in Theodore Roosevelt. Here were not the wild plaudits of hero worshippers, hurrying this way today and another way tomorrow, but a well defined and hearty respect for one whom the world has delighted to honor. It was a glimpse of the real relationship of the president to the people of a great republic, and conclusive evidence that he directs his policies through the people rather than through statesmen.

During the closing days of the Summer at Oyster Bay I drove to "The Hill." On the way I passed the stately white mansion whose colonial pillars suggest the southern origin of the president's mother. He still owns this old estate, but has leased it. Passing on to the pond at Young's, the Stars and Stripes greet the traveler at the turn of the road. Skirting the shore of Oyster Bay and turning again to the right, we passed to the summit of the hill, where the president's home stands in a wide stretch of green.

Under the hickory trees the secret service man sat in a souvenir chair composed of antlers, for the president is guarded by a solitary sentinel day and night. The drive encircles the house, and an endless procession passed up and down the hill during the Summer. At the junction of two roads is the tennis court, now deserted and covered with fallen leaves. Near the veranda was the president, vigorously at work, attired in gray knickerbockers—the very picture of seasoned health. Two days earlier an important conference had been held at Sagamore Hill and the visitors managed to elude the efforts of the ever watchful newspaper men by taking a new road across the country to catch the train, thus preserving until the proper time the plans which had been formulated in a few hours in the "new workshop" at the top of the hill.

MR. OSCAR RICKETTS, THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE FOREMAN WHO HAS BEEN PUT IN CHARGE OF THE INSTITUTION PENDING THE CHOICE OF A PERMANENT SUCCESSOR TO FRANK W. PALMER, RETIRED

Photograph by National Press Association

There is something exhilarating as well as melancholy in the return of Autumn, but if there ever was a man who left his Summer playground justified in feeling satisfied with work well and successfully done, it was Theodore Roosevelt as he drove down the winding road of Oyster Bay on his return journey to Washington, and the simple executive offices over the grocery store were closed for the Winter.

It may be of interest to know that real oysters grow at Oyster Bay, and that the president's one regret was that he was returning just before the oyster season had begun. So, contrary to the general impression, Oyster Bay came honestly and appropriately by its name.

⁂

Before visiting Oyster Bay I had been to Portsmouth. I am one of those people who take a keen interest in looking over the field after the battle has been fought, or visiting the playground after the actors have vanished. As a boy I made a point of going to the circus field the day after the circus had gone away, and I well remember how unreal it seemed to find nothing but the ring marked upon the trodden grass and the holes where the tents had been fastened—the only visible evidences of the gaiety of the night before. The newspaper men at Portsmouth were like the

VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS AND SENATOR BURROWS OF MICHIGAN ON THE BRIDGE OF THE REVENUE CUTTER TUSCARORA LEADING THE NAVAL PARADE THROUGH THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL ON AUGUST 2, THE OCCASION BEING THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING OF THE CANAL

Photographs by Clyde Hayden

little boys and girls whose parents do not approve of circuses; no reporters of any description were admitted to the "Island of Peace."

From Portsmouth I drove down Sagamore avenue, over the road on which the Pope-Toledo automobiles had buzzed back and forth during the Summer, carrying envoys from the Hotel Wentworth to the peace conference rooms, about three miles from the city. The road passed a large and populous cemetery, for Portsmouth is one of the few cities in America that has preserved the quaintness of colonial days, and this old world touch was not dispelled when I reached the Wentworth. In the damp gloom of the rainy day the hotel seemed "like some banquet hall deserted," and as I passed in to go to the rooms that had been occupied by the envoys, I was surprised to hear a sound of life — the ghostly ticking of the telegraph instruments under the stairway. At the turn of the stairs I was startled by a life size figure of a negro in terra cotta, and on reaching the rooms found them still strewn with pens, paper and other evidences of hasty departure. I was presented with a pen used by one of the Japanese envoys, a simple souvenir of a great event. Passing out of the hotel, I paused a moment to look back. It is a great, white frame structure, with bevelled front. In front of the house masses of granite were surrounded by beds of scarlet flowers, whose colors contrasted well with the dark surface of the rock. Off in the distance the Atlantic presented a typical view of that rock bound coast, and near at hand were the navy yard and the waters of the Piscataqua river. But a ghostly air clung about the place, and I seemed to see again the towering form of Witte, a gigantic, picturesque figure in the foreground of the conference, in marked contast with the diminutive Japanese, Takahira and Komura.

HONORABLE PETER WHITE, PRESIDENT OF THE SAULT STE. MARIE CELEBRATION COMMISSION, POSED FOR THE NATIONAL'S PHOTOGRAPHER ON THE STEPS OF THE IROQUOIS HOTEL

⁂

I crossed the ferry to the island where the treaty had been signed and where the envoys had been as remote and free from disturbance as Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, only these modern Robinsons were not alone. Witte had plenty of company. I recalled those early days of the conference when blind justice held her scales tipping first one way and then the other and seemed unable to fix a balance. The Russians were a melancholy lot at first, but they were shrewdly adjusting themselves to American conditions about them, and in a short time it was evident to all that in the Russian people is a temperament closely allied to that of Americans. The Japanese are our friends and we greatly admire them, but beyond a certain point there seems to be an impassable gulf between us. We fail to understand the Oriental fully, and they do not perfectly understand us, but with the Russians it is different.

Face to face around the table in diplomatic parley, the situation was different from that on the fields of Manchuria. What scenes the great new brick store house witnessed after the long portieres were closed and the conference began! I stood beside the long table and in imagination could see those rows of faces confronting each other — like armies, the one country ranged on one side and the other on the opposite side — fighting for domain and money.

On the left side of this room were the apartments occupied by the Japanese, and on the right the rooms of the Russians. Just outside the conference room, on the same floor, behind a wire netting, the luncheon, or breakfast, as it was called, was served on a table of which the pedestals were massive, crouching lions. After each meal the emissaries were wont to gather for a quiet smoke and chat. Here would be picturesque

SAULT STE. MARIE NAVAL PARADE COMING OUT OF POE LOCK

GOVERNOR FREDERICK M. WARNER OF MICHIGAN, A PROMINENT FIGURE IN THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION AT SAULT STE. MARIE IN AUGUST

CONGRESSMAN THEODORE BURTON OF OHIO, CHAIRMAN OF RIVERS AND HARBORS AND THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKER AT THE SAULT STE. MARIE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

CHARLES T. HARVEY, THE ENGINEER WHO BUILT THE FIRST LOCK AT THE "SOO," AND WHO ACTED AS CHIEF MARSHAL AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

Witte, with his long Russian cigarette, made longer still by a holder tipped at an angle of forty-five degrees, emphasizing his remarks with a sturdy blow of his fist on the table, indicating the abundant physical as well as mental force of the man.

⁂

Great credit is due to Secretary Pierce for the manner in which this event was managed. Do you realize that it was the first time in all history that two foreign nations have been invited to make peace in American and sign a treaty in the English language, a tongue which is spoken by neither of the parties to the treaty? Note Mr. Witte's signature in English and then in Russian. As time recedes, the significance of the event will assume larger proportions. A bloody war, costing billions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives, was terminated by Uncle Sam at a total cost of $15,000, and it has brought peace to the warring nations and has also given both the Occident and the Orient an idea of the important part that the United States must hereafter play in the affairs of the world. A simple note, written by Theodore Roosevelt to the Mikado and the Czar—the impulse it may be of a moment—has had an influence upon all time. The daring of our president has indeed marked a new era in diplomatic practices.

The treaty of peace was signed on September 6, 1905, and will form a fascinating study to the student of American history for the future. It was a a gigantic business transaction and conducted on the American plan of quick dispatch. The envoys arrived on August

GOVERNOR BELL OF VERMONT AND GOVERNOR DOUGLAS OF MASSACHUSETTS, WITH MISS BELL AND HER ATTENDANTS, AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE BATTLESHIP VERMONT FROM THE FORE RIVER YARDS, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

From a photograph made for the Boston Herald

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR CURTIS GUILD OF MASSACHUSETTS, THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF THE OLD BAY STATE, OPPOSING GENERAL CHARLES W. BARTLETT, DEMOCRAT

7, and the treaty was agreed upon August 29. Less than one month sufficed to complete the negotiations which ended one of the bloodiest wars known to modern history. It required over three months to complete the treaty of Paris, when the differences between Spain and this country were adjusted.

I left the navy yard and Portsmouth feeling more than ever as though I had been looking at a tented field, when all the glory of the tinsel and the music had departed. But as I drove through the falling rain, along the fast darkening roads, I felt more than ever that America must hereafter tower among the nations, as a gigantic and resourceful power, fearless and invincible, indeed, but desiring most of all things peace on earth and the good will of all mankind.

CONGRESS, convening December 1, will be confronted with important propositions. Regulation of railway rates; free trade — or lower tariffs — for our Philippine dependencies; the widely advertised — perhaps over advertised — demand for a general revision of tariff schedules; the movement for national supervision of life insurance, substituting a single set of simple but stringent federal regulations for a wide range of costly and sometimes contradictory state statutes governing the business of the life companies—these are some of the things which the leaders of congress will thresh out this Winter. The president undoubtedly believes a railway rate control bill should be passed, and that life insurance, as a form of interstate commerce, should come under federal supervision; but it is probably not true that he means to carry his advocacy of these proposals to the length of disrupting his party. Theodore Roosevelt always states his views candidly — puts the question before the people; then, if the people really want progress in the line that is indicated, they can get it by bringing pressure upon senate and house to enact

SENATOR WILLIAM WARNER OF MISSOURI, THE FIRST OF HIS FAITH TO REPRESENT MISSOURI IN THE SENATE SINCE THE CIVIL WAR AND THE LATEST TO ENJOY A NEWSPAPER BOOM FOR THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION IN 1908

Photograph copyright 1905 by Clinedinst

their desire in law, when the president stands ready to approve and execute it.

While the legislative branch of the government has enjoyed a long vacation, the executive branch has been busy. President Roosevelt has prepared his budget. As one of the congressmen remarked, "He has been doing things this Summer." The intellectual and aggressive strength and energy of Theodore Roosevelt will brook no cessation in pushing on for results. History has been making rapidly during the past few months. The executive branch of the nation has at times, been over-shadowed by congress and the judiciary, but our forefathers were discreet in balancing the treble functions of government so that either the president, the congress or the judiciary is able to give partial expression to the voice of the people—if one department fails another takes up the lead.

The executive of this period has been getting after the evils of grafting, and all the portents now are that he means to leave the house in order when he retires in 1908. Speculation is rife

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AND HIS BODYGUARD STRIDING BRISKLY DOWN STREET among public men who have been watching the course of the ship of state, as to whether the people will permit President Roosevelt to carry out his expressed wishes in reference to retirement. One thing is certain, he has set a pace which it will be difficult for even the best possible presidential timber to surpass. About the most interesting speculation that is current during the early days of the Autumn is as to what should be done first. Party organization at this time is somewhat demoralized. The old time clannishness of political parties seems to be dissolving. A new deal is on, and so far as the president is concerned he insists that it shall be a "square deal."

⁂

THE National Magazine office was honored by a personal visit from distinguished friends this Summer.

On receiving news of the visit of Vice President Fairbanks to Boston, I came home, put on my long skirted, diplomatic robe, doffing my old office jacket, and hurried to his hotel. We went to drive along the beautiful fenways and parks of Boston, where many of the passers-by recognized his towering form. The vice president appeared in splendid health, despite the story of his illness at Sault Ste. Marie. In fact he was the same gentle and genial soul who inspired the significant remark once made by McKinley as he looked at the stalwart form of the senator:

"Tall presidential timber that!"

It was on that same hot August day that Vice President Fairbanks and Mrs. Fairbanks paid a visit to our office. The lady occupied the editorial chair. After having registered in the National Visitors' Book, Vice President and Mrs. Fairbanks were shown about the plant, and it was indeed gratifying to show the concrete evidence of our development to such appreciative friends. Our equipment has nearly doubled in the past two years, and is certainly a substantial evidence of growth. It is always a pleasure to show subscribers and friends where we "make things." If you are coming on to Boston do not fail to make a call; you can carry away a freshly printed copy of the magazine, as the vice president did.

They came on Saturday afternoon. The machinery had stopped and the workers gone home. At this time there is something about the loneliness of the office that fascinates me. The great presses resting from their labors have a majesty all their own. They have had their Saturday's "extra clean up," prepared for Sabbath repose. The busy, clicking stitchers and folders are quiet, and the knives of the cutters no longer thump up and down clipping sheets and magazines neat and trim. The mallet and planer lay inactive on the imposing stones; the Simplex type-setting machine no longer buzzes round to the tune played by the busy fingers of the typesetter. In the office proper the desks show the character of the worker — some have everything put carefully away from the dust of next morning's sweeping, while others are piled with papers, showing traces of the occupant's haste to get home. The statues stand about like pale ghosts of the spirit of work, and seem to welcome me when I am alone of a Saturday afternoon—alone to think and finish up the day's schedule.

Saturday afternoon means much to me—a real holiday for work. On this particular Saturday we had a rush of extra work, and Sir John did not get around to brush up the floor for Sunday as usual. That is the time visitors come — when things are a bit "nonchalant,"—at least so I am told. Our good man came to me on Monday morning stating that the vice president's carriage had been seen outside the office, and he wondered if it could be possible that

GOVERNOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS OF IOWA, A LEADER OF THE MOVEMENT WITHIN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY FOR REVISION OF TARIFFS AND FEDERAL CONTROL OF RAILWAY RATE-MAKING, AND A RECEPTIVE CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

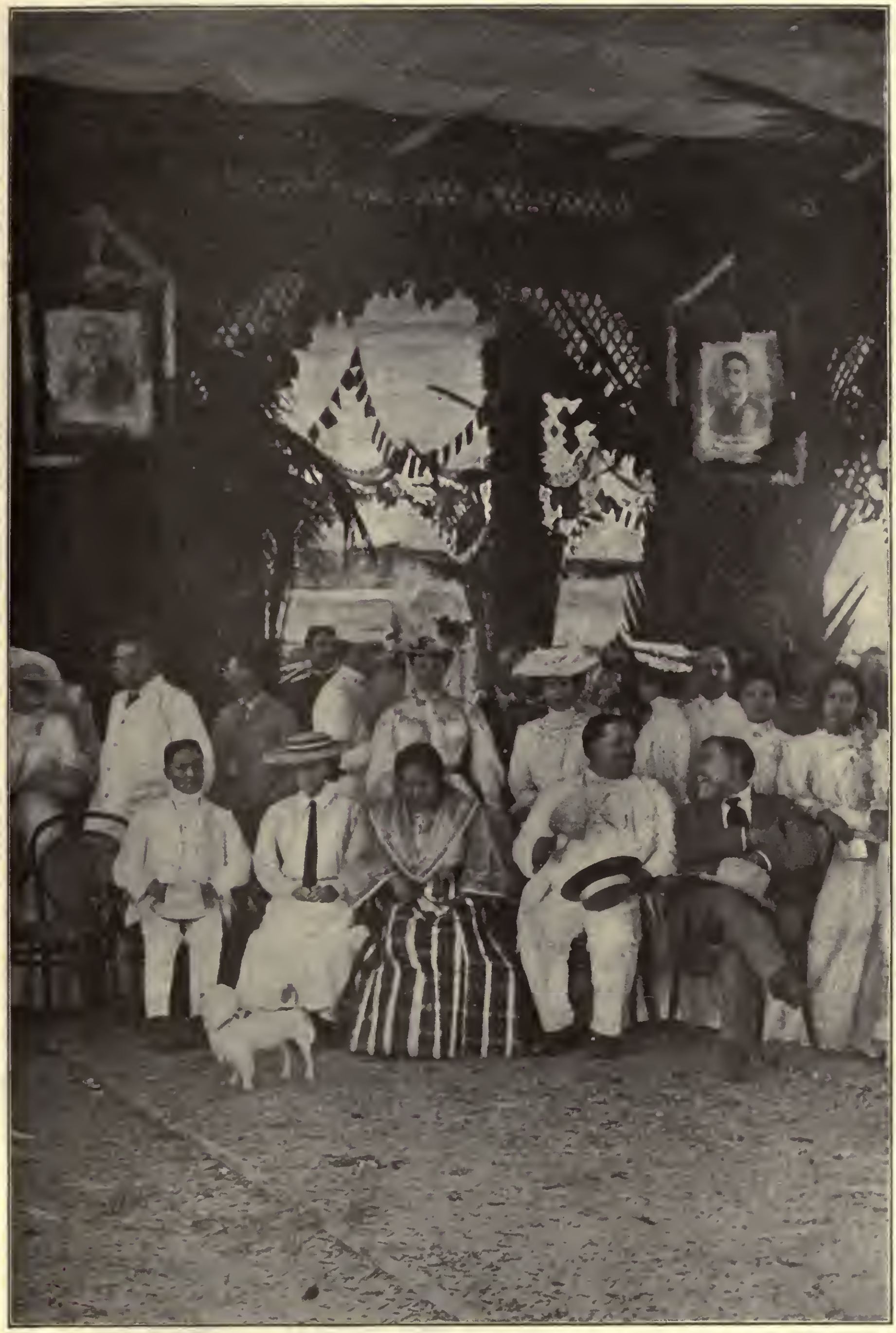
I had permitted a distinguished visitor to see our office when it was not in first class order. The incident was a warning to Sir John and he reflected.

ONE measure is coming before congress this Winter with the momentum of a vigorous awakening. It is the Good Roads bill. There has been some active work done, and the uprising of the farmers and general keen interest in the proposition is going to compel consideration. Good roads mean good wages for good workers—skilled, practical work. The trouble has always been that road building has been thrown about from pillar to post as a makeshift. Is it not time that the American nation should get down to business and seriously consider the fundamental factors in its growth? Everyone has talked time and again that "good roads" are one of the most important features of our development; now for decisive action. It is a disgrace that such a public as our own should neglect its property, and not provide passable highways. The urgent necessity for good roads has long since been demonstrated. Some people remember the time when wheat was worth thirty cents a bushel on the prairies of Iowa? Why? Because there was no way of bringing it to market.

When the people and the government have proven capable of caring for the highways they have possessed all these years as public domain, it will be quite time enough to discuss the feasibility of government ownership of railways as a practical proposition; until then, such talk will not be very convincing.

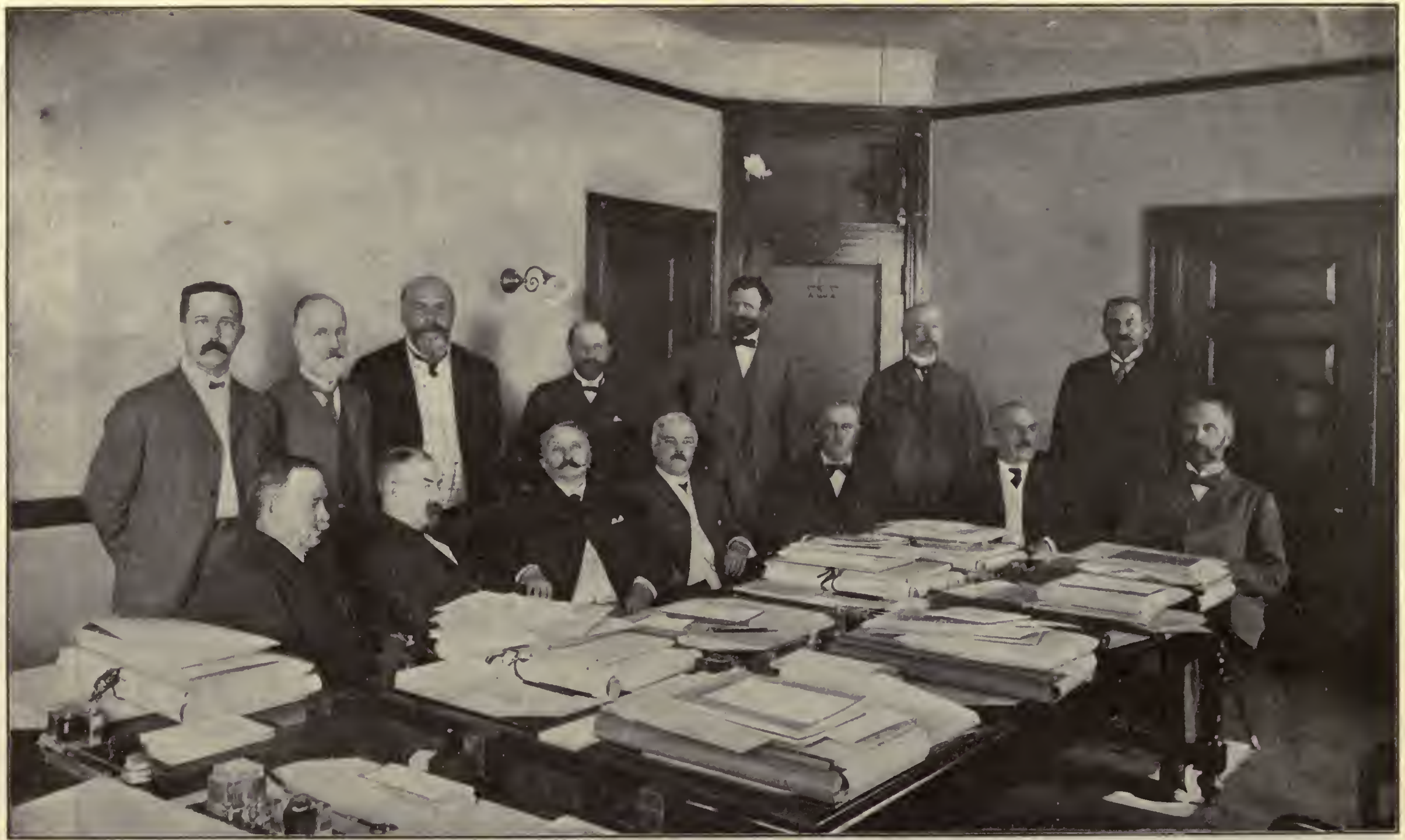
GENERAL VIEW OF THE BAMBOO AUDITORIUM IN SAN FERNANDO, PHILIPPINES, WHERE A GREAT PUBLIC ASSEMBLY AND A BANQUET WERE HELD IN HONOR OF THE VISIT OF SECRETARY TAFT'S PARTY OF VISITING AMERICAN CONGRESSMEN AND OTHERS, INCLUDING MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT

From a stereograph copyright 1905 by Underwood & Underwood



A SCENE IN THE BANQUET HALL OF THE BAMBOO AUDITORIUM AT SAN FERNANDO

Miss Roosevelt is seated between the governor of the province and his wife. — Secretary Taft and Senator Scott of West Virginia are enjoying something in the way of a joke, apparently, at the right end of the front row of chairs. — Observe the portraits of Washington and Roosevelt adorning the walls.



THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF CONSULTING ENGINEERS SUMMONED BY THE PRESIDENT TO CONSIDER PANAMA CANAL PROBLEMS

The gentlemen from right to left are: Seated — Joseph Ripley, Henry Hunter, British representative; M. Guerard, French representative; J. W. Welker, Netherlands; Alfred Noble, General George W. Davis, U. S. A., chairman; William Barclay Parsons; standing (same order) — Captain Oakes, U. S. A., secretary; General Henry L. Abbott; Herr Eugene Tincauser, German representative; M. Quellenec, French representative; Isham Randolph, Frederick S. Stearns and William H. Burr.

Photograph by the National Press Association Washington D. C.

GENERAL CHARLES W. BARTLETT OF BOSTON, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, OPPOSING CURTIS GUILD OF BOSTON, NOW LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.—GENERAL BARTLETT IS ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT AND LOVABLE MEN AT THE BAY STATE BAR AND WILL UNDOUBTEDLY MAKE A STRONG CAMPAIGN, WITH EXCELLENT PROSPECTS OF SUCCEEDING ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED DEMOCRAT, WM. L. DOUGLAS, AT THE STATE HOUSE ON BEACON HILL

Photograph by Chickering Boston

It is worth remarking that the congressman who has agricultural constituents and does not take up a definite position in this matter of good roads during the coming session is going to have a "rough road to travel" at election time. The hour is at hand when discussion must give way to action.

THE FIRST LADY OF CHINA

EMPRESS TSI-AN TERMED "A BISMARCK IN PETTICOATS"

By Poultney Bigelow, M.A., F.R.G.S.

Author of "Children of the Nations," "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc.

MUNICH, BAVARIA

IN 1898, at the close of the Spanish-American war, I stopped at Wei Hai Wei in order to visit Admiral Seymour, who had kindly offered me hospitality on board his flagship, the Centurion.

The Boxer trouble was then brewing. Each day brought rumor of uprisings, decapitations and other signs of political awakening in the neighborhood of Pekin. Gunboats were congregated at the mouth of the Peiho river, and from hour to hour tidings of armed European intervention were expected. For many weeks the British admiral had lain at anchor ignorant of who was at the head of the Chinese state — whether the Emperor Quang Su or the little Bismarck Queen. The complete mystery which surrounded the situation was only partially relieved when in Shanghai arrived, under British escort, one of the principal reformers, who had barely escaped with his life from the clutches of this fiery little lady.

It was an exciting time—at least Mr. Bourne, the British consul, felt that there were few dull moments in his day. Everything pointed to a palace revolution likely to spread far beyond the precincts of the Forbidden City.

The Emperor Quang Su was five years old on the occasion of my first visit to Pekin in 1876 and was therefore twenty-seven years of age at the time of my second visit (1898.) The dowager empress was then sixty-four — of remarkable physical vitality, as all may gather for themselves by the vigorous manner in which she reversed the edicts of the emperor, cut off the heads of the would-be reformers and took charge of the Boxer question when it rose. That she did it so successfully was because she had been practicing this sort of thing for the past half century — from the Taaping rebellion to our day.

She made her debut into high Chinese society as a concubine of the fifth class for the Emperor Hien Feng, who ascended the throne in 1851. At that time official China longed for an heir to the throne, which commodity the actual empress did not succeed in providing. But in 1856 this lady of the fifth class in the hierarchy of foot warmers did give a son to her lord in a manner so satisfactory that in the following year she was raised to the rank of empress, and from that day to this she has maintained herself in all the honors that were then heaped upon her. This of itself speaks volumes for her cleverness and courage, for in no country is there more regard for rank and precedence than in China—and think what a jump that was—from fifth class concubine to first class empress!

This Emperor Hien Feng, when the allied French and English forces invaded the country in 1860, fled to Jehol in Mongolia, where he had a Summer palace, and here he died in 1861—some think from the effect of wounded pride.

He left two empresses in charge of affairs — the imperial empress, and the concubine who had provided him with an heir. It is interesting to note that this same concubine, after a lapse of forty years, should again have had to fly from Pekin in consequence of an invasion of English, French and others, approaching her capital over the same road as their predecessors of 1860.

In 1860 French and English troops between them managed to reduce the marvelous Summer Palace of Yuen Min Yuen to a heap of ruins. In 1900 there was no such destruction but a good deal of incidental looting. That there was not more was owing not so much to Christian soldiers as to the Japanese, who throughout this latter campaign set an example of moderation as well as courage.

The two empresses returned from their involuntary stay at Jehol on November 1, 1861, and immediately carried out a coup d'etat in which the dowager concubine first showed to the world that Napoleon III had much to learn from his colleagues in the Far East—even in the matter of a coup d'etat.

She called the council of state together and read them a paper purporting to represent the mature deliberations of her six year old son—this edict suspended previous arrangements concerning the regency of this child and made her regent along with the other imperial empress and Prince Kung. In fact it made her virtual ruler of China, and as this was, for many reasons into which I need not here enter, contrary to the constitution governing in such cases, it made an immense uproar in the immediate neighborhood of the palace.

But the concubine mother was equal to the occasion. The three who ventured to protest against her arrangements were two imperial princes and the secretary of state, Su Shuen. The princes were permitted to hang themselves, while the public executioner cut off the head of the secretary of state on November 8, 1861 — only a week after the return to Pekin.

This was all very sudden, and from the standpoint of the constitutional lawyer, very unjust. But Europeans, at least, had little reason to complain, for the people who were put out of the way on this occasion were of the ultra conservative Chinese class whose main notion of statesmanship is to exclude foreign ideas from the country.

This empress mother could not be, amongst us, regarded as an advanced liberal in politics. It gives us some standard by which to gauge the conservative Chinaman that this particular lady should in her own country have been regarded as a dangerous radical, if not a revolutionary brand.

She has that rare quality of statesmanship which consists in limiting our efforts to attain, not a theoretical ideal but the best that is possible under given circumstances. She was, fortunately for China, from a social circle more in touch with real things than those bred in the bosom of court life. She brought to her task superb physical health, much tact, good sense, energy and ambition. Such a person, after having been chased from Pekin with the emperor by troops officially pronounced to be harmless, was not likely to return to her official post without new ideas on the invulnerability of official residences. Whatever the bulk of Chinese peasantry might think touching the cowardice and helplessness of the "foreign devils," she at least recognized on their side a power with which she would have in the future to reckon; and while she might share with others of her race a cordial distaste for white man's domination in China, she was equally convinced that the white man can be fought only with the white man's weapons, and that therefore China must steadily work toward a higher level of material if not intellectual or moral civilization.

Her violent veto to the reform plans of the emperor in 1898 sprang not so much from her innate Chinese conservatism as from a profound, statesmanlike appreciation of the fact that a reform so sweeping as had been planned would be followed by a corresponding reaction. It was her duty, she argued, to march WITH her people; not too far in advance of them.

And anyone who has seen the China of 1860 and has been able to compare it with the China of today cannot but note immense progress—relatively speaking. And at the same time, knowing the great powers which have been wielded by this little Bismarck in petticoats, it would be wholly unfair not to credit her with a full share in the good work that has been done during her reign—or dominion, or whatever word is best fitted to describe an ascendency so complete.

The great power she has ever exerted is owing, of course, mainly to her own innate force of will and capacity for work. She was fortunate in having no serious rivals in her field. Prince Kung was of a slothful and pleasure loving nature, and cheerfully allowed the energetic empress mother to indulge her passion for work — a passion which distinguishes her preeminently.

Looking back over Chinese history of the past half century we can but wonder that the vast empire held together under the repeated blows which it received. That it held together even tolerably will remain as a monument to the energy and the sense of this lady.

In 1861 the Taiping rebellion, which had risen in 1850, was still a menace to the Pekin government, particularly in conjunction with the European wars of 1858 and 1860. The Taiping emperor held court at Nanking and his forces were plundering and killing up and down the valley of the Yangtse. Even as late as 1876, when I applied for a pass to travel in the interior of China, I had to promise the Chinese authorities that I would have no dealings with the rebels—and this sixteen years after the outbreak of the rebellion!

In Yunnan, a province on the edges of Thibet and Burmah, there had broken out in 1856 a serious Mahomedan insurrection, which, along with the Tai Ping and the foreign invasions, kept the Pekin administration pretty busy, at least with plans for future residence in case any one of these troubles should affect the Pekin palace. In the general condition of helplessness and imbecility that permeated official China, the little empress regent saw her opportunity, and compelled obedience even amongst those who read in Confucius many paragraphs intended to discourage women from leaving the nursery.

In 1864 the Taiping rebellion closed by the capture of Nanking and the suicide of the pretender. In 1872 the Mahomedan uprising, which had spread immensely since 1856, came to an end. The rebellious sultan Soliman poisoned himself and his head was brought in triumph to Pekin. While I was in China the last of the rebels on the Turkestan border were being dispersed.

Thus for the first twenty-six years of her life at court she had been receiving the rare education which comes from discussing and carrying out measures for the safety of a state in extreme danger. She had ample opportunity, before her accession to actual dominion in 1861, to measure the relative feebleness of the different officials who pretended to help the government—and she must have been weak indeed if she did not draw courage from the complete breakdown of the remedies proposed by legislators whose only knowledge of the world was represented by thousands of second hand maxims memorized parrot fashion from the so called Classics.

One must have lived in China to appreciate the huge task that this little empress has accomplished—the task of holding the country together, of holding at bay the nations of Europe who have been persistently urging upon her reforms that might endanger her throne by precipitating civil war.

In 1873, when Quang Su was two years old, the Emperor Tung Chi ascended the throne and immediately was made to feel the force of the lady's hand. For in 1874 he proposed to restore the famous Summer Palace which had been destroyed in 1860. Germans and French insist that the destruction was at English hands. English officers who were in the campaign have assured me that the French alone were responsible for that outrage.

At any rate, in 1874, the co-regent Kung opposed the project of the Emperor Tung Chi on the score of expense. This displeased his imperial highness, who immediately degraded the co-regent from a first class to a second class prince. But on the very next day the emperor was compelled by the commands of this little empress dowager to reinstate the prince in all his honors. That was the only time that this particular emperor attempted to test his right to govern. It was a dramatic and instantaneous failure. He died in 1879 and was succeeded by the present emperor Quang Su, at the age of eight—he was born 1871,—the same day as Napoleon III — August 15 — and in the year of Napoleon's complete extinction.

The accession of Quang Su gave rise to immense difficulties, for there was much in the court law touching his birth and parentage which conflicted with orthodox Chinese reasoning. It would be a complicated narrative to unravel this here, but suffice it to say that the little dowager desired Quang Su, and there he is. One lofty official ventured to protest on grounds of precedent, but he promptly went and hung himself—and his views did not spread.

Today the only serious objection to Quang Su is that he has not yet presented his country with a successor—and in the eyes of the true Chinaman this is a serious defect.

From this and the other causes, good Chinamen are apt to shake their heads over Quang Su. His reign has been full of calamity—the French war, the war with Japan, the Boxer uprising, a fire in the palace, the partial destruction of the famous Temple of Heaven in Pekin, the loss of Kiao Chow, Wei Hai Wei and Port Arthur—nearly everything that he has done has been, by the old school Chinaman, traced to certain unorthodox circumstances attending his accession—notably to his not having given the country a child successor.

But the climax of his wickedness appeared to have been reached when, in 1898, he actually attempted to minimize the importance of the Chinese sages by compelling state officials to know something more of science than what is contained in the tomes of Confucius. Perhaps it will illustrate the conservatism of the Chinese official mind if I mention that on the occasion of a visit to the Jesuit mission of Zikawei I was shown the drill regulations of the Chinese army —a work then more than 2,000 years old.

The little lady Bismarck is, in her way, a reformer—so she says. But she begs you to bear in mind that she has to accomplish the reformation not merely of her sisters and cousins about the palace, but some 300,000,000 of Chinamen who regard innovation and iniquity as interchangeable terms.

While I was in China in 1876, I had a pretty picture of Chinese conservatism as interwoven with dislike of the foreigner. In that year was laid a railway connecting Shanghai with the mouth of the Woosung river, a distance of some eighteen miles. This railway was of immense importance to the trading community, for many ships anchored at Woosung and lightered there and it was of obvious necessity to have rapid and frequent communication between the anchorage and the town. Under a variety of pretexts, however, this railway was suppressed, bought up by the government, the machinery was carried to Formosa and there was dumped on to the beach, where it still marks the eccentric character of Chinese development.

This was done ostensibly to allay popular clamor—to propitiate the dead who could not rest while the surface of the earth was profaned by the machinery of foreign devils.

But the Chinaman is not half so careful of his gods and manes as some would have us think, for in the next year, 1877, Li Hung Chang found no difficulty in giving to a Chinese company a concession for a railway which opened up some mines in which he was interested. This railway was subsequently expanded into the present system connecting Pekin with the sea. We may reasonably conclude that the Chinese objected to the railway at Shanghai not so much because it disturbed the repose of Chinese spirits as that this repose was being disturbed under European auspices. The religious element found no fault with a railway when controlled by Chinamen — and since that railway has proved of commercial value and was not followed by calamity we may reasonably look to the day when we shall buy a ticket direct from Canton to Pekin and thence across the Great Wall to Europe. The railway that was destroyed and shipped to Formosa in 1876 was reopened for traffic in 1898, and this time no one heard anything about offended spirits.

The little Bismarck lady was right—she wanted railways, but she wanted the public mind prepared for them, that there might not be riots connected with their construction.

The little lady is now seventy-one years old, and naturally disposed to repose. She may have many more years to live, for, measured by the standard of Queen Victoria and Bismarck and old Emperor William, she is but at the beginning of her career. But should the war in Manchuria prove to be the last great event in her reign, we must yet look upon the last fifty years of her life as embracing a series of events no less vital to her own people than the notable features of Queen Victoria's reign have been to the development of our race.

At the age of seventeen, in the year 1851, she became the concubine of an emperor and as such an influence in the ruling of his empire. Since that day has happened almost every great event that has profoundly modified the position of China toward the outside world. She has lived to see ports like Hongkong and Shanghai develop from insignificant trading stations to commercial centers rivaling London and New York. Shanghai, which even in 1876 was a purely trading community, is today a city of factory chimneys conspicuous from afar. In Hongkong today there are factories of almost every description, and notably ship yards where iron steamers are being continually launched. This little imperial lady has seen her country people not only learn manufacturing trades from Europeans in China, but she has seen them erect factories of their own and run them in competition with Europeans. She has seen the junk give way to the steamer on Chinese waters and has seen Chinamen managing and operating steamship lines. She has, in short, seen the transformation of her country from mediaevalism to modernity. She has seen within the few years of her lifetime such progress in material ways as few men would have dared prophesy in the year that she first took the reins of government.

This transformation could not have been made had she opposed it with the vigor of which we know her capable. To be sure, the portion of China affected by modern ways is not very great, but still the modern ways are there. We have sent them a sample and they seem pleased with it. Much of this transformation has occurred between the occasion of my two visits, and if we limited ourselves to merely noting that which has happened between 1876 and 1898, we have a change almost as extraordinary as that which came over Europe through the use of steam for transportation at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The thing has been done in China. It has been done under this little Bismarck lady, and without her it could not have been done. We white people have shown much impatience at her not having done more and done it more speedily, but the little lady has always replied with a smile: "It is not well for a government to get too far ahead of the people. If the people do not see their leaders they get lost."

China advances slowly — it has been advancing for some ten thousand years — and it has yet far to go. Cihna has much to learn from the western nations, but western nations have also much to learn from an empire that has seen the birth, bloom and burial of many a white man's nation.

A DREAM MOTHER

By Edith Richmond Blanchard

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

SOMETIMES at night when I have been quite good,
When I have done no naughty thing all day
Nurse tells my mother and she lets me wait
To watch her dress before she goes away.

I sit beside the table with a glass
Where all the pretty silver things are spread;
I sit so very quiet for I know
That noisy folks are sent away to bed.

And when my mother's shiny gown of white
Is all put on, I lean above the stair
And watch her sweep a-rustling down; oh then
My little room seems very dim and bare.

But when I've said my prayers and nurse has gone,
I shut my eyes and dream a dream I've made;
I dream my mother comes back through the dark
To sit with me because I am afraid.

I dream she wears her silky gown, and yet
She takes me in her arms and holds me there;
I dream she sings me songs beneath her breath,
And all the while her cheek is on my hair.

I never know just when the singing ends,
Just when the dear dream lady slips away,—
But when I wake, my mother has returned
And I must not be noisy at my play.

THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE

A REVIEW OF RECENT EXPEDITIONS AND A REITERATION

By Captain Arthur N. McGray

"The return of the Ziegler-Fiala expedition is a great demonstration of how not to do it."—*Boston Transcript.*

NEARLY three years ago I pointed out in the National Magazine "the way to the Pole," and stated most emphatically that the only practicable way to reach it was along the lines adopted by DeLong and Nansen, which were to force a passage as far as possible into the ice north of the New Siberian islands, and, once "fast" in the great polar pack, be carried north in it by the current which sweeps in through Behring strait, along the Arctic coast of Siberia, until meeting the enormous volume of the Lena—(which is prevented from taking a westerly course by the Gulf Stream influence, that is constantly forced against its left hand wall of waters)—causes both the former currents to combine and turn sharply to the north. It is now known of a certainty that these currents run directly across the Pole—unless prevented by land existing there, in which event they merely sweep around its eastern coast and continue on their way to the Atlantic through the gulf between northeast Greenland and northwest Spitzbergen, as proven by the drift of Nansen's "Fram."

Therefore, since it is KNOWN that this is the path of the waters from the polar basin to the Atlantic, and since the polar pack is dependent upon this current for its movement and direction—it follows that a ship engrasped in this ice, at the right point at the beginning of the drift, would also be carried across the polar basin, near by or directly to the Pole, and that undertaking to approach it from any other direction is "climbing up hill," or working against all natural forces; and this in a region and climate where almost any work at all is practically a protest against common sense. Surely polar exploration presents sufficient field of labor without multiplying it by "climbing" when success is a proposition in "sliding."

Allow me to illustrate: In a certain country place, years ago, there was reserved a large plot upon which the people occasionally gathered to witness certain sports. Prizes were offered for competition. Among the prizes was one for him who should "first slide down from the top" of a tall, bare pole, which was coated with grease. Not far from this pole stood a young sapling. As the years went by this sapling became a sturdy tree with long branches, and finally one of these over reached the greased pole. Hundreds of competitors had been vanquished in attempting this task—none had succeeded. At last a bright young fellow bethought him that the prize was for him who "slid down" the pole, and he forthwith ascended the sapling of former days, swung out on its branches, grasped the top of the greased pole and slid down to victory. That sapling was KNOWLEDGE.

All honor to those who lost in the attempt while the sapling was still small and weak—but it is told that to this day some gather about the old pole as in former times, refuse the sapling's proffered aid and continue to climb and fall, until, weary and exhausted, they turn homeward defeated.

So with polar investigation. Years of experiment and defeat have taught us much, yet there are those who began or were nurtured along the old lines and still hold to them in face of the inexorable law, which has defied every invader and claimed its victims by the thousand.

II

Since I last wrote on this subject, three important events have transpired in the North.

The Fiala-Ziegler expedition has returned from the Franz Joseph Land base, from which it was intended to operate toward the Pole, leaving their stout whaling ship "America" crushed and sunken to the bottom, while its crew, ponies and dogs made their way southward over the ice to inhospitable islands, where, when almost exhausted, they found a store of supplies, cached by a former expedition, and there passed a miserable existence for fifteen or eighteen months, until by chance one relief ship—out of three sent to find them—picked up the crew and returned them to the world. This expedition had behind it more money than any other ever fitted out, but the lessons of the past were ignored, in that the ship was of the wrong model and of unsubstantial build to withstand polar ice pressure, and it was pushed into the ice at a place where it was certain the ice drift would carry it away from, rather than toward, the Pole.

It is fortunate the "America" was crushed so early in the voyage—while land was still near enough to enable the members of the crew to reach it; for had she survived a few months longer the drift would have carried her west and south so far that return to any region of cached provision would have been precluded, and the whole reason-blind expedition would have disappeared forever.

III

Lieutenant Peary has gone north again. His expedition can accomplish little, if anything. In it are involved more problems and uncertainties than any hitherto attempted. First, he has the most expensive ship ever used for Arctic purposes; but outside the sentiment of bearing a charmed name it has worse than nothing to recommend it for safety against heavy ice pressure. Very heavy hardwood timbering throughout is a feature of the "Roosevelt." Hundreds of tons of it, supplemented by a duplicate system of steam generators, extremely heavy engines, and an immense quantity of coal and supplies. In itself, this equipment stands for the reverse of failure; but success entirely depends upon the model of the craft bearing the load.

A blunt wedge driven into an unyielding log (the ice pressure) immediately flies into the air, while a long, thin wedge, driven into the same log, is bound itself to yield just in proportion to the weight of the blow, or load, behind it. Hence, a strongly constructed ship, carrying light weights in engines and stores, and almost saucer shaped in the bottom, as was Nansen's "Fram," readily lifted with every ice pressure and for nearly three years withstood the heaviest and most northern ice ever penetrated. The "Fram" was a blunt wedge. The "Roosevelt" is the opposite. Sharp in the bottom, overloaded with coal and machinery, it will crush before it will rise. Commander Peary's plans do not contemplate a long drift of his ship in the ice fields of the North, thereby subjecting it to frequent, enormous or long continued ice pressures, although supposedly this ship was designed and strengthened to meet such eventualities, for it is improbable that any ship may round Cape Hecla and return without a "squeeze." The Roosevelt may, and I trust will be, fortunate in steering clear of extreme pressures and safely reach the harbor in Grant Land, latitude eighty-three degrees fifteen minutes, from which Peary intends to operate as a base, with dogs, sleds and Esquimaux, over the 400 miles of ice between it and the Pole. There are, however, many reasons for asserting that if the Roosevelt is fortunately steered clear of maximum pressures in the sea north of Robeson Channel, we may expect it to be caught in the easterly moving pack; and if not forced ashore by it between Cape Brevoort and Cape Washington, that the ship will be carried out past the northeast cape of Greenland and thence southeastward toward open water, where it would release itself, and we might first expect to hear from Commander Peary at Iceland or northern Norway ports, recoaling for the homeward voyage.

That the great explorer is attacking the Pole from the wrong side is well known by everyone acquainted with later day experiences in that region, and although he has reached Etah, in latitude seventy-eight degrees, twenty minutes, secured the services of twenty of the pick of the Smith Sound Indians, or Esquimaux and 200 dogs, and proceeded north, one cannot but feel that unless he meets fairly open water at the outset, thereby making rapid progress toward Cape Columbia, that the Esquimaux, who are the mainstay of the expedition, may play an exceptional part in defeating its object.

Captain Samuel Bartlett of the sealing ship "Erick" (which preceded Peary to Etah, arranged for the men and dogs, and discharged a cargo of coal at the Cape Sabine depot, as previously agreed upon, so that the "Roosevelt" might refill its bunkers before proceeding north, and also to refill as often as it might be forced back to that base) said, on his return to St. John's, Newfoundland, the other day, that the ice condition north of Sabine appeared unfavorable for making much progress this season; which means that this veteran of navigation in Greenland waters considers it extremely probable that Peary will be obliged to return to Etah and winter there. This would be the wiser course to pursue in case he could not force a passage through Kennedy or Robeson channels before "dark."

The wisdom of this becomes more apparent when we remember that Lee's Census of 1875 gave the Smith Sound Indians a population of 140 males and 113 females, or a total of 253. In August, 1897, the population had decreased to 234, and it would not be surprising to learn that the present population does not exceed 175; and when twenty picked men are taken from this number, the backbone of the colony is gone, and disaster to the "Roosevelt" would mean the annihilation of the tribe.

While the Esquimaux do not possess brilliant intellects, and while they have worked faithfully for Commander Peary on his previous daylight voyages, or sledge journeys, it is a question whether they will consent to remain away from wives and sweethearts over two or three long nights and cheat themselves of the rest and comfort they had anticipated at the close of their day's work of six months. The dogs and sleds are theirs — at their command. If they become weary of the monotony of the voyage, or the slow progress being made, who is to say them nay if they decide to return? Their means of exit is always at hand—dogs, sleds and the foot ice of the northern Greenland coast. Should this occur, a new crew could not be obtained, for there is only one crew of able bodied men in the tribe.

If, however, everything should go on as Peary has planned, and his ship reach a harbor this Fall near Cape Columbia, so that a start may be made over the ice early next March, it is almost certain the southward drifting ice would prevent his reaching near the Pole. A polar continent, or archipelago, northwest of Cape Hecla, in the existence of which I strongly believe, affords the only possible element of success in Peary's dogs and sledge undertaking. Progress can always be made, while food holds out, along the foot ice of new and perhaps interesting lands where every mile traveled is one nearer the goal; but out on the limitless southbound ice fields—knowing that your very road is running against you, like a horse in a treadmill—and that every moment of rest or sleep is taking you back and imposing double work—the distance is too great and the heart and strength of man all insufficient to the task.

IV

The Duke of Orleans, on board the "Belgica" at Reikjavik, a few weeks ago, said that his polar expedition sailed around Cape Bismarck in Nova Zembla, attained a latitude of seventy-eight degrees, sixteen minutes, skirted the coasts of Franz Joseph Land and Spitzbergen, visited Iceland and sailed away to the southeast. Much interest had attended the advent of the wealthy Duke of Orleans into the field of polar work—particularly as his cousin, the Duke of Abruzzi, bears the distinction of having made the "Farthest North," latitude eighty-six degrees, thirty-three minutes, in a quick and rapid dash over the ice from Franz Joseph Land in the Summer of 1900, and returning to Norway the same Autumn. His was a fine piece of work in point of covering distance over the ice fields. Apparently no scientific research or discoveries were attempted. Fine weather and an exceptionally favorable condition of the ice pack made possible a quick dash north beyond previous record points, attaining which, by nineteen miles, and aglow with success therefrom, they right-about-faced and hurried back to the "Stella Polare" before any changes in the ice condition took place, to cut off or prolong the voyage of retreat. Good luck acted as a consort all the way north and back again to this expedition.

V

Fiala now announces that two ways are open to the Pole—first, by sending one ship north each succeeding year to act as a base for the previous year's ship to fall back upon, and says that it would probably take ten ships and ten years to reach the Pole; second, by the drift method, for which a ship must be so strongly built that it cannot be crushed — in other words, that instead of being crushed, it would crush the ice.

There is nothing to support his first plan. Starting from any point in the Franz Joseph or King Oscar Lands archipelago, the first ship would be pushed north into the ice pack until its progress became arrested. Once fast in the pack, the ship becomes a part of it, and both are then the servants of the southwesterly current, and with no power to cross it—which they must do to reach the Pole—they necessarily go with it to the open Atlantic, the goal of all Arctic ice fields. The second ship would follow the course of the first, and each addition to the fleet that of its predecessor. His second plan, that of DeLong and Nansen, is thoroughly practicable, but, like theirs, lacks scope. The "one ship" plan of reaching the Pole always has and always will prove abortive, when not disastrous.

At least five such ships — ten would be far better — must start on the drift AT THE SAME TIME, from off the New Siberian Islands, being lined up east and west from twenty to thirty miles apart. Thus fast in the pack, nothing can prevent some one or more of them drifting to or very close to the North Pole.

The western ship in the series would enter the pack at approximately the same point as did Nansen in his "Fram" on September 23, 1893, thus insuring in advance the route and return of that particular ship, thereby establishing a base of confidence and assurance, as well as a certain depot of retreat for the crews of all the other ships, of which perchance some might be forced against the shore of the polar lands now unknown but which

doubtless exist. And last, with free communication by wireless telegraph between them all, and the short distance separating any two of the fleet precluding loss of life, the discovery of the Pole, with all its hidden meaning, would be a certainty.

During the past few years I have met and corresponded with many of the best and most experienced authorities on the subject of polar investigation. Without scepticism or dissent, my plans have met with unanimous and enthusiastic approval.

The voyage of the "Fram" presents positive evidence that a good, seaworthy ship, provided with light yet sufficient propelling power, and absolutely proof against ice pressure, can readily be produced and equipped in every particular for less than $150,000. The experience of the "Fram" during its three years' drift with the polar pack renders slight modifications in build desirable, though in size, weight and equipment she was not far from ideal.

VI

P. T. McGrath, in the July number of the Review of Reviews, says that 4,000 human lives, 200 ships and $100,000,000 have been sacrificed in fruitless attempts to reach the North Pole. It is true that human knowledge has been increased by these attempts, but the price has been a most exorbitant one. It indicates that individual effort counts for little in that inhospitable field. The size of the expedition must be adequate to the obstacles confronting it—and the concerted action of several ships and crews, under one commanding officer, must solve the polar problem.

Outside of national sentiment and satisfying curiosity, I believe the solving of that problem offers the greatest of all great or epoch making prizes, for there are men of high scientific standing today who feel, though they dare scarcely whisper it, that futurity holds for this old earth of ours a far mightier function than producing food and raiment for short lived man, plus revolving once in twenty-four hours on the two ice bound poles of its axis.

But! As I was saying — the discovery is worth the cost — about one million dollars. There are over a thousand men and women in America who could each fit out and defray the entire expense of the undertaking — winning for themselves a name, fame and everlasting monument, without the cost causing them a moment's consideration.

Articles of an association, to be composed of leading explorers, scientists and engineers from every part of the globe, are now being drawn. Together they will elaborate full details for the successful and comparatively easy undertaking of wresting from nature the secret of the North Pole. It is to be hoped that the task of securing the necessary funds will not prove greater than reaching that point, from which every direction is South.

One port, methought, alike they sought
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last unite them there!

— *Arthur Hugh Clough*

THE ENEMY

By Mary L. Cummings

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

"DON'T—you—throw—any—more—tin—cans—into—this—yard."

Miss Pritchard leaned over the railing of her back piazza, looked fixedly at Louis Philippe, and emphasized each word separately with one formidable, extended forefinger.

He stood on the top of a bank which marked the boundary line between a small, elevated lot surrounding a rented cottage of proportionate dimensions and Miss Pritchard's hitherto immaculately kept land, regarding her with eyes that were light brown pools of innocence. One hand swung two tin wheels and a bent axle—all that remained of a gaily painted cart — backward and forward rhythmically.

"Quoi que tu dis?" The small, slightly protruding upper teeth revealed themselves in the lisped, childish French.

"You needn't 'too dee' me," and Miss Pritchard shook her head at him, "for I don't understand a word of your frivolous language. But I know this—that I have something to do from morning till night besides picking up rubbish from this yard, and I won't have it—do you hear?"

Having relieved her mind, regardless of whether he understood or not, she stalked to the piazza steps, where "Jumbles," a veritable pretzel-tailed pug, sat sunning himself after his midday meal; tucked the dog under her arm and started for the back door. Louis Philippe's crowning offence, beside which the onslaught of tin cans sank into insignificance, was a consuming ambition to send a pebble through the alluring curl of Jumbles' tail. But the missile usually missed its mark, and, to Miss Pritchard's intense indignation, struck the easier target of the pug's fat, panting side.

A change gradually took place in the child's face while he watched the movements of his next door neighbor. His small nose wrinkled itself until the lifted upper lip revealed the white teeth still more plainly. His whole body seemed to quiver with anticipated mischief. The hand which held the bent wheels swung more strenuously until—wilfully or not—it unclosed suddenly, and, with a thud, the wreck fell into Miss Pritchard's yard. Louis Philippe snorted like a war horse ready for the fray and pointed one derisive finger at Jumbles.

"Oh, Jean Baptis'—pourquoi?
Oh, Jean Baptis'—pourquoi?
Oh, Jean Baptis'—pourquoi you gr-r-ease
My li'l dog's nose vit tar-r?"

He turned on his heel with a debonair swing at the close of the chanted ditty. Miss Pritchard stood perfectly still, her lips set in a thin, straight line. The situation had passed beyond mere words. One moment she stared rigidly at the small, swaggering back and retreated into the house.

There she fell into a chair to think this problem out. It was intolerable that the quiet of her surroundings should be broken into as it had been since the advent of those people next door. Not that she saw much of Germonde pere and mere. They, like two anxious young parent birds, set out each morning on a rather pathetic bread winning quest, leaving their small son in charge of a little maid, who, with half a hundred other little maids, had been shipped to Canada by a Paris orphanage and thenceforth was expected to "earn her board and keep" unaided.

In the easy way which the affairs of new comers become known in a small city, Miss Pritchard learned that Louis Germonde, senior, had taken a room in a semi-business block, which, with the addition of a rented piano, one small rug, a portiere and a plaster cast of Beethoven, aspired to the title of "music studio." Little Mrs. Germonde was making a canvass of the town, exhibiting her water color sketches, and, as a side issue, seeking pupils.

About the first person on whom she called was Miss Pritchard. She had heard that madame was a member of the First Church. Madame's influence and patronage would be invaluable — if she would be so kind. Miss Pritchard, who regarded anyone born outside the state of Massachusetts with a tinge of pity, and all foreigners with suspicion, sat very straight on her horsehair chair. More than once while Madeline Germonde displayed her sketches the elder woman's eyes raised themselves propitiatingly to the portraits of her Puritan ancestors. The things were pretty, if frivolous.

"These are copies of gems, by our best modern masters," the little woman urged with a pretty gesture of the hands.

Miss Pritchard put the modern masters aside with a movement that was scarcely appreciative and touched a pulsing little water color of an orchard in full bloom. An orchard — in full bloom! For an instant a throb of pain beat in her throat and she almost felt the falling blossoms again upon her face. Her eyes looked back thirty years into eyes which had taught her the meaning of two terrible words — happiness and humiliation.

She recalled herself with a jerk and stood up.

"I don't wish for any of them," she said harshly, but the harshness was for that old hurt to herself and not to the little woman before her.

With a bravely suppressed sigh, Madeline Germonde bundled up her rejected wares. She had hoped much from the patronage of this neighbor who had two such immense advantages—comparative prosperity and unquestionable respectability. Miss Pritchard's endorsement would have given her a sure footing in Plattville, and shortened the woefully protracted quest for bread.

Whether Louis Philippe fully understood his mother's rueful recital of her visit to their neighbor and its result is not certain. One fact was quite clear to him, however — she had hurt "maman," and thenceforward was an enemy with whom it was permissible to do battle on every available occasion. At the very first opportunity he yielded gladly to the long assailing temptation of experimenting with a pebble on Jumbles' tail, and the bombardment of tin cans commenced.

The neighbor rose from her unsolved problem with a sigh as the back door bell rang. She stood at bay, looking through the glass at the small figure outside in its outgrown, baby toboggan suit. The little face had undergone another change. There was a "do or die" look on it which piqued Miss Pritchard's curiosity. Very cautiously she opened the door a few inches—not wide enough to admit a tin can, she speculated with thankfuless, for the child held his hands behind him.

Through the aperture a small hand thrust itself which, unclosing suddenly, displayed two chestnuts. Miss Pritchard's lips twitched as she looked from the set, childish face to the peace offering and back again. Then she took the proffered gift from the open palm, and Louis Philippe, feeling that he had performed the whole duty of childhood, scrambled down the steps, one at a time, and up the opposite bank, singing, in a burst of conscious virtue:

"Oui, je vais, oui je vais m'en aller aux
Cieux!
Oui, je vais, oui je vais m'en aller aux
Cieux!"

After that this prominent member of the First Church actually unbent sufficiently to watch the morning departure of the Germondes with interest, and to feel sorry for a wistful little face pressed against the glass to catch the last wave of his mother's hand.

She rose one day from her post of observation near the window with an impatient movement. "If she isn't still wearing that little drab cloth jacket that she wore in September!" she muttered tersely. "And he—does the young fool want to leave his child fatherless?—going without an overcoat in this freezing weather! I wonder—" she stopped short in the center of the room—"I wonder if he has an overcoat?"

Later in the day another fact forced itself through the selfish veil of petty church and household duties which enveloped Miss Pritchard.

"Unless they got it in at night—and then I'd have heard it—they haven't had any coal since that first half ton," she speculated.

A train of disquietude had been started in her mind which grew with time. She experienced that nervous shock with which vague uneasiness passes into certainty, next morning.

"She does not walk as briskly," she thought, with an indefinite sense of shortcoming on her own part that was as new as it was disquieting.

Everything seemed to bring a fresh stab of conviction that day. Louis Philippe, playing half heartedly in the yard, raised a pinched face when Bebe, the little mission maid, called him. Miss Pritchard looked hopefully for the onslaught which did not come, and finally resorted to an experiment by putting the protesting Jumbles out of doors. There he shivered over the frozen ground for ten minutes while his mistress watched proceedings anxiously from behind her lace curtains.

"If he'd only throw one little pebble—just one, I wouldn't think things were quite so bad with them," she thought, anxiously clasping and unclasping her hands.

Just then, as if in answer to her plea, Louis Philippe did pick up a minute stone. But his eyes went from the missile to the pug's tail uncertainly. Then, as though any attempt at fun required too much effort, it dropped from his fingers, and Miss Pritchard's heart seemed to drop with it.

Things reached a climax next day, when Louis Germonde with dispirited step—missing the cheer and companionship of his little helpmate sorely—started out alone. Plattville's most respectable citizen tied a "fascinator" over her head and donning a warm shawl ascended the bank, setting her feet carefully in the holes made by Louis Philippe's small heels.

"I suppose you won't understand me, but I wish to know if Mrs. Germonde is ill?" she said to Bebe, who answered her ring.

The little mission maid's eyes, in which seemed to lie all the tragedy of the revolution which had left her orphaned, smiled wistfully in reply.

"All right," Miss Pritchard nodded, as though she had spoken, and entered the house.

Any attempt to use the upstairs rooms had been abandoned. On a couch in the small dining room, under but scant covering, lay one little beaten bread winner. Maria Pritchard felt something catch in her throat as the dark eyes met her own, and thought involuntarily of the warm bed clothes contributed two days before to a mission barrel, the destination of which was a thousand miles distant. The whole house had the dank, airless chill which seems so much worse than outdoor cold.

"So good—of you—to come." Madeline Germonde tried to raise herself on one frail elbow and fell back with a fit of coughing. "I am afraid that—you will find the house—cold," she added in precise, careful English.

Miss Pritchard sank on to a freezing wicker chair. Louis Philippe, evidently bewildered at finding the enemy thus within the camp, stood in the doorway surveying her. His mother turned to him with a wan smile which was swept from her face in a spasm of agony.

"He is hungry!" She brought her hands together with a clash of despair, apparently forgetful of her visitor for the moment. "Mon Dieu! Il a faim, quoi qu'il ne plaint pas!"

The child ran to her, his little face working.

"Non, maman! J'ai pas faim, j'ai pas faim!" he reiterated in his clipped French, and looked at the enemy as though challenging her to doubt his statement.

Miss Pritchard rose with a swift movement. Stripping the shawl from her shoulders she laid it over the quivering figure on the couch and strode to the kitchen. "I suppose there isn't any use in asking you to help me," she flung at Bebe from the back door.

In an incredibly short time she emerged from her own house with an eiderdown comfortable on one arm and a basket of wood on the other, which Bebe took from her at the top of the bank. Jumbles, who had unwittingly gotten in his mistress' way, retired to his bed feeling that the world was surely coming to an end. The little mission maid, shrewdly suspecting that these good things were but the first installment, kept one eye on their neighbor's house and was all ready to take the steaming tray with which Miss Pritchard appeared next.

So many doors of opportunity seemed to open before the latter as she fed the prostrate little artist—while Louis Philippe and Bebe banqueted gorgeously in the kitchen—that she felt dizzy with the effort of deciding which to enter first.

"I guess I can help her to sell those things—if they are frivolous," she speculated, with the assured social prominence of one whose ancestors for two hundred years back slept in the Plattville cemetery. "And wasn't it the pastor's wife who said to me that we hadn't a really good music teacher in this town? I'll go and see her tomorrow. And—and I think—I'll take the little orchard picture—after all."

Louis Germonde, returning home that evening after a lunchless, discouraging day of many unoccupied hours and three lessons—for which he could not reasonably hope to be paid within a month—was greeted by a waddling, asthmatic pug dog, and a maddening odor of something savory sputtering over a fire mingled with a delicious aroma of hot coffee.

He stood amazed in the doorway of the small dining room, gazing at the tableau within.

His wife, wrapped in some soft, fluffy thing of pale blue, sat propped up by pillows on the couch, her face alight with fresh hope. In the kitchen beyond Bebe moved about with brisk step, singing softly to herself in a renewed trust of Providence, born from the physical comfort of satisfied hunger—

"J'ai un bon Pere qui m' attend aux Cieux."

And Louis Philippe! Louis Philippe lay sleeping within the arms of someone who rocked backward and forward slowly in a low chair, crooning an old Puritan hymn, his softly flushed cheek pressed against the bosom of the enemy.

DAY FLOWERS ❧ ❧ By Eugene C. Dolson

Hearts that to joy and happiness are won, from sorrow's presence often turn away;
As flowers open to the morning sun, but close their petals with the dying day.

MAN IN PERSPECTIVE

III.—THE GOOD THERE IS IN WAR

By Michael A. Lane

Author of "The Level of Social Motion," "New Dawns of Knowledge," etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

IF, in the dim, active ages when the brute ancestors of men went about on all fours, killing and rending, a sort of brute Hague conference could have established a general "peace," there would never have evolved what we call a "human race," and man would have been, today, a nonentity.

Fortunately for us, our brute ancestors, pressed by incessant and positive necessity, made war perpetually on one another and on all other living things with which they came into contact. Mutual slaughter was the rule; and a good, sound "principle" it was, inasmuch as the way of life required of the individual and the tribe to be up and doing—to kill or be killed.

Dr. Lester F. Ward, the eminent botanist, who has spent much of his leisure in founding the unfounded science of sociology, suggests that it was probably some trivial occurrence that determined the superiority, or the superior strength, of man; that the elephant would have made a very intelligent and capable ruling race—a possibility which commends itself to our judgment when we try to imagine the general results of the brute peace conference suggested above.

The fact, however, remains. There was, fortunately for us, no discussion of peace; so that wide awake public and private murder, stimulated by all kinds of individual and social need, went on sifting out race after race, until it produced that mild mannered, unresisting, and altogether egregious animal, the modern peace advocate.

The average peace advocate, like most average men, is marked by two leading characters, or traits; call them selfishness and shallowness. First, he is opposed to war because the idea of war (when he thinks of himself as being in it) is anything but pleasant. Secondly, he is opposed to war because he has not the slightest notion of the fundamental laws of social growth.

Warlikeness is an instinct, or a trait, or a character, that has always marked the superior, or stronger, race; at least when we speak of men. The best advantaged race will devour the least, or less, advantaged, if the latter's destruction is helpful to the prosperity of the former. And one of the most luminous, or light shedding, illustrations of scientific, thoroughly well planned and deftly executed warfare, is your very bewhiskered peace advocate who emits vast quantities of blague about "humanity," while devouring rare beef steak. Here is a mammal devouring the raw flesh of another mammal—an out and out cannibal—who talks of humanity! The picture is suggestive, if no more.

It is well for European peoples that the peace men are in an insignificant minority. With a whole nation of peace men you will have a people and a country like those of China. A Chinese army, marching on the "allies," turned and went back because a rain storm dissolved the paper shoes worn by the soldiers! A peace loving man cannot be expected to fight in uncomfortable circumstances. The Chinese, through long centuries of adaptation, lost the warlike instinct, with what disastrous social effects we see; a people given over wholly to the worship of past things and dead ancestors; whereby progress comes to an end and all things tomorrow will be as were all things yesterday. If this state of society is not properly called stagnation, it would be hard to find an appropriately rhetorical phrase for it. A nation which, as a nation, cannot be provoked to fight until it feels the spear of the enemy sticking barb-fashion into its fleshy parts, is hardly a progressive nation in whatsoever way one defines the word. Peace, under certain conditions, may become a curse rather than a blessing.

The bearings and the significance of war will be, perhaps, better understood if a large view be taken of the matter; if the view include not only man but also the entire animate world; so that one may see the root causes of social action in general. The idea of war is usually applied to the war waged among men; the definition, generally, being limited to the fighting done by the organized armies of nations.

The inadequacy of the definition likewise gives rise to many false ideas of the real meaning of war, through failure to include in the definition private as well as public war. Until men can rid themselves of private war they can never hope to rid themselves of public war, for the two phenomena arise out of one and the same cause. Private war is war that is waged for the benefit of particular individuals. Public war is waged for the benefit of the entire community. When looked at from these several points of view, the rather cloudy question of war and peace will tend to clear itself.

Thorold Rogers, the late eminent professor of economics at Oxford, and his school, interpret history as an economic phenomenon, or as a pageant of economic phenomena, and nothing more whatsoever. It is a view of things which forces conviction on the minds of those who are not burdened with beliefs that give to man a special niche in the universe. It reduces morality to a mechanical, physical, or say chemical basis; and while it tends to cut down human vanity, or to destroy it quite, it also serves to explain many obscure problems which otherwise would remain insoluble without the introduction of a supernatural, or preternatural, machinery into the universal working of things.

When one nation conquers another the conquered nation gives up wealth to the conquerors. An invading army helps itself to the wealth of the invaded. Now this is precisely what happens when the body of a man—or other complex organism — is invaded by microbes. The bodies of men—the bodies of all metazoa—consist of great communities of microscopic organisms called cells. A man is nothing but an organized mass of billions of little animals, each one living its own individual life and working in harmony with the others, taking its share of the food obtained by the general effort and reproducing itself in peace and comfort—when not disturbed by invading organisms. In a so called diseased body a state of war prevails between the community of cells making up the body itself and the invading cells from without. If the body cells can destroy the invaders the body "recovers." If not the body will die. But the point at issue in all this is—a question of food, the wealth which nourishes and supports life.

Admitted that a state of war prevails between the cell community of which a man consists and an invading horde of pneumonia germs for example, it will be admitted likewise that the cause of this war is economic. Microbes must have nourishment or they will die; therefore they fall to the work of absorbing the nourishment which accident throws into their way. The individual cells in the bodies of men will die if not nourished; therefore the community of cells (i. e., a man) falls to work upon the nourishment which the accidents of environment throw in its own way. And the same thing is true of a society, or a nation, which is nothing more than a community of organisms which are themselves made up of innumerable individual organisms called cells.

This view of war brings us suddenly face to face with the truth of the old proverb that might is right. Might IS right, now and forever. The voice of the people IS the voice of God — with the bacilli of tuberculosis as with men. War is a question of food (or wealth), and it is always justifiable when the stronger party to it is in want of the wealth that is to be won by its practice. As a matter of course, the attacked party has the right on its own side when it defends itself — so that war is always justified on both sides.

Men glorify and even deify ideas associated with what they call good; and a "good thing" in the mind of a man is much the same as a "good thing" in the mind of a child.

Thus the right of war becomes a most "sacred" thing in the mind of nations—for man, being a highly complex organism, can idealize much that remains only a dim need — an unconscious want — to the microbe. Out of this idealization grows a god of war, which is the possession of all strong tribes and nations. The national god is always at the back of the army, and he is powerful in proportion as the nation is strong. With cultured nations, whose belief in gods is on the wane, war is justified on grounds of "humanity," or by a plain appeal to the economic argument. Spoil is the root motive of all wars of today as of the past. Other motives are, in the main, adventitious.

War is thus seen to be a natural process whereby animals live upon one another and upon vegetables, and parasitic vegetables upon one another and upon animals. Internecine war occurs when a race makes war upon its own kind, and enmity is from of old based upon unlikeness of kind, or remoteness of kinship.

From this larger and general view we can study the facts without personal prejudice; and when studied in that way war must be regarded as a process by which the more favored races survive in the struggle for existence. Human warfare, when thus viewed, is seen to be only a phase of the great general law of natural selection out of which emerges ever the fittest for survival. To be consistent, the peace advocate would be compelled to contend that the conquest of savage peoples by civilized ones is and always has been wrong. He would have to contend that the discovery of a new land with its subsequent emigration, colonization and all the fierce warfare accompanying these processes, has been essentially unjustifiable and wrong. According to that kind of philosophy, the American colonists should have packed themselves back to Europe instead of defending themselves against the Indians. Europe should have accepted the civilization of the Tartars instead of fighting against it, and Christian missionaries in China should submit quietly to massacre or stay away from that peaceful land, the inhabitants of which are really the most consistent advocates of peace we have.

To be thoroughly consistent (let us say in the view of some non-human critic from another planet where natural selection produces minds without bodies) the peace advocate would be compelled to refrain from killing other animals for food, or even vegetables, which, after all, have a right to live—unless we admit that might is right. More than this, your peace advocate should not defend himself from disease after he had outgrown the warlike instincts of his childhood. By pursuing this policy the peace advocate would find that he and his party would be wiped out of existence in less than thirty days, leaving the earth to the sole possession of inhabitants who accepted warfare as a natural instinct and who, in the main, rather liked it than otherwise; thereby demonstrating their conspicuous fitness for survival.

Men are guilty of some tremendous follies, but perhaps this peace folly is the most tremendous of all. Peace, other than the proverbial "solitude," can never prevail upon this earth as long as animals are chemically constituted as they now are. If man discovers a method of manufacturing protoplasm directly from the elements, he may be rid of the need of killing in order to live. But even in that event he would not be left in peace by the myriad organisms about him whose sole trade is killing. He would be compelled to kill them, or many of them, if he were not to be overrun and killed by them.

Peace and good will among men themselves is possible and probable, but on no such basis as that which is generally argued by those unthinking persons whose heads are in the sand, while the whole universe looks on a posteriori. Political peace will come about, no doubt, when trade shall have been established upon a perfectly equilibriated bottom; when national, or general, economy can gain nothing, but, on the contrary, lose, by war; when the human race shall have been reduced to one type, or when a superior, intelligent, and powerful race of men shall have reduced all other races to a state of helpless dependence, whereby the inferior, or weak races, shall be ruled like dogs are now, by fear and affection. Then we may have universal peace; but until then war will be approved and war will be "good."

Before that blessed state shall have been reached, however, there will have been brought about a radical reform in the general methods of doing business among men. The whole cannot be greater than the sum of its parts. If every individual in a community be red headed, you will have a red headed community. If individual men believe in and practice private war, public war will be a necessity.

Now what is meant by the terms private war? This is meant: taking from another by force or fraud what is not yours but his. This is what the socialists call "expropriation," and expropriation is the bottom rock on which war, public or private, (among men) is founded. Private war is, under another name, industry. And it would be the most vicious of errors to imagine that industry, of the glory of which we hear so much, is without its slain. On the contrary, for every man slain in war, so called, a thousand are slain in industry. To him who is not sodden with the stupidity of ignorance, or wholly debauched with the desire for getting his hands on the possessions of others, the present system of industry is a monstrous crime beside which the "horrors" of antique warfare were "pale and pure and painless as a virgin's dreams." Why raise our hands in horror at a few liters of blood shed on battle fields, while millions of men and women (to say nothing of children) are dying of disease acquired in the shops, mills and mines of Christendom? Why talk of peace when industrial barons—nay, kings—make private war as they please, using as their armies the millions who are continually falling disabled or dead in the fight? Why moan over a handful of Japanese or Russians, when girls are dying of bone rot in American match factories, and twenty million or more American working men are expropriated, robbed and bled (while thousands of them are literally slaughtered) in the shambles of industry?

And yet if we hold that public war is a good thing we must hold also that private war in the form of industry is no less a good thing in itself. All growth, —which is really adaptation,—is painful; has its "growing pains" and its diseases of childhood, which disappear when the organism is fully adapted, or, as it is called, mature. This is true of social as of individual growth, and to understand the second we must know something of the first. The sociologist who is blissfully unaware of the structure of his own hide, or of the function or structure of his own liver or blood, is a sad picture when he comes to us talking learnedly of "society"—as if men were the only considerable things in science of any kind. Society is in process of growth, has not yet arrived at its maturity, or its equilibrium of forces, and therefore must have its public and private war until social adaptation be complete, and war, thereby, come to an end.

The outlook for universal peace among men is not so very discouraging when we consider the steady growth of so called socialistic ideas since the establishment of the factory system. Within the last ten years the rapidity of that growth in the United States has been amazing. Ten years ago not one American in one thousand had definite ideas concerning government ownership of industry, while today not one in one thousand but can discuss it intelligently, or at least has a definite idea that government ownership would take "money" out of the pockets of other people and put it into his own—an idea that is intelligent enough for all practical purposes, being, as it is, a true conception of the facts. Labor is not expropriated when the state operates industry not for taxing purposes but for the general good. Teachers of political economy in the great universities of this country (with two or three exceptions) do not write or preach doctrines favorable to socialist programs because they know that if they did so they would lose their jobs. A professor, after all, is only a man with a job; and unless he is guaranteed absolute liberty of speech, he dare not draw upon himself the wrath of his employer. Professors of zoology fight shy of the God question, because if they taught their class that there is no God they would lose their jobs. Professors of political economy may be convinced that government ownership of industry is a good thing, but they dare not preach it. If they did they would lose their jobs.

They cannot justify themselves by saying that they do not teach what "ought to be," but what is. They are constantly telling the people and themselves what ought to be; but they keep a sharp lookout that the ought-to-be which they advocate is a thoroughly respectable ought-to-be, guaranteed not to offend the men who pay their salaries. The few socialistic professors of political economy who have dared to teach socialism openly have lost their jobs, and some of them who secured new jobs (in state universities and elsewhere) have been compelled to trim and tack for fear of being out of a job permanently.

Now the outlook for liberty of speech for professors of political economy (who, after all, are men with ideas of sympathy and justice, and not mere bags of dry bones) is favorable. As popular opinion grows socialistic, the professor will become bolder and bolder, until the losing of one's job becomes a paying proposition; until the fighting professor becomes a leader in the war of the people upon the industrial baron. The outlook, therefore, for industrial peace, is good; and the United States is a most promising field for the first really strong sprouts of it. "That which is good doth pass to better, best." We have built up tremendous political liberties and great international trade by public war; we have built up vast industries by private war. And the outlook spells right wages for the working man and liberty of speech for the professor.

FALL PLOWING IN THE ALMOST LIMITLESS WHEAT FIELDS OF MANITOBA

MISALLIANCE

By George Du Bois

CITY OF MEXICO, MEXICO

"I PROMISE you," repeated Albert, the young, newly married merchant, detaching the halter from the ring in the old wall, "I promise you that your niece shall have no occasion to complain of me. You will hear from her very soon, and the news will be good."

Then, judging superfluous further promises, he leaped lightly into the saddle.

Upon the mossy old mounting block stood the fair, proud Alice, evidently reluctant to break away from the effusive demonstrations of her uncle the chevalier, and from the embraces of her aunt and her two cousins, Charlotte and Marceline, who inundated her traveling cape with tears, clinging to her with sobs and sighs simply heartrending.

The young merchant bent, raised his bride, seated her on the croup, and, applying the spur, cut short that scene of desolation by urging his Percheron to a trot.

But with face turned toward the semi-ruined manor, the nobly born bride commenced to weep harder still, so much so in fact that the young husband at last said:

"Your relatives are not lost to you, Alice. You will see them again very soon."

Then as his bride made no reply, but continued to weep, Albert, little flattered at that evidence of chagrin, discountenance even, hastened the pace of his mount.

"Does it seem to you so sad, then, to depart with a husband who loves you?" he ventured at last, in a voice of melancholy tenderness. "I conceive, it is true, the pain of your uncle,of your aunt and of your two young cousins, but if their affection for you is sensible they will console themselves with the satisfaction of knowing that you are no longer a charge on their bounty, that you are at last established advantageously."

"What words of cold reason!" cried the girl in a tone of deep offense. Do you suppose that a consideration of petty interest can console my relatives for the pain of parting? Ah! one sees at once in that remark the practical sense of the merchant, who mixes calculation with the noblest of sentiments."

"My dear girl," replied Albert, piqued at the reproach, "your last words lead me to believe that a certain disdain for me is intermingled with your regret at parting with your relatives. I am proud, too, and that disdain tends to kill in me the tender familiarity that would aid me to console you."

"And do you imagine that you will be able so easily to make me forget what I am leaving?" cried the damsel. "Howsoever neat your place may be, it will not efface the souvenirs of my old home. There I have imbibed principles and ideas of nobility that can never be yours."

"In fact," retorted the merchant, "I do not desire to imbibe principles or ideas that would lead me to ruin."

Alice felt her pride deeply wounded, and replied acridly:

"If, in entering the circle of our gentility, you have only remarked the ruinous condition of the manor or the nudity of the interior, you render proof of a very superficial judgment."

"I have remarked you also," insinuated the young merchant, with a shade of sly yet conciliatory malice.

"And in doing so appear to infer that you have done me a signal favor."

"I do not mean to infer that; I simply

hope that you will lose nothing by leaving a difficult existence for an easy one, and the indifferent regard of relatives for the attention, love and care of a husband."

"Again! Really, I admire your presumption!" cried Alice, with a vexation that accentuated her real sorrow at the separation; "how can a man in your condition show more attentive care or delicacy than my noble uncle the chevalier, my lady aunt and my two young cousins, who are people of quality?"

Albert bit his lip and replied:

"It is a pity you did not reflect upon all that ere consenting to become my wife."

"Vex me no more, sir! All you say is redolent of a vulgar, commercial vanity."

"Ah!" retorted the young merchant, "my vulgar commercial vanity is humble and insignificant alongside of your vanity of nobility."

"Let us go no further!" cried Alice impetuously. "I see now how utterly different are our stations and our views. Allow me to alight from your beast. You may proceed alone to your shop! I return to the manor!"

"Surely you will not leave me this way!" pleaded the young husband in a tone of despair.

II

They were approaching a village. Alice commenced to attempt to slip to the ground at risk of injury, which obliged the young man to halt his horse and assist her to alight.

"I have almost a mind to exercise my right as a husband and carry you away against your will!" he growled. "But you would cry out against it as a violence. I prefer to allow the common sense of your relatives to restore you to reason. I will halt at that tavern and await you until evening—no longer!"

"You may wait for me till Christmas or kingdom come, if you wish!" retorted the girl angrily, turning her back on him.

The distance lying between the tavern and the manor was not great, but Alice, in order to avoid curious people, made a detour through the park. There were plenty of breaches in the old wall permitting her to enter. However, she lessened her pace as she approached the ancient manor.

Although still bewildered by a quarrel so soon after marriage, she commenced to meditate the consequences of her action. The emotion caused by the adieux, the apprehension of a new existence, nervousness at encountering herself for the first time alone with Albert, all the novelty of married life had unnerved her, and the reflex of so many diverse sensations had manifested itself unconsciously in that excess of anger which betrayed the agitation of her spirit, dissimulating the true state of her mind, for in fact she was much attached to her young husband.

The view of the ancient manor increased her embarrassment and her regrets; what emotion her unexpected return was going to cause her dear ones!

The idea caused her to halt in the rear of a dense hedge, and there, concealed, she reflected upon the best mode of narrating her adventure, in order not to arouse too much the ire of the chevalier against the young merchant, nor cause her aunt and cousins too great grief. At that moment the voices of her aunt and uncle reached her ear, proceeding from a trellised arbor near by, in the shade of which they were accustomed to sup when the weather was fine, a conversation which now absorbed her entire attention.

"Yes, I am glad of it," tranquilly affirmed the chevalier. "I have had the tact never to allow her to feel it, but her presence imposed upon us an extra expense that I was in no position to stand. I have long felt the necessity of applying that extra expense to the welfare of my own children. At an age when many girls are self supporting, Alice has never had a care. It would have humiliated me to allow her to comprehend that she was abusing our bounty. So when that young merchant, who has the air of an honest and charming fellow, asked me for her hand, I found the offer very apropos. That marriage delivers us from a heavy charge and forms the best solution of the problem that our poverty has created for me, and saves me from the mortification of having to disclose it to her."

"Yes," said the lady with a tone of deep satisfaction, "outside the inconvenience arising from lack of funds, I can say that, due perhaps to the fact that she has had to wait until she is twenty-two ere being able to secure a husband, or perhaps due to our very retired manner of living, the humor of our niece had become singularly acrid. Her disposition is difficult. She often quarreled with our girls, at times even with me. However, Charlotte is nearly eighteen, Marceline is almost sixteen, a marriageable age, and the presence of that senior cousin, prettier, if not as amiable as they, would have injured their chances with pretendants. Alice would have attracted all the attention, and my poor girls would have passed unperceived. But, hush! here they come!"

The two girls, bearing the frugal supper, advanced smilingly toward the arbor, and Charlotte exclaimed:

"I have just installed myself in the chamber that Alice has occupied; in my opinion it is the nicest in the house, and I feel better there than I did when I had to share a room with Marceline!"

"And I," exclaimed the junior, "I feel much better alone in my chamber!"

III

Poor Alice, trembling far more than the leaves of the poplar stirred by the breezes of early eve, no longer dared to present herself to her relatives, and, quietly deserting her concealment, she glided into the shelter of the brush of the park.

She wandered for a time here and there, her heart heavy and her eyes streaming with tears.

Arriving before the broken wall, she turned to gaze once more, to bid adieu to the ancient manor where she had passed the days of her youth, ere emerging into an unknown world. Bathed in rosy light by the last rays of the setting sun, it appeared to her neither dilapidated nor gloomy; on the contrary, it seemed very solid yet and gayer than ever. The souls of men, the souls of things, all, then, seemed happy at her departure. Failing to find a companion gloom in the spirits of her relatives or in the ruinous old manor, she turned to the ruins of her heart; veritable ruins they appeared to her, ruins of hopes, of illusions now crushed and broken forever by reason of a few phrases uttered irreflectively.

Then amid her despair surged the image of the young merchant. She saw again his kind face, pensive, despairing, and, seized with a sudden, profound remorse, without waiting longer, fearing that he too might forget her, she cleared the old wall and quickly regained the road leading to the village.

IV

Although eve had fallen ere she arrived at the tavern, she found Albert still waiting there with unquiet gaze fixed upon the route, the dust of which was already mellowed by the rays of the moon. Upon the appearance of Alice, he turned pale with emotion. However, it was very simply he asked:

"Are you ready to go?"

"I am ready," she replied resolutely.

He entered the court of the tavern and quickly reappeared leading the horse by the bridle.

He leaped lightly into the saddle, bent to lift his bride, seated her on the croup, then spurred the beast and resumed the way toward the city at a lively trot.

And as behind him Alice still wept, but discreetly, noiselessly, the young merchant asked, in a voice full of solicitude:

"Are you still so sorry, my dear?"

"Oh!" she replied humbly, "do not worry over my tears; it is my heart that is emptying itself of the past, drop by drop, so that your love and tenderness may take its entire place!"

And then, as in excess of joy the young merchant spurred harder in order to arrive more quickly, Alice with her pretty, supple arms encircled the waist of her husband and with lips close to his ear murmured in a voice begging pardon:

"Ah! my dear Albert, I have just comprehended, at last, that there is more genuine love in your rude frankness than in all the effusions of my uncle the chevalier, than in all the tears of my lady aunt, or the sobs of my young cousins."

THE DAWN ON A SHORE ❧ By Yone Noguchi

I DREAMED I crawled out of darkest hell,
Maddened by the torture of the terrible show,
With blood-shotten eyes numbed by useless gazing
Toward the bliss of the stars.
I crawled out, at last,
Into the breezes of dawn,
Into the breezes whose taste I had forgotten long.
I trembled, feeling the sudden stir of life;
The green odor of the dawn and immortality
Slowly revived my soul.
Was there one more dreadful to see
Than my face touched with the blackest stain,
Mercilessly touched with the leprous breath
Of the sufferers in the pit?

I turned my face to the eastward,
I smelled the coming of morning
As the cattle smell the pool at a distance.
I ran to receive the golden kiss of the goddess of light and love
That rose from the seas with the throbbing song of glory —
The Song of the Resurrection.
Two angels danced around the sun, in white splendor:
The angel Joy in crimson dress,
With silvery flashes from her eyes,
With flowers in her richest cloud of hair;
The angel Faith in sable robe,
With silent brow and lips of infinity.
My cheek suddenly flowered fragrant and red;
My eyes beamed with the old glad dreams,
The morning dews of joy and love
Richly grossed my sun-kissed hair.

WITH ROSSETTI IN LONDON

By Yone Noguchi

Author of "From the Eastern Sea", "The Snail," "Voice of the Valley, etc.
TOKYO, JAPAN

WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI TO YONE NOGUCHI, LONDON, 1903

3 St. Edmund's Terrace
Regent's Park, N. W.
17 Jan., 1903

Dear Mr. Noguchi: I have read your poems, paying rather minute attention to them, as you will see by my revisions and notes. I assure you that I consider them in many respects *very good;* they are full of a rich sense of beauty, and of ideal sentiment. In fact the essential excellence of the poems, and the particular quality of their excellence, surprise me. "The Myoto" is truly a beautiful little piece, marked by feeling equally simple and deep.

You will hardly need to be informed that your poems do not read exactly as if they had been written by an Englishman: indeed, in my opinion, they *ought* not to do so—they ought to convince of their Eastern origin. Occasionally there is a phrase which is not English; and oftener a very bold use of epithets, such as "velvet-footed moonbeams" — but this one can allow for, as a daring transfer of one impression of sense into a different but analogous impression. In some instances I think the verse—as verse—would read smoother and better by transporting words from one line into another.

You see I am sending back your poems to explain my views, but I should be very sorry to lose them, so I should be indebted to you if you would forward me another copy.

Would you like any of your poems to appear in some English magazine? It seems to me that, if I were to send your pamphlet to some magazine — say "T. P.'s Weekly," which has a great circulation — the editor would be likely to insert one of the compositions, more especially "The Myoto." I cannot, however, answer for this, as I am not directly connected with that magazine.

I should also rather like to show the pamphlet to our one great living poet, Algernon Swinburne. He is a friend of mine, and a great critic as well as poet, and I think he would not fail to appreciate your work.

If you approve of this idea about the magazine and Swinburne, you would please send me three copies, including the one for myself.

I would most gladly make your personal acquaintance. I live here with two daughters, and the house is tolerably full of Japanese prints, books, etc. One of my daughters, more especially, is a *great* enthusiast for Japanese books. I have engagements for January 18, 19, 23, 24, 30 and 31. Some other day I could see you with pleasure if you call: it will be desirable that you should propose a time two or three days beforehand, so that we might ensure a meeting.

Believe me,
Very truly yours,
Wm. M. Rossetti.

Of course I don't expect you to adopt my revisions on your pamphlet *unless you yourself like them:* they are put in that form, as the only easy way of showing what I mean.

BELIEVE me, such was the very letter written to me by William M. Rossetti, brother of Dante and Christina, one of the great living critics and no mean poet, after only a few days of the publication of my pamphlet, "From the Eastern Sea," in brown paper (which, as Sir Lewis Morris also wrote me, was "like one of the impressionist Whistler's on Art Criticism, which was on brown paper and also with good effect.") In fact, since the pamphlet was published from my own pocket, which was already growing terribly thin at that time, I could not afford any better paper. "Brown paper" I used was one which London shop keepers wrap things with—the cheapest kind of paper. I took a little American money with me to London—"dear, smoky London," as "Dad" Stoddard [Charles Warren] used to say, and a big bundle of my poems on my back. I went to one publisher after another, and one magazine after another, carrying my poems, the fruit of six years' labor at least, and it was becoming quite a nuisance. Must I give up my ambition, my cherished ambition to publish things in London,—Shelley and Keats' London? Must I forget my dream of waking up one morning famous like Byron, I thought. I expected to stay in London for six months, and four months were already passed and my plans had not gone forward even a step. I was obliged to move to my Japanese friend's boarding house at Brixton Road (where was Yoshio Markino, the artist) and to curse London and all the English publishers. He was hard up, and I joined him, as misery loves company.

"Why can't I publish my book (yes, a pamphlet) with the money which I kept for my Paris trip?" I said to myself. I had money put in another pocket which was sufficient to make a trip by Cook's excursion at Christmas time. I told my idea to Markino, who said "Good!" So my sixteen-page pamphlet was published from a little printer's of Kensington Park, a few blocks from our boarding house. And is there any more impractical place than Brixton Road? Richard LeGallienne said, in his review of my book, one which was incorporated in a more ambitious volume under the same title and published by the Unicorn Press, "Brixton, I may explain, is something like the Harlem, or perhaps the Brooklyn, of London." Yes, my pamphlet hailed out from a most unpoetical address. And lo! London, great London who once wondered on Byron, cast her sudden surprising look, and, thank God, recognized at once "myself" in my pamphlet. What a fear and courage I showed in sending out some copies to the press and the leading English writers! Next morning, look, the letter of the Duchess of Sutherland was waiting for my rise. Greeting and good wishes for my success she sent me. She recognized "a scent from the cherry blossoms, from the wood of the houses, of the shower of the Inland Sea," in my book. And she asked five more copies. Laurence Housman, author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," sent me some suggestions. And Arthur Symons, the critic, promised to write me up in the Saturday Review. Sir Leslie Stephen paid me compliments, and Thomas Hardy wrote me a letter. The Duke of Argyle wrote me, too. Sir Lewis Morris sent me kind words from Camarthen. I was invited to come to meet Ellen Terry. The letter with the English crown on was from the Queen. It was the third day of the publication that the Outlook gave three pages for my sixteen-page pamphlet, under the heading of "A Friendly and an Allied Poet." Most certainly my name was made,—yes, at once. And the above letter came next from our worthy Rossetti. Dear, kind old soul! He must have been spending many an hour in balancing every line of my poems, and pruning them here and there. He sent me a page or two of his notes on my poems. Yes, he took such pains with it as he once did on his great brother's work. Was he not a brotherly adviser to his sister Christina? I regret to say, however, that I could not accept every suggestion he made.

I rode to his St. Edmund's Terrace, crossing Regent Park. His house was exactly like one in my imagination, dark and retired looking, comfortable under the atmosphere soft and mystically sweet. I knocked the door knob. How interesting to tap the knob instead of pushing the electric button! (I said once that I would leave London immediately if there was no knob on door and no sweet afternoon tea within.) The door was opened by one young lady. Such a smile, quiet and yet sparkling! I remembered that I used to read such a smile in Dante's poems. The lady had the charm which was far away and yet verily near — the charm which I found in Dante's picture. She was the young lady Dante must love. Why, certainly! She was his niece. I decided myself at once that I will not accept any other name for her but Helen or Lilith, which I read in Dante's poems. "Come right in, Mr. Noguchi, father and I have been waiting for you. My elder sister is away today. You must think, at least today, that my father has only one daughter," she said, when she led me through the hall. What a profoundly sweet air! The literary atmosphere completely filled the house, since it was continually occupied more than one hundred years by the leading literary men of England, the last occupant being Richard Garnett, as I was told afterward. Look at those Japanese pictures on the hall wall! "I am sure you are one who loves enthusiastically Japanese art," I said. "Yes," was her brief reply, but her smile and blush * * * She was delicious.

A moment later, I and Mr. Rossetti were talking in his library with the odor a thousand years old. The whole world would be glad if Dante Rossetti lived today, but I felt extremely happy in seeing his dear brother who was spiritually his twin. He was little and gray. What a kind beam from his eyes! I felt as if I knew him more than fifty years. He opened his heart to me. "You look more Italian than Japanese. And your name is Italian too," he began. We quarreled over the phrases of my poems. He regretted that he did not sail to Japan instead of Australia, where he had been when his health failed some years ago. "Fuji Mountain must be divinely beautiful," he said. And he took down a hundred volumes of Japanese pictures from the shelf, and asked me the points about them. It was perfectly a surprise that he knew so much about the Japanese art; he said that it was a pity for Japan if she will adopt the European way in painting. "How my brother loved those pictures," he sighed. The atmosphere was becoming slightly tragic, when his daughter brought in the tea. I was glad that she did not forget the marmalade. English afternoon tea would be nothing without it.

"Do you know where you are sitting, Mr. Noguchi?" he said suddenly, looking at me.

"The sofa where you are sitting used to belong to Shelley. It was brought back from Italy. He breathed his last breath on it. Dante wrote a sonnet on it, as perhaps you know;" he said. Really? I — sitting on Shelley's sofa! What an unexpected luck! It would be great for a Japanese to come to London, and doubtless it is the greatest thing to sit on Shelley's sofa and talk with Rossetti. I secretly congratulated myself on my fortune. Mr. Rossetti wished me to come over to see Holman Hunt, one of the famous artists and one of the Rossetti group, when I told him that I used to live with Joaquin Miller. Hunt was Miller's old friend. "Miller is a poet," he exclaimed. "So you are," he said a moment later. He said that he often saw Watts-Dunton, who also appreciated my work and to whom he wished to introduce me. "You must see Swinburne before you leave London. I am sorry he is speedily growing deaf," he said.

"Will you come up to my bedroom, Mr. Noguchi? You don't mind it. I like to show it," Rossetti's daughter exclaimed from the hall.

I, Mr. Rossetti and his daughter climbed up the stairs dimly lighted. London Winter has no daylight, under the famous London fogs and smoke. I was frightened on seeing a certain mask, terribly pale, at the corner. It was Dante's mask—the greatest Italian poet, before whom all the Rossetti family burned incense. Mr. Rossetti said it was his brother's work. Behold the four walls of his daughter's chamber! Believe me, the Japanese pictures covered everywhere, and the pictures were Hiroshige's Gojusan Tsugi (fifty-three pictures of the Tokaido road.) "I admire Hiroshige, don't you?" she said, looking at me. "He was one of the most wonderful artists of the world," Mr. Rossetti added. Did I expect to find such a Japanese-picture enthusiast in London? I confess I felt a great shame in my utter ignorance of Japanese pictures. I wondered how boldly I could call myself a genuine Japanese.

He led me, afterward, to the dining room, saying that he would like to show me Dante's picture of Christina. There in the dining room the pictures of the elder Rossetti couple were hung. "He was a great scholar and the authority on great Dante," he said. Dante! Yes, the Rossetti family was Dante's reincarnation. Look at another wall! There's eternally sweet and quiet Miss Christina Rossetti.

I bade goodnight when the vesper bell rang. To hear the church bell anywhere in London will suggest something nobler and sadder. And to hear it at Rossetti's house suggested to me the noblest and saddest feeling which comes most rarely.

How can I forget this my first visit?

MY THOUGHTS OF THEE

By Ben Franklin Bonnell

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

AN Oriole sang to me
From the top of a laurel tree
And he set my heart aflame;
For, Dear, he spoke your name
As plain as plain could be—
No purer, sweeter note e'er came
From bird or angel than your name.

He perched, and then away—
The light all left the day—
And my heart sank cold as lead,
But a Honeysuckle said:
"Come sit with me today—
I cannot sing like the Oriole
But I'll breathe the fragrance of her soul."

Words never can express
My real happiness,
Nor half my sweet surprise:
A Pansy with dreamy eyes
Smiled as you smile! Oh, I confess
That Nature only speaks to me
In sighs and smiles and thoughts of Thee.

NANG PATAY-DÄANG

(THE DEATH-TRAIL)

By Arthur Stanley Riggs

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

BUTCH WHITE was an ex-soldier and a negro. When his regiment went back home to the United States, Butch took his discharge and stayed in the Philippines, partly because he dreaded the cold of a northern Winter, after the warm, muggy climate he had been in for three years and partly for the sake of satisfying a somewhat lazy spirit of adventure.

His captain felt that perhaps there might be something back of the burly corporal's statement that he wanted to stay in the islands to stake out a mining claim, but being gifted with a modicum of reason, he forbore to do more than warn the happy-go-lucky Butch against the seductions of the native liquors, vile stuffs made up of paregoric and lightning, as evil in their effects as in their sickening and clammy smells. He knew when he spoke that he was wasting his breath; Butch was big and full of hot young blood, his captain, on the contrary, being little, middle aged and anaemic.

For a while after his old partners left Manila Butch lived well, spending his accrued and travel pay with a lavish hand, negro fashion; but that small sum could not last forever, and one dripping morning he woke up to find himself penniless, stranded in a foreign city—twelve thousand miles away from Christianity and everything else—bitterly hostile at heart to anyone who spoke the tongue of the Americans, those hateful and malicious "white swine" who had come to wreck the lovely island home of true independence. Butch had much of the American soldier's distrust of the Filipino, but he also had a more genial and sunny temper than his brothers in arms, so it was hardly remarkable, after having wasted shoes and patience in the effort to obtain work from white men, that he came to be, in the course of a few weeks, a driver and wagon boss for a wealthy Filipino, who repaid his good nature and skilled service with horses and men by small wages and large curses, in very fluent and broken English and Spanish. Neither sort of emolument was at all regular. That he must be glad of either, and with a cheerful face, at that, was a lesson Butch quickly learned. Money being scarce and promises unusually plenty in the Philippines, it is a rare employer indeed who introduces the former to the latter.

Months passed slowly. By degrees the big driver was getting used to the life, and after the first keen sense of shame at having to work for a "gugu," even for one who possessed several millions of Spanish pesos and just enough Spanish blood to damn him, had passed away, Butch became so inured to his employ that he approached dangerously close to the abyss of liking it. But it was then that he met his fate. Rosaria Kabkad came to Manila and Butch saw her for the second time.

Three years before, when the black ——th cavalry had gone up the railroad on its first tour of duty to San Isidro, Butch had taken the girl and her father and mother up into his engine-cab to get them away to a place of safety. They were "Americanistas" and the insurrectos had set a price on their heads. In the glare from the open firebox door, through the smoke of the burning village and the fumes of the smokestack of his engine, they two had crouched at the cab-end, while Butch, one hand on his long throttle lever, told the colonel the story in a single hurried sentence. The old man understood and moved off out of range from the little engine. The bullets were flying, and the girl and her parents found a safe but grimy place of temporary refuge in the tender, huddled among the logs which fed the machine. In the morning, miles away from the scene of the conflagration and fighting, they left the engine, and Rosaria cried with tears of joy in her brown eyes that she would be his "querida" if ever he came to Manila. She would wait for him there, if he would have her. It was but just, and a simple return for what he had done for her and hers. Butch laughed at her, but remembered. There was no immodesty in her proposal; she spoke from the Filipina's standpoint. The smiling, good natured black bulk of the big trooper fascinated her, and, pure child of nature that she was, her whole instinct responded to his essential virility. He was big, he was pleasant, he was better to look at than her most ardent native admirers; and to Rosaria that meant much.

To Butch her naive proposal had meant practically nothing. But now she had come. His regiment had gone home; no one of his old friends was around. The Filipina had been true, he felt sure. She did not represent the ordinary native woman. The man thought hard for a moment. A second later his powerful double team stood idle in the street and he was talking to Rosaria.

She was glad to see him. Things had changed with her, and the swelling tide of war had swept fortune to her feet; she was fairly rich. Like most native women she wore no shoes—she stood there on wooden half clogs in the sunshine, her feet soiled and dusty. In her ears glittered a pair of brilliant diamonds representing the family's entire wealth — war had made diamonds safer to carry and easier to keep than bulky pesos. Butch regarded her doubtfully as he thought the matter over, finally remarking, with fine disregard for his speech:

"You no 'quiere' me now, eh? Got 'mucho dinero, muchos diamantes?'"

"No, no, senor! Mucho amigo a tu. Mi no rico—pobre!'" was the passionate response, followed in a moment by a shy, downcast glance, and the words, brief and simple, that Butch wanted to hear, but of which he was half afraid: "'Te amo!'"

At the curb stood the great dray. The patient dun mules flicked their tails lazily, surveying the world with an air of mild disapproval and dispassionate unconcern, while "carromatas" and other small vehicles squeezed past in the narrow thoroughfare as best they might, the drivers expressing muttered opinions with volubility. Butch knew dimly the psychological moment had come, and his heart swelled with a new sense of satisfaction. Something he had never known before thrilled through his whole black bulk as he watched the short little square-set, barefooted, brown woman beside him on the hot pavement with a hungry light in his eyes. Rosaria, of course, knew nothing of the man, of the animal, in him. To her perfervid Filipino imagination he was simply the American negro who had proved himself, who had had the power to save, who had saved her and her "padres." The red and hideous night when she had sprung upon the step of the little, wood-burning engine and begged, through the music of the popping, ripping, purring Mauser balls and the smoke of her own denuded and blazing shack, for her life at the hands of the sweating trooper engineer, came back to her in all its intense vividness as they stood talking in the narrow, grimy little "pasaje" by the steamboat landing.

She reasoned as to results, the consequences of her decision, merely that other Filipinas had gone with American negroes and were satisfied. Brutes though the foreign masters might be and often were, they were at least kinder, more considerate, less petty and unreasoning in their cruelties, all things taken into consideration. And most of the time the negro would be in an equable mood, whereas the Filipino lord and master is changeable as an early gust of Spring monsoon. In the negro the sense of proprietorship and vanity was tickled, and as he drove off on his ponderous car, banging his way slowly over the uneven cobbles of the "Muelle de la Reina" to the steamer for which his load was intended, he went as one asleep.

For a while things in the new household ran smoothly. "Queridaville," the contemptuous name given by a sarcastic and irate board of health physician to denote a certain section of Manila where no couple had taken the trouble to face a priest before joining forces, opened its doors willingly to the latest comers, and the "padres," who saw no fault in the relation, lived contentedly enough in the snug, new nipa house with Rosaria and her dark lover, glad beyond words that their lives had been cast in so pleasant and congenial an atmosphere and place, among so many of their own kind and convictions. Everybody was contented in Queridaville, even when some brute threw a lamp at his mistress, to the everlasting detriment of the straw hut in which the couple had its place of abode, such as it was.

Butch was too thoroughly steeped in the levee traditions and modes of life that obtain all along the river front in that queer district of smoky Cincinnati known as Bucktown, where the muddy Ohio is the court of last resort and the temple of eternal silence, to consider the matter at all. No one but fussy old major doctors of the army cared, and they preferred their club and a cup of Scotch and soda to investigating Queridaville, excepting when the cholera or plague or smallpox set to work vigorously to cleanse the pest spot. Then, by that curious inconsistency which governs the motives of humanity, the doctors fought the destroyer desperately, vanquishing him every time, and bringing a fresh lease of life and perniciousness to the very people they despised. Thus the pariahs had as good a chance to die decently as the better people.

Butch was rather proud, and it was not long before all the district had been to his house to feast and drink and sing. But at the height of his pleasure there came a sudden change. Jimlap, the rich Filipino, for whom he worked, needed more men on his immense sugar plantation down in Negros Occidental. Jimlap was a half-caste, a "mestizo," having some little Chino blood, and therefore with the usual traits of the Filipino he combined a judicious portion of Chinese guile. The result was that he succeeded to a degree that made him hated and feared as a rival in trade by his less energetic and clear sighted brothers and competitors. He recognized easily that Butch was the man to send down as boss; he had the knowledge of men necessary, he had training, he was black, he had no incumbrances. A "querida" or two is never permitted to interfere with business or marriage. Butch should go. Beside his other qualifications, he spoke Tagalog, and it would not take him long, with his ready knack of picking up a new dialect, to get a sufficiency of Vicol to handle his men.

Jimlap sent for the negro and told him of the chance in terms that scarcely permitted its refusal. He should be the "superintendente" — Pedro Sacay was incompetent and should come back to Manila, to a mere clerkship in the office where the big punkas kept the fetid air stirring feebly through the muggy mornings and torrid afternoons. And the pay would be very grand. There was little time for deliberation; the steamer would leave at three. Jimlap had fixed it so on purpose. He owned the steamer and could have dispatched her an hour or two later, or not at all, had he so minded, but he wanted Butch to go and therefore did not care to give the burly black a chance to defeat his plans by thinking the matter over too long. There would be no time for him to go home, but his "querida" would be notified, and if he made a success on the plantation she could perhaps go down to him later on, in six months, or nine, maybe a year. Possibly it might be sooner, no?

The proposition was attractive to the easy-going negro. It had the triple merit of novelty, more authority, and still more important, additional pay. The step from wagon boss and truckman to what was virtually a planter's position, controlling an estate of over ten thousand acres, growing the very crop with which he was most familiar, even for a man of recognized merit was a quick and considerable one, and it carried the day easily. Untroubled by any qualms at his sudden desertion of the new home, Butch was on the coasting steamer punctually at three with his new gang, and the fasts were soon cast adrift. The little craft idled down the narrow, crowded river, quickening her pace as she slipped down the enormous bay past the mountains surrounding the winking eye of the Corregidor Light at its double mouth. Down the coast with a bone in her teeth she went, threading her devious way through forbidding clusters of dark and rocky islets barren of life, or winding slowly and cautiously along brilliant interior channels of sparkling water and flying fish, by gleaming banks where the fire-tree blazed, the monkeys and parrots scolded at each other, and an occasional lazy "cayman" lay stretched in the sun.

There was consternation that night on a small scale in Queridaville, and Rosaria, sure an accident had befallen her lover, searched the town. With the customary negligence of the Filipino for everything that does not immediately concern his personal welfare, Jimlap, in the press of business, had forgotten to notify her of the improvement in the fortunes of Butch. All night she made life miserable for her neighbors, searching, and next morning, long before anyone was to be found in the business section of the city, she stood and squatted on her heels, alternately, in front of the office; waiting to catch the news from the first arrival. That she was hungry, weary and disheveled made no difference to her. At last the great man came, portly and important. With tears and impassioned gestures, she told him of her missing "querido"; she had been to all her friends, and to every saloon between the water front and Ermita. No one had seen him.

"What are you talking about, woman?" interrupted the Chino-mestizo, impatient to get to his figures and discounts.

"Del Senor Booch, mi querido," she answered huskily.

Jimlap made an impatient gesture, but he thought for a moment. The name sounded familiar to him, though he could not tell, for an instant, where he had heard it. Suddenly he remembered the promise made the day before to Butch, as the latter went aboard the steamer. With the jangling rapidity of a brawling mountain stream his snappish explanation tumbled upon the Tagal woman, and the wildness of the statement and gestures left her for a moment entirely speechless. When she recovered Jimlap was turning away into his office, and waved back, in response to her timid question if it were really true:

"'s verdad; seguro! Fuera—get out!"

After a whispered conversation with a clerk who was acquainted with the facts, and well disposed, she went back, happy and content, to her baby and the nipa shack and her father and mother.

The months passed and damp September, sticky and hot, became cool January; January's Winter coolth of eighty-five degrees in the shade turned at last into hot, pestilent May. When the breath of the plague and the quick, dreadful "peste" (cholera) swooned over the city, the town grew bare and naked under the dire fury of the diseases and the tropic sun, while the people died like flies and the American government fled panic stricken to the mountains of cool Benguet, to Baguio, where they might escape the folly of having come to a land not fit for a white man to live in under the most favorable circumstances. A dusty quiet was over everything, and only the saloons and hospitals were thoroughly alive and active. Felisa, the baby, died, following quickly after its grandmother, who dropped away in two hours under the fierce blight of the cholera; and on top of this double blow word was brought up from Batangas to Rosaria that Butch had fallen a victim to that still more dreadful and ghastly scourge, leprosy. He had been taken to Culion, the leper island. He could never return to Manila.

Rosaria's cheeks of dusk blanched when she heard the sorry news, and turning with a cry to her desolate, blind old father, she refused to be comforted. Querulous and sick with the heat and fear of the "peste," the old man listened to her with scant endurance.

"Yet have I my griefs, too," he mumbled, toothlessly, "and they be even greater than thine, immensely greater, but I do not make miserable the whole world with their weary story."

Rosaria had no reply to make. She knew that he expected her to storm at him, to plead, to argue, to fret. But she kept silence, and thereby stirred the old man to sarcasm.

"Why do not you go to Culion and find this precious "Americano" who deserted you, if you so beautifully think of him?" he quavered in a shrilly tremulous whimper bitter with jealousy and reproach. He could not bear to think that he and his many troubles were usurped in Rosaria's mind by an American, even admitting that he was not of the hated white or "red" complexion. It seemed to his dimmed intellect beside the mark entirely that his child, for to him she was still a child, should even think of weeping over one of the despised race when she should be assuaging his woes.

As he spoke the girl raised her head and stared at him through cold eyes earnestly, an idea and a memory taking form and shape in her head. He could not see the penetrating glance suddenly shot at him from the deep brown eyes, but he felt keenly the implied interrogation, and added still more bitterly:

"When go you?"

" 'Manana por la tarde,' " she replied, sitting up very stiff and straight, and gathering her brown hair into its customary tight knot, " 'parte un vapor a Culion. Voy en ese.' " And a second later she added: " 'Nos vamos.' "

"Wrath of God, no!" snarled the invalid. "I remain here, and a malediction upon you if you go."

" 'Bueno,' " answered Rosaria, carelessly, for she saw a better plan already.

" 'No voy.' " She would not go — then. But she dried her tears and compressed her thin lips into a pink line as she remembered the things Gonzala Ramirez had done by the exercise of her charms. Gonzala was long dead, but her witchcraft remained a power in the person of old Ramona Del Pan, a former acolyte at the altar of Gonzala, and to her, the new "babailana," Rosaria would go. Her errand was simple, its reason plain. The heartless "Americanos" who had the leper settlement in charge would not permit any visiting of any sort by the natives. The lepers must be as dead to their former world as if they were buried, except when some gubernatorial junketing brought officials and their ladies on a sight seeing trip through the ever growing colony. Then there was some brief chance to learn of the beyond, the impossible to return to, but not for all of them even then. Rosaria knew all this, but she believed Ramona had the power to confute the "medicos;" she would get to Culion, somehow, some way, soon, by means of the witch's magic.

She told her story, the hag nodding gravely. It was not by any means the first sorry tale the wretched old woman had listened to, nor which she had taken under advisement. Her withered, white roofed head was filled with enough dangerous and criminal history to have burned the town, had she but chosen to open the secret chambers of her information to the authorities, who feared her and her influence almost as much as did the peasant "taos." She wielded a power that even the blustering army men knew better than to offend, and she could raise or quell a riot by a single wave of her magic wand. The civil government feared her power but dared attempt no aggression, while she hated them heartily and cheerfully.

"Yes, it is possible to go to Culion. Getting away may not be so easy, but going there is simple."

"I care not if ever I return!" cried Rosaria, impulsively. "If mi querido cannot come, I will not come again. I will keep him. We shall raise a fine family there, clean, whole children, who shall live for us in the world, Las Filipinas."

Again the hag nodded. The matter was serious, and she must have time to think it over before she could devise a charm for outwitting and circumventing the bad Americanos, the separators of families. Rosaria must return in a week.

The old creature had a perfect idea of what she would use, but it would never for a moment do to let Rosaria think the case was so simple. She would take a week; this was a very short time, perhaps too short for the credulity of the befogged young "mestiza." It might seem a good plan when the week had expired, to make the petitioner wait another "ocho dias"; that, however, was not pressing — it could be determined upon later.

To the blind man the following seven days were a nightmare. Never had he known a woman, and his days and experiences were many, to behave as did Rosaria, who, on her part, thought of the old man not at all. Her mind was busy with Ramona's charm, and the chances awaiting her for success. To her he had ceased to be the father, the helpless parent: he was a mere figurehead in the household. She had arrived at a singleness of purpose which would have terrified her had she been able to fathom its real significance. When she turned to him for sympathy, she received a sneer, and her heart completely steeled itself against him. All the nascent, latent savagery of the hot Malay instinct, handed down from generations of the China Sea pirates, and ever smouldering in the Filipino breast under the perilously thin veneering of occidental quasi-civilization, had burned through that upper stratum in Rosaria's nature and left her, tigress-like, with nothing but the primal instinct of loathing for restraint and abhorrence of anything contrary to her personal wishes and desires. Through grief she had reverted to a primal woman, her nature unfettered and lawless. She had no wish to break the law; the regulations of the doctors to mute and limit the scourge were to her nothing more than an obstacle—and one easy, with the charm of Ramona, to circumvent.

At last the week ended, and Rosaria went back to the old witch for the charm. The nipa shack in a back alley of the Trozo "barrio" was dark and evil smelling. Below it, in a mixture of slops and kitchen drainage, a few filthy ducks spattered about noisily. On one wall hung the inevitable chromo of Rizal, on the other the equally necessary "anting-anting" shirt and scapular. In one corner of the barren room, decorated with suggestive emblems of the witch's craft, stood a small brazier upon which bubbled an earthenware pot full of some vile concoction that sent a nausous steam up into the fast gathering gloom. The air was sickeningly close and stagnant, and the added fumes rising from the seething contents of the pot made the atmosphere rank and nauseating. As the girl stood waiting, silent, expectant, Ramona called in her ferocious-faced, mangy cat, shut all the windows and the door, muttering as she moved, and stirred the pot slowly as she crooned.

Weird noises outside and in made the girl shiver and cross herself in momentary abstraction. Back of the house the spiny fingers of a little clump of bamboo scraped their nails raspingly against the wall; upon the closed window a softer rustle told of the whispering, ten-foot banana leaves, whipped into rags by casual gusts of an early monsoon. The mangy cat's eyes gleamed; the fire crackled, and Rosaria, new to such grim ceremony and surroundings, felt dully terrified. Ramona drew the vessel from the spitting wood fire, and, motioning Rosaria to squat in the middle of the bamboo floor, drew three magic circles about her with the tail of a stingaree. Squatting on her skinny haunches in the circle, facing the frightened girl, she spoke:

"Bathala declares you cannot pass to Culion unless you look like a leper," began the crone.

Rosaria shuddered to hear the sacred name of the Father of All Things and the hideous word mentioned together in such a connection. She had seen poor wretches at San Lazaro suffering from the grim disease, and the idea of having to appear as one of these appalled and repelled her instinctively. But it was too late to draw back, and the fate that awaited her Butch stood her in good stead. She thought to find him still as hale and outwardly whole as when she had last seen him, that very morning of the day he left the city never to return. No idea of having closely to associate with the lepers had ever entered her head. Loathsome creatures that they were, she had hoped vaguely to get Butch away to herself, in a house apart, where she could look after him, and perhaps—who could say?—finally come off victor in her fight with the unconquerable.

"When the charm cools," went on Ramona, giving her victim time enough to weigh the words well, never blinking, and speaking in a voice that seemed to Rosaria very far away, "you must take it and drink deep of the cup I have prepared — drink all, without stopping to take breath."

"Will, will it make me a leper?" interrupted the horror stiffened woman within the magic circle, faint and weak.

To her full height sprang the hag, with a threatening and malevolent gesture.

"Be silent, thou foolish one!" she croaked. "It will keep thee from all harm; it is 'anting-anting' for thee, but death for any other. Thou shalt drink now. Tomorrow cut thine arm with this sacred spine of the stingaree and annoint thy small wound from this."

Handing the flexible, spiky tail to Rosaria, and turning aside to mumble some terrible cabalistic words which made the girl tremble, Ramona took from its hiding place a small tube of bamboo. A few deft manipulations of the girl's mass of rich, black hair, and the witch had fastened the wooden vial securely upon the victim's head.

"It will make thee only to appear as a leper. One week will it take. Then go thou to the 'Americano medico' in the 'Junta de Sanidad' and ask for help for thine arm, which thou wilt say has rheumatism. He — white swine!"—and the old woman's tone was bitter with hatred and contempt —"will see in thee a very evil leper. He will curse thee for thy delay — he will send thee hastening down the 'patay-däang' (death trail) to Culion. Then canst thou find thy 'querido'; but the charm shall keep thee."

The charm was potent, as Rosaria found to her cost, yet she went with a light heart and a smile of anticipation upon her comely face to meet the doctor, in spite of the dreadful sick sensation the potion and the ointment had produced in her quivering limbs and body. Certainly she did not expect her indebtedness to Ramona to be canceled merely by the payment of a bag of pesos; she must undoubtedly pay in bodily sensations, she reasoned, for the help of the kind gods. She thrust forward her arm to the examiner in the crowded dispensary, when her turn came, asking plaintively, and with the innocence of ignorance, to have her hurt healed.

A glance sufficed the keen-eyed surgeon. He started a little as he saw the pestilent sore, and without a word took her into an inner room, where were gathered grave old men in khaki uniforms bearing the cadeucus prominently on their collars. The young examiner said a few sharp, incisive words in the strange tongue of the foreigners, and the old men came crowding around her like eager boys, all talking at once. Rosaria vacillated between her confidence and pride in Ramona's ability thus to deceive and make fools of the mad Americans, and a vague notion that those same mad men might perhaps be right. They were so voluble, so certain, that she felt a disagreeable uncertainty for a few moments. She remembered, however, the old witch's statement that the "medicos" would rave, and embarked happily enough for her island prison, joking with the others on the "patay-däang," secure in being "anting-anting" through the precious charm. She had applied the ointment as the old hag directed, but kept about half the contents of the little bamboo tube for use in case of emergency, to apply again, should it seem necessary. She had rubbed her arm with it a second time in the detention camp of the pest-house at San Lazaro, while waiting in Manila for the steamer to sail for Culion; she could do it again and still have some left. With the Malay instinct of making common interest against the whites, the other prisoners soon knew her story and applauded her action. If she were "anting-anting" nothing could harm her; but nevertheless they tacitly avoided touching or coming in contact with her, and Rosaria, noticing their gentle courtesy, was pleased.

Culion, a gleaming emerald in the dark setting of its jagged, encircling rocks, rank with coarse tropic vegetation, welcomed its new inhabitants. The careful doctors in charge, not content to examine only the papers of every new comer, inspected physically each separate case. Rosaria, eager, flushed, trembling with excitement, and peering about for her Butch, entered the surgery willingly.

"'Su nombre?'" queried the examiner, not unkindly, poising his pen over the record book and regarding her from under wiry eyebrows.

"Rosaria Kabkad W'ite" smiled the girl tremulously.

The grizzled veteran looked up sharply. "Another one," he sighed to his assistant who promptly inquired if she spoke English.

"'Si, senor; si, si.'"

"Well, how old are you?"

"Twent-t'-fi' is my old."

"How you get sick?"

Rosaria hung her head and the doctor sighed again, but his suspicion was wrong. In a sterner tone he repeated his question, asked another, and another, his interest growing with the almost monosyllabic replies of the girl, in halting fragments of three languages. Bit by bit the pitiful story came out; little by little the surgeon gathered the main facts of her desertion, of her attempt to trick the "medicos" in Manila, how everything had come out exactly as the witch had said it would, and how glad she was to get to Culion. He sat at his desk dazed for a moment by the sacrifice. It was impossible she could have deceived the doctors at headquarters—it might be—he would examine her personally. But his interest overcame his prudence and he said quietly to her:

"Don't you know the men and women are segregated here? You cannot see this worthless man of yours. I'm sorry, but it's obviously impossible."

Rosaria smiled deprecatingly, waving her expressive hands and murmuring a soft " 'no entiendo,' " while the assistant smiled also. The doctor saw it and recovered himself.

"You no can see 'ese hombre,'" he said distinctly in 'carabao' dialect. "No 'puedes verle—sabe?' Impossible—no can do. 'Hombre' no got house, no got 'casa para' you, 'para mujer.' All 'mujeres, una casa;' all 'hombres, otro casa—separacion completa.' "

"No 'puedo—verle—a mi—querido!' " she gasped, with difficulty accepting the horrible truth, dimly understanding that she had made her sacrifice in vain. She clutched at the rail before the desk, and the sickening qualms and pains she had felt before returned with a rush that she could not but recognize as something more serious than was due to the first wearing of "anting-anting." "No—'puedo—verle——ah, Dios!' "

The sharp cry rang through the sultry office and shrilled out past the swinging punkahs to waken the slumbering coolie outside who pulled the cord in his dreams, as she collapsed at the feet of her questioner.

"See to her, nurse—severe mental shock; she'll probably be all right in an hour or so!" exclaimed the chief surgeon. "Don't wash her yet. I shall want to make a careful examination later. She may not be a leper after all."

He turned to his assistant. "Now let's have that microscope of yours," producing the wooden vial Rosaria had unwillingly surrendered.

The two men bent eagerly over the instrument, searching out the secrets of Ramona's magic ointment, a little of which lay smeared upon the glass slide in the microscope. The doctor straightened up suddenly with a muttered oath and clapped on his spectacles fiercely.

"Do you recognize it?"

"No sir, not just yet," replied his aide, fumbling with the focusing screw. "But there seem to be bacilli of some kind."

"Seem to be!" shouted the doctor. "That ointment is 'anting-anting' all right. The old witch evidently tried the old scheme of inoculation."

The younger man looked at his chief with a gasp of horror and the older man nodded.

"The paste is alive with leprous bacilli—she can't live a week!"

"But the negro?" queried the young man, slowly recovering himself.

"We'll break the rules this time, I guess. Go tell him he can see her once, just once, mind you, if he wants to. Tell him he will never see her again. Then report to me."

The junior surgeon hurried out to the men's compound, and in ten minutes came back to find his chief dreaming bitterly. "Well?"

"I told him, sir, the young fellow stammered, his face pale, "and the brute only laughed. He said you had told him he might live thirty years—he would not risk seeing her!

REMARKS BY OLD JOE HENCHCLIFF

By J. F. Conrad

DES MOINES, IOWA

SHAKESPEARE says: "He who has not music in his soul ought to be handcuffed as a precautionary measure." Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of a tune. I don't feel just like letting the foregoing sentence go as mine, because I have a notion that it has been said before by Dean Swift, or, maybe, by Charles Lamb. Anyhow, it fits me to a mathematical nicety. The best I can do is to make the tune I am trying to sing sound more like the tune tried to be sung than like any other.

I used to go to singing school with my father years and years ago, before boys in the country commenced wearing overcoats or underclothes. I remember it was in a little frame school house in Jackson Township. The only musical instrument within fourteen miles was a tuning fork. Jim Bussell was the musical director, and he was the owner of the fork. The music that used to rush out of that old school house and float across the prairies when the door was opened by some late comer was little short of being inspired. When the Armour girls used to sing, "We'll chase the antelope over the plains," etc., I was filled to the brim with awe inspiring rapture; and I wasn't alone, either. Their singing filled the bill. Everyone in the neighborhood was satisfied with it; and there was no longing for anything better. For my part, I have never heard anything since that could equal it.

Then, when the first organ came into the neighborhood, it didn't take them long to outgrow the tuning fork; people would come for miles to hear those girls play; and the way they rattled off "Shall We Gather at the River" and "Over Jordan" was more entrancing than anything Paderewski ever worked off on his piano. It was absolutely beyond criticism. But, there it is again — increased ability to appreciate: increased inclination to criticise. I don't know how others are affected, but when I hear one of those old time tunes it calls me back to the first time that I heard it, and unless someone disturbs me by presenting me with a bill, I will waste an hour that ought to be put in at something profitable, like counting my money.

What started me in this line was this: The other day a colored man came into my office and wanted to wash my windows. I let him, because I realized that I would never do the job myself; and then, he had a lame leg. While he was at work he kept humming away at "Nickodemus Was a Slave of African Descent." After a while I asked him to sing it. He did, and it called me back to the time when, just a child, my father took me by the hand and we went to singing school together, where Jim Bussell, with his tuning fork, was musical director and orchestra combined. I remember paying the man for his work on my windows, but I was still dreaming when he left. There I sat in that little old school house, with its smoked ceiling and its benches. No high priced seats with a patent on them; only a plain linn slab maufactured by a man with a hatchet and a two-inch auger. In those days it seemed to me there was always snow on the ground in the Winter time and continuous sunshine in the Summer. Every brook had water in it, and you could throw a line out most any place and get a bite.

What a lot of things a fellow can remember that happened when he wore his pants out at the knees and made whistles out of willow withes.

A stretch of sunshine, a warm day in May, and an old tune — and I can hear today as plainly as I could when a child —the bees humming away among the locust blossoms—that's what makes me think I am sentimentally disposed to harmony.

I like to hear these old settlers talk. I am something of an old settler myself; and there is nothing that entertains me so much as to have some good old citizen, who was a trifle sinful in his youth, take me back to the time when I had to wash my chapped feet before going to bed; take me away from tax paying time and life insurance dues and the sublime wisdom of the mulct law, and let me go with him about four miles from home to a neighbor's and stay all night, like I used to do.

Old Joe Henchcliff was one of those old fellows I liked to hear talk. He was sufficiently sinful to suit me. He lived in the past. There were no smarter men, to his notion, than John C. Calhoun and Andrew Jackson. There was never the man born who could lick John C. Heenan, and the horse was never heard of that could outrun Longfellow or Harry Bassett. They gave away better whiskey by the bucketful then than they sell now for fifteen cents a drink from a choke-necked bottle —so Joe often told me. Here is the way he used to rattle on, after I had filled my pipe for him:

"Lord, Lord! I came to this state in the Spring of 1839; settled near Burlington—came from Indiana, just with my wife and a yoke of oxen, and every living thing we owned was in the wagon. Our nearest neighbor was four miles away, and not a fence between us,— nothing but rosin weeds and blue stem; neighbors came fourteen miles to help me lay the logs for my house, and there was not one of them but what would have been insulted had I offered to pay him for his day's work. It does beat the world how we could get along in those days as we did. I mowed grass with a scythe and my wife stacked the hay. Then, when she went to get dinner, I mowed more grass. Then, when Saturday night came, we yoked up the oxen (danged if I can remember their names!) then we would go, maybe, five miles and stay all night with one of the neighbors, and all day Sunday, too. Popped corn and cracked hickory nuts, most generally made taffy, and laughed and joked, and came dad burned near kissing one another's wives, too, by gunney! Dum it, do you know they don't laugh like they used to? You can hang around this town for a month and you won't hear an old fashioned laugh during the whole time. Why, when I first came here, if one settler would meet another in the road, if you was a mile away you would hear 'em laugh before they separated.

"Everybody went to church Sunday; and after meeting was out we either brought some of the neighbors home with us to dinner, or we went with them. Lord, how things have changed!

"I still live on a farm, but there hasn't been a neighbor to my house for over twenty-five years to stay all night. This civilization that you read about has played havoc with those good old times, when one neighbor would help another without expecting pay, when we used to borrow and lend with the same degree of pleasure. The change is everywhere. Even the buckwheat that you get nowadays don't make you scratch.

"I used to think that Uncle Sam looked a good deal like Andrew Jackson, but dummed if I don't believe now that he has changed, too. He has taken on more belly and less legs, and I'll be torn down forever, if he don't remind me of Pierrepont Morgan. Yes; this blessed civilization that we have has kind of run to pianos, padlocks and pussy men. I lived for thirty years in this state and never had a lock, and never missed a bit of meat or a bushel of wheat, but I have noticed since they began to get pianos and church choirs and evangelists and prohibition, you have got to lock up.

"Sometimes I think it is just because I am getting old and imagine these changes, but it can't be. I don't know what to make of it. Maybe civilization didn't take on me. I'm just like I always was, it seems to me. Nothing would tickle me more than to have some of the neighbors dropping in on me and the old lady every Saturday night, all unawares, and stay until Sunday evening. I'd just like to drive up to old John Crawford's tonight with the wagon bed full of kids and surprise them, like we used to do. But it wouldn't do. That kind of thing is out of style. Stair carpets and door knobs have knocked the life out of old fashioned sociability. I believe it is worse in the country than it is in town. Why, if you ever go and take dinner with a neighbor now, you must have an invitation—and in writing, too, by jocks! Then, after dinner, if you want to smoke, you have got to go out to the barn.

"What's become of all the old flowers we used to have?—pinks, bachelor buttons and four-o'clocks? There is only one locust tree in Jackson Township, and that is right by my well. Hired hand wanted to cut it down last Spring, and it made me so all-fired mad that I'd have fired him if it hadn't been just in corn planting time. There isn't anything that smells any purtier, to my notion, than a locust blossom. When that tree is in bloom, I like to go out in the morning, when the dew is glistening among them blossoms, and pull down a limb, easy like, without shaking off the dew, and smell 'em. Diamonds and pearls all mixed together, bathed in the finest perfume in the world; and that hired man wanted to cut it down! You don't blame me for getting kind of hot, do you? Yes, sir; they have cut down nearly all the locust trees in the country, just because they were not up to date—wasn't in keeping with our high priced civilization. You can't hardly mortgage a farm nowadays, unless you have evergreen trees in the front yard and an oleander in a dad burned old tub settin' by the corner of the house. I expect some people will say that I am dyspeptic. I heard a fellow say the other day that happiness and contentment are the result of a good digestion; but I have figured it out that good digestion is the result of happiness and contentment.

"They have changed the style in dogs, too. You don't see any of those honest, old fashioned dogs that when they looked at you seemed to know what you were thinking about. He has changed, too, into a little, white, pussy looking beast that has to be led around with a string to keep him from committing suicide. By Georgetown! that makes me think of a little thing that happened to me when I was a boy. It was in Indiana; and I had just started out to go with my first girl — never went with but two, and am living with one of them now. Well, I was taking this girl home from spelling school, my second or third effort, I think, and when we got to the gate the dog came running out and grabbed me by the britches leg; before the girl could do anything, I hauled off and gave that cur a kick in the side, and he gave one little yelp, and he has been still ever since. I didn't think about killing him; just done it to show off. I saw my mistake, but I couldn't make it right. I might just as well have killed her dad. That night when I went home, I remember, I was so broken up and so mad at myself that I grabbed hold of the corner of a rail fence and jerked down about four rods.

"Just look how they conduct a political campaign now. I used to see fights at the polls. In fact, I have fit some myself. We had some stirring times in politics; but, Lord! it wasn't the kind they have nowadays. You never used to hear of a man spending a thousand dollars and buying a car load of beer to be elected to a $250 office. Why, they spend more money nowadays to elect a president than it used to take to run the government, by Jiminy! You don't hardly reckon the president puts it up, do you? Take any office, almost, from school director up, and you will find one of the candidates backed by the big concerns, and they pour out money to elect their man. Which, do you reckon, makes them do it, patriotism or pecuniary profits?

"Look here; let me tell you what this is coming to. Every time there is an election now, what do you see? Why, if it is an election of any importance, for weeks or months before the election there is an army of men at work, all paid, too. Beer and whiskey by the carload are distributed all over the country. I heard of one place in '96 where they shipped in seven bar'ls of gin just for fellows that had kidney trouble, and couldn't go whiskey.

"Of course it is lots worse in town than out with us. I was here during your late primary, when they was trying to see who was the best man for mayor. I kind of visited around, went into the different headquarters, and heard and saw about the same thing in each. It went about like this: A fellow would come in and say that down where he boarded there were seventeen fellows that the other side was trying to get, and he had held them back, but he couldn't be responsible for their votes any longer unless they sent a 'race horse' and a box of cigars. This fellow was all right, anyhow, but he had to have the beer and cigars for the other fellows. Then there were the fellows that had to have money to fix certain other fellows who could not be made to see the right side with beer or whiskey.

"I am not used to as big a place as this; but it seems to me that during the four or five days that I took in things, every voter in town, almost, was at one headquarters or the other wanting beer, whiskey, cigars or money. Then on the day of the primary I saw four or five carriages at each polling place from morning until night. What were they doing? Why, hauling able bodied citizens up to the polls to vote! Beer, whiskey and cigars are not enough; you have got to go and haul them out, or they won't vote; and the time is coming, if this thing isn't shut off, when you are going to have to put a dollar in these people's hands before they get into the hack. What does the right of franchise amount to to such people? Do you think there is much patriotism back of their ballots? The time ain't far off when these people will tell Uncle Sam to take his striped rag and go to hell with it.

"I just had it on my tongue to say I wouldn't blame them much, either; but that is too strong, I guess. What is there in it for the common, every day voter, anyhow? He votes for aldermen and representatives and congressmen; then he goes back to his work and a lot of lobbyists see that the laws are made. You can't blame a man much because he thinks he is worth a little when a lobbyist is worth so much.

"I'll be dummed switched, if I knew just what an anarchist was, I'd be one.

"Say, I expect I'm keeping you from work. Where did you get this tobacker?"

THE SPENDTHRIFT

By Eugene C. Dolson

He spends beyond his gains and need must borrow, trusting his future to the whim of fate;
How can he ever think to bear, tomorrow, a double burden's weight?

HATTIE WILLIAMS, A MODEST BOSTON BEAUTY
Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio

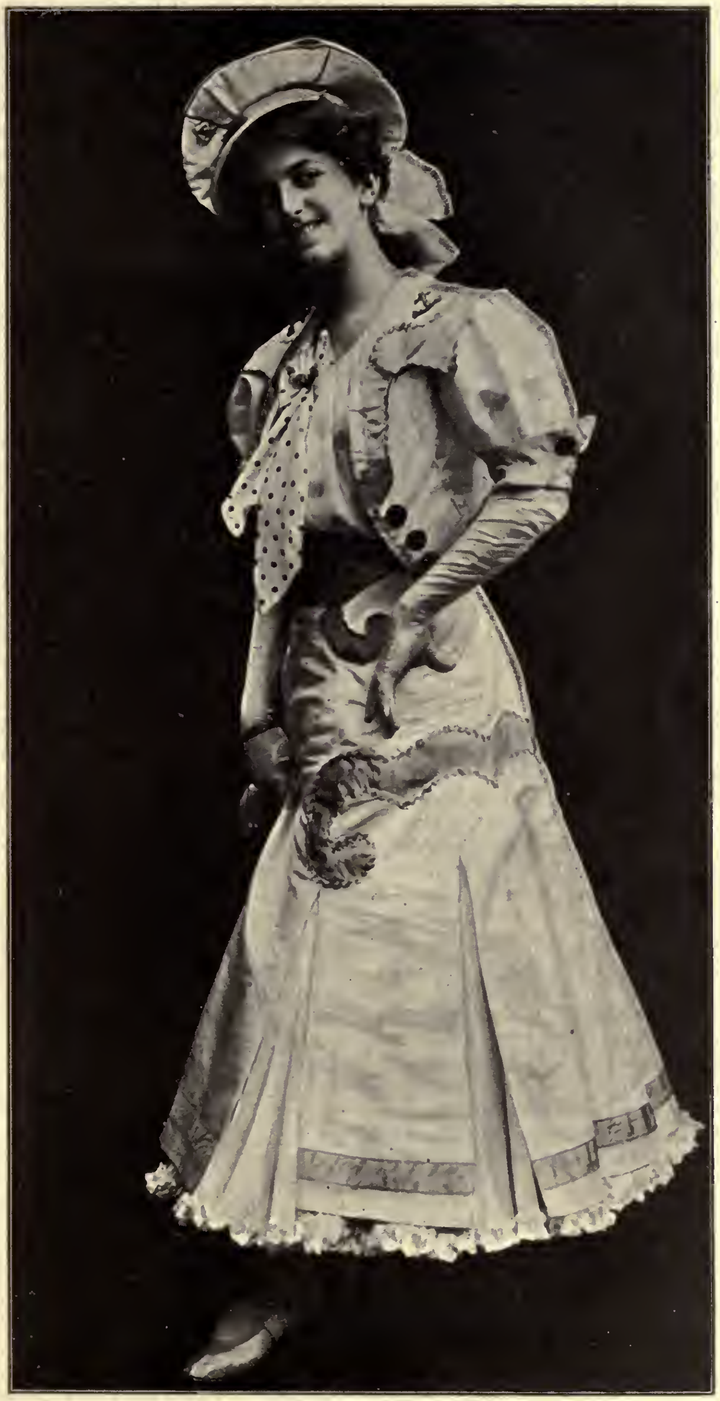
BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By Helen Arthur
NEW YORK CITY

XXVI
ELSIE JANIS

THAT zealous organization, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, otherwise known as the Gerry Society, has in this instance wrought a hardship towards adults, since it has, until the Summer of 1905, kept out of New York one of the most unusual of mimics, Elsie Janis, a little miss just sixteen. Skill in mimicry is not a necessary accomplishment for a player, nor is it always a help but in its highest development it would seem to show the presence of real talent. Besides Miss Janis, there are only two actresses who are widely known mimics—Fay Templeton and Cecilia Loftus, and both of these are clever and versatile artists.

I saw Elsie's mother first; I fancy everyone sees her mother first, as Mrs. Janis keeps a close guard over her youthful daughter. It was Mrs. Janis who warned me against a cut and dried method of interviewing Miss Elsie; it was Mrs. Janis who introduced us, but it was a small dolly that really brought us together. Little Miss Janis had curled herself up in the corner of a huge divan, and was keeping her big brown eyes fastened on me in the most disconcerting "say something,



ELSIE JANIS, A PRETTY MIMIC OF SWEET SIXTEEN
Photograph copyright 1905 by Hall New York

won't you?" way, when wedged in close at her side I caught sight of a pink and white papier mache face, and I fell upon dolly as an opening wedge in our conversation.

"Some one gave her to me," she said, for my last doll." With this, she danced dolly out on the couch and having apparently forgotten me, she continued, to dolly: "Your mother's grown up, your mother's grown up." This didn't look much like it, so dolly was made to sit carefully beside her curly haired mamma.

"It isn't a bit hard, playing as I did this Summer. I just go on and do my imitations and in half an hour I am through. I met Sam Bernard one day, and as I wanted to see his new play, I asked him what days he played matinees. (Right here I could have sworn it was Sam Bernard talking in his queer German dialect.)

"'Vell, ve real actors, ve undly plays Saturday matinee.'"

"'I can go you one better than that, Mr. Bernard, I don't play any matinees.'

"'Yes, but you play in a skylight.'"

I saw how naturally and easily she imitated, by this little example, and I wondered if her pretentious imitations took much time or effort.

"No, I never think of it as work. I go to see some player that I like,—sometimes I go to see him twice in the same piece, and then I come home and 'take him off.' I used to do this to amuse the family when I was a youngster out in Columbus, Ohio, where I was born. I never expected to go on the stage. Mother says that I am her own wish for herself come true—perhaps that is why I am getting along so nicely.

"This Winter I am to play in 'The Little Duchess,' Anna Held's role, which has been rewritten for me. It's American now, not French, and I think I shall enjoy it. What I really want to play in is an opera with a sustained plot—a real chance to act; and then—good music."

I fear that—the way the musical comedies are being turned out these days—little Miss Janis will be an old lady before she gets her wish.

⁂

XXVII

PHOEBE DAVIS

THERE is hardly an actress better known from one end of this country to the other than Phoebe Davis, the long-suffering heroine of "Way Down East."

This is the beginning of the ninth year in which she played long seasons in it, and on September 7, 1905, when she took her last curtain call, she had rounded out 365 days in one theater, the big Academy of Music in New York City. This play is one of the best examples of rural drama. Just why the dramatized barnyard should appeal so strongly to all ranks of society is a mystery. "Way Down East" has earned over a million dollars for its managers, William A. Brady and Joseph Grismer.

Its overwhelming success is due in a large measure to Mr. Grismer's elaboration and especially the realistic snow storm in one of the acts, the mechanism of which is entirely Mr. Grismer's invention.

Phoebe Davis is so free from affectation that it is a pleasure to talk to her. "To play one role constantly is much more of a strain than to change one's play weekly. As 'Anna Moore' I have undoubtedly wept more tears than any other player would have to in a lifetime on a stage. My first season in the part I was so keenly alive to it, felt the girl's wrongs so strongly, that I sometimes continued to sob after I had reached my dressing room, but now the story is so old to me that I am obliged to work myself into the mood of sadness.

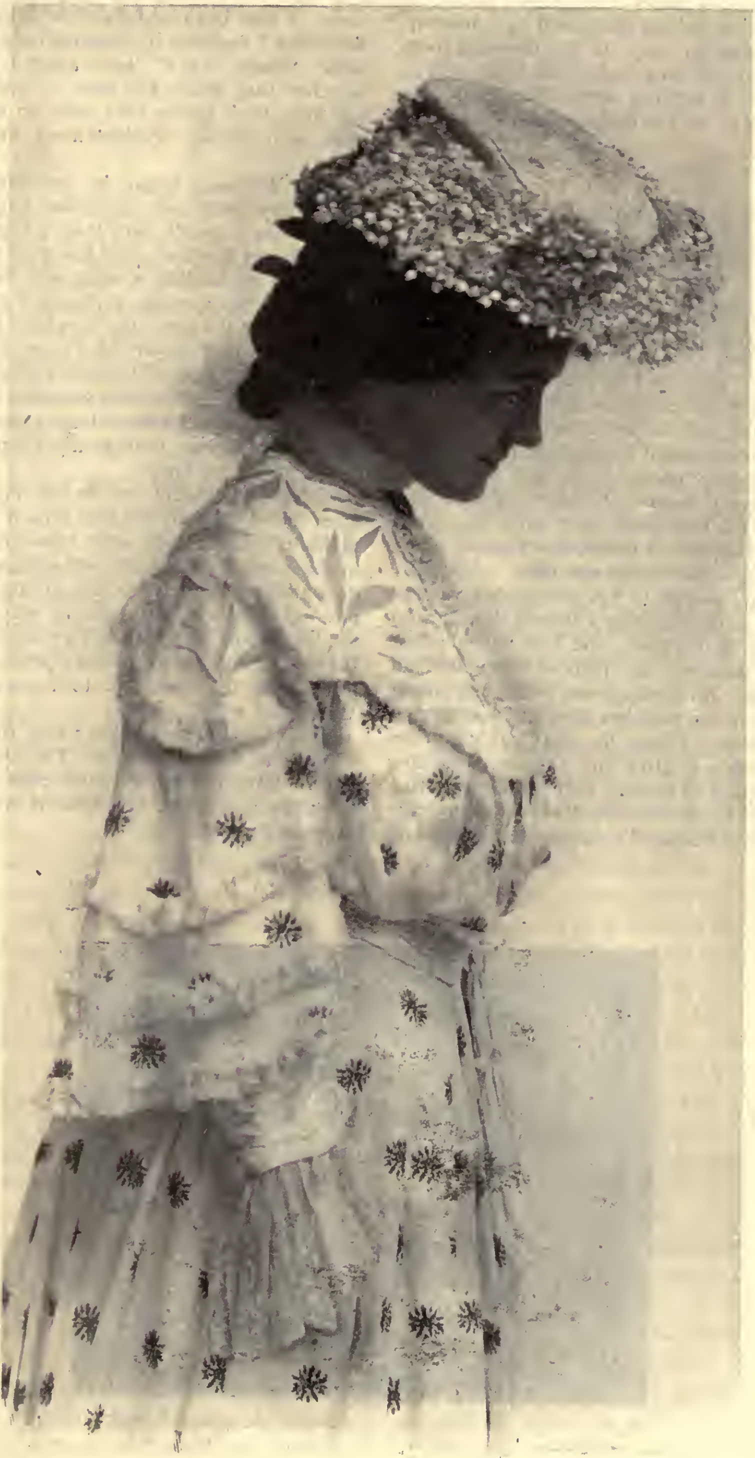
"I used to recite to myself 'The Rosary,' but the effect from that wore away, and now I read portions of Olive Schreiner's 'Story of An African Farm.'

"I have a horror of becoming mechanical, and I am as nervous when playing return engagements as ever I was on the opening night.

"It is a dreadful thing to become identified with one line of parts; I want to play a comedy role, something where I can laugh, just to show that I haven't forgotten how."

Miss Davis is Welsh; her father having come to California in the days of the argonauts, and her first opportunity to go on the stage was given to her by Mr. Belasco. He was the assistant stage manager for Baldwin's Theater in San Francisco, and, frightened as Miss Davis was, she recited an entire scene for him. What she did pleased young David Belasco and he gave her a part in the stock company. His leading man was Joseph Grismer, who promptly fell in love with her and married her and together they started the Grismer-Davis Company.

She told me about playing a juvenile part which called for pigtails and short skirts, and after the performance was over the manager came back to her dressing room and said: "There are about two dozen small girls at the stage door waiting to see you." When she thought of their disappointment



PHOEBE DAVIES OF "WAY DOWN EAST" FAME
Photograph by Benjamin Cincinnati

at seeing her in long skirts and hair done up, she decided to stay in her dressing room until, tired out, they had gone.

"There is nothing worse than to be disillusionized," so she told me, and I think she is right.

⁂

XXVIII

HATTIE WILLIAMS

THE first thing Miss Williams did at sight of me was to enter into a vigorous protest against being entered in a "Beauty Show." I promised to keep the title of this department as far removed in print from her as possible, and to announce that she does not consider herself in the running.

She is delightfully Irish, and has a very keen sense of humor. "These actresses who take themselves and their roles and their attitudes before the public so seriously, make me laugh,"—and laugh she did.

Here's a sample: "A newspaper woman told me of interviewing a certain dancer who said, for publication, she had never taken dancing lessons, but instead originated all her steps. As it happened, this same young person's hours with her dancing master preceded mine. Then the physical culturists who never eat after the theater, somehow one happens to sit next to them mighty often at Sherry's. It may be all very well to have a pose, but I know I'd forget it at the wrong time. I was born and lived in Boston, but whenever I mention it, someone bobs up and says: 'Back Bay?' and after I inquire whether they mean the new or old dividing line, they rarely ever wait to find out that an ordinary neighborhood knew me best."

Miss Williams began in the chorus, but her happy face and infectious laugh soon earned her a small part, then a bigger one, with Rogers Brothers, and last year and this she has been leading woman with Sam Bernard. "The opening night of 'The Girl from Kay's,' the first play in which Mr. Bernard has starred, would have been the last of us if the public had listened to the critics. Mr. Bernard's nervousness was only matched by mine, and the more indistinct he became, the louder I spoke, until finally I was yelling at the top of my lungs.

"I have a dreadful time on opening nights; after that I manage to enjoy myself I often pick out a particularly solemn looking mortal in the seventh row of the orchestra and keep on watching him until I have at last amused him—(I can see my audience way back to the last row)—then I always know how much fun they are getting out of my performance."

"I hear that you are to be a star this Winter?"

"So I hear; I even hear that the date is Christmas, and my vehicle 'The Duchess of Folies Bergére,' but I do not hear the news from my managers. Wonder if I'll be the last one they tell!"

MICHAEL RYAN, CAPITALIST

A STORY OF LABOR

By F. F. D. Albery
COLUMBUS, OHIO

XIX

AMONG THOSE PRESENT

"I FEEL as though I ought not to go to a big, gay party—particularly to a dancing party—while all this distress is abroad and so many terrible things happening and likely to happen," said Michael Ryan to his wife one evening a short time after the occurrences last narrated had happened. "I wish our friends would not give parties now."

"I feel so, too," said Mrs. Ryan, "but still they are our friends, and we cannot stay away without offending them. Besides, the Wrights have nothing to do with the mill or our trouble."

"That is all true," responded Ryan, "but they are rich people — so called capitalists—and the poor fellows who are out of work will notice it and draw sharp contrasts. I suppose we might as well go as stay away; but I tell you I don't like it and wish as a matter of policy they'd stop giving them. For myself I have no heart in social matters now, and there is no pleasure to be got out of it at such a time as this, when any minute may bring some new horror."

"I sympathize with you in all of that, my dear, and would much rather stay at home, or if possible be at work relieving some of the distress. By the way, I find a great deal of trouble in getting at some of the families. They are too proud to accept help, and will often say they have plenty when it is apparent they are in distress. Only today I talked with a woman over on the hill who said she needed nothing, while two of the children stood back in the door with pale face and tear stained eyes, looking half starved; and even while the woman was saying to me that the union was providing them with plenty, a child's voice, evidently from the bed inside, called out: 'Oh, mammy, I'm so hungry!' I didn't wait to argue with her any longer but went straight into the house, sat down and talked it out with her, with the result that she confessed they had had nothing but a few potatoes for several days. She seemed to be under instructions to deny her want and to claim that the union could be relied on to sustain them during the strike. I tried to get from her the names of others, but on this point she was absolutely silent, fearing, I suppose, exposure. What can we do with such conditions prevailing? No matter how much we want to aid, we are practically powerless. It is this which makes me heartsore and out of patience with any effort to perform social functions. I can't get the faces of those children out of my mind—they were evidently trained, too, but they couldn't get the hunger out of their eyes, and I can't get it out of my heart."

"Well, dear," said he, "we'll go to the Wrights and see if we cannot forget it for a little time in the happiness and gaiety of all those devotees of society. They'll be light hearted enough, I assure you."

At the ball it was all color and brilliancy. The house was beautiful and beautifully illuminated from top to bottom, for Wright had made a great fortune in chewing gum, and spending money lavishly was his fad. He owned a yacht; had recently bought a great stable of valuable racing horses; paid thousands of dollars for pictures, books, bric-a-brac of all kinds, and entertained like a prince.

The rooms and halls were filled with a most fashionable and aristocratic assembly, for be it known that even the "noveau riche" in our beloved land have only to wait till their dollars are able to assert themselves in order to hobnob with the ancient families, and in the second generation all is forgotten and forgiven, for are not our aristocracy but newly descended from those who in their day were themselves the "noveau riche," and would it not be ridiculous to carry resentment beyond one generation? So it happens that he who only yesterday had the corner peanut stand, or drove the team, or clerked in the dry goods store, or mayhap stood behind the bar, may today, if he has acquired money enough to have a good house and a horse and carriage and belong to the business men's club, be tolerated and in due time his children adopted into full fellowship; and to his pecunious daughters we marry our impecunious sons, and vice versa.

Mrs. Ryan was waltzing with one of the younger men, and Ryan, who was always a wallflower, was standing in a corner talking to half a dozen women and girls.

He had never before felt so disgusted at the free display of flesh on the part of the women, and it was hard for him to be at all polite to some of the more extreme ones. It seemed to him so unnecessary that a woman should display her breasts in public simply because it is fashionable or supposed to add to her beauty and attractiveness, and when it came to the scrawny ones, who put themselves at a disadvantage beside their plumper sisters, it was absolutely sickening. He actually tried to run away from one woman who seemed in the last stages of falling to pieces as to her dress. One half was already off, and poor Ryan did not want to be present when the rest dropped off. He did not know that it was simply an imitation of a dress worn by the Countess De Cotchomeyer at the big mid-Winter ball at the Waldorf. But he could see that it affected unpleasantly some even of the hardened ones who could stand much in the way of daring display, and he was glad to note that there might be a possible limit even to fashion's folly.

He could not help thinking of the arbitrary dictates of the labor unions and comparing them to the arbitrary dictates of fashion. What right had fashionable people to denounce the servile obedience to the decrees of the unions on the part of laboring men, when here we are at a fashionable gathering of the best we are supposed to have, the most educated, the most cultivated, the most independent, the alleged refined, with our wives and daughters half naked simply because a queen in a foreign country once decreed that no woman should appear at her court otherwise. Free country indeed! Fashion and labor unions decreeing against sense and decency, and all of us in abject submission!

And the words of the Master came back to him, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Nor was he reassured by the conversation. Chancing to notice that one of the girls had a black ribband on her arm, he inquired about it, and was told that it was mourning for a school friend who had recently died. "You know it's all the rage, Mr. Ryan, to wear mourning ribbands on the arm. It's the latest thing out." That was indeed pushing fashion into the grave to intrude upon the sacredness of death! The latest thing out for the latest thing in!

Later they were talking of the growing habit of drinking among fashionable folk. No dinner was complete without wine with each course, but one of the ladies declared that she had no use for a man who got drunk with the soup. Evidently the line must be drawn somewhere, and why not at soup?

Everybody was following a fad of some

kind, and the intellectual fad in the shape of the club was beginning to assert itself. Many of the women had "had a paper" at some club meeting. Some affected music, and those who could neither play nor sing and were barren of papers, would invite someone capable of these things to entertain her friends by doing some kind of "stunt," as they called it.

It was a great case of imitation. So far as they could, they imitated the Newport set, and whenever anything particularly outlandish was done among the cottage people there it was straightway imitated by this servile mob with which Michael Ryan, Capitalist, was now compelled to associate.

He got along very well with them in ordinary times, for it was curious and new to him and he was unconsciously making a psychological study of it all, but now he was utterly out of patience and wanted to get away.

Suddenly he was called to the library where a messenger waited to tell him that the main works were on fire and surrounded by a howling mob. He only waited to tell his wife where he was going, and hurried off with several other men for the mill.

XX

SUSPENSE

If Mrs. Ryan had been anything less than heroic she would have collapsed when her husband told her what was going on and of his intention to go to the mill to do what he could, for Ryan had talked often to his wife about the danger he was in daily. He had not kept back from her his own forebodings as to what would be his ultimate fate. On the contrary he had frankly told her of the jealous hatred of many of the men, most of whom referred to his good fortune as a piece of "bull luck" for which he deserved no credit whatever; and while this in a way coincided with his own view, it was far from the truth. His own expression was the result of excessive modesty as to his achievements, while the other was that of pure malice. But Mrs. Ryan's nature was brave, and although her heart sank she betrayed no sign of weakening. She knew it was his duty, and she knew moreover that nothing that she could say or do would swerve him from that duty. She loved his courage as much as any other of his manly traits and she was glad that her husband did not flinch when faced by physical or moral danger. He did not avoid the issue, and sometimes when it seemed inevitable he courted it and invited its quick coming in preference to putting off the evil day. Apparently it did not occur to him that some evils might be avoided by putting off the evil day. She knew, moreover, that he was not reckless, that he would not court unnecessary danger, but that wherever his duty led him he would go at once and without any symptoms of fear.

She obeyed his instructions as well as she could by remaining at the party till the usual hour of departure, but all thought of gaiety had fled from her breast, and what a short time ago was frivolity had now become a hollow mockery. She could not dance, and she now found herself the center of a group who questioned her about the situation incessantly.

"Do you think, Mrs. Ryan," asked a sweet faced matron, "that those ugly union men have set fire to the works?"

"I would hardly like to say it in just that way," answered she. "Some of them may be union men, but I don't like to believe that they have done it because they are union men or that their unions countenance it. I would much rather believe that only the worst of the individual workmen, acting for themselves and without even the knowledge of their organizations, are the guilty ones."

"Why, I thought you all were bitterly

opposed to the unions,'' said another whose Paris gown covered only part of her body. ''I am,'' she added, ''and I think they all ought to be hung. That would be the best way of disposing of the question. I would like to see a law passed that would make it a felony to belong to a union, and I don't see how people in your position, I mean who employ so many of these outlaws, can help feeling in the same way.''

"I couldn't feel that way if I tried," said Mrs. Ryan. "In the first place there is nothing intrinsically wrong in the idea of a union. Its object is good and they do great good. I would encourage them. A good local is the fair equivalent of a club, which, properly managed, can not only amuse but educate.''

Here one of the men broke in:

''Yes, but how can you prevent them from becoming the hot beds of communism and anarchy? The minute you concede the union, your argument against their acts is gone.''

"Oh, no, indeed!'' stoutly maintained the wife of Michael Ryan, unionist and capitalist in one. "It doesn't take a labor union to make an anarchist—in fact the worst men of that sort are not union men at all, but are more apt to be men of solitary habits who have brooded over their misfortunes and thought it out for themselves, and you might destroy all the unions in Christendom and still they would exist—the hotbed would be there just the same. The unions are not necessarily breeding places for communism, and it is possible that in some instances the unions save and prevent trouble. I can easily imagine a well regulated local with a few influential members with level heads and honest purpose which would be a safeguard against much ordinary trouble and possibly also now and then a conservator of the peace. I am inclined to believe that if the unions could be purely local in their influence and would not permit the interference of outside influence they would be instruments of great good and would be a great aid to the employers of labor in dealing with the men, because it is always an advantage to have a concrete body representing the whole mass of laboring men. They are more susceptible to reason, and they can be shown things and demonstrations can be made to them that would be beyond the mass. No, I would not abolish or even discourage the unions. If we could only educate the individual to the point where he could comprehend the ordinary conditions of business and finance, with the effects of fluctuation in prices, the greater part of the difficulty would be solved.''

''When is this millennium of yours to come?'' jocosely asked another.

"It never will come,'' responded she with great seriousness, ''so long as people on our side of the question make light of it or set it down as impossible, and those on the other side refuse to consider it seriously because they don't believe we are in earnest. Joking is a good way to dispose of some things, but not of a great, serious question like this,'' and feeling that enough had been said, she cleverly turned the conversation to the latest announced engagement in the fashionable world and soon after withdrew.

XXI

HALL'S HOME

If ever a woman tried conscientiously and without apparent weariness in her work to make a good home for her husband and children, that woman was Mrs. Charlie Hall. She was industrious —never flagging in her work even when overtaken by illness. She was frugal to a degree, saving much and making every single thing count in the household economy. She did all of her cooking and washing, made all the clothes and even blacked the children's shoes when necessary. Her children were always the cleanest and neatest in the schools, and at Sunday school, where the wives and daughters of the well to do did not hesitate to take part, it was always remembered that the Hall children looked as though they had just been let out of a bandbox. They were bright, too, and popular, and no one to see them on dress parade would have believed you had you told him that they were the offspring of that poor drunkard, Charlie Hall.

As already intimated, the Ryans had aided them whenever it was possible, but Mrs. Hall had restricted the aid to the children, for whom she was willing and glad to have help; but even with that it held her hard at work day and night to keep things going and to maintain that degree of respectability which to her was all of life. Her mother instinct would cause her to sacrifice every one of her own comforts only so her children could make a good appearance and be treated with the same degree of respect with which all children of respectable parents were treated. Her own independence would not allow her to accept all the aid that was offered, and the Ryans soon learned to know that they must not patronize the little woman, and it was often the case that much diplomacy was required to prevent her from refusing what was most delicately offered.

It could not truthfully be said that Hall did not love and respect his wife. He did both, and in a maudlin way was often quite sentimental about it, but his mentality was so much weakened by his excesses and the constant nervous excitement in which he kept himself that he neither fully appreciated her worth nor was in condition much of the time to be of great service to her. During one of his terms of sobriety and effort Ryan had persuaded him to make an arrrangement concerning his wages whereby they were paid to his wife, and she gave him a small part each month for his personal use. This had so relieved his mind of anxiety that he had apparently forgotten all about the sources of revenue and did not marvel at the fact that things went on about as usual whether he worked or was idle. The children were clothed and there was something to eat, and whence it came or how long it would last troubled him not a bit.

The one topic about which he and his wife could never agree was Ryan; for Hall had grown so unreasonable in his jealousy of Ryan's success that he now never referred to him without abuse.

"He's grown to be an infernal aristocrat," said Hall. "The idea of that Irishman who was born in a railroad shanty lording it over his betters. And all because he hit upon an invention that any fool could have made."

"But Charlie," said she, "he's your old friend and playmate and always wants to be friends with you. He goes out of his way to keep on good terms with you. I don't see why you can't see that he likes you. If you would only let him be your friend he'd be the best friend you ever had."

"Yes, but he patronizes me, and I can't bear that. Besides, he don't treat the other men right. He's gone back on the union, and all the men hate him. If he'd treat us all alike it would be easier. But he soft soaps me and hardly recognizes Kitchen."

"I don't blame him for treating Kitchen with indifference," retorted Mrs. Hall with some show of feeling, "for of all evil minded and evil acting men in the mill, he's the worst. They say he treats his family awfully. Beats his wife and little children and gives them none of his wages if he can help it. He is a bad man, and I wish you had never seen him."

"He understands the labor problem all right, though," said Hall; "none of those swelled head capitalists can match him in argument, and he can convince the men every time he makes a speech."

"What does he know about business, anyhow?" said the little woman. "I've heard him talk. He raves about the rights of the laboring man and his family and the dignity of labor and the part labor takes in turning the raw material into a marketable, finished product, and the poor fools howl applause because they don't know any better, and then he goes off and gets drunk and beats his family and lets them go half naked and half starved. I'm sick of that kind of argument. If he'd go to work like a man, and care for his family like a man, he'd have no time to be raving about the wrongs of labor. Men like Bill Kitchen do the cause of labor more harm than good. In fact, he is not so much a laboring man as he is a loafer, and I wish he'd go away from here and never come back."

Feeling perhaps that some part of this criticism might apply to himself, Hall decided to close the conversation, and started out of the house, but not until he had fired a parting shot.

"Well, you'll see that Mr. Ryan and his friends will get the worst of it this time. They don't own the universe, and they can't have everything their own way all the time."

And Mrs. Hall, feeling that there was something ominous in his words, went about her tasks weary and heartsore, knowing how much it would have meant to her and her children had her husband maintained his friendship with Ryan, or even given the latter a chance to befriend him.

XXIII

KRUGER, GILL & WAMSER

The owners of the giant mills which were now in the throes of a great "strike" were typical American business men. One had inherited his fortune, or, as is sometimes said, had been wise in the choice of his parents, and had brought into the concern the solid backing which it needed to tide over times of loss and lack of business. The others were so called self made men, that is to say, men who had, by hard work and close economy, accumulated comfortable fortunes — the most egotistical and arrogant of all the race of men, as a general thing. Not that these particular men were of the offensively self made sort, but simply that they belonged to that class. Being self made seems, as a general proposition, to swell the vanity of a weak minded man inordinately, for be it known and reluctantly set down, they are usually not only uneducated but ignorant, and the instinct which enables them to succeed is of the very lowest order of human gifts. Put correctly, it is only grabbing all one can grab and letting go of as little as possible. The pig is talented to a high degree in this same way, and the compliment would be very much the same if we referred to the self made pig. It is not meant, however, that all self made men are piggish and ignorant. Far from it, for there are among them noble specimens of manhood who lead generous lives and do the state some service; but the tendency of a life devoted to the mere accumulation of wealth is degrading. The line between business and robbery has never yet been clearly defined, and it frequently happens that our successful business man is only a law abiding highwayman; that is, he keeps within the law, but practices the art of the footpad at the same time.

For the reasons referred to, the man who has devoted a whole lifetime to accumulation often finds when he has reached his goal that it is all a hollow mockery. He has the means but none of the accomplishments for enjoying his wealth. He would give half of his fortune for one of those little accomplishments which might have been acquired in youth, but which at that time he did not value, as the reputation of being a rich man was more to him than anything else. Sometimes his health is ruined in the all absorbing race, but most frequently it is the lack of accomplishment that wears out his soul. Poverty and accomplishment are never so bad a team as ignorance and wealth, which is the greatest of all human discords. For the very object of wealth is ease and enjoyment: the luxury of good living, good company and the presence of all those higher things which wealth is supposed to bring to itself. If a man might be permitted to go ahead and lay up a fortune by the time he is fifty and then acquire education and accomplishments long enough before he dies to make it worth while, that would do ; but nature has not so ordered it, and by the time one is fifty the mental muscles are set and hardened and the over taxed brain refuses to take those impressions which make for refinement and grace; so that, ordinarily speaking, your self made man is not only arrogant but ignorant, and is either too dull to appreciate his humilating position, or, appreciating it, is a disappointed man who concludes that his life has been a failure, and often seeks to atone for it by endowing a college or library. He must be connected in some way with the best things of life, the essentials to a complete existence, and so he gives a whole college because he missed the portal in his youth. Sometimes he is rewarded with a title, or even a Latin diploma, in exchange, for there be mercenary trustees who care so little for the products of their institutions as to argue that the end justifies the means, and are willing to certify to a lie because it is in Latin and pays off the mortgage.

The firm was composed of self made men, and consequently they were better able to cope with the miserable conditions, because they knew and could appreciate the motives which actuated the men. Being of their own kind, in a way, enabled these particular employers to understand these particular employes, and knowing them as they did they were able to see how absolutely unfair and unjust were the demands of the men at this particular time. There had been no call for any trouble. It was clearly the work of the agitator, the walking delegate, the intruder, and in that view it became doubly a matter of principle. To yield would be to surrender abjectly. It was the worst kind of bad business. There was no sentiment about it. The question was to be solved by dollars and cents, and rather than yield on a business principle they had determined to close the plant indefinitely, although they would have been willing, for the sake of the loyal ones, to keep it going steadily, even at a loss. So it was settled that one more effort should be made to bring the men to their senses, and if that failed all was over, — the mills would be closed and all hands discharged. Ryan had been selected to make a final appeal, and now waited only the fitting opportunity to talk plainly to them and to give them one more chance. Certain business facts were to be put before them with a view to their comprehending the other side of the question; an offer of condonation to all, so far as the owners were concerned, was to be made, and if they cared to declare the strike off, all well and good; otherwise the operators themselves would go on a strike.

XXIII

DESTRUCTION

By the blazing torch light of their consuming property, Michael Ryan made his way hastily to the scene of disaster and crime. There was that in his heart which bade him stay away; which told him it was a foolish and quixotic enterprise he was now engaged in, and which warned him of impending danger, but by just that much more was he impelled to go on. He fully realized that there was nothing he could do there and it would be just as well for him to stay away and let the half burned buildings burn entirely, for that was the inevitable result; and as for the men, they would be no better and no worse for his coming. He knew, also, that he would get no information as to who had committed the outrage, and that his presence would possibly only irritate, and yet he knew that the men would be there, that the part of the company's property which furnished them work was now under destruction at their own hands; that henceforth and until the company chose to rebuild there would be no possibility of their finding employment; that he could not prevent either result, and yet he must be there. That was his post of duty, and if he fell in the performance of that duty,—well, it was small credit to him, but if he remained away it would be culpable.

A vague presentiment took possession of him as he neared the great enclosure. It was not fear, but rather conviction that this was to be the last act in his life's drama, and yet he did not shrink. The thought of duty was paramount and all other thoughts were subordinated for the time being to the one idea of the necessity of his facing the insurgent strikers on this last occasion when they were likely to be together—for he foresaw that this was the end of their relations, and even if they were each and all his bitter enemies (and he knew they were not all so) he must talk to them once more before the final parting.

At the main gate he found a large crowd composed mostly of the employes of the mills. He spoke quietly and pleasantly with several, who all expressed the opinion that the fire had made such progress that it would be useless to attempt to save anything, and, after a stroll through the grounds to satisfy himself that nothing could be done, he came back and began an earnest conversation with those nearest him. The crowd closed in, and before he knew it he was talking to so many that he found it necessary to mount some timbers that lay piled up near the fence in order that they might hear him better.

He expressed in most gentle terms his sorrow that such a disaster had befallen them, because, without the buildings and machinery, it would be impossible for the company to furnish employment to any of them, even if the unhappy differences which had lately separated them could be reconciled. Most of the men seemed docile enough, and much impressed by what he said, but some of them showed great displeasure and a disposition to interrupt him with hoots and cat calls. As he proceeded this inclination was intensified, until finally one of them yelled: "It's all the fault of your damned grasping company!" and others added, "That's right; you wanted to starve the men out; and now you've got your deserts." Then cries of "Down with monopoly!" "Down with the corporations!" "Kill the dirty tyrants!" "Kill the aristocrats!"

Through it all Ryan kept his head cool and showed no fear. One or two missiles were thrown at him from the outer edge of the crowd, the ugly ones began to close in and the mass became more compact. He saw Hall crowding up through the press with pale face and compressed lips, and he knew that his end was near. He did not falter, but, looking Hall full in the eyes, he said: "There are those in this crowd whom I regard as I would my own brethren, whom my heart goes out to because they are misguided and will not give the company credit for any effort to be friendly and to ameliorate hard conditions which no human agency can correct. To such I would say, 'My brothers, be patient, let us all try to work together to the end that,—' "

At this point his overcoat blew aside and disclosed his evening suit, which he had not taken the time to change. This seemed to put the men into a fury, for it was to them the badge of the capitalist and the aristocrat, and one called out: "Go and take off that dress suit if you want to talk to us." The howls increased, clubs were flourished, the air was filled with flying missiles and, as he was about to proceed, Hall, now directly in front of him, and only a few feet away, raised his hand and hurled a stone which struck him full in the forehead. Under the force of the terrific blow he sank down unconscious and was borne away by a number of the more friendly ones, the rioters in the meantime, realizing the mischief that had been wrought, having dispersed.

No one but Hall and his victim knew who had struck the fatal blow, but Ryan, from the moment he had caught sight of Hall, had realized that his death was to come at the hands of the man whom he had sought in so many ways to befriend and benefit, for whom he had prayed unceasingly and whose friendship he craved above that of any other man.

Michael Ryan knew that his old time friend, Charlie Hall, was to be his murderer, and his only feeling was of sorrow for the poor fellow's sufferings and his terrible weakness. He knew also that remorse would soon bring Hall to his own death, and then the unknowable hereafter. Would they then meet and know each other, and would poor Hall then understand and forgive, and in the great reconciliation would they be reconciled? It is said that to a drowning man his whole life is spread before him clearly and distinctly as upon a scroll. Even so to Michael Ryan in those last few moments of his life came back the life history of his friend and himself. He saw again how easy it had been for him and how hard it had been for Hall, and he forgave him all — even this last act of insane recklessness. In his own eyes, with the gloom of the great mystery spread out before him, he rather blamed himself than Hall. He might have been more friendly; he might have pretended more; he might even have been false to his own nature and to the talents that had been given him, for the sake of saving the other one. He had not laid down his life for his friend, and greater love than this hath no man. He had therefore not fulfilled his mission, and his success and triumphs were as naught, and it was the other poor, weak one, to whom so little had been given, who must forgive, and with his mind full of such thoughts and his heart all compassion, he fell asleep.

XXIV

THE END

While the authorities moved with the usual deliberation in apprehending those who were responsible for the crimes of that terrible night, it became known that Michael Ryan had by his will made such provision for Hall and his family as to place them beyond the fear of want. His children would be educated to the point of being able to take care of themselves, and he and his wife were to receive a modest income at the hands of the trustees of Ryan's will. Remorse for his wicked deed had already almost crazed Hall, and when he became aware of Ryan's generous regard for him he was heartbroken. He wandered about day and night and could find neither peace nor rest, and finally when they found him one day on Ryan's grave with a bullet in his heart and his arms over the mound that covered all that was mortal of Michael Ryan, his friend and benefactor, they knew that he too at last understood.

But the great mills remained silent. That too was a graveyard where were buried many hopes and the activities of a great industry. Business continued to grow worse and there was no incentive to rebuild and reopen, and when a committee from the union came to inquire if the works would be reopened they were told that the men had settled that question for themselves in their own way.

The distress which followed was harder upon those who owned their own homes than upon the others, for they could not so readily move away to other fields, and there was not a man among them who did not realize the poor business proposition they had followed.

Even Bill Kitchen was forced to acknowledge that, as a mere matter of dollars and cents, the men had failed miserably, and he took no account of the suffering and distress entailed upon the women and children; but he still maintained that they were right in principle, and who was so dastardly as not to be willing to suffer for principle?

Gradually they dispersed, some going to other fields, others seeking different occupations, and the horror of yesterday became only an unpleasant memory.

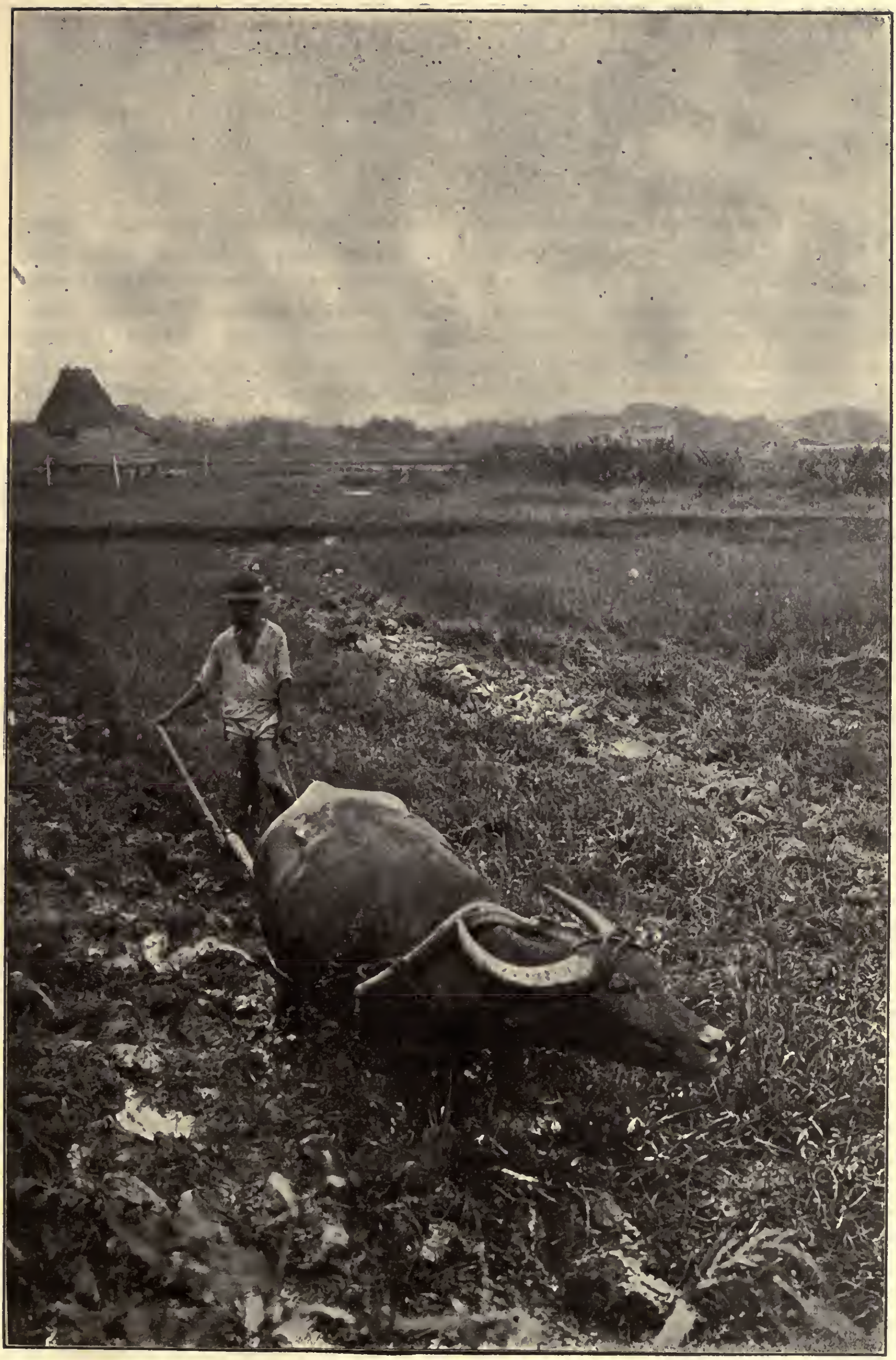
Shall we now undertake to sum up, as a lawyer does to his jury, the result to all concerned? Unquestionably one word would express it all—RUIN.

Hopes, ambitions, the efforts of years, the sacrifices and economies of a lifetime, and all the material things that enter into the combined efforts of mankind to better physical conditions. There is scarcely an item of this nature to be mentioned that does not share in the results of such a wreck. But is that all? Are there no broken hearts, no lost faiths, no wrecked patriotisms, no laxed citizenships, no doubts of human nature, no skepticisms of the utility of our moral and religious training?

Strange, is it not, that all such results find the inception in some idea of principle which is as firmly fixed in the human breast as any other? Mankind has ever fought for liberty. The history of the race is of one great, universal struggle for liberty. When kings oppressed and feudal systems robbed there was no other way, but when governments are founded upon the consent of the governed, when free government of the people, by the people and for the people exists, have we not yet reached the goal or is human individual liberty a myth? Have we reached the point of demonstration where it must be acknowledged that our ideal is impossible, or is it true that the possession of great wealth or of any wealth by individuals or combinations of individuals is in itself culpable because of the added power thereby created and which is unnatural? If so, what is the remedy? Shall we turn all accumulations over to the state and simply live? No man can work that proposition out on the lines we define as just and equitable. Shall we suppress the genius of the Michael Ryans to the common level? We admit that the career of such as he is a constant inspiration to all good impulses. His rise from poverty to power and opulence is one of the results of the individual liberty we all demand, and yet we propose that he shall not control what he acquires. Half of us are Bill Kitchens, and most of us are half Ryan and half Kitchen. His liberty interferes with our liberty. On all placid waters the circles widen out until they are ever interlacing, and each is still a perfect circle fulfilling its life and mission.

But the lives will be lived; the play will go on, and Michael Ryan will be born again and will live his life in every generation, and unceasingly the philosophers will guess.

"The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."



PRIMITIVE FARMING IN THE PHILIPPINES

WATER BUFFALO DRAWING THE PLOUGH THROUGH A MARSHY LOWLAND: ONE OF THE SIGHTS VIEWED BY SECRETARY TAFT'S PARTY OF TRAVELERS FROM THE UNITED STATES

From a stereograph, copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

THE DOOM OF A PRIMA DONNA

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "Exits and Entrances," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

SHE was a Hungarian, and as a child in school learned all her lessons in Latin. This may or may not have been the natural foundation for the many languages she mastered later on, but she was a veritable polyglot and a vastly entertaining woman.

Her father was a carver of meerschaum pipes and an artist in his line, as she became in hers bye and bye, and in order to help him in his profession and to add somewhat to the little he was making, for all his skill and industry, she became as industrious as he, and learned to color those pipes after school hours, giving them with pride to the author of her being as a burnt offering; and the price of those autumnally tinted pipes went up in the Hungarian market, while her dreams went up in smoke.

It is perhaps a little singular that a young woman whose voice was destined to be her fortune—her face never was—should devote her youth to the artistic coloring of meerschaum pipes, but that is what she did; and in so doing she acquired a habit that never left her to her dying day. Let me not call it habit; in her case it was an accomplishment, and one that she was ever proud of.

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In the halcyon days of old Manhattan, when Castle Garden, ever more castle than garden, and mighty little of either, was the pride of the Battery, and the Battery the pride of all early New Yorkers, there came a foreign opera troupe to reawaken the echoes in the barn-like structure and arouse the town to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

Jenny Lind had consecrated that hall to music, with the immortal Barnum as the great high priest. Not all were Swedish nightingales who sang there, but there were singers of world wide fame who drew to the Battery the Knickerbockers and all their following; these, for the most part, were then dwelling in mansions not a stone's throw from the green at the water's edge.

In that company was a singer whose voice was in its way phenomenal. Nature seemed to have been undecided as to whether it should be a tenor or a baritone, and finally compromised on a contralto of such amazing quality that the possessor of it could sing in all three ranges and play male or female roles with equal ease, though she had a decided preference for the former. As Maffio Orsini in Donazetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," she was without a rival, and her rendering of the famous Brindici has probably never been equalled since her day.

She came to California in the early sixties and sang at the Metropolitan theater in San Francisco. I remember well how she stirred the blood of Italy in the gallery, where the red-shirted fishermen, packed rib to rib like sardines and reeking with heat and humanity, encored the drinking song until Maffio was compelled to support himself by the columns of the proscenium box and bow his breathless thanks. Not that the glorious voice had begun to fail in the least, but as the chorus was lined up in a semi-circle that embraced the breadth and depth of the stage, each singer with a glass poised in hand, and Maffio, trilling upon a note so low, so rich, so clear that it seemed to be welling from the heart of a subterranean fountain, strode leisurely as he clicked glass to glass from one side of the stage to the other and had yet a long, melodious breath to spare—and this repeated again and again—it was really the legs that gave out, rather than the lungs.

I remember that theater after it had been gutted by fire. It was roofless; only the charred walls remained. The stage was a blackened mass of ruins, and from the forlorn skeletons of the proscenium boxes flocks of pigeons looked down demurely upon all that was left of that once brilliant temple of the muses.

Mme. d'Ormy was in her glory when she sang Maffio in San Francisco; but all too soon the curtain descended upon the last night of the season. The company dispersed and one heard no more of them unless a fleeting rumor, telling of success or failure in other lands, was blown over the sea to the ultimate frontier town. San Francisco was the jumping off place in those days. There was no overland traffic save by prairie schooner; travelers were all voyagers; they came to the coast by the Isthmus and the sea and sailed away from it to Mexico, South America, Australia and the Far East. If they were professionals their company was very apt to disband and perhaps take separate ships for the opposite ends of the earth. This is the fate of the Strolling Player the world over.

⁂

Elsewhere I have written of my old friend Proteus, proprietor and manager of the Royal Hawaiian theater in the Honolulu of other days. In a sketch called "The Drama in Dreamland," one of the several that make up the volume entitled "The Island of Tranquil Delights," I have said:

> When social dinners ceased to attract, when the boarding house grew tedious, and the Chinese restaurant became a burden, Proteus, who lived in the green room and a suite of dressing rooms in the theater, adjourned to the cool basement under the stage, a kind of culinary laboratory such as amateurs in cookery delight in, and there he prepared the daintiest dishes; he and I often partook of them in Crusoe-like seclusion. Could anything be jollier? Sweetmeats and semi-solitude, and the Kanana with his sprinkler to turn on a tropical shower at the shortest possible notice. This youth was a shining example of the ingenuousness of his race; he had orders to water the plants at certain hours daily; and one day we found him in the garden under an umbrella, playing the hose in opposition to a heavy rain storm. His fidelity established him permanently in his master's favor.
>
> Many strange characters found shelter under that roof: Thespian waifs thrown upon the mosquito shore, who, perhaps, rested for a time and then set sail again; prodigal circus boys, disabled and useless, deserted by their fellows, here bided their time, basking in the hot sunshine, feeding on the locusts and wild honey of idleness; they at last, falling in with some troupe of strolling athletes, have dashed again into the glittering ring with new life, a new name, and a new blaze of spangles; the sadness of many a twilight in Honolulu has been intensified by the melancholy picking of the banjo in the hands of some dejected minstrel who was coral stranded, as it were.

All these conditions touched us similarly. Reclining in the restful silence of that green room, it was our wont to philosophize over glasses of lemonade—nothing stronger than this, for Proteus was of singularly temperate appetites—and there I learned much of those whom I knew not personally, and saw much of some whom I might elsewhere have never met.

One day he said to me: "You like music; come with me and you shall hear such as is not often heard."

We passed down the pretty lane upon which the stage door opened and approached the sea; almost upon the edge of it, and within sound of the ripples that lapped lazily the coral frontage of the esplanade, we turned into a bakery and asked for the baker's lady. She was momentarily expected. We were shown into an upper room scantily furnished, and from a frail balcony that looked unable to support us we watched the coming of a portly female in a short frock, whose gait was masculine, and her tastes likewise, for she was smoking a large and handsomely colored meerschaum; a huge dog, dripping sea water at every step, walked demurely by her side. Recognizing Proteus, who stood somewhat in fear of her—for she was bulky and boisterous — she hailed him with a shout of welcome that might have been heard a block away.

This was none other than Mme. Josephine d'Ormy, the famous Maffio Orsini of "Lucrezia Borgia" when that good old fashioned opera was in the repertoire of every company of distinction.

She climbed somewhat laboriously to the chamber where we awaited her, laid aside her pipe, welcomed the slender and elegant Proteus with an embrace that raised him a full foot from the floor, and, learning that I was from San Francisco, saluted me with emotion. She could not speak of that city without sobbing; it was the scene of some of her greatest triumphs, and they, alas! were over.

Placing herself at an instrument — it looked like an aboriginal melodeon, the legs of which were so feeble that the body of it was lashed with hempen cord to rings screwed into the floor — she sang, out of a heart that seemed utterly broken, a song that was like the cry of a lost soul.

Tears jetted from her eyes and splashed upon her ample bosom; the instrument quaked under her vigorous pumping of the pedals; it was a question whether to laugh or to weep — an hysterical moment — but the case she speedily settled by burying her face in her huge apron and trumpeting sonorously; upon which, bursting into an hilarious ditty, she reiterated with hoarse "Ha, ha's!" that ended in shrieks of merriment, "We'll laugh the blues away!"—and we did.

I saw her afterward on occasions, but not always within speaking range. She had her coterie of friends; they were of the hail-fellow-well-met order, and when two or three of them had gathered together their voices were heard in the land.

The truth is that d'Ormy of other days no longer existed. She was dead to the world that had once been at her feet, and the wonder was that a breath of life was still left to her after the sea of troubles that swept over her had cast her on that shore.

❧

At the close of a brilliant season of grand opera in San Francisco, Mme. d'Ormy set sail for Australia in the hope of repeating her triumphs. She was sighing for new worlds to conquer. They always are, those song birds, even when misfortune has befallen them during their last engagement. Then, more than ever, do they hope for success with their next venture in a foreign clime. Luck often changes with the climate; a new latitude and a new longitude are sometimes as good as a new deal in a long and losing game.

From the moment Mme. d'Ormy left the Californian coast ill winds beset her. The ship she set sail in sprang a leak and foundered at sea. All that she had saved from a fortunate season in a city that has been justly celebrated for its love of music and its generous patronage of the musical and dramatic profession, her wardrobe, her souvenirs of travel, the trophies of her triumphs in foreign capitals, all, all were lost forever: they went down with the ship from which she narrowly escaped in one of the small boats that were set afloat in the hope of finding succor on the high seas.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the hardships she endured in company with the captain and the crew of that ill fated bark. Enough that in their extremity they were picked up out of that wilderness of waters where a sail seldom passes and there is no land for a thousand miles on every hand.

The vessel that rescued them put in at Honolulu, and was no doubt glad to rid itself of an unwelcome passenger list.

By this time Mme. d'Ormy, exhausted through long exposure, her nerves shattered by fear, disappointment and suspense, in a low fever, delirious, friendless and penniless, found herself a stranger in a strange land and knew not which way to turn.

One day an excellent and kind hearted German was strolling in the Hawaiian quarter of the island capital when a native who knew him halted him with the surprising announcement that there was a "haoli," a stranger, within, and a woman — a white woman at that. He entered the grass house of the native. It was one of those enjoyable houses of the olden days: the shell of a hay stack with a small door, and an unglazed porthole for a window; sweet mats of braided bark upon the floor; a flat stone in the center of the hut— there was but one room — a slightly hollowed stone, like a family altar, with a little fire smouldering upon it.

At the two ends of the oblong room was a raised couch as broad as the room itself, covered with many woven grass mats of exceeding fineness. Here slept the clan, from sire to son, even to the second and third generation, with their wives and sisters and daughters, their nieces and their aunts, likewise the stranger within their gates; and there, her head cushioned upon a "pulu" pillow, her body covered with sheets of "topa," the painted bark cloth of Hawaii, and by her side a crouching maiden, who with a whisk of horse hair was beating off the aggressive flies, lay Mme. d'Ormy.

The German heart is fraught with sentiment and deeply touched on occasions. The man who had thus unexpectedly stumbled upon one who spoke his language with fluency — she had the gift of tongues—and this one a woman in distress, soon learned her story and at once resolved upon her rescue. In her delirium she had wandered she knew not where; fortunately she fell into the hands of natives, who, though almost as poor as she, naturally befriended her. They were never yet known to turn the hungry from their door so long as they had one taro root to share; their roof was a shelter for all who sought it; and they have parted their garments, few as they were, that the naked might be clothed. Mme. d'Ormy was at once removed to the house of the good samaritan, albeit he was a bachelor, and made welcome there, and he, being by profession a baker,—they broke bread together, and all was well.

In the course of time, life, which she had twice come very near losing by flood and field, began to assert its charm. It was not enough that she had a good man to provide for her; that she had enough to eat and drink and could smoke her pipe in peace, without thought of the morrow.

There was no field for her talent in Honolulu. To enter the select foreign circle of the capital of the kingdom it were better to have taken holy orders and to be the bearer of a certificate from the board of health certifying to the spotless nature of one's private life. A woman with the shadow of a suspicion concerning a possible past was as scarlet in the eyes of the self appointed Elect. Not that the missionary element, then much in vogue, was held blameless, even by the members of their own exclusive set. Its secret history is yet to be written, and when it is published this new book of revelations will appal the gentle reader—though it will scarcely astonish the natives.

Mme. d'Ormy had tasted of the joy

of living. Her heart was pricked with the pride of life. What was the sob of the sea, the lisp of the wind in the feathery algarobas, the clash of palm boughs and all the perfume and the color that go toward the making of a tropic Eden, compared with the pealing thunders of intoxicating applause upon which she had fed from her youth up?

Her husband was a baker, and a good and successful one; but man cannot live by bread alone—even if it is home made, and husband made—nor woman either. I could see whenever I called upon the prima donna contralto in her retirement that she was losing interest in her surroundings. She began to rehearse some of her famous arias, and it may be said that she electrified the Hawaiians, who are great lovers of music, to say nothing of the foreigners, who were glad enough to listen so long as there was no collection taken up before the end of the song service. She would talk always of San Francisco and of the opera season there. If by chance the baker were present, she seemed inspired as she pictured the splendor of her former triumphs. Sometimes his contented eyes brightened while he listened, and perhaps sparkled a little as she strove to arouse him with leviathan coquetry—she was a woman of masculine mold and unusual bulk.

I could see that the leaven was beginning to work, and that anon she would have leavened the whole loaf. And then—?

❧

I had said goodbye to my emotional friend, who wept copiously the real tears that lie very near the eyelids of so many members of the profession. I had wondered what the future held in store for that strong winged, full voiced bird of song. I was thinking of her and of her baker and of Proteus in his unique theater under the palms in a sunny isle as I sat between the acts in the very last seat in Maguire's Opera House, of early San Francisco fame. Someone heavily veiled, a woman with her escort, entered and seated herself directly in front of me. I thought I recognized his face; I made a guess at hers, though the veil which she would not raise, blurred her features. It was evident that she desired to remain unrecognized, but I was younger then and more impulsive,—I had even been called ingenuous by those who knew me well—and, leaning forward, I whispered in her ear:

"Are you not Mme. d'Ormy?"

She would have fluttered where she sat, had she been less massive. She turned from me with a visible show of emotion. My youthful fidelity was on its mettle, and I persisted in self defence, being too much of a coward to retreat:

"Surely, you are Mme. d'Ormy!"

She turned and, swaying toward me, said:

"Yes! But for God's sake don't let it be known that I am here!"

I swore myself to secrecy on the instant. She seized my hand and crushed it. Her baker beamed benignly. Indeed, he seemed to be in the seventh heaven of anticipation, while she was as one playing a role of mystery. She added:

"I will see you after the play. Do not let anyone know that I am in California."

It seems that she had persuaded her goodman—never had there been a better one to her—that they were wasting golden opportunities by literally making their bread in the sweat of their brows; that what they had to do was to convert their little all into hard cash, go to San Francisco, take passage for South America, there open a season of grand opera, and their fortune was assured. After much persuasion, the baker let his ovens cool, and with what ready money he could secure, at no little sacrifice, the two set sail for California. They had but just arrived when I met them—it was their first evening on shore

—and having given my address to Mme. d'Ormy, we parted full of cheer.

A few days later a carriage drew up at my door. In it was Mme. d'Ormy robed in a stiff brocade, her head and shoulders swathed in a black mantilla that at once suggested the famed beauties of the land to which she was apparently hastening. Her air was as grand as the opera to which she had been bred, and something stagey in her manner made me recall with regret the whole souled, warm hearted woman I had met when she was just recovering from her sufferings in Hawaii. She had called informally to make the acquaintance of my family and to invite us to call upon her any afternoon at her apartment in a rather unfashionable quarter of the town.

I went. Wild horses could not have kept me away. I said to myself, "She will sing for me. I shall hear again that glorious voice; and perhaps we can go together to one of the cosy restaurants in the Spanish or Italian quarter and have a delightful little bohemian dinner with chianti!"

There was a sound of revelry in the modest house in which she had taken up her abode. It was a two storey frame house, with a narrow veranda abutting upon the planked sidewalk. French windows were wide open to the world; dingy lace curtains were bellying in the gusts of the breezy afternoon. The front door stood ajar, and there in the narrow and dusty hall, at the foot of the stairway that sprang at a single bound into the storey above, stood the baker in broadcloth and beaming a welcome that was both boisterous and beery. Recognizing me, he ushered me precipitously into the center of the front parlor that was well filled with all sorts and conditions of men, none of whom I had ever seen before. There were no women present save only Mme. d'Ormy herself. She embraced me as was her wont, and, without any word of introduction, thrust me through the folding doors into the back parlor, which was also well filled with men, and in the center of the room an extension table spread and positively groaning under its weight of viands and spirits of many sorts.

I was bidden, "Eat, drink and be merry!" but I could not do the last. The astonishing congregation of human oddities, gathered from the highways and byways as to the marriage feast of the parable; the "universal hubbub wild"—there were children hanging over the balcony of the front veranda in wonderment—all filled me with confusion bordering upon vertigo. In a kind of dire desperation, I resolved to make my escape, and finally succeeded, for there was such drinking of healths and discussion of cold turkey, salads and pates, that no one noticed me when I stole down the street wrapped in the solitude of my deep dismay.

Realizing that the Maffio Orsini of glorious memory could make his way in the world without my sympathy or encouragement, I did not again visit Mme. d'Ormy until some time later, when I received a note from her. She wrote from a new address, a part of the town I was quite unfamiliar with; she said she had been ill; wished much to hear from me; and would I be so kind as to lend her a few dollars?—five would be enough for the present. Without delay, I sought her at her latest address. A front door opened directly into the smallest imaginable reception room, where an upright piano was as conspicuous as the high altar within a chancel. She answered the door in person and in dishabille, for she was evidently not expecting guests. It was quite like old times in the island kingdom: her bluff, hearty welcome, the bedraggled frock and the utter absence of everything operatic.

She begged me to be seated while she finished her repast—a repast that was redolent of garlic and sourkraut.

Through the open door we carried on a fragmentary conversation in which neither of us was at all interested. Presently she joined me with her pipe and began to grow communicative.

It seemed that the baker was no longer her "angel." He had, at her earnest desire, spent his substance in riotous living. She had beguiled him with visions of wealth that was to flow in a perpetual stream through the box office of a South American opera house. They were to set sail for that shining shore as soon as she could gather together her troupe of artists, and the motley crowd I had met at her banquet hall was composed chiefly of candidates for her favor.

All would have gone well enough had the baker been a millionaire, but unfortunately his little all was soon exhausted, and seeing ruin as his portion and with no resources save his trade, he one day took ship, and, without a word of farewell, worked his passage back to Honolulu, where he began life all over again with a dearly bought experience to teach him how to live the simple life henceforth and forever.

Being a woman of the world and a philosopher, she announced herself on a placard in the window as teacher of vocal and instrumental music; she was also ready to prepare pupils for the operatic stage. I saw her no more after that; I heard of her at intervals as still teaching her art in one provincial town or another. I know that some of her pupils afterward made successful careers and owed their success to her admirable instruction — but she was never the gainer thereby. She plodded on until I lost all track of her and began to believe that she must have died in obscurity.

One day I heard a rumor that Mme. d'Ormy was appearing nightly on the boards of a music hall of a questionable character, and with a friend, whose sympathy had been awakened by the story of her misfortune, I visited the place. Her name was not on the program, nor did she appear under an assumed name during the entertainment, which was prolonged until after midnight. It was an unspeakable resort upon the borders of the slums of San Francisco; it was crowded with besotted outcasts; the air was reeking with the fetid fumes of bad whiskey and worse tobacco; but we inquired of one and another, the attaches of that licensed brothel, and learned that she had sung there; her name in large letters, done with a brush and shoe blacking, adorned the bill boards at the door; but before her first week was up she had disappeared and nothing more had been seen or heard of her. The search was hopeless, and here we abandoned it.

⁂

I had left California and been absent some time, but like all old Californians, I read the home papers diligently whenever they came within my reach. The least important local item was of some interest in my eyes, and I think nothing ever escaped them. Judge, then, of my emotion when I read of a murder in the hotbed of the "Barbary Coast" — the outer-darkness of darkest San Francisco; a murder that for devilish brutality threw the case of Bill and Nancy Sykes into the shade. A woman who, through adverse circumstances, had been reduced to the last extremity, was playing the piano in an underground dance hall and supporting as best she could a monster who speedily dissipated her ill gotten gains. As those who lived within hearing of the tenement where these two outcasts found temporary shelter were often awakened by the piercing shrieks of the woman, her sobs and pitiful pleadings for mercy, while his blows were repeated with sickening persistency until all was at last silence — for he had beaten his drudge into insensibility — it is natural to suppose that no one presumed to interfere with their domestic affairs, no matter of how strenuous a nature. In such a case discretion is indeed the better part of valor.

So it happened that not until peace had reigned for the space of two or three days was the interest of the quarter thoroughly aroused. Then it was that the horrible discovery was made and all the disgusting details elaborated in the morning press.

Dead in that blood smeared den, bruised and bloated beyond all human semblance, her murderous paramour free and far from the scene of slaughter, lay the body of Mme. Josephine d'Ormy, the woman whose marvelous voice had once charmed the ears and thrilled the hearts of enraptured audiences in many far distant quarters of the globe.

MY GREAT-GREAT GRANDSIRE

By Ernest McGaffey

Author of "Sonnets to a Wife," "Poems," etc.

LEWISTON, ILLINOIS

MY great-great grandsire tilled the soil
And felled tall pines on slope and hill,
His homespun garments but the foil
That swathed a man of iron will.

And yet when Winter's race was run
And came the Springtimes's first caress
His nature warmed before the sun
And melted into tenderness.

He knew the fields, he knew the woods,
For nature was his guiding star;
And sermons found in solitudes
Where only nature's teachings are.

He marked the gentian of the brooks
And paused where honeysuckles hung,
And rested where in wildest nooks
The lone arbutus trailing clung,

And towered up the bristling head
Of some Colossus of the pines,
Like a great stag with antlers spread
The monarch of a thousand tines.

And with his rod or flintlock gun
He whipped the pools or led the chase,
Tracked the black bear till set of sun,
And slew him in his hiding place.

And thus he lived an outdoor life,
With sight of flower, bird and bee,
With yoke of oxen, and a wife
With children playing at her knee.

And who shall boast a bygone line
And who shall read his pedigree?
'Tis soul that makes the man divine,
Else lower than a beast were he.

A murrain on your coats of arms!
He did his best, as mortal can;
Wrung a rough living from the farms
And lived and died an honest man.

MILLIONS OF NEW ACRES FOR AMERICAN FARMERS

By Hamilton Wright

Secretary California Promotion Committee

(NOTE — Mr. Wright accompanied the United States senate and house committees on irrigation during a large portion of their recent western trip.)

Photos by courtesy of the Southern Pacific Company

MILLIONS of acres of arid land in the West will be thrown open to the farmer through irrigation, and the huge projects which the government has on hand under the national reclamation act will, it is claimed by the most enthusiastic irrigation experts, open the way for the mightiest Anglo-Saxon civilization the world has ever known.

The work which the government is executing in constructing great storage and diversion dams and in building canals, laterals and headgates is the largest undertaking of the kind in the history of the United States. The individual projects, which will form almost a chain of irrigated areas in the West, are so vast in scope and their execution is so expensive as absolutely to prohibit their undertaking by private capital. The permanent character of the work undertaken under the reclamation act was shown in opening the Truckee-Carson project near Reno, Nevada, on June 17 last. The huge headgates on the Truckee-Carson canal are of concrete, all of one piece, and with ordinary care should last for centuries, defying storms and floods and keeping the water under absolute control at all times. Their finished and substantial appearance offers a striking contrast to the points at which water is diverted from the Colorado river to the Imperial country in the southern part of California. With such headgates the water could not have escaped through the irrigated country at Imperial into the Salton Sink as it has done, creating an inland sea thirty miles long and five miles wide. The works on the Truckee-Carson project testify to the fact that the government with its expert engineers and ample funds, is able to come to the aid of the West with projects of lasting character, and, while encouraging and desiring irrigation work by private capital, has the ability to undertake the greater works with a completeness and permanency beyond the reach of individual funds.

It was the good fortune of the writer to accompany for several thousand miles the national house and senate committees on irrigation on their recent trip through the West. The journey was made for the immediate purpose of visiting locations where irrigation works have been begun or are planned under the national reclamation act, and incidentally of gathering information relative to irrigation in general. The members put in a strenuous time and paid their own expenses.

Under the reclamation act the government will construct the largest irrigation works in history, far excelling those of Egypt and India. The reclamation act provides that funds from the sale of certain public lands shall be applied by the government to the building of irrigation works. At the present time the fund amounts to about $28,000,000 and is increasing at the rate of $4,000,000 annually. This fund is self continuing. After the irrigation works have been constructed the sum expended in any one work is to be returned to the government in ten equal annual installments by the settlers pro rata. At the end of the first year, after any one project has been completed, one-tenth of the original amount expended on that work is to be returned and put into other projects.

Among these great works undertaken by the government is the Shoshone project in Wyoming, which will irrigate 160,000 acres of public land; the Uncompahgre Valley project in Colorado, 100,000 acres; the Belle Fourche project in South Dakota, 85,000 acres; the Salt river project in Arizona, 200,000 acres; the Malheur project in Oregon, 90,000 acres; the Hondo river project in New Mexico, 10,000 acres; the Fort Buford project in Montana and North Dakota, 60,000 acres; the North Platte project in Wyoming and Nebraska, 300,000 acres; the Minidoka project in Idaho, 130,000 acres; the Yuma project in Arizona and California, 115,000 acres; the Truckee-Carson project in Nevada, 350,000 acres; the Klamath project in Oregon and California, 500,000 acres, and the Sacramento Valley projects in California, 2,000,000 acres. Beside the projects enumerated, which total no less than 3,600,000 acres, the engineers of the reclamation service are preparing surveys on a great many other projects which will be undertaken as rapidly as the fund expands and is returned to begin the work.

Fifty million acres of arid land, it is estimated, at present totally unfit for agriculture, will be opened to the settler through the huge irrigation works which the government will construct under the national reclamation act; still more land, incapable of intensive cultivation, will

A SCENE AT ROOSEVELT, ARIZONA, WHERE THE GOVERNMENT IS BUILDING THE GREATEST DAM IN THE WORLD, UNDER THE NATIONAL RECLAMATION ACT.— THE PICTURE SHOWS THE CROWD THAT GATHERED TO MEET THE NATIONAL SENATE AND HOUSE COMMITTEES ON IRRIGATION DURING THEIR RECENT WESTERN TRIP

A FIELD OF SORGHUM ON THE COLORADO DESERT AT IMPERIAL, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING HOW THE DESERT LOOKS AFTER IRRIGATION IS BEGUN be rendered highly productive through irrigation. In total extent the land to be reclaimed represents about two-fifths of the total area of the United States, including states and territories.

The actual undertakings in progress in reclaiming the arid West under federal supervision include expenditures in California of $3,000,000; in Arizona, $3,000,000; in Colorado, $2,500,000; in Wyoming, $250,000; in Nebraska-Wyoming, $1,000,000; in Nevada, $3,000,000; in Oregon, $2,000,000; in Washington, $1,500,000; in Montana, $1,500,000; in Idaho, $1,300,000; in North Dakota, $1,200,000; in Utah, $1,000,000. This total is being constantly increased by approvals of other projects by federal engineers.

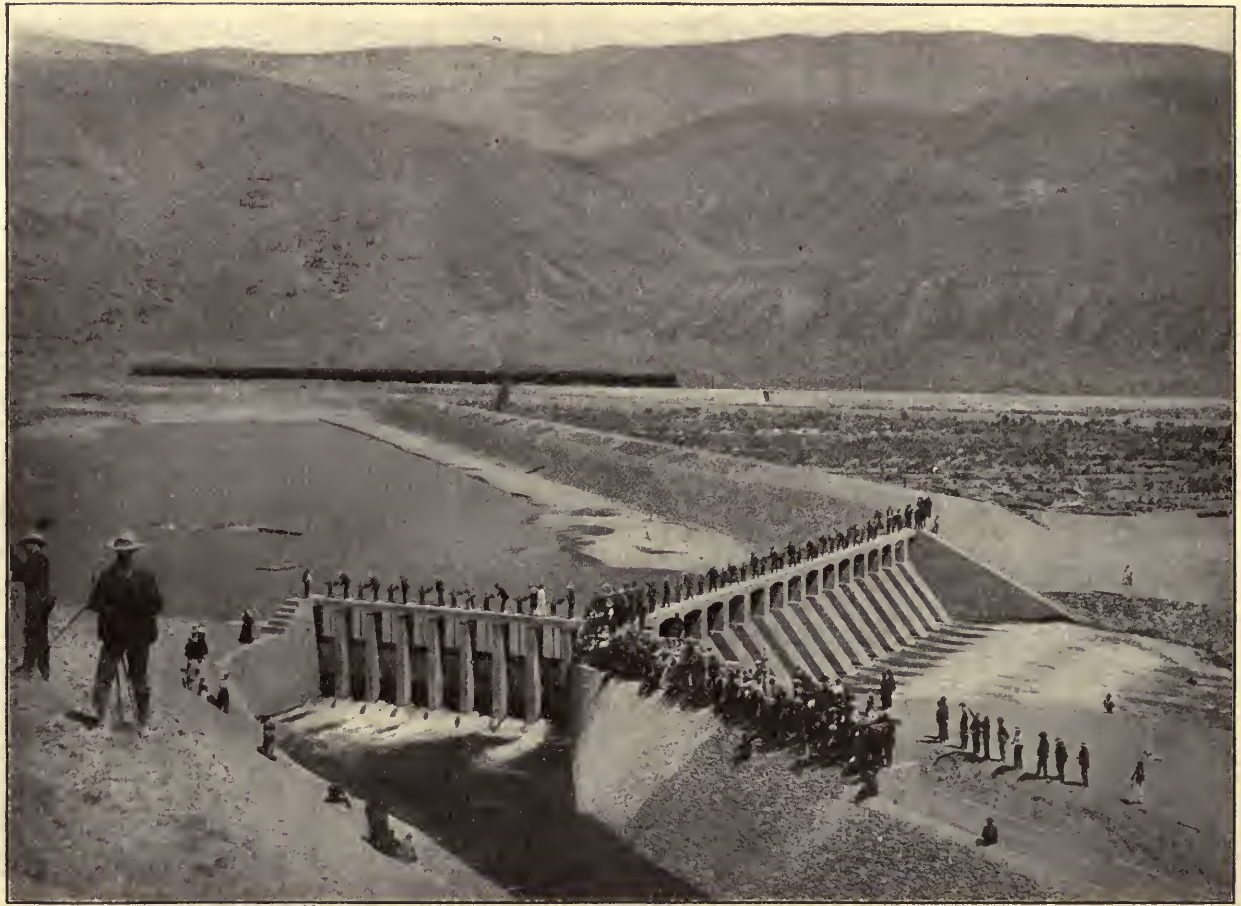
The opening of the Truckee-Carson project in Nevada was celebrated just three years from the passage of the reclamation act, on June 17, 1902. It was the first great step in rebuilding Nevada. At 10:15 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Francis G. Newlands, wife of Senator Newlands of Nevada, who is the "father of the reclamation act," broke a bottle of champagne over the headgates. The members of the congressional committees, including five of the seventeen men who drafted the reclamation act; the governor of Nevada, the governor of California, with a distinguished body of citizens and legislators, turned the cranks, the headgates lifted and the cool waters of the high Sierra rushed through the canal to the thirsty desert.

It was more than a step in the upbuilding of Nevada; it was a move toward the reclamation of the arid West. It was the consummation of the dream of years, and of the men who have worked long and faithfully. I saw one old gentleman wiping the tears from his eyes. "I was thinking of some of the fellows now dead and gone who used to hope for this," he said apologetically. For fifty years he had lived in Nevada, and at the beginning of that period he had talked with his associates of the possibilities of the very problem which has just been worked out.

By the Truckee-Carson project water is taken from the Truckee river at a point ten miles above Wadsworth, Nevada, to the channel of the Carson river by a canal thirty-one miles long. In the Truckee river there is plenty of water, though there is but little agricultural land in the Truckee valley. In the Carson valley there is an abundance of agricultural land. In fact almost all through the arid West there is more good land than there is water. Fifty thousand acres of land were irrigated in the Carson valley this year by means of about 200 miles of canals and ditches. Already the cabins of the pioneers are seen in the valley, for the object of the reclamation act is to provide for the home seeker. The land is divided into farm units of eighty acres, and settlers must be bona fide. The secretary of the interior has set aside $2,740,000 for the Truckee-Carson project. By the time this has been expended 100,000 acres will be under irrigation. The money received from the irrigators will be used as a revolving fund for the completion of the project. As far as the government is concerned, the Truckee-Carson project is fairly inaugurated. The land is ready for the settlers and the settlers are coming rapidly to the land.

That this vast, bleak desert will be completely transformed through irrigation is assured by the fact that whenever water has been brought to the land in the Carson valley by the individuals who own small farms scattered along the little Carson river, crops grow with great luxuriance. Alfalfa grows rapidly, and the stock feeding upon it look sleek and are in prime condition. There is not much fruit cultivated. Indeed it is grown almost wholly for home use; but the deciduous fruits do well.

The Yuma project on the Colorado



THE OPENING OF THE GREAT TRUCKEE-CARSON IRRIGATION PROJECT, THE FIRST TO BE COMPLETED UNDER THE NATIONAL RECLAMATION ACT river is of especial interest at this time, because it is located close to the Imperial valley region on the Colorado desert, where is located the largest irrigation works, either public or private, in the United States. Within four years 100,000 acres have been put under actual irrigation in the Imperial valley through the diversion of waters from the Colorado river. Of this 100,000 acres almost half is in barley; 10,000 acres is in alfalfa. On the American side of the Imperial valley there are some 50,000 head of cattle, a large part of which is dairy stock, and there are 10,000 head more on the Mexican side. Next to Los Angeles and San Pedro the town of Imperial is the most important shipping point in the southern part of California. Actual work at Imperial was not begun until 1900, when a ditch eight miles long and seventy-five feet wide was constructed to connect with the Alamo river bed. Canals were diverted from the river channel and took the water through the valley. At the time construction was first begun there was not a single dwelling in the Imperial valley. The ground was parched and avoided by travelers. Today there are eleven school districts in the region. Imperial is the principal town, other towns being Browley, Haltville and Calexico. Imperial has a $5,000 school house, and the census of 1905 shows 701 children, an increase of 370 over 1904. Two church buildings have been erected at Imperial and a telephone system connects all the towns of the valley.

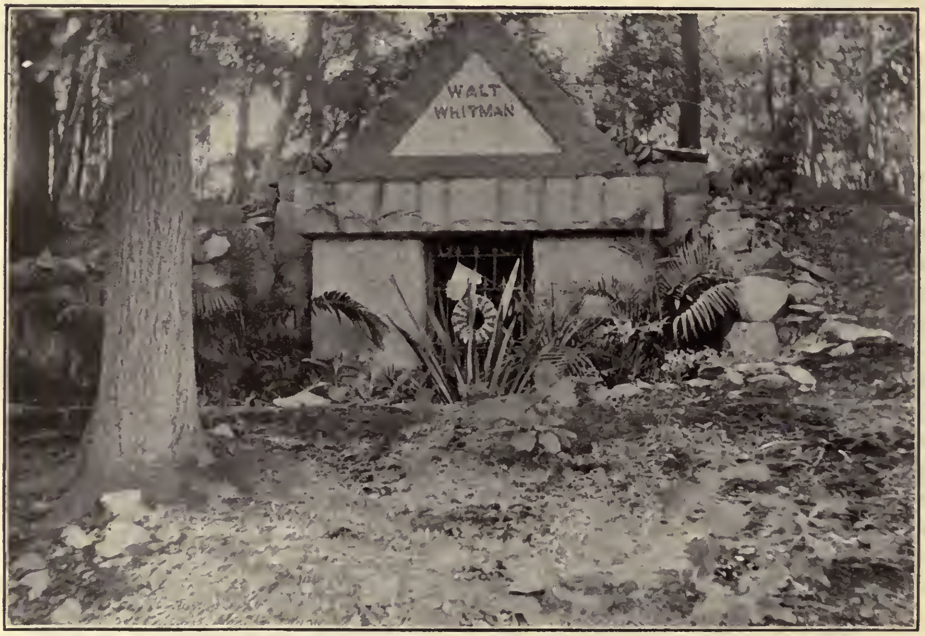
The valley produces alfalfa, barley, Egyptian corn, sorghum; sugar beets and other field crops do well; melons, sweet grapes and canteloupes are cultivated with success. The government is experimenting with date palms; thirty-six varieties of commercial dates have already been planted at Yuma, above Imperial, which has about the same climate.

The water for irrigation at Imperial has been furnished by various companies which, though brave pioneers in practical irrigation work, have been unable to make the necessary improvements and extensions. It has not been possible for them to get the necessary capital owing to questions as to water rights arising since the passage of the national reclamation act. Now, however, the Southern Pacific Company, which makes great shipments from the region, has come into the field with greater capital.

The Yuma project contemplates the irrigation of land on both sides of the Colorado river in California and Arizona. The government has planned for the ultimate extension of the canals of the Yuma project twenty miles or more from the Laguna dam, ten miles above Yuma, to the Imperial valley. When this is done the most arid portion of America, not excepting Death valley, will be all under irrigation and highly productive.

The largest and most comprehensive irrigation project which the government has under consideration is the reclamation of 2,000,000 acres of land in the Sacramento valley of California. Water will be conserved by means of seven huge reservoirs and distributed over the valley, which is 250 miles long and from twenty to sixty miles in breadth. Here the problems of irrigation, reclamation, navigation and drainage are all closely connected, for with the storage of waters the crests of the Spring floods, which have often broken the levees on the lower reaches of the Sacramento river and destroyed millions of dollars worth of property, will be controlled. The climatic conditions in the Sacramento valley are far less extreme than those in the desert regions.

Although the government contemplates irrigation works for the benefit of home seekers and endeavors so far as possible to undertake works with the view of bringing water to available government lands, yet in the event that individuals are willing to subdivide their lands and to sign a contract which will prevent land speculation and the anticipation of increased values through irrigation, irrigation works will be undertaken under the reclamation act where the land is in private ownership. This is the case in the Salt river valley, Arizona, where a dam capable of impounding enough water to irrigate 200,000 acres of land will be constructed. The settlers in that section have gone ahead and accomplished marvels; the government is coming to their aid. In the Sacramento valley the land is mainly in large holdings, there being individual ranches of 100,000 acres in extent. The California Promotion Committee has heard from seventy of the big land owners that they will subdivide their holdings, as required under the act.



AT THE TOMB OF WALT WHITMAN

By Roscoe Brumbaugh

THE east wind comes with softest touch
And whispers to him of the sea;
The great, wide sea he loved so much,
And sang so of to you and me.

It seems the very birds must know
The way to find his place of rest;
The thrush keeps chanting, soft and low,
Its evening hymn, and in the west

The clouds are breaking for the light
To deck his tomb in brightest gold;
And lo! in every sound and sight
Some messages to him are told.

I watch the velvet night come on,
The long, dark shadows drawing near,
And when the little wind moans "Gone,"
Again the wood thrush answers "Here!"

MRS. BROWNE AT THE DOCTOR'S

A MONOLOGUE

By Emma C. Dowd

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

Scene: Doctor Alford's consulting room.
Enter Mrs. Browne in elaborate carriage gown.

"HOW fortunate that I caught you! I should have been so disappointed! And you had really started for church! Why, I didn't know that you doctors ever went to church! You seldom have the chance? Ah, Doctor Alford," (laughing) "that's a good excuse!" (Takes the offered chair.) "But I didn't go myself this morning. I wasn't equal to it. I thought I should attend vespers, but I finally decided it was my more imperative duty to see you, for I knew that my engagements tomorrow wouldn't give me a spare moment. I am so glad I got here in time.

"What is the trouble? Oh," (sighing) "I'm just going to pieces! . . . I look well?" (Laughs a little.) "I'm afraid, doctor, that you are flattering. Perhaps my drive has given me a little color. I've been pale enough all day. This morning I was as white as a sheet.

"No, I don't sleep well at all. Sometimes I don't close my eyes till three or four in the morning.

"Oh, I usually get to bed by twelve, unless we are out or are entertaining, and we have been regular old fogies lately — actually, Doctor Alford, we didn't go out but three evenings last week! Mr. Browne would like to settle down in good earnest. I do believe he would! . . Go to bed by ten? Why, doctor, I couldn't sleep a wink! I should toss and tumble till I should go crazy—I know I should! No, it isn't late hours that's the matter; it is nerves! I need some quieting medicine. My head aches about all the time. . . (Extends her arm for the physician to time her pulse.)

"Yes, I presume it is quick. My heart has been at all sorts of tantrums lately. One night I thought I should go before morning! The way my heart acted was something awful—just as fast for a minute or two, and then it would stop! I woke Mr. Browne and insisted on his telephoning for you; but finally Aunt Emily gave me some tablets that relieved me after a little. . . Soda and something, I think they were. . . No, it wasn't gas! I believe my heart is affected.

"Oh, what are you going to do? . . . Examine my heart? If you tell me I have heart disease I shall drop dead—I know I shall! . . No, I don't think it is better to find out. I don't want to know. I'd rather give myself the benefit of the doubt. . . Yes, this is a coat." (Unfastens the wrap.) "My heart is going fast enough now! You'll think there's something the matter with it sure!. . . That isn't the way you tell? You know by the sound? Well, if there is any trouble—and I know there is!—don't tell me right off, unless you want to kill me on the spot. I shan't take a bit of medicine for it, anyway. I've known two or three people who have begun to doctor for heart disease, and they died in a few days. It is always so! . . . You suppose it was occasionally the disease that killed the patient? Why, of course — that's what I said! And I shan't touch a drop of medicine!

"Oh, dear, you're hurting my side with that stethoscope! Please, doctor, don't press so hard! Oh, I know my heart's diseased! . . . There isn't any organic trouble? You're sure? Why, there must be! You couldn't tell through all my clothes. My heart wouldn't act so, if it were all right. You can't make me believe there's nothing wrong.

"Indigestion? Pshaw! my stomach's all right! That never went back on me yet. It doesn't give me a bit of trouble. Feel it somewhere else? I should think if it were my stomach I'd feel it there, if anywhere. . . Not in the first stomach? How many have I, pray? — a dozen?" (laughing.) "Well, I know it isn't what I eat. Besides, I'm very careful. . . Oh, my tongue's all right!" (Displays the member, in response to the physician's request.) "It is yellow? I don't see why. I never over eat. In fact, my appetite has always been delicate.

"Oh, while I think of it, doctor,— I've had a dreadful pain in my side lately. It is excruciating! . . . No, it doesn't last long at a time. It comes and goes. I've been worrying for fear it meant cancer. You don't suppose it is; do you? . . . Gas? Oh, no; it can't be gas! You're sure it isn't cancer? . . Well, that is a relief, if you can really tell. I don't see how you know.

"The other day I thought I was in for a siege of inflammatory rheumatism. I had such a horrible pain in my big toe! It was something fearful. When it stopped there, it went into my arm. I thought I should go wild! And then my hand prickled, just as if it were asleep. It was the queerest thing! I was afraid I was going to have paralysis. The hands do prickle, I've heard, when paralysis is coming on. . . You are certain it isn't paralysis? . . No, I haven't had it since that time; but it was something frightful while it lasted.

"Oh, I want to ask you about little Helen. She doesn't seem like herself. She has a very delicate organization, just as I have, and the changes in the weather may have something to do with it. . . Has she attended any children's parties? Why, y-e-es, she went to one Friday afternoon; but she was not at all tired. . . Ye-e-es, she had considerable nausea one night — I don't know but it was Friday night. It is possible it was the ice cream — often it isn't properly made, and I think she ate a good deal of it. I believe she and a little boy tried to see which could eat the most — wasn't that just like kids! They do the most unaccountable things.

"There's Irvy—last week he scraped the skin all off his hands shinning up and down the piazza posts! What is the best thing, doctor, for barks of that kind? . . . I did what I could for him, poor little fellow!—but I said then I'd find out next time I saw you just what to do, so I'd be prepared for another such muss.

"And that makes me think—Baby has been having a kind of rash on his face, and his mouth is sore, and he doesn't seem to relish his food. . . Oh, no, I never give him much of anything sweet, —nothing but gingerbread and cookies. Those are plain, you know. . . . Oh, never any candy, except molasses! He is very fond of lumps of sugar, and I let him have all he wants—pure sugar is so harmless. . . You think he has eaten too much? Well, nurse is careless about the children's food, and of course I can't always be on hand to see to it. Oh, dear," (sighing) "it is impossible to get reliable help! . . . Not give the child any sugar? Why, he would cry his eyes out! It is the only thing that will quiet him when he has his tantrums. Well, I don't see how I'm going to manage it.

"But that reminds me, Aunt Emily said that, seeing I was coming round here, she wished I'd ask you what she should do for her cough—it disturbs us very much early in the morning, just when we want to sleep. I dare say she might choke it down more than she does. I think she's getting nervous over it. She is dreadfully fidgetty if she has the least pain or ache. I tell her I don't know what would become of me if I exaggerated every little ailment as she does. . . Oh, ye-es, I suppose coughs are sometimes serious. Well, do give her something to cure it right away! I couldn't have anything happen to Aunt Emily — she takes so much care of the children. If they happen to be sick in the night, when we are out, she is always there to see to them.

"Dear me, what a lot of medicine you're putting up! I ought to be well after taking all that." . . Oh, this is for auntie! And this for Baby? And this package for Helen?

"Keep Helen away from parties? What an absurd idea! Why, there wouldn't be any living with her! She delights in parties — and new frocks! She did look too cute as a butterfly, at that dance up at the Van Gragan's, last week. . . No, not the one on Friday. This was earlier. I've forgotten what night it was, but it was very swell for a child's affair. . .

"Well, I'll try to persuade her to stay at home for a week or so, but I expect I'll have a time. . . Yes, I'll do my best to follow these directions, and if Baby isn't any better, I'll telephone for you to come down to the house.

"Thank you. I would stop for a little visit with Mrs. Alford, only I am so used up, I feel as if I must go straight home. Give her my love, and tell her that I am so sorry not to see her. Good night." (Turns to go, then pauses.)

"Oh, I forgot to speak to you about a strange feeling I've had lately, just as if I must breathe deeper down to hit a certain spot in my stomach—it's something horrible! . . . You don't think it is any lung trouble, then? I didn't know but it was pneumonia coming on. Are you sure it isn't pneumonia?

"Oh, and I have a great deal of pain across the back of my neck! That has worried me, there is so much spinal meninigtis about. I wouldn't have spinal meningitis for anything! . . Well, if you know it isn't that, but I'm almost afraid it may be after all. . . . You think this medicine will help it? Indeed, I hope so. But I shouldn't wonder if you'd see me sick abed before many days — my nerves are in such a state! Oh, you've no idea anything about it! It is only sheer will power that has kept me up thus far. . . Well, good night. I hope you are a true prophet and that I shall be better. Good night, doctor."

A MOOD OF LOVE ❧ By Nathan Haskell Dole

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

CLOSE to each other, yet a world apart
We walked one night across the fragrant field —
Silent. Our unresponsive lips were sealed;
Our eyes askance shot not a questioning dart;
No happy flowers of confidence dared start;
No secret intuition was revealed;
No inner voice of sympathy appealed
Across the widening space from heart to heart.
Strange! such dark mood upon our spirits fell!
The breath of sweet young blossoms cast their spell: —
The stars were glittering in their mazy flight
The breath of sweet young blossoms cast their spell: —
It was an hour for Love and Love's delight
And yet how sad! As if a last Farewell
Were parting us forever on that night!

BACK TO THE FARM ☙ By Ernest McGaffey

ERNEST McGAFFEY, THE DISTINGUISHED WESTERN POET AND STORY TELLER, SNAPSHOTTED AS "THE MAN WITH THE HOE" ON HIS FARM NEAR LEWISTOWN, ILLINOIS

THE solution of industrial troubles which have so disturbed the nation for many years will eventually be found in agriculture. While farming cannot be said to be fashionable nowadays, it is a pursuit, nevertheless, which has thousands of devoted adherents, and can certainly claim to have attained more than the dignity of a "fad." The backbone of America, as was demonstrated in our wars, is the farming interest. Even in that lowest of all calculations, the dollar, the farm is supreme. In the last analysis, the so-called "jay," the "Reuben," the horny handed man of the fields, is the most independent personage in the United States today, as a class; and while it is true that he works hard, he does not work nearly so hard as the average laborer in the large cities, and is his own "boss" in a more complete sense than any man in any other trade or profession.

The hunger for land has not entirely died out in mankind, as witness the extraordinary rush for farms whenever new territory is opened. Very little free land is obtainable now, but cheap land and good land is still plentiful and fairly accessible. While it is of course true that some capital is required to engage in the business, it is a further fact that to commence in a small way a man requires less capital than to start in any other business, and his chances of success are much better. For in any event it is no trick at all for the farmer, whether he is a renter or an owner of a farm, to make a comfortable living.

From his garden alone, with an outlay of not to exceed five dollars for seeds and garden implements, he can raise vegetables not only to last him during the Summer and Fall, but to fill his cellar during the Winter months. He can begin early in the Spring, planting lettuce, beets, spinach, radishes, onions —from sets; beans, peas, potatoes, tomatoes—from plants, and have variety and abundance in a few weeks. He can replant about every two or three weeks and have his table constantly supplied.

Later, he can plant squashes, pumpkins, turnips and cabbages and have his cellar stocked for cold weather with an ample supply, together with his potatoes, to last him until green vegetables come on during the next Spring. Strawberries, raspberries and blackberries can be cultivated at very little expense. And all the vegetables raised are brought to the table absolutely fresh and deliciously palatable. Many other vegetables than those named can be had, but these make up the staple ones, with which a table can be generously provided at a minimum cost.

There is no royal road to gardening.

All that it requires is a stout and trusty hoe and a good right arm. Keep the ground around your plants well stirred up after sundown, so that the dews can get at them and the warmth from the sun penetrate to their roots, and you will hardly need to do any watering. Seed stores furnish books free which give a great deal of valuable information, and a very little experience—at the most, one season—will make a pretty fair gardener of any man or woman.

As for meat, the average farmer has plenty of it, curing hams and bacon himself and raising and killing his own beef. The farmers eat meat mostly in the Winter time, as a regular diet, and while they have it on hand during the other seasons, they diversify it with eggs, chickens, game and fish. The farmers live better than any other class of people in the world. They have what no one but themselves can have — everything absolutely pure, fresh and of best quality. A few chickens will furnish eggs and poultry for family use; a couple of hogs and one steer will give an abundance of meat, for as they ''kill'' and divide with their neighbors they establish a provisional reciprocity which brings them other meat at different times and keeps them in stock.

Milk and butter they have always, and corn furnishes both "roasting ears" in the early Summer and corn meal the year 'round. Meanwhile, the men who live by manual labor in the cities are ground down to the stone's edge for the barest necessaries of life. They are at the mercy of trusts and combinations for their food and breadstuffs, and doctored milk and oleomargerine products are foisted on them the year around.

The farmer dresses as he pleases when he goes about his work. It may be rough duck ''overalls,'' cowhide shoes, a hickory shirt and a slouch hat, but it's what "the boss'' is wearing. He has good clothes to wear when he goes to town or to a meeting of his lodge or society, or to church. But he does not have to spend a significant portion of what he earns in clothing, as a clerk or employe in the cities is compelled to. Excepting the laborers, men employed in the cities must dress fairly well; and cuffs, collars, white shirts, neat business suits, "dressy" shoes, laundry bills, shoe shining stands, ties, studs, cuff and collar buttons, gloves, mufflers, Spring overcoats, belts, fobs, scarf pins and a hundred and one sly pettinesses of apparel separate many a poor devil of a business and professional man from his dollars in the towns.

Many a man fails at the trades, in the professions and in business ventures. Few farmers fail. It is next to impossible not to earn a comfortable and even a comparatively luxurious living (as compared to the way the average dweller in cities fares) on a farm, if a man is willing to work. And while the old saying that there is always work to be done on a farm is fairly accurate, the farmer, notwithstanding, has much leisure time. In the Winter, for instance, there is nothing to be done but providing firewood and doing "the chores." After the crops are in, during the Spring, there is a season of masterly inactivity. He works hard when he does work, but if it pours down rain, or storms, he sits in his house and enjoys himself. He is "the boss''; and there is no one to dock him for non-appearance in the fields, or to look sour if he is late at his task.

Men in the cities work twice as hard as the farmers, and they get few or no holidays. Thousands and thousands of professional men, clerks and men in small business enterprises delve and moil their entire lives away and at the end are carted out to the cemeteries without having had any more leisure or enjoyment in their lives than a horse on a treadmill. The rut they toil along in is as narrow as a caseknife. They are part and parcel of that vast army which invades the cities in the pursuit of the igniis fatuus of contentment, and mistakes excitement for happiness.

The case of the laboring man is peculiarly hard. He usually belongs to a union and is often involved in a strike. His hours may be short or long, but it takes all that he can make to earn a living. More than that, his girls and boys are working at the stores and factories to eke out the scanty income of the father. His fare is coarse and mostly unwholesome. He is at the beck and call of some foreman, and above the foreman is the superintendent, and higher yet is the real "boss." He is be-bossed until the yearning for independence is replaced by a deep feeling of resentment or a brutish hopelessness. Thoreau said that most men lived lives of "quiet desperation." That is absolutely true so far as the cities are concerned.

But when the splendid and emancipating project of governmental irrigation is fully under way there will be one great step forward taken to free these slaves. And when men come better to understand that a farmer is, generally speaking, not only the most independent of men, but that he lives a better, happier, and more complete life than any of the men of the laboring classes in the cities, then will come that silent trend to the fields by those whom fate has so long defrauded of their birthright.

The cities are terribly overcrowded. The professions are full to overflowing. The trusts have clutched the business world by the throat. "Money-mad," says one man of another. The nation is money-mad. But progress is in cycles; and from this age of luxury, discontent and passion for wealth will come a more sane and healthful era. Already the shadow of a great financial crisis has appeared. Already the mutterings of the storm to come have manifested themselves. In the wreck of fortunes and communities, in the disasters which will sweep the cities like a destroying fire, there will still remain, as always, the refuge of the farms.

THE CLOSED WINDOW

By Columbine

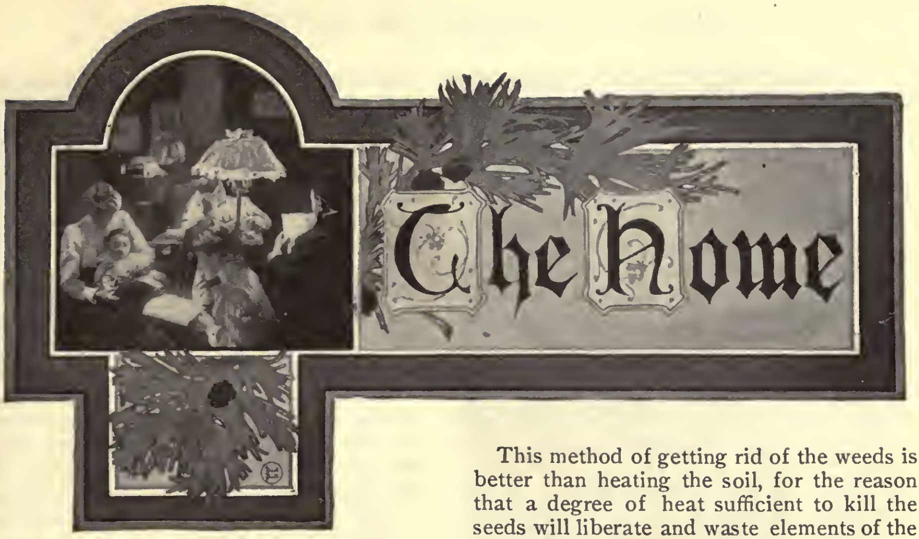
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

A BREEZE comes down the dusty street,
The roses stir and sigh;
My book slips idly to the floor,
A thistle-witch blows by.
Through day and night, at wakeful noon,
And in my dreams I see
A shuttered window, closed and barred,—
The one thing left for me.

A briar rose into the blind
Has boldly pushed its way,
As long ago it climbed the tower
Where a charmed princess lay.
Ah, little flower, no sleeping maid
Within those walls doth dwell,
But silence as of death and ghosts
Of old things loved too well.

At dusk a thousand stars shine out
For those who see their light.
I had one star to guide my path—
My star is quenched in night!
The single ray, serene and pure
That from her window shone!
Through all the watches of the night
I wander, lost and lone.

Oh heart, so loved, so far from me,
This is my living fear—
That you are closed and barred for aye,
As this poor window here!
I stretch my arms into the void,
My heart cries out for pain.
Ah, roses at the voiceless bars,
You waste your lives in vain.



NOVEMBER SUGGESTIONS TO FLOWER GROWERS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

A SUPPLY of materials for protecting bulb beds and all tender, or half-hardy plants or shrubs, should be secured during this month. As it is the alternate freezing and thawing of early Spring which does the greatest damage, the work of covering may be left until very late in the season, but in localities where protection is needed snow will probably interfere with the work of securing the covering material if not done soon.

A cover to shield from the sun, and so prevent an early flow of sap, or thawing of the soil, is what is needed; care should be taken that it does not pack solid and exclude air. Boughs from evergreen trees are the best covering but if these are not available any small branches may be put over the beds and leaves thrown over them. Corn stalks, hay, or straw may be used; but the seeds in such materials are a bait for rats and mice which may injure the plants.

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It is a good plan to get soil for Winter use after a slight freeze, as insects go down to avoid the cold near the surface and fewer will be taken with the soil.

Prepare a quantity of fine soil for the seed pans to be used early in the Spring; keep it moist and warm until every weed seed has sprouted, then set it out where they will "freeze to death."

This method of getting rid of the weeds is better than heating the soil, for the reason that a degree of heat sufficient to kill the seeds will liberate and waste elements of the soil which are essential to plant growth.

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To cut away diseased branches or foliage and leave it lying on the ground is a sure way of spreading whatever disease they were affected with. Burning these, and everything in the way of dead vegetation, lessens next year's work to a marked degree, for it destroys millions of weed seeds, insects and and eggs, as well as destroying their hiding places.

Ashes from such materials contain a large percentum of phosphate and are one of the best fertilizers for a lawn.

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If the ordering of Easter lily (Lillum Harrisii) bulbs has been neglected, do not think it is too late, but remember that Easter comes on one of its late dates next year (April 15) and order them at once. There is a great difference in the size of bulbs and a seemingly disproportionate difference in the price, but the one who pays the price and gets the largest and soundest bulbs, will get more beauty from them than could be had from several times the money if invested in a greater number of small bulbs.

Lilies need very rich soil but if barn-yard fertilizers are used they must be well rotted, and put below the soil surrounding the bulb. As a rule, it is better to give liquid fertilizers after the buds have started than to risk burning the roots.

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A pot of freesias, in bloom, makes a delightful Easter gift and November is the time to pot them for that purpose.

If pansy and violet roots are taken from the beds, potted in rich soil and kept in cool rooms with north or east windows they will furnish their full quota of the Winter's floral display.

Crowns (pips) of lily of the valley may be taken up and potted; then kept in a dark place where the temperature is just above freezing point until wanted, and will come into bloom very quickly when brought into strong light and warmth.

The garden plants which bloom early in the Spring have their blossom germs fully matured before cold weather comes and any of them may be forced into bloom during the Winter by taking a little trouble to give them, indoors, the condition of light and warmth which is natural to them at the blooming season.

A few of each kind will give the variety which we need in flowers as well as in other things and amply repay the little time and trouble expended on them.

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ECONOMICAL MEAT DISHES

By Katherine Megee
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

IN the majority of homes, meat is the most costly article of food, yet it is surprising how few housewives give the matter serious consideration or do what they might to reduce this expense. Confounding price with nutrition, they become imbued with the idea that only the high priced cuts of meat are wholesome, and thus entirely lose sight of the fact that some of the inferior cuts contain equally as much nourishment, and in the hands of the clever cook can be rendered not only as palatable but also as attractive to the eye. The appended recipes, which are by no means exhaustive, will serve to illustrate this truth, and at the same time afford acceptable changes from the steak and roast which appear with such monotonous regularity on so many tables the year round.

BEEF BRAISE: Take a piece of rump of the desired size; pound tender, tie and skewer, then lay in a deep baking pan previously lined with thin slices of salt pork and sliced onion; cover the top of the meat with slices of pork, sprinkle lightly with pepper, add a cup of boiling water, dredge thickly with flour, cover closely and bake in a slow oven, allowing twenty minutes to the pound. Then uncover, take out the meat, skim off the fat and thicken the broth for gravy.

BRAISED CALF'S LIVER: Lay the liver in a dish, pour on boiling water to cover, and immediately pour it off, which will seal up the juices and remove the unpleasant flavor which many persons find unpalatable. Lard the rounded side with salt pork. Fry an onion in bacon fat, then put it with the liver in a braising pan or a deep baking dish; sprinkle lightly salt and pepper, add a bay leaf and a little minced parsley; pour over enough boiling water to half cover, put on the lid and bake two hours in a steady oven. When done, season the broth with lemon juice, pour over the liver and serve at once.

BROWN STEW: Put a rather thick piece of beef with little bone and some fat over the fire in a stew kettle; pour over it just enough boiling water to cover, season with pepper, put on a closely fitting lid and bring quickly to a boil, then move to a cooler part of the range and simmer four hours, or until the meat is tender, turning it occasionally and adding, as needed, just enough boiling water to prevent scorching. An hour before dishing the meat, season with salt. Thicken the drippings for gravy.

VEAL FRICASSEE: Cut two pounds of veal — the ribs, the back or knuckle — into small pieces and take out the bones. Place over the fire and cover with boiling water; bring to a boil, skim well, add two small onions, some thin slices of salt pork and a saltspoon of pepper; cover closely, remove to a cooler part of the range and simmer until the meat is thoroughly done; then add one tablespoon flour wet up with a little cold water, and a cup of cream or rich milk. Boil five minutes. Before sending to the table garnish with rounds of hard boiled eggs.

BEEF LOAF: Put three pounds of chuck steak through a meat chopper; add to it one cup grated bread crumbs, three beaten eggs, one tablespoon salt, a dash of cayenne and one tablespoon melted butter. Mix all together and form into a loaf. Put into a baking pan, pour in a little boiling water and bits of butter, cover and bake an hour and a quarter, basting occasionally. Serve hot with tomato sauce or cold with tomato catsup.

MOCK DUCK: Score an inch thick round steak with a sharp knife. Prepare a stuffing as for chicken and spread over the steak; fold it over and tie or skewer in place. Put in a dripping pan, lay over it a few slices of salt pork and bake forty-five minutes.

DELICIOUS STEAK: Cut chuck steak into pieces of uniform size and score them on both sides with a sharp knife. Dredge each piece with flour, patting it in well with the hands. Have ready over the fire in a frying pan meat drippings at blue flame heat. Put in the steak, fry brown on one side, dredging with more flour, if the juices appear on the surface, then turn and brown the other side; sprinkle with salt and cover with boiling water, put on a closely fitting lid and stew gently for fifteen minutes.

SPICED BEEF: Mix together the following ground spices: one-half ounce pepper, the same of allspice, one-fourth ounce each of cloves and ginger and one-fourth pound salt, one-fourth ounce saltpetre and two ounces brown sugar. Rub this over five pounds of beef cut from the round. Put in an earthen vessel and turn every other day for two weeks. Then add enough boiling water to cover the meat, put over the fire and boil gently until tender. Let stand in the liquor until quite cold. To serve, slice very thin across the grain.

HASHED MEAT ON TOAST: Stew gently for thirty minutes in half a pint of rich stock, one pint chopped raw meat dredged with flour and sprinkled lightly with pepper; then add one tablespoon butter and salt to season. Have six slices of toast arranged on a serving platter; spread the hash over the toast and serve at once.

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LUMP O' COMFORT

By Eleanor W. F. Bates

ROSLINDALE, MASSACHUSETTS

BEFORE he sips the silver cup
With sweet warm milk a-brimming,
Before he eats the biscuit up,
Our baby goes a-swimming.
Now, Mary, fetch the bath tub in,
The oval, greeny-goldy tin;
And here's the sponge as soft as silk,
And here's the soap as white as milk,
And here are towels many and small,
And here's the littlest rubber ball
To set the princeling playing;
He wavers, but he cannot fall
Where his pink feet are straying,
For mother's arm is closely set
About him, wriggling, warm and wet —
He laughs at what she's saying:
"O Lump o' Comfort, Lump o' Comfort O,
What a funny boy you are to go a-swimming so!"

Almost before the bath is done,
His half-shut eyes soft beaming;
Almost before the milk's begun,
Our baby goes a-dreaming.
Now, Mary, bring the broidered shawl
And put away the rubber ball.
Like to a fair five petalled rose
Fresh from the bath his small hand glows;
So tender and so dear it is,
Give it the lightest, lightest kiss —
We must not wake our baby;
But we may sing soft melodies,
He will sleep sounder, maybe,
And dream of flowers and stars and birds
And pretty smiles and loving words,
So blessed shall his day be.
O Lump o' Comfort, Lump o' Comfort O,
What a happy boy you are to go a-dreaming so!

"WHAT A HAPPY BOY YOU ARE TO GO A-DREAMING SO"

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HOME HAPPINESS

By Milla Landon

BRIGHTON, NEW YORK

HOME, the dearest place on earth if love opens and closes the door. Homes are as strangely unlike as the inhabitants therein; a log hut in the wilderness, or the four walls of but one room can bound the confines of an earthly paradise if the two who have promised to walk adown life's pathway together are congenial companions, and decide from the start to pull together instead of

THE NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS

one at each end of the rope. In the days of long ago a young husband, who, with the woman of his choice, had commenced housekeeping in a very humble way, was being questioned about their home. He answered: "We are so comfortable and happy that we would not take a thousand dollars for the legs of our dining table." Why? Because the improvised table was a board placed on the lap of husband and wife as they sat facing each other.

It is said that "Trifles light as air make up the sum of human existence." Little words of cheer, or of praise when certain things are well done; little acts of thoughtfulness one for another help to make the home happy, since no house is an ideal abiding place where one member, whether child or adult, is catered to regardless of others, unless that one is a suffering invalid. If the wife finds it necessary to "tidy up a bit" before the husband returns from business, it is equally complimentary to her that he should not appear at breakfast in too slovenly attire simply because "there's no one but the wife about." Another trifling thing is the arrangement of the table, for even if the linen be immaculate, the china pretty and silver fine, if things are set on haphazard it is not as inviting as it might be, since there are various ways of serving food so that it will be attractive as well as appetizing. It will take but a moment longer when looking over and shaking the water from crisp, curly leaves of lettuce to place them, stems downward, in a round glass dish, the larger ones first, then layer after layer filling in towards the center in imitation of the solid lettuce head as it came from the gardener's patch; then when the husband, or perchance a guest, says, "It really looks too pretty to disturb," you will feel repaid. How often a cluster of flowers in the center of the table serves as a pleasant topic of conversation while the soup or meat is being handed round; as though the sight sense was also being satisfied. Some years ago, at a fashionable Summer resort, one of the guests while wandering over "highways and byways" and hillside paths, gathered and arranged a large boquet of feathery June grasses, and leaves and branches of various shades of green and brown, which was jokingly presented to the hostess presiding over "the cottage," who put them in place of the usual flowers on the dinner table; and when the guests were seated there, they not only admired, but wondered why they had never before known how beautiful could be made a simple cluster of leaves.

We have known housekeepers who delayed preparations for dinner or supper until the husband came in sight, then anything that was at hand was hastily cooked and set out. One woman who always has "so much to do,"— reading and rocking a goodly part of the Summer day on the cool piazza — wonders how her neighbor manages to have such a variety on her table. "Our people like warm biscuit," she says, "but it is *such* a trouble to make them." The other woman considers the making a pleasure rather than a hard task, her kitchen being provided with a gas stove, the oven of which is heated while the biscuits are being prepared, and in twenty minutes after, the puffy, nicely browned creations are ready for the table.

One does not have to remain long in a household to discover whether all the vibrant strings are adjusted so as to give out one harmonious tune, or whether there are rescordant notes that mar the family peace. A hard working woman, the mother of seven children, often at the twilight hour gathers the youngsters together for a song recital while she plays accompaniments on the wheezy old organ; even the little one of three years joins in singing the familiar tunes. It is the children's happiest hour, consequently there is always lingering in their memory the remembrance of some melody which mother has taught them; and when the older lads are sent out to saw a few sticks of wood the work is lightened by their make-believe pretence that they are running some sort of an engine, or an automobile.

An interesting book read aloud during long Winter evenings is a most unselfish way of enjoying some of the intellectual fruits of the present day. "Come over tonight," calls out Tom to Harry, who answers, "Can't possibly do so because I want to hear how that story ends which father is reading." After the book is finished and laid aside an animated discussion brings out the girls' and boys' brightest ideas, especially if the book was of travel, history, science or something similar, which may lead them to deeper research in the public library for better information than the parents can give.

As the many factory whistles in a great city sound the hour for closing down, and streets are thronged with weary pedestrians on their homeward way, one often wonders if home to them is significant of just a shelter from the elements, or that they know there awaits them some dear one, wife or mother, with welcoming smile, and little children's arms outstretched to close the loving bands which make such homes a bit of earthly paradise because love dwelleth there.

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

A CURE FOR BURNS

By MRS. JAMES M. MERRILL

Grant, Michigan

Turpentine and camphor gum — all the gum the turpentine will cut — applied to a burn will take out the fire, and heal it up, no matter how bad the burn, and will not leave a scar.

ENRICHING THE GRAVY

By ETHEL SPRIGGS

Chicago, Illinois

If the chicken or meat lacks in richness, the gravy may be made excellent by beating an egg with a little milk and adding to the gravy with the flour.

TO CLEAN LACES

By G. W. S.

Lester, Indian Territory

Clean delicate white laces with calcined magnesia after the following manner: Sprinkle the lace thickly with the magnesia on both sides. Lay it on a sheet of heavy writing paper, place a second sheet over it and put it away within the leaves of a heavy book for four or five days. Then shake off the powder and the lace will be proved to be clean.

Laces can be whitened by soaking in soap suds in the sun. They should never be rubbed but soused up and down very gently and squeezed between the hands until they are only damp, not dry.

To clean white silk laces soak in skimmed milk over night, souse in warm soap suds, carefully rinse, then pull out and press down while damp.

Black lace may be cleaned with borax water. Use one teasponful of borax to a pint of warm water. Don't dry it near a fire: heat is apt to make it rusty. Gold and silver laces can be cleaned with stale bread crumbs mixed with powdered blue. To a half loaf of bread take one-quarter of a pound of the powdered blue. Sprinkle thickly over the lace and let stand for some time. Brush off and brush lightly with a piece of velvet. Laces are given a creamy color by putting small quantities of strained coffee or powdered saffron in the rinsing water until the right cream or ecru color or shade is produced.

CANNING PIE PLANT

By M. L. KERNEY

Camden, New Jersey

Pick when it is long and good, cut up and put in glass fruit cans, press down, cover with cold water, seal and put away. It will keep fresh until the new crop comes. In sections where the fruit is scarce it can be easily raised, and is easily kept as described.

"FEED THE BRUTE"

EXERCISING ON A "HOME TRAINER"

SEWING SUGGESTIONS

By MRS. T. A. ROSE
Morningside, Sioux City, Iowa

To prevent machine stitching from drawing or puckering, soak a spool of thread in a cup of water for six hours, then dry before using.

If colored thread is oiled with machine oil it will be stronger and work more easily.

WHEN COOKING OYSTERS

By M. M.
Creston, Iowa

Never salt for soups or stews until just before removing from the fire.

In frying oysters a little baking powder added to the cracker crumbs will greatly improve them.

Escalloped oysters retain their flavor better if carved while cooking.

Half the liquor, heated, or hot milk, may be poured over escalloped oysters when half baked.

It is always better to handle oysters with a fork, as contact with the hands may make them tough.

THE COOKIES WON'T BURN

By J. C. S.
Creston, Iowa

Keep your cookies from burning on the bottom. Turn the baking pan upside down and bake on the bottom of the pan and you will never do any other way.

WHEN MAKING BERRY JAM

By MRS. C. N. WHEELER
Riverside, California

I wash and pick my berries and before heating I take my wire potato masher and wash them thoroughly. When all nicely washed I stir in my sugar. Then I put on the stove and just let it come to the boil, stirring so it will heat evenly. I let it boil about three minutes and then can in glass jars same as I would any fruit and I find after two years my jams taste just like fruit right off the vine. I never again would stand and stir jams by the hour in the old way.

TO BURN OUT SOOT

By MRS. J. G. COURTNEY
Washington, Indiana

If newspapers saturated with kerosene are put on top of the cook stove just under the lids and back of the draft in the pipe and fired, the accumulated soot will burn out.

PICNIC SANDWICHES

By MRS. A. M. RIGGS
Verdon, Minnesota

Bake the bread in quart cans and press the chopped meat or chicken in cans of the same size. When both are cold put very thin slices of the meat between two buttered slices of the bread. If your bread and meat are good you will be proud of your sandwiches.

IT IMPROVES RHUBARB

By MRS. WILLIAM KINCAID
Easton, Pennsylvania

One-half tablespoon of cornstarch dissolved and added to rhubarb when done cooking takes away the disagreeable feeling rhubarb leaves on the teeth, a very objectionable feature of that plant.

CURE FOR "RUN-AROUND"

By MRS. M. A. COX
Brookline, New Hampshire

Mutton tallow and white chalk blended together and bound on the finger is a sure cure for run-around. The same is an excellent remedy for felons if applied when first started.

PERSPIRATION STAINS

By D. R.
Forest, Ohio

Gingham or other colored shirt waists that have become discolored by perspiration under the arms may be restored by soaking the waist an hour or two in cold water, then use plenty of corn meal to rub the places — instead of soap — when washing.

OIL PICKLES

By MRS. EDWARD HUNT
Ovid, New York

Twenty-five medium sized cucumbers, sliced thin — not pared; one-quarter teacupful black mustard seed; one tablespoonful celery salt; one-quarter teacupful white mustard seed; one-quarter teacupful table salt; three pints vinegar; one cupful olive oil. Pack in small jar and let stand one week before using.

USES OF BUTTERMILK

By MRS. D. J. S.

Caledonia, New York

Should you be so unfortuate as to be poisoned by poison ivy, bathe the affected parts in buttermilk every ten or fifteen minutes until the poison is counteracted. Should the case be a severe one poultice the blisters with bread and buttermilk poultice, it will give relief very soon and will cure the most severe cases.

Buttermilk will remove mildew from cloth, white or colored. Soak the garment over night then lay it on the grass in the sunlight. If the stain is set, soak the cloth for two or three days and lay it in the sun.

Buttermilk is excellent for freshening salt pork for frying. Slice the pork and soak over night, or set on the stove and just let it come to a boil, dip in flour and fry.

TO REVIVE WILTED ROSES

By MYRTLE BECKER

Emporia, Kansas

Wilted roses, seemingly fit only for the rubbish heap, may be completely revived and freshened. Put the stems of the roses in a tumbler of water, and then place the tumbler and roses in a vessel of sufficient size to allow the entire boquet to be covered. Cover the vessel tightly and leave undisturbed for twenty-four hours. By that time the roses will be found all fresh and invigorated as if just plucked from the bushes, with every petal covered with artificial dew. Wilted lettuce may also be freshened and kept in excellent condition for weeks if treated in the same way.

FOR A PAINFUL ACCIDENT

By MINNIE M. BARTLETT

Waterloo, Iowa

In case you should step on a rusty nail, tack or pin, just set your foot in a basin of kerosene. It will save the doctor's bill and suffering.

SIMPLE FURNITURE POLISH

By L. M. McCOY

Rapid City, South Dakota

The following is the finest furniture polish I have ever known. Take one part turpentine, one part kerosene and one part vinegar and apply to furniture with flannel cloth, and then polish with soft flannel and the furniture will look like new.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS

By MRS. CHARLES MORGAN

Culebra, Panama Canal Zone

I have been reading your magazine and trying your home helps for some time and although I am not a subscriber I have a recipe that may help some one. Eggs are very scarce here, so I do all my baking by this recipe, and find it a great help:

One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanila. Mix and bake in layers with any desired filling.

BUYING BABY'S WARDROBE

By MRS. K. S.

Boston, Massachusetts

I would like to tell the mothers who read the National, of the most satisfactory way to arrange for baby's wardrobe, or the purchase of clothes for the older children. Send to Best & Co., 60 and 62 West Twenty-Third Street, New York, and ask for their catalog. Every mother desires the correct thing in wearing apparel for her children, and this firm has exclusive styles—from the first plain morning wrapper to the elaborate christening robe—every garment perfect in finish and material. I know if you purchase from Best & Company once you will remain a customer, as I have.

SMOKY LAMPS

By H. M. MALLOY

Moorhead, Minnesota

To prevent the smoking of a lamp, soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before using. It will then burn both sweet and pleasant.

TO FASTEN LABELS ON TIN

By "AMATEUR"

Ludlow, Vermont

Allow one-half ounce of tragacanth and two ounces of acacia to stand in one-half pint of water until the acacia has been dissolved, then strain and add two ounces of glycerine, in which seven grains of thymol are suspended. Shake the mixture well and add sufficient water to make one pint.

This separates on standing, but by shaking once or twice it is mixed sufficiently for use.

BIG BILL AND LITTLE BILL

GETTING RID OF TIN CANS

By M. W. D.

White Bear Lake, Minnesota

A good way to prevent empty tin cans from accumulating and becoming a nuisance is to open the other end, so that both flaps will be on the same side, press them inside, then place your foot on the can, flattening it out like a pancake. In this shape it takes up very much less room.

WASHING SILK UNDERWEAR

By MAX A. R. BRUNNER

Chicago, Illinois

Articles made of silk should always be washed in tepid water and the soap used on them should not be caustic. White castile soap or any good white soap will answer. If the silks are to be kept white, ammonia should not be used as it gives a yellow tinge; a little borax, however, may be used. If the silk is of an ecru shade ammonia may be employed.

Never rub silk garments on the board in washing; always rub them with the hands. Make a strong suds of tepid water and add to it one teaspoonful of borax, which has been dissolved in a pint of boiling water. This is enough for two pailsful of suds. Put the silk garments into it and let stand for twenty minutes or half an hour, then wash them with the hands. Rinse in two waters, run through the wringer and hang them out. When a little more than half dried take them in and spread on a sheet. Roll them up tightly, let them stand about an hour and then press them. Use a rather cool iron and have a clean white cloth or brown paper between the iron and silk.

FRIED SQUASH

By MRS. C. W. TILDEN

Los Angeles, California

Having noticed Mrs. Maude Golding's recipe for frying squash in the August issue of the National, I thought I should like to tell our "home-makers" something further about the matter.

Cut the squash into thin slices, dip into egg, powder with cracker dust and fry in boiling lard. It fries very crisp and makes a delightful substitute for meat now and then.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

By MRS. F. J. MORRISON

Corydon, Warren County, Pennsylvania

I lost two daughters by consumption, this recipe is what I think saved the third, who came home from Normal school pale, weak, having no appetite, with a bad cough and a rise of temperature of one and one-half degrees every day.

Break one fresh egg into an ordinary sized tumbler, beat well, add one tablespoonful of granulated sugar, beat again, add the juice of one half a lemon, fill up the glass with water and stir well. To be taken morning, noon and night; after a few days give the patient a glass midway between the others, and so on until from eight to nine glasses can be taken daily. The egg and sugar nourish, the lemon juice stimulates the stomach to digest and the water supplies the moisture the fever is burning up.

Drugs cannot cure consumption. If the stomach can assimilate food and the patient will live in the open air and sunshine only is there hope. TRY THIS IN TIME and the patient will be saved, and you will thank God for the "little help" in the National Magazine.

RELIEF FOR CROUP

By J. E. FINNEY

Paxico, Kansas

One tablespoonful of lard and one-half teaspoonful of essence of peppermint thoroughly mixed, put in a dish and placed over lamp on Giant Heater to heat, and applied while warm to throat and chest, will relieve a "croupy" child.

CLEANSING FLUID

By FRANCES O. SEELEY

Bridgeton, New Jersey

Dissolve one-sixth of an ounce of saltpetre in one quart of soft water, add one ounce of ammonia (liquid), one ounce of bay rum. Put in bottle, cork tight, apply with sponge.

KEEP TINS FROM RUSTING

By A. M. CLARKE

Beaumont, Mississippi

Tin vessels used in water often rust. This can be prevented by greasing well and baking in oven. They will not rust then, no matter how much used in water. Care should be taken not to burn the vessel.

EGG FOR AN INVALID

By MRS. L. D. EATON

Mount Dora, Florida

Beat the yolk and white separately until extremely light, add a pinch of salt, pour into a china cup, which set in a sauce pan of hot water, stirring constantly till scalded, but not cooked. When this is done slowly, the egg just thickens slightly, but puffs up until the cup is almost filled with creamy custard. Set in the oven a moment and serve at once.

SHAWL KNITTED IN TWO COLORS

By MRS. L. C. MORRISON

Brunswick, Maine

Wind a skein each of two colors into a ball, knitting as one thread. Cast on eighty stitches and make scarf two yards long. Crochet a scallop for the long edge. Fringe the short ends with a fringe of twenty chain in two colors.

REMEMBER THIS NEXT APRIL

By MRS. F. E. RICHARDSON

Memphis, Tennessee

To prevent bugs from eating your cucumber vines, plant one stalk of garlic in each cucumber hill: nothing will then bother the plant.

NEW WAY OF FIXING BEANS

By MRS. E. C. BRAMBLE

Muskegon Heights, Michigan

Take one pint dry white beans, boil until tender, as for baked beans, then allow the water to boil away and season and mash with potato masher. Pack tightly in a dish and when thoroughly cold, cut in slices and serve.

CANNING PEACHES

By MRS. O. S. SODAL
Hudson, Wisconsin

When canning peaches place a dozen at a time in a pan, pour over them boiling water, let stand two or three minutes, then pour off the water, the thin skin of the peach will peel off easily and the fruit will not be soft or mushy.

WHEN BOILING VEGETABLES

By K. S. W.
Des Moines, Iowa

When cooking lima beans, rice, etc., it is very provoking to have them foam and sputter from the kettle onto one's clean stove. Drop into the kettle a small lump of butter and there will be no "boiling over."

A LAMP WICK HINT

By ELIZABETH JOHNSON
Jamestown, Pennsylvania

A dull knife will trim lamp wicks evenly and without waste. Scrape the wicks from each end toward the middle.

MAKING CABBAGE DIGESTIBLE

By MRS. GRACE EBY
Falmouth, Indiana

Cabbage is made digestible by first slicing and then putting in boiling water with a pinch of soda and some salt, and boiling just fifteen minutes.

DEFECTIVE FRUIT CANS

By MRS. O'DONOUGHUE
Albion, Michigan

When fruit cans are defective, run white wax—melted—around the top where metal and rubber unite. It has proved a sure remedy, is easily applied with a spoon and can be repeated many times.

PREPARING PUMPKIN FOR PIE

By WINIFRED LAWRENCE
Newton Falls, Ohio

In cooking pumpkin for pies or drying, if it seems watery, run it through the collander, then strain it through a cloth, and it will be found fine and dry.

BUTTONS THAT STAY ON

By MRS. I. L. RONSHEIM
Middletown, Ohio

Place a pin across the top of the button, and sew over that, thus holding the thread so that when the pin is removed the button is not close to the cloth; then wrap the thread a few times around the stem thus formed. The buttons will stay on as long as the garment lasts.

BRIGHT FRYING PANS

By MRS. W. H. MOORE
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Boil a little vinegar in them before washing.

HINT FOR WALKERS

By MRS. ELLA CHAPIN
Kensington, Maryland

If you are going to take a long walk, first rub that side of your stocking which is next to your feet well with soap, and your feet will never blister.

TOUGH PINEAPPLES

By H. W. W.
Orlando, Florida

The toughness of pineapples is almost entirely eliminated by slicing the fruit up and down, from stem to blossom end, instead of through the core as is usually done. Thrust a fork into the blossom end to hold the apple steady and slice until you come to the hard, pithy core which can then be discarded. This trick was taught me by an old pineapple grower and makes all the difference in the world in the tenderness of this fruit, which is usually hard and chippy when sliced with instead of against the grain.

WIRE CHAIR BOTTOMS

By MRS. L. W. BRAY
Fair Forest, South Carolina

Bottom your own worn out chairs. Get a piece of common chicken wire netting, cut it the shape of the chair bottom you wish to put in; only let it be two inches larger all around than the size of the chair; turn in the edges and tack, just as you would a wooden bottom. Your chair will be far more comfortable than any wooden bottom and the expense is almost nothing. For a rocking chair a light cushion is an addition. Since using the wire bottom I have entirely discarded the wooden bottoms for chairs.

OLIVE OIL IN BAKED BEANS

By MRS. L. W. WEST
Worcester, Massachusetts

Use five full tablespoons of olive oil to one quart of dry beans. They are delicious and more easily digested than when pork is used.

KEEPING RHUBARB FRESH

By N. E. D.
Lawrence, Massachusetts

Rhubarb can be kept fresh and crisp several days by standing the stalks in a pitcher, or other vessel, of cold water. By some people it is kept many months, uncooked, by canning in cold water.

HOT CAKES WITHOUT MILK

By MRS. M. JOHNSON
Newitt, Colorado

When boiling potatoes save your potato water, add an egg, salt and a large spoonful of sugar and mix it slowly; then add your baking powder and you will find your cakes lighter and better than when made with milk.

WHEN THE CAKE BURNS

By A. I. L.
Denison, Iowa

When baking a cake, if the under side becomes slightly burned, take a lemon grater and rub over the burned portion, so removing it without breaking the cake, as usually happens when a knife is used.

NOTE and COMMENT

By Frank Putnam

EZEKIEL JOHNSON

HIS thoughts turned backward, ninety years from now,
Ezekiel Johnson, pausing at the plow,
Will wonder why we did some things we do,
And wonder if the history is true
That tells him how the mass of us endured
Grave evils we might easily have cured:—
Our public highways held in private hands;
Land-hungry paupers and man-hungry lands;
Schools teaching knowledge dead in Bacon's day;
Babes bred to toil and stalwart men to play;
The common stock of fuel held in fee—
Not by the public—but by two or three!
The little rills of personal profit blent—
Not to promote the general content—
But stolen and dammed by individual greed
To found a college or endow a creed;
Man, boasting of his future life of bliss,
Accepting, apelike, worried want in this!
These things and many more of curious kind
Will temporarily occupy his mind
Until he shakes his head in solemn wonder
That man has risen so far, who could so blunder.
"G-i-d-d-a-p," he'll slowly drawl, and flick his mules—
Ezekiel, heir of sages — and of fools.

IS THIEVING A SAFE AND GENTEEL PROFESSION?

THE men who took the money of policy holders in life insurance companies and gave it to party campaign managers, took what did not belong to them and gave it to men who had no shadow of right — legal or moral — to receive it.

The receivers were equally guilty with the givers, in a deal which both knew to be plain theft; — a deal which both parties denied — proving their sense of guilt — until one of them, the insurance group, was forced to confession under the lash of a legislative inquiry.

The fact that others had done the same

thing before, does not, cannot, excuse the act of the insurance managers; and the apparent fact that they are unable to feel the wrong in their act stamps them as moral idiots, unfit further to be trusted with anybody's money.

The report that President Roosevelt has denounced the theft insofar as it concerned his campaign for the presidency, and has urged restitution of sums stolen from policy holders to be spent ostensibly in his behalf,— indicates that he at least has still some old fashioned ideas of decency and honor. One good will flow from this episode in our money-madness: there will be no further contributions of insurance funds to political campaign funds. President Paul Morton of the Equitable, tersely avowing that he is giving his attention, chiefly, not to past abuses but to present reforms and future growth, declares that his company is done with that practice; and as for the others, none of them will have the hardihood thus to misuse its trust in the future. No one believes the president was aware of contributions of this character in his late campaign. For Theodore Roosevelt had no need of help so derived. The people trusted him, and would have elected him to the presidency if his managers had not spent a dollar on his campaign. Just so they will elect any man who wins their confidence by a life of honorable activity untainted with selfish greed, and there is not money enough in all Wall street to beat a man whom the American people thus believes in.

The collection of a huge campaign fund by any party is prima facie evidence of an intention to debauch or befool the electorate. It is a custom that should be abandoned, that will be abandoned as soon as shrewd political managers perceive — what Theodore Roosevelt has done much to make clear to them — that in American politics the best cards a candidate can present are courage and clean hands.

The legislative inquiry into the methods of New York's big insurance companies drives home one fact with sledge-hammer force, namely, that the insured are paying a lot more for their insurance than they ought to be paying, more than they need pay if the business were managed without gross extravagance and corruption.

Another smelly fact that crops out disagreeably in this connection is that the big insurance companies of the metropolis have been stabled in the ornate animal houses of the big banking firms—Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and Speyer & Co.—and have been milked with religious regularity by these precious gentlemen. The New York Life, with $135,000,000 or more of watered securities in its maw, for which it turned over to Morgan & Co. real money, the stern, small savings of a hundred thousand homes, (via Morgan's handy man Perkins, who was playing both ends against the middle) is a specimen of the way they worked it.

Life insurance, really to insure, should be conducted by the federal government, as it is in more enlightened countries. With the credit and the resources of the whole nation behind his policy, the insured citizen could pay in his premiums with absolute certainty that they would not be wasted by extravagant managers, and that when he died his family would get what was coming to them. And he would not have to pay more than half as much as he pays now to private companies, if the experience of state insurance in New Zealand is a fair test.

But national insurance for Americans is perhaps a long way in the future: what we want now is a new ideal of service in the private management of a business so vast and so potential for good or ill to so many millions of people. And the only way we can get better service is the same way we can get better city government when we really want it—by ceasing traitorously to ignore our first duty as policy-holders and citizens: by taking pains to get honest men into office and taking more pains to see that they stay honest while they remain in office.

Probably good would result from federal supervision of life insurance, substituting for state supervision: it is easy to see that thieves of all grades are much less gay about running against federal than against state or local laws. But laws are no good unless a live public sentiment keeps them working: there are laws enough on the statute books now to make little pink angels of us all — if we obeyed them; and you can see for yourself that we are wingless.

Cheap and crooked men get into public offices solely because a majority of otherwise intelligent citizens betray their city, their state and their country, by "keeping out of politics." The grafting plug-uglies who too often get control of public affairs do so because the rest of us are too lazy, or too greedy in pursuit of private ventures, or too cowardly to get out and put things through straight. I have more respect for the meanest grafter of them all, who doesn't know any better, than I have for the cleanest citizen who neglects his political duties, because HE does know better.

Now what are we to do with men who steal in large sums?—let 'em go free, proving the persistence within our brains of the old idea that "the king can do no wrong?" And if we let the big thieves go free, shall we keep on jailing little thieves? Or are we to have a new deal all round, and treat thievery as a safe and genteel profession when done on a big scale? It is certainly up to us to do one thing or the other: to jail big thieves as well as little ones, or to quit jailing either. Because it stamps us as not only servile but cowardly to grind the little thief while we kowtow to the big ones. And, such is the nature of man, we can be sure we shall have constantly larger crops of little thieves as long as we allow big thieves to make a joke of the laws that should govern us all alike.

It is possible, of course, that I have stood still intellectually while the rest of the world has been advancing to new ethical standards; but, for the life of me, I can't name a single reason why McCall, Perkins and the rest of that stripe should not begin doing time behind prison bars just as soon as the public prosecutors can put them there.

But does anybody really believe they will go there?

THE PRESIDENT'S APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE

(From the Portland Oregonian)

IT has been the policy of Mr. Roosevelt throughout his career to disregard political bosses and machines and appeal directly to the people. Professional politicians at best think of expediency, not principles. If they talk of principles at all it is only to use them as catch phrases, to serve a passing occasion and be laid aside; just as they would use any other means to a desired end. To imperil an election for the sake of an idea, such as civil service reform or governmental control of corporations, would seem to them bad strategy. Mr. Roosevelt has always been an advocate of principles, not primarily to get elected to office, but because he believed in them; and he has asked the people for their votes to advance his ideas and not to advance himself.

An old precept of practical politics counsels the man who would win his case before the people to address their prejudices and ply them with humbug. This Roosevelt has never done. He has appealed to the popular imagination, to its love of originality and courage, and he has never despised the tactics of the careful campaigner; but always and chiefly his speeches have been argumentative. Shorn of rhetoric, they have addressed the reason always, passion and prejudice never. He has written nothing and said nothing which seeks an advantage by exciting local jealousy, sectional rivalry or class hatred. The good he has advocated has been the good of all. He has never flattered his audiences; frequently he has rebuked and exhorted them. Nevertheless, no man in this generation has possessed the confidence of the American people so amply as Roosevelt. No man has begun to possess it so amply. He is believed in absolutely. His mistakes are admitted; but they are taken for the mistakes of a man whose fidelity to a high ideal is beyond all question. It would be trivial to call him a popular idol. He is nothing of the sort. He is a man whom the people believe to be thoroughly sane, honest and courageous. More than that, they believe he means to be just.

Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Chautauqua was a direct appeal to the nation in the matter of the Santo Domingo question and the trusts, in the hope that a strong public opinion may influence the senate. Other presidents have tried to influence the senate in other ways — by gifts of patronage, by trades, by friendship and enmity. He chooses this way. Nothing quite like it has been seen in our practice; and it is typical of a tendency of these times to abandon indirect methods in politics and government and let the people either act directly or determine the action of their representatives by an imperative mandate. Carried out logically this tendency would make legislatures mere clerical agencies for registering the popular will, not only in lawmaking but in electing senators. Lincoln and Douglas implicitly acknowledged that this ought to be the case by carrying their contest for the Illinois senatorship before the people; and since their day it is openly taught by many, perhaps by the best, thinkers. The main objection to it is not theoretical but practical. Many who admit that senators ought to be elected by direct suffrage seem to think it could not be done without amending the constitution. Perhaps not in form, but in substance it could and will when popular interest in the matter has reached a certain intensity. The constitution commands legislatures to choose senators no more explicitly than it commands electoral colleges to choose the president; but it would be a bold electoral college that should presume to obey the constitution beyond the mere form of its proceedings. The mandate of the people of Oregon to their legislature was taken as an idle matter in choosing a senator; but if the politicians had believed the people really cared, they would not have treated it so lightly. The precedent will not be forgotten in Oregon. In Wisconsin it has been bettered in a statute which tries to limit the choice of the legislature to candidates selected by popular vote.

The powers which the American people entrusted to representatives when our governmental system was established, they are now with accelerated energy resuming into their own hands. One state after another, to the disgust of machine politicians, adopts wholly or in part the principle of direct nomination of candidates. The use of the referendum has become common in cities; for states, the example of Oregon and South Dakota is followed hesitatingly; but the tendency is universal and will sooner or later become irresistible.

President Roosevelt's speech at Chautauqua may be called, in language somewhat figurative, but not entirely so, a submission of the questions he discusses to a national referendum.

But the movement toward popular control is wider than politics. Saying nothing of the higher education, which is now in most states as much a department of government as the common schools, the belief is growing everywhere that street railways, telegraph lines, the express business, all natural monopolies and public utilities should be the property of municipalities or the state. And that, if not operated by public officials, they should be granted to private companies for short periods only, and upon terms that would give the people the greater part of their profits. President Roosevelt's demand for public control of the trusts is an illustration of the tendency in question, which is felt by many men, who, like him, have no belief in socialism, but a very strong love of justice, or, as he puts it, the square deal.

In fact, to call this movement socialistic is to ignore the meaning of words. It is strictly individualistic. It restores the value of the individual voter in politics, who had been reduced to a cipher by machinery and bosses. It aims to give him in business a fair field for his ability and energy, with freedom from insidious attacks by those secret powers which now, like malignant demons without control, blast the prosperity of men and cities. Socialism destroys the initiative of the individual; the movement toward government ownership or control of public utilities and monopolies opens a fair field with no favor, where the individual may do his best without hindrance and reap the just reward of his industry.

THEOLOGY IN THE NEW METHODIST HYMNAL

(From the Boston Transcript)

IN judging the "New Methodist Hymnal" from a theological standpoint, we must remember that it is a joint hymnal, representing the Methodist Episcopal Church, with its more than three million members, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, with more than one and a half millions, or nearly five millions in all. This membership is spread over nearly every country in the world, and is backed by a vast constituency, as yet uncounted. Theological advance in such a great and diverse body must necessarily be slow, and this advance, as represented in the hymnology of the church, will likely be slower than the real advance in thought, for the reason that hymns are cherished less for their doctrinal teachings than from the fact that they excite certain emotions due to association and experience. Hence hymns long since doctrinally obsolete may have a strong hold on the heart.

It is not, therefore, fair to judge the advance of a church in thought exclusively from the hymns it authorizes, though this may be something of an index, and as such, attention is called to a few points in the book under consideration.

The infallibility of the Bible is still assumed. Whatever is clearly stated therein is accepted without question. Jesus was born in Bethlehem, of a virgin mother, angels making the announcement to certain shepherds.

Long years ago o'er Bethlehem's hills
  Was seen a wondrous thing,
As shepherds watched their sleeping flocks
  They heard the angels sing.

The anthem rolled among the clouds
When earth was hushed and still
Its notes proclaimed sweet peace on earth,
To all mankind good will.

The old doctrine of vicarious atonement still asserts its sway in

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

But the old "total depravity" hymn,

Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all,

is left out, whether from lack of space or change of faith it is impossible to say. Be that as it may, it is refreshing to feel that our Methodist brethren are no longer expected to voice in their music the revolting sentiment that

Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

This is a distinct advance by omission, whether inadvertent or not, but heaven remains in the same location as ever, and there are still strong suggestions that salvation consists mainly in keeping out of one place and getting into another. We are still informed that

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high.

which is of course strictly scriptural, and we are to continue to believe that

My father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.

Also

There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found above—in heaven,

and much more to the same effect.

Moreover, this language is not figurative to the majority of those who sing it, but strictly literal, whatever it may be to the members of the compilation commission.

These instances are given not so much by way of criticism as for the purpose of showing how difficult it is for a great church to keep pace in all forms of its doctrinal expression with the scientific enlightenment of the day. The advance in the case under consideration has been real, but not radical. It is as much, perhaps, as can be expected by the present generation, but the next thirty or forty years will so accustom the great church laity to new forms of thought that many of the most popular hymns of today will become intolerable. The coming age extends an urgent invitation to the really great and true hymn writer.

"EQUALITY" TALK MENACES THE NEGRO MOST

(A personal letter from a distinguished Southern publicist.)

MY impression is that you intimated a wish that I would at some time prepare for you a paper on the negro question, and I would gladly contribute anything that I could to the solution of a question which for more than half a century has vexed this country, but I do not feel that I have anything to say that would be helpful.

For a long time I felt that we had as well shut our eyes to the fact that it was a problem, and let time, which solves most questions, work it out, and I do not feel now that much will be gained by a discussion of it. Insofar as concerns the political situation, we have in this state at least, [South Carolina] found a temporary relief from anxiety in the adoption of a suffrage provision in our Constitution, which eliminates a great mass of ignorant voters; but as time goes on the negroes will be taught to read and write sufficiently to qualify them for voting, and it is to be expected that they will again become voters in large numbers. Our children will have to meet that trouble when it comes, and I do not allow myself to be worried about it. The generation to which I belong has had trouble enough for the last forty years, and we ought not to allow ourselves to anticipate troubles that may come. The political aptitude of our race has hitherto sufficed, though with great travail, to work out a system of government under which we can now live in fair hope, and we should not despair of our successors, though I do not shut my eyes to the fact that they are likely to have trouble. As the generation of slave owners and sons of slave owners passes away, it is to be feared that the racial antagonism will increase rather than diminish. Paradoxical as it may seem, there has always been greater kindliness in this class toward the negro than is to be found in any other class of white people, more tolerance for his weaknesses, and a more genuine appreciation of his good qualities. They know better than any other his limitations, and the associations of boyhood doubtless have had some effect, while all of us realize that the conduct of the negro during the war, when most of our white men were absent, should always be gratefully remembered. The fierce racial hostility to the negro which has been manifested in lynchings and other lawlessness was something unknown in the old days, and I fear that the farther we are removed from the recollections of that period the more universal will that feeling become.

The economic conditions which make the negro the rival of the white as a a laborer has the natural effect of stimulating in the latter a desire to drive him from the field of competition. The interest of the land owner, the survivors of the old slave owner, is just as naturally opposed to this effort to drive from his fields a class of labor which, though inefficient, has proved up to this time to be the best available, and his influence, so far as it goes, is on the side of the negro, and generally secures for him some measure of protection in his natural rights to the fruits of his toil.

But I would say generally that this influence tends to diminish rather than increase, and the result to be expected will be that the negro will gradually be crowded out of those regions where white labor can be made profitable, and in the course of time the negro as a mass must find his home in those regions where climatic conditions are unfavorable to the white race. The swamps land of our coast and the Mississippi valley will probably be his habitat, and ultimately, perhaps, Central America. So long as he is with us the better sentiment and the more intelligent sentiment is alive to the need of protecting him in his natural rights, but it will require constant effort to accomplish this in the face of the fierce racial prejudice which prevails among the less enlightened.

Our race has never tolerated equality with the African, and there are no signs of any yielding on that point. The attempt to force it unites the white people as one man, and the negro is destined to suffer from any such attempts. It would extend this letter too much to attempt to explain the reasons which lead me to the conclusion that all effort from the outside to stimulate in the negro a desire for equality with the white is likely to be unsuccessful and injurious. It may be that if left to itself the South will not do all that it ought, and we have no right to resent any proper criticism of our shortcomings, and should not repel any genuine effort to help us in troubles not altogether of our own making; still I am satisfied that we had better be left alone, perhaps to stew in our own juice, for the most genuine attempt to help the negro, if not informed with knowledge which no one not on the soil can have, is more likely to do him harm than good.

HOW THE SILVER DOLLARS WERE RECEIVED

THE second chapter of "How the Silver Dollars were Received" is herewith presented. Those who received the awards tell their own story. It is interesting to notice that the second five are all women. The heights of the first ten award winners are as follows: Lena Baum, 5 ft. 5 in., Mrs. Gage, 5 ft. 4 in., J. W. C. Pickering, 5 ft. 5¾ in., Mary Masloh, 5 ft. 5¾ in., E. F. Fisher, 5 ft. 5¼ in., T. J. Bissell, 5 ft. 8¼ in., Miss Susan Dickinson, 4 ft. 10 in., Mrs. N. E. Taylor, 5 ft. 6 in., H. M. Riseley, 5 ft. 3 1-32 in., Mrs. Geo. W. Wait, 5 ft. 3 19-32 in.

LENA BAUM, GALENA, KANSAS

"Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, Boston.

"Dear Sir: I presume you received my despatch informing you of the receipt of the money, but as telegrams are but poor means of acknowledging appreciation, I take this method of thanking you and telling you how delighted I was.

"It is hard to express my feelings when I received your telegram, for, truth to tell, I was so stunned I couldn't think, but my first impulse was to run home and tell my home folks. When I got my thoughts together, I decided that when the money did come I would devote part of it to charitable purposes, which I have done, and I have had great pleasure in sharing my good fortune with others.

"I am sending a photograph, as you request, and as for biographical sketch, there is little to say. I am a truly western product, having been born and reared in the West, my father having settled here in 1877. We are consequently well known, and the fact of my having received such a sum of money from the National has created a great amount of excitement and interest in your magazine, for, as so many remark, 'You sometimes hear of such a piece of good luck, but you never happen to know anyone to whom it occurs.'

"I have always been an inveterate reader, and am proud of such distinguished judgment on my selection for the contribution. I look forward with pleasure to the coming of my National each month, it is so 'chatty' and personal and has such a neighborly tone; one feels that one lives next door to Joe Chapple and has known him always.

"Thanking you again, I am very glad to be—One of your most sincere friends,

"Lena Baum."

⁂

Mrs. Taylor had left Oklahoma for the empire state, and was in South Texas; but the silver dollars found her just the same, and she gives the following interesting account.

"Temple, Texas, September 14, 1905.

"Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple,

"Boston, Mass.

"Dear Sir: This morning I received the result of the Heart Throb contest in a very substantial form. It is duly deposited in the First National Bank of this town. I can well admire your method of awarding the contestants, for it took about six different men of the bank force to handle the coin this morning, and of course each and every one had to know why the money was sent in that way. Oh, we had a gala time of it! I should like to give you the full details, but let it suffice to say that the cashier gave me back the bag which had carried the money, saying that I should keep that as a souvenir. As I tucked it under my arm I said, 'That kind of a bag is a vast improvement on the 'old stocking'; then I flew, and you may imagine what followed my exit. Being as completely cosmopolitan as I know you are, it may please you to learn that this is the first time in my life that I ever had a bank account that I did not work for. I simply and sincerely thank you and the judges of the contest.

MRS. N. E. TAYLOR, PERRY, OKLAHOMA

"I was born at Mt. Sterling, Illinois, December 25, 1868. This was my home until 1888, when the family removed to western Iowa. In 1890, at Fontanelle, Iowa, I was married to Mr. N. E. Tayler. In 1893 we, like many others, joined the long line of pioneers in the race for homes in the Cherokee strip. We took up a farm near Perry. Ten years of prairie farming and cattle raising being quite satisfactory to all concerned, we left the farm, and for the present reside in Temple, Texas. My chief pleasure in life, aside from my family and friends, lies in books, pictures and nature.

"Here in Texas, the mail carrier delivers the mail while riding in a buggy or on horseback. He never gets farther than the curb, if he can blow his whistle long and loud enough to call us to get it there. The afternoon I received your letter being very warm, I waited indoors for him to bring it to me, excusing myself with the thought that Uncle Sam pays him for the work and not me; but when I read the contents of your letter, my thought was: 'Well, I would gladly have gone out in the sun after this, had I known what it contained.'

"The National Magazine is very much to my liking, and I certainly think it belongs to the peerage. As an advertiser, Mr. Chapple, I think you are simply unique. Hoping for many bright blessings in the future for you and yours, and wishing you all the success you anticipate, I am

"Yours sincerely,

"Mrs. N. E. Taylor."

⁂

Next, and least in height, comes the formal acknowledgement of Miss Dickinson of the receipt of her 555 dollars, with her hearty good wishes.

"Scranton, Pa., Sept., 9, 1905.
"Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple,
"Boston, Mass.

"Dear Sir: Enclosed find photograph. Please accept also my sincerest thanks

SUSAN E. DICKINSON, SCRANTON PA

for the silver—$555—received on Thursday as my share of the prize winning in your Heart Throb contest. May you and also your magazine live long and prosper according to your heart's desire.

"Sincerely,

"Susan E. Dickinson."

⁂

Miss Mary Masloh, of Lakewood, Ohio, sends an interesting description of her career, and it is gratifying to know that the money she has received will be of so much use to her. If all those who received the silver dollars have had as much pleasure in their receipt as we had in sending them out, the balance is even.

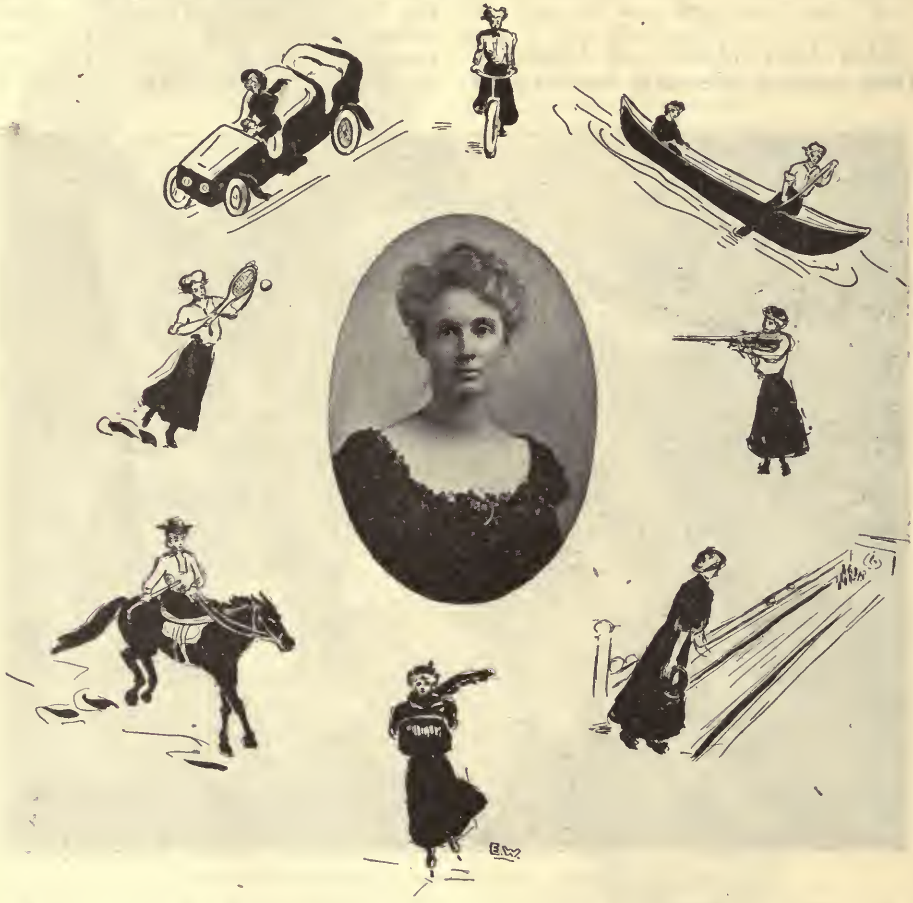
"Dear Mr. Chapple: I send you herewith a brief account of my life: I was born in Moscow, Russia. When I was six months old my parents brought me to America. My father was employed in a factory on piece work and was able to earn from three to four dollars a week. He was kind and cheerful and never complained. My mother was very quiet; we could not romp with her. One day a little baby girl came to our house, and I was beside myself with joy, but the following day people acted so strangely that I was terrified and went to sit with my two little sisters in a corner behind the kitchen stove. Presently a good woman came in, took me into the front room and lifted me up and let me see my mother. That was the last time I saw her. Then this woman wrapped a shawl around my baby sister and walked away with her. After a few days I got homesick to see my mother and the baby, so I started down town to search for them. I found the house. The baby was still crying, so I asked for my mother, when the good woman told me she had gone to heaven and would not return. The following day some children in the street told me that my baby sister had died. My mother's death was too much for my father; he too became ill. Then the good woman above mentioned again came to our

MARY MASLOH, (STANDING) LAKEWOOD, OHIO

house and took my brother, two little sisters and myself away to St. Francis Orphanage at Tiffin. Here I lived a happy life until I was fifteen years old, when I was sent to Cleveland to work for a lady who lived alone in a beautiful house. This lady took an interest in me and taught me constantly. When the housework was done I took up my studies. In June, 1904, I graduated from the Young Women's Christian Association. Everybody was kind to me and I was happy, but for a longing to attain a higher education in order that I might be able to help my younger brother and sisters.

"About this time I heard that the boys at the orphanage wanted felt top boots for the Winter, and some books. I had not the means to buy these things, so I appealed for help to a well known rich man, but received no answer. The next thing I did was to send a clipping to the National Magazine, and now, thanks to Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, the boys at the orphanage are going to have felt top boots and plenty of books this coming Winter. Very respectfully,

"Mary Maslob"



MRS. GEORGE W. WAIT, SANDY HILL, NEW YORK.— A SKETCH OF HER LIFE

Mrs. Elizabeth Wait sent a very dainty sketch of her career in pencil and ink drawings, which tells the story of her life and how she has enjoyed it.

"Sandy Hill, New York.
"Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple,
"Boston, Mass.

"Dear Sir: I want to thank you for the stack of silver dollars which I received Saturday. It was a very great surprise when I received the telegram and it was several hours before I could think what it all meant. You certainly are people of your word. I am sending under separate cover a photo and sketch of my life. Thanking you again for the silver, I am very respectfully,

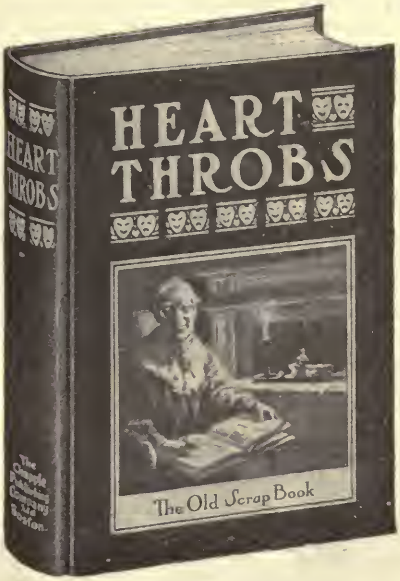
"*Elizabeth M. Wait.*"

❧

I know the readers of the National will all be rather proud of those who were awarded prizes, and agree that the judges were worthy of commendation for the care which they took in regard to all the decisions. And now the curtain has fallen upon the Heart Throb Contest.

❧

What next? Well, first you ought to see that you have the book, containing these rare selections. Present yourself with one for Christmas, and then give as many other copies to your friends as you can afford. Remember this is not only a book containing the "heart throb" selections awarded prizes, with the names of the contributors, but also a number of beautiful pieces sent in but which were not on the list of awards, there not being enough prizes even in the $10,000 dollars or 840 prizes in all to make a prize award for them all. These are all combined to form a handsome book of favorite selections in prose and verse of the whole people — in it there is also space for the accumulation of the "heart throbs" you meet with from time to time. A few pages will be left blank so that you may write in these gems, or paste them in at your convenience, and when the book is filled you will have a unique and rare collection that will be a personal treasure which will be highly valued by you and your friends as the years come and go.



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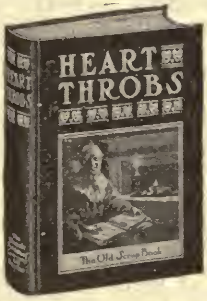

MR. JOE CHAPPLE,
NATIONAL MAGAZINE,
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Please send me one volume of "HEART THROBS" bound in cloth and gilt with illuminated cover, for which I agree to pay **$1.50** on receipt of book.

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THE BLACK HILLS

By W. C. JENKINS

IN eastern Wyoming and western South Dakota, lying on both sides of the boundary line of these states, egg shaped, with a general north and south trend, covering an area approximately of 100 miles in length and fifty miles in breadth, rising abruptly from the surface of the surrounding prairies to an altitude of from 3,000 to 7,200 feet, are the Black Hills, so named by the early pioneers because of the dark foliage of the heavy pine forests covering the mountains. This section of the country where nature has been more than generous is reached in thirty hours from Chicago, twenty-three hours from Omaha, eighteen hours from Denver and thirty hours from Minneapolis and St. Paul.

DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA

Volcanic in origin, the Black Hills present much that is of interest to the students of geology. On every hand are found evidences of a vast convulsion of nature. The hills contain no continuous range, nor are they identified with any other range. The highest elevation is Harney's Peak, 7,216 feet above the sea level. The rock formations represent ten geologic ages. Gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, lead, graphite, asbestos, spodumene, mica, wolframite, gypsum, chalk, Fuller's earth, corundum, lithograph stone, kaolin, manganese, mineral paint, the finest of marble and many other minerals are found in more or less paying commercial quantities. In fact scientists claim that but two universal organic elements are lacking. In the future many of these mineral values will be returned as by-products through improved methods of extraction. In the Black Hills are found the vertical ore, Archean, and the blanket or Cambrian ore formations. In some instances the ore in the latter lies immediately on the surface, in others a few feet below the grass roots and in still other instances it is found at a considerable depth. Gold is the largest single contribution to the mineral wealth of the Black Hills. From present indications the deposits in the Hill City and Bear Gulch regions bid fair to give tin second place, at no far distant date.

With mention of the Black Hills comes the thought of gold, and rightly so for its gold mining district is the third greatest producing district on this continent and has been well described as the richest 100 miles square on the face of the globe. Gold was discovered July 27, 1874, at a point about one mile east of the present city of Custer by H. N. Ross and W. T. McKay, who were scouts with General Custer's expedition. Today there are more than 200 mining companies operating in the Hills, employing over 12,000 men in the mines and allied industries. The annual output of the mines and other industries exceeds $25,000,000. From an output of $1,200,000 in 1876, the production of gold has steadily increased to a total output up to January, 1905, of $133,798,257.

While a part of the gold ores in the Black Hills are what is known as "high grade" and some of them very rich, a large proportion of the ores are low grade, i. e., of less value than twelve dollars per ton, and ranging downward from this figure to two dollars and a half per ton, and even less. Until some six years ago any ore carrying less than fifteen dollars per ton, unless free milling, could not be handled at a profit. Since the development of the cyanide process for the treatment of gold ores, material which will yield two dollars and a half per ton can, under favorable conditions, be mined and milled at a profit, while ores averaging eight dollars per ton return a handsome dividend to the owners.

FORT MEADE AND BEAR BUTTE

The advance in metallurgy during recent years has amounted to a revolution in the treatment of gold and silver ores. Metals that twenty years ago could only have been produced from ores at a great loss can now be produced at a handsome profit. The ore treated by the Homestake last year averaged three dollars and seventy-two cents per ton.

People not familiar with the conditions in the Black Hills are indeed surprised to learn that the Homestake is the greatest dividend paying gold mine in the world, and that it not only pays out hundreds of thousands of dollars to stockholders each year, but also supports a city of 10,000 people.

In 1876 the Homestake deposits were discovered by Moses and Frederick Manuel. Other claims which are now included in the Homestake properties were discovered in the same year, but the work during that year was mainly that of the prospector. At the surface was discovered a great extent of iron stained rock, which carried gold running as much as sixteen dollars per ton. Public expectation had been so excited in regard to these properties that four of the claims sold within the year at prices varying from $30,000 to $165,000. In 1877 prominent mining investors, among whom were J. W. Gashwiler, Geo. Hearst, J. B. Haggin and Lloyd Tevis, appeared upon the scene and as a result four large gold mining corporations were organized. Three, the Homestake, the Father De Smet and the Highland had been incorporated in California, and one, the Deadwood Terra Company in New York. Not long after these mines were opened it was found advisable to work them under a single management and as time went on the Homestake Company came either into control or in actual possession of the other claims and the name, "Homestake" has been applied to the whole belt of these properties which now includes more than 2,600 acres.

Could the space allotted to an article of this character permit, the history of the Homestake mine would prove a very interesting one. It would describe the development of very low grade bodies of ore in the face of great natural obstacles and with a margin of profit necessarily so small that a very slight error might turn it into loss; yet the company has been so uniformly successful that at no time has it been necessary to suspend the regular monthly dividend to the stockholders.

Samuel McMaster had the management of the mine until his death in 1884, and from that time until the present T. J. Grier has been in active charge. The excellent showing which is being made by the Homestake mine at the present time is due principally to two men. First, the superintendent, T. J. Grier, a man of exceptional executive ability who possesses a wonderful knowledge of human nature; second, the young cyanide expert, Mr. C. W. Merrill, who has successfully solved for the whole world the problem of the treatment of low grade silicious ores, and in the slimes plant now in the course of erection by the Homestake company has made the final step in the recovery of values contained in these ores.

There is probably no institution in the world that is run in a more methodical manner than is the Homestake mine. Brains alone counts in the selection of superintendents and foremen in the various departments. The recommendation of influential men counts for but little. Merit alone will entitle men to positions of trust and responsibility. The college graduate is placed at the same starting point as the young man who has just left the farm. There are men in the Homestake mine earning ten dollars a day, but they are practical miners whose knowledge has not been obtained in a theoretical manner, but in the practical school of experience. Of the 3,000 employes of the Homestake mine, there are none of an undesirable character.

Once in a while an agitator or a disorganizer works his way into the mines, but his presence is soon discovered. Only sober men are employed and this necessity is apparent when it is understood that a large amount of nitroglycerine and other explosives are in constant use and must be handled by men who are wide awake and in a condition of mind to attend strictly to their work.

The men are taught mining according to the Homestake methods. What systems are adopted in other mines are of little consequence to the management of this great corporation. They have their own plans, and they are successful ones, and Homestake miners can obtain employment in any mine in the world. During the twenty-seven years which the Homestake mine has been in operation, the company has never had a strike. The mine is what is known as an "open shop." The miners receive three, three and a half and four dollars for a ten hours working day. In some parts of Colorado miners are paid higher wages, but the Homestake employes are contented and not seeking a change. It is difficult to explain the continued contentment that prevails among the 3,000 Homestake miners. The only logical conclusion that can be reached is that this condition is the result of kindly treatment on the part of the management of the company. One of the miners recently stated that the reason for this period of continued contentment among the miners is because, hunt for a grievance as you may, you can find none, for if ever there was a living example of the golden rule, you will find it in the dealings of the Homestake Mining Company with all who are connected directly or indirectly with it. It is a fact that T. J. Grier, the superintendent, never allows any man to hold a grievance. If anybody fancies he has one, Mr. Grier listens to it and either explains it away, or rights it. The humblest miner, regardless of nationality, can go to the superintendent and tell his troubles. Mr. Grier takes him into his own private office and listens to his complaint with an interest that is genuine and unassumed.

BATTLE MOUNTAIN SANITARIUM, HOT SPRINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA

The Golden Reward mine, in point of productions, stands second to the Homestake. It has produced nearly $20,000,000 since organization. It now pays twenty cents per annum on each share of stock. The company owns 3,100 acres of patented land at Ruby Basin and Gold Mountain, which includes some of the very best mines of that district. At Deadwood is located the company's cyanide plant of 250 tons capacity. These two mines, the Homestake and Golden Reward stand out as prominent examples of what can be accomplished by conservative mining methods.

. In addition to the Homestake and Golden Reward the Black Hills possess the following mines, which are producers: Imperial Mining and Milling Company and the Dakota Mining & Milling Company, located at Deadwood; the Spearfish Mining & Reduction Company at Cyanide; the Maitland Mine at Maitland, the Wasp No. 2, located on Yellow Creek, and the Gilt-Edge Maid located at Turner. In addition to these there is the Lundberg, Dorr & Wilson plant located at Terry, which is running successfully and producing a handsome surplus each month. There are a number of other mining properties in course of development which will become producers in the near future.

LEAD, SOUTH DAKOTA

With the mention of Dakota comes the thought of blizzards and extreme cold. This is erroneous as far as the Black Hills are concerned, for there is no territory where the atmosphere is more balmy and the sunshine more plentiful than in this region from May until January. The early months of each year are more or less cold and damp, but not to the extent that prevails in the northern states. Nowhere in the United States is to be found a happier combination of climate, scenery and opportunity; and to the lover of outdoor sports such as fishing, hunting and camping, the Black Hills are unexcelled.

To a student of nature, the Black Hills possess a thousand charms. Nothing can excel the grandeur and sublimity of a view from the many mountain peaks. Hills rise above hills, while a rich diversity of woods arranged by nature in picturesque beauty, extends as far as the eye can see. The future of this wonderful region is past the comprehension of the ordinary man. Its possibilites are so vast that one must view them at long range in order to understand them. The day of the prospector and the small miner is almost at an end. Just as in other commercial lines we see large combinations of capital, so we find them in the consolidation of interests in the Black Hills for the purpose of operating the mines on a large scale. This section contains a great mass of low grade ore. It resolves itself into a manufacturing proposition, the converting of ore into bullion. The great Homestake company has been built up as a result of the consolidation of several distinct properties. Its success is due to the economy of operation, and this is the real object of our great commercial combinations of today. By the application of like methods and the combination in a number of groups of the 200 independent mines of the Black Hills, we will have in the future several mining companies rivaling the Homestake in commercial importance.

Surrounding this storehouse of nature's wealth, we find even greater resources. The two great trunk lines now under construction across southern Dakota will transform the great cattle ranges lying between the Black Hills and the Missouri river into thousands of small farms. History repeats itself; the prairies of South Dakota will experience the same change as did the prairies of Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois. To the north of the Hills we see the government irrigation project under way. The importance of this great enterprise can hardly be overestimated, as it will open up a large area of land for farms directly tributary to the Black Hills. Beyond this land are the vast cattle and sheep ranges. Beginning at Alladin, at a point within thirty miles of Deadwood and Lead, and extending to the South almost to Edgemont and westward beyond Sheridan, Wyoming, we find immense beds of coal. Eight hundred thousand tons of this coal were consumed in the mining regions of the Black Hills alone last year. To the northwest, at a point within thirty miles of the Black Hills, there are vast oil fields which extend in a southwesterly direction, across the state of Wyoming. This is the finest quality of lubricating oil to the found in America. When these resources which surround the Black Hills are understood and developed, the traveler will look upon this region as one of the most prosperous in the civilized world. As an evidence of the change and improvement in the methods and of the confidence investors have in the future of the Black Hills we see the erection at a cost of $1,000,000, a power plant at Pluma, halfway between Lead and Deadwood, in which one of the largest electrical goods manufacturing companies in the country is heavily interested. This new undertaking will light the cities of Lead and Deadwood with electricity and will furnish power to operate the mines and mills of the Black Hills.

Deadwood, the commercial center of the Black Hills, has passed through its mining camp reputation and has emerged into one of the most beautiful little cities in the West. Indeed it would be difficult to find a city of 6,000 population that presents a more metropolitan appearance. Its business blocks, banks, hotels and residences would do credit to any city in the country. Deadwood is situated at the confluence of two prominent gulches at an altitude of 4,445 feet, and is reached by two railroads, the Chicago & Northwestern and the

"ROUND UP" NEAR BELLE FOURCHE, 1000 HEAD

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. Notwithstanding the fact that millions of dollars have been made and spent in this immediate neighborhood, during recent years Deadwood has never experienced a mushroom growth. Its progress has been steady and substantial and its future is full of promise. Its climate is healthful and invigorating and its death rate is remarkably low. Deadwood of today is a city of churches and all the leading denominations are represented and presided over by a talented ministry. The city is also well represented in the way of secret societies and benevolent orders. The Masonic order owns a substantial and spacious brick temple costing $55,000. The public school buildings reflect great credit upon the citizens. They are substantially built and are presided over by a corps of excellent teachers.

Deadwood is the distributing point for this entire section of the country. It has wholesale hardware, grocery, drug and fruit houses which are owned by men of large means and who are taking a great interest in the advancement of the city. Here is located the United States assay office, and to Deadwood come the operators and prospectors of the Black Hills with their gold and silver bullion to exchange them for money. The new federal building now in course of construction will cost $250,000. A library building, the gift of Andrew Carnegie, has just been completed at a cost of $15,000. Work on a $75,000 court house for Lawrence county has just begun, and one of the handsomest opera houses in the West, which will cost $60,000, is now being built. In addition to its natural advantages for drainage, the city has an excellent sewer system. It has a splendid water works plant, which furnishes the people the purest of mountain water. The banks of Deadwood are among the soundest and most reliable in the country. The First National, the oldest in the city, has a capital of $150,000 and a surplus and profits of $125,000. N. E. Franklin is president and D. A. McPherson cashier.

The Black Hills Trust and Savings bank has a capital of $100,000 and a surplus of $25,000 and possesses one of the finest bank buildings in the West. The city has splendid interurban systems running between Deadwood and Lead. Cars run every half hour on the two lines. The Chicago & Northwestern railroad operates the steam road, and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy the electric system. The Deadwood Business Club is composed of the leading business and professional men of the city and has magnificent club rooms in which are kept on exhibition samples of the leading minerals to be found in the Black Hills. The two principal hotels are the Franklin and the Gilmore. The Franklin is an architectural gem. It cost $150,000 and would be creditable to a city several times as large.

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Lead (pronounced Leed) is a city of about 10,000 inhabitants and is the most important mining city in the Black Hills. It is situated three miles southwest of Deadwood and connected with that city by two interurban lines. Two railroads enter the city, the Chicago & Northwestern and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. In Lead is located the Homestake mine, the largest low grade gold mine in the world. It has more than a thousand stamps which never stop dropping. The city has two banks, the First National and the Miners' and Merchants' Savings bank. Both of these institutions have as officers and directors, men of large means and experience in the banking business, and these banks are considered among the soundest financial institutions in the country. Lead has a full complement of churches, all the leading religious denominations being represented. In this city reside 3,000 miners, many of whom own their homes. A more frugal class would be difficult to find. Some of these men who have been working in the mines for several years have on deposit in the local banks, as much as $10,000.

Lead has brick paved streets, and some of the business blocks would do credit to any city in the country. The city is very orderly and is free from that feature of rowdyism and immorality that generally characterizes mining communities. Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst takes a great interest in the city and maintains, at her own expense, a kindergarten school and a free public library. The sewer and water systems are perfect, and the gas and electric light plants are up-to-date in every respect.

The little city of Belle Fourche is at present time attracting a great deal of attention on account of the government irrigation project, work on which has been started within a few miles from that city. The magnitude of this undertaking may be understood when it is stated that the government will expend $2,500,000 in the construction of the reservoir and the immense ditch. In order to justify the expenditure of so large a sum, it became necessary to segregate the government land within the area of irrigation and to withdraw it from public settlement. This was done in order to compel persons thereafter locating upon said land to subject themselves to the rights and liabilities of water users. It was found there was not sufficient government land in the area to justify the undertaking, and opportunity was given the private owners to subscribe for water. A sufficient number was readily obtained and work on the immense reservoir and ditch is proceeding rapidly. The construction work will occupy three years, and when the undertaking is completed the project will reclaim 100,000 acres of land. These lands are suitable for alfalfa, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, vegetables of all kinds and nearly all the tame grasses. The sugar beet where it has been experimented with has done magnificently. The water for the irrigation of the 100,000 acres of land is ample. The Belle Fourche river and several creeks will be converted into an immense storage reservoir, which alone will cost in the neighborhood of a million dollars. Its length will be one mile and a third and it will be 125 feet high. This dam will back a body of water thirteen miles long and seven miles wide, thus making an immense lake which can be used for sailing and fishing.

SYLVAN LAKE, IN THE BLACK HILLS

Belle Fourche, with its 1,250 inhabitants is one of the most progressive and up-to-date cities in South Dakota. The cattle shipments from Belle Fourche are 3,000 cars per year, and the annual wool clip is in the neighborhood of a million pounds.

One of the most charming agricultural localities in the United States is the Spearfish valley, with the little city of Spearfish as its business center. The valley is wonderfully fertile and is becoming famous for its fruits and cereals.

The city of Spearfish has about 1,000 inhabitants and is located at the mouth of the wonderful Spearfish Canyon, which is an object of admiration to every tourist who visits the Black Hills.

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The picturesque little city of Hot Springs is located in the southern part of the Black Hills and is famous as one of the greatest health resorts in the United States. The government has accepted this belief and has selected Hot Springs for the location of its national sanitarium for soldiers. The climate is invigorating the year around, and the springs contain medicinal properties that have proved of untold value to suffering humanity. The city has excellent hotels and up-to-date streets. It is an ideal health resort and is visited by thousands of people each year.

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Rapid City is a busy little city which has a population ot about 2,000 and lies on Rapid creek, a fine stream with ample water power for manufacturing. The city is lighted by gas and electricity and has many resources. Farming and fruit raising are successfully carried on, while to the east are the large cattle ranges that have made South Dakota noted for its cowboys. Here are located the State School of Mines and the government Indian school. The future of Rapid City is indeed bright, as there are now under construction the extension of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad from Pierre to Rapid City, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul from Chamberlain to Rapid City. The Missouri River & Northwestern railway will, when completed, connect Rapid City with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad on the west at Mystic. This will result in the magnificent range territory between Pierre and Rapid City being cut into small farms.

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The city of Sturgis is located between the city of Deadwood and Rapid City on the Chicago & Northwestern railway, and is one of the prettiest little towns in the state. It has a population of about 1,300. The city has one of the finest water works systems in the country. In the mountains, nearly four miles south of the city, three reservoirs have been made by daming the canyon. It has a fall of 120 feet from the reservoirs to the city. It is expected that the water works will in time furnish water for the manufacturing plant and a trolley line to Fort Meade, as well as furnishing Fort Meade with water.

While wheat is the leading cereal of the farming community, the shipments of wool and cattle are very large. Fort Meade, the government post, is located about a mile and a half from Sturgis. The post has eight cavalry troops, consisting of over 500 men, and a band. St. Mary's Academy, with about 250 students is located here. The institution has been established about fifteen years.

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About four miles from Lead and seven from Deadwood is the mining town of Terry. This town is the highest in altitude in the mining towns in the northern Hills, being 5,500 feet above the level of the sea. Here is located the Golden Reward mine, the second richest mine in the Black Hills in the point of gold production. The population of Terry is about 1,200 souls. Terry's Peak, with an altitude of 7,069 feet, is located a short distance from the city. This is the highest point in the northern hills and from which an excellent view of the surrounding country may be obtained.

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The pretty little city of Custer, located in the southern hills, was named after General Custer, and was the early home of the mining men who came to the Black Hills. It is stated that at one time the town possessed a population of 1,300, but upon the discovery of gold in Deadwood Gulch, the place was nearly depopulated, only fourteen persons remaining in the former hustling camp. Since that time it has grown by degrees, until at the present time it has about 1,000 inhabitants. Sylvan Lake, one of the most picturesque spots in the United States, is only six miles distant and is visited each year by many tourists. The city has two banks and a full complement of churches.

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Practically in the center of the Black Hills is located Hill City, at an altitude of 4,982 feet. It was originally a placer mining camp, but in the rush to Deadwood in the early days, Hill City was practically deserted. At the present time it has a population of about 600. The surrounding ranches of farming and cattle industries make considerable business for Hill City.

CROSS REAL ESTATE: Greatest Business in the World

IN a room on the ninth floor of the Tacoma Building in Chicago, I met a young man who has created an innovation in business life in America. Frank and enthusiastic, in a very few words, he unfolded one of the most fascinating phases of modern business education. This is instruction in the real estate business. No arguments are needed to prove the need for the great business educational movement which has been inaugurated by H. W. Cross & Company. The whole course is so simple that it can be used not only by one following the real estate business exclusively, but by anybody who expects to own land or operate in this line. What has heretofore appeared as mere vagrant values fit into pyramids of truth as exact and symmetrical as any conceived in geometrical formation.

I saw some of the graduates of the Cross school who declared that this system of instruction had almost compelled them to succeed in business and to make money.

As originators of the movement to teach real estate business, this firm occupies a preeminent position in his line; they started out by giving references that would be prized and appreciated by any business man. These references range from Dunn's and Bradstreet's to a certificate signed by Mayor E. F. Dunne of Chicago.

The course commences with the study of general conditions, the basic principles, and then comes the important question of locating an office. A set of question blanks is sent out with each lesson, which furnishes a complete resume and digest for the student in connection with the instructions he has had, for asking the right kind of questions soon develops and proves the metal of the student and the student is encouraged to ask questions in return. All lessons are carefully prepared under the direct supervision of Mr. Harry W. Cross. On entering upon the second lesson the pupil knows the difference between real estate and personal property, as well as such matters as real actions, personal actions, ejectments, writs of entry, mixed actions, executors, administrators and various definitions of land. He also learns what is meant by landed property, land laws, landlord and other common estate phrases, such as chattles, freehold, estates in fee simple, fee-tail estates, a grant, an estate in dower, an estate at will, an estate in sufferance, or one in severalty, or in position, etc. The student will soon be familiar with forms for getting out circular letters, and will soon be able to furnish suggestions as to how to advertise property for sale. He will receive hints as to exchanging, handling and leasing property and how to place signs on land which is for sale. He will understand how to show property and to be able to regulate his commission for negotiating land.

All these are details that usually can only be acquired in a lifetime of experience, but here they are placed within the reach of all by the medium of a few lessons, and at a price within the reach of every young man in the country.

The processes of getting business, making sales and securing clients, are treated in a plain, straightforward manner, as a simple business proposition. The course of instructions has about it a colloquial element as of friends chatting together, and somehow, it inspires an earnestness which will accomplish almost anything and bring any transaction to a successful issue, whether a horse trade or a great financial deal. The pupil, during his course of instruction is appointed a cooperative agent and representative of the firm and at once placed in active work with a large list of desirable saleable property on his hands. He becomes, if he so desires, while carrying on the course of instruction, a part of this real estate business conducted on everyday working lines.

It does not require three to five years to acquire information under Mr. Cross's system, but instruction which in the ordinary way would be spread out over a term of years is perfectly understood by his pupils in a few months. The inspiring note which Mr. Cross strikes when he looks you square in the eye is "Have confidence in yourself—believe in yourself. Make up your mind that you are going to do things. Thoroughly master your profession and you will make a success.

It would not be fair to attempt to give in detail this unique innovation in business education, but if you are interested write at once to Harry W. Cross, corner Madison and La Salle streets, Chicago, and get more detailed information, and study and carefully consider it. The booklet entitled "Real Estate: The Greatest Business in the World" gives you an excellent idea of what cooperative real estate agents can accomplish in the scientific handling of property and in the brokerage business.

The course includes special lectures for those who desire to take up the general brokerage and insurance business, which is interesting a large proportion of their students. The firm issues diplomas on graduation which signify that the student not only is thoroughly competent to represent local property interest, but also his own alumnas. It at once gives a standing to the beginner, who is backed by a large and well established real estate company. It is the old process of simply "Pulling together," Success in negotiating various exchanges or sales soon gives the student a reputation as a progressive, up-to-date real estate man, a man who is needed wherever property is moving, which includes pretty nearly the whole of the United States of America at the present time. In fact, Harry W. Cross & Company consider that the success of their own business operations is commensurate with and dependent upon the success of their students. It will be seen that they certainly have a vital proposition and provide information about subjects on which you have been thinking all these years. Teaching by correspondence is no longer an experiment—it is a fact which has developed along with the telephone, the telegraph and the rural free delivery. Scholar and teacher come to know almost as much about each other as in the old way, while the waste of time and energy is entirely eliminated, the benefits of instruction being much more wisely diffused and with less wear and tear and loss of time both to instructor and pupil.

In leaving the office of Mr. Cross that afternoon, as I grasped his hand and looked into his keen blue eyes and clear cut face, he seemed to me to be a splendid type of the progressive, up-to-date young American business man. In fact I felt that if I expected to invest in real estate, I should want to have just sucn a store of information as can be easily obtained by this unique course of study. This instiution is almost socialistic in its tendency to help along the greatest possible number at the least possible expense. It aids in distributing equitably the "unearned increment" of which so much has been said and written. This is the source which is the foundation stone of the wealth of many millionaries whose experience is daily repeated on a smaller scale by the real estate agents throughout the nation. In fact as a real estate agent, Uncle Sam has been a signal success, and has been bounteous in his provision for all citizens who will seize the opportuinty as it offers. But the opportunity must be seized when it is passing, for it may come our way but once. If your taste lies in the direction of the management of real estate, do not fail to write to Harry W. Cross and get hold of the opportunity he offers for your immediate consideration. Just write today and tell him that I told you this.

THE NORTHERN — BILLINGS' NEW $100,000 HOTEL

BILLINGS, MONTANA

By A. Buchanan

THE first question of the homeseeker who comes to a new country to "look around" is "What have you got out here—are there any opportunities for investment, or can I get a home here and make a living without spending a whole lot of money?" To both of these questions Billings can say "yes," for this is the land and city of opportunities.

There are plenty of well-to-do people here and, without an exception, they have made the bulk of their wealth in or around Billings. There are still opportunities left in almost every avenue of investment or labor. In Yellowstone county land can be taken up under the homestead law or be bought at prices ranging from a few dollars to a hundred or more an acre. In the Yellowstone valley are thousands of acres of irrigated land — the most productive soil from the standpoint of dollars in this country. In the foothills and on the plateaus are thousands of acres of fine range land where stock can graze the year around, and on the benches are wheat lands yet to be improved.

The great Crow Indian reservation, with its three million and odd acres, is in Yellowstone county, and next year the northern third (1,150,000 acres) will be thrown open to settlers. Beside all this there is a world of undeveloped natural wealth awaiting the coming of the promoter and investor. In the town there are business opportunities of every sort for the man of money, brains and energy.

Billings is a town of over seven thousand population today, and is the metropolis and trading center of all eastern Montana and northern Wyoming. It has, beside its large retail trade, a considerable jobbing business. The city boasts a large modern flouring mill, a brewery, a creamery, a packing and cold storage establishment and some smaller local manufactories. It is now building a million dollar beet sugar mill that will be in operation in time for next year's crop. The city is the center of a rich agricultural region, a splendid stock raising section, and is the greatest primary wool market in the world.

Billings has made an enviable record within one short year, which briefly stated is as follows: Its mutton sales exceeded those of any other town in the northwest; its wool sales were the greatest of any town in the world; forty thousand acres of bench lands were reclaimed by a half million dollar ditch built by local capital, and the crop just harvested has been a record breaker; the city has added three factories to its list of producers, secured the northwestern headquarters for the United States reclamation service, from which all the irrigation work in this district will be directed; it will be the base of operations for the construction of the great Huntley canal (that is to tap the Yellowstone at Billings) and other canal projects; it has secured the location of the government land office and registration bureau for the Crow reservation opening; it has developed a tremendous water power that will soon be furnishing cheap power for manufacturing; it has increased its population twenty per cent. and its assessable wealth $2,000,000—these are some of the things worth pointing out, but they do not comprise the entire list.

To the outsider the greatest interest centers about the opening of the Crow reservation which may take place next year; but today homeseekers may obtain land just about as cheaply from private individuals and companies as it will be possible to get the same kind of land from Uncle Sam one year hence. Unless one is on the ground it is difficult to understand this, but it is so. The government will allot these lands by the lottery system and the homesteader will pay four dollars an acre for his land and his share of expense for the construction of the canals. As a private enterprise can build these canals for less than the government will spend, the private owner can sell at a less price and still have a handsome profit on his own investment. That is the condition this year, but lands are increasing so steadily that it will not continue much longer.

But the opening of this great belt of rich agricultural land that is now occupied by the Crow Indians will give Billings a tremendous stimulus. The "strip" is only a few miles east of Billings and in order that the city may get a direct benefit from its settlement, the county has just voted bonds for the contruction of a $40,000 steel bridge over the Yellowstone at Huntley to turn the tide of trade this way. The appropriation set aside for the construction of the great canals that will water these lands amounts to $900,000, every dollar of which is to be spent on land directly tributary to Billings.

A THOUSAND-FOOT FLUME ON BILLINGS CANAL

BILLINGS IN JANUARY

The one big feature that impresses the eastern farmer who comes to this part of the Yellowstone valley is the immense gains of farming and the many avenues of profit. At present alfalfa is the greatest crop because it never fails, is easily raised and can be marketed right at the farm. One pioneer farmer boasts an alfalfa field that has returned big crops for the past twenty-three years without reseeding. The average is three crops a year. The farmer makes a contract with sheepmen to feed their flocks during the hard months of the Winter and is saved the trouble and risk of hauling to market. Thousands of sheep

NEW COURT HOUSE OF YELLOWSTONE COUNTY, COST $125,000

are Wintered in this way near Billings. The eastern farmer who imagines that there is any disadvantage in irrigation should make a personal visit to one of these farms. After an experience at irrigating he would never abandon the rain-when-you-want-it method for the uncertain rainfall. There is never a crop failure in this valley.

The Yellowstone valley not only leads as an alfalfa section, but all kinds of grain, vegetables and small fruits flourish here. In potatoes Billings holds the world's record, and the sugar beets surpass those of Colorado.

Billings has five railway outlets and two more are certain to be added in the near future. This is an immense advantage in a country where towns are still far apart and the "freighter" still flourishes.

The completion of the beet sugar factory will mark another long step in the steady advance of Billings. This concern, made up largely of local capital, will pay out to the farmers alone a sum approximating three-quarters of a million dollars annually, will furnish employment to about two hundred men, and will supply beet pulp for the fattening of thousands of cattle that will necessarily be shipped from Billings. The history of these enterprises in Colorado and Utah demonstrates that no more valuable acquisition could be made by a community.

Billings is, fortunately for its future, the home of some of the most progressive citizens of the state, and every encouragement is given to new enterprises. This does not mean a nominal welcome, but takes the form of a systematic effort to induce men of capital to build up new industries. It has two commerical organizations, with the work so divided that the best results are attained. Its commercial club was instrumental in getting the beet sugar factory, and is ready to encourage other projects. The headquarters of the Montana Business Men's League, the associated boards of trade of the state, is also located here—a graceful compliment to the push and energy of Billings' business men.

The easterner who comes here for the first time is surprised at the metropolitan appearance and habits of the town. While the enterprise and activity and liberality are distinctively western, he finds the stores modern in every respect, buildings as handsome as any in an eastern city of five times the size, hotels that are luxurious and elegant in their appointments, churches and schools in which the city takes a just pride, lodges in comfortable and richly furnished headquarters, newspapers and printing offices notable for their enterprise, two large telephone lines, a metropolitan fire department, public buildings palatial in character, a splendid public library in its own building (not a Carnegie), an

VIEW IN A MANUFACTURING DISTRICT

IN THE RESIDENCE DISTRICT OF BILLINGS

extensive water works system, electric lights, shade trees everywhere, cement sidewalks the rule and not the exception, a commodious opera house, handsome and modern office buildings, club rooms that invite leisure, and all the various institutions that the eastern city man is used to at home but scarcely expects to find so far West.

The past Summer has been an exceedingly busy one in Billings. Never before were there so many buildings under construction — all made necessary by the actual demands of the situation. At one time during the Summer there were improvements then under way amounting to half a million dollars—this in a town that only claims 7,000 population is something remarkable. There is work now under construction that will last until New Years—men can work out of doors here half the Winter—and will probably amount to $250,000. The tremendous stride has shifted the business center to new streets. In the old frontier days a row of shacks on the street facing the one railroad sufficed. The sage brush that flanked this track and faced the street has given way to a beautiful park, the public library occupies one of these sites, the old shacks have been replaced by brick and stone blocks, and now the cross streets are filling up with even more modern blocks.

"Billings — 25,000 in 1910" is the slogan of the Billings Boosters' club, and to the initiated it looks as though this prediction would be carried out. This will mean more new factories, a woollen mill, tannery and other institutions that can work up the raw materials that abound in this section; it will mean the opening of parks and playgrounds, the building and operating of an electric railway, perhaps the establishment of a university for eastern Montana, and—well, not impossible — the creation of a new state with Billings as the capital. Quien sabe!

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LIMITED

J. H. NOYES, FOUNDER OF THE COMMUNITY

THERE is a "sterling" sound in the name "Community" when applied to silver. I recently made a trip to Kenwood, New York, and spent an interesting day at the main office of the Oneida Community. To be frank, I was attracted there more by a desire to observe the source of the remarkable successes which this corporation has made in developing various manufactures than by anything else. A history of the Oneida Community, to be correctly written, would involve a volume of well digested historical data, but I was concerned chiefly with the modern Oneida Community, which forms one of the most remarkable business propositions that exists in the country today, because it represents a corporation such as can be found nowhere else.

More than ten years ago some members of the younger generation of the Community returned from college to begin building upon the splendid foundation which their forbears had left them. They grappled the problems before them in a practical way, realizing, as the older generation had, that although the Oneida Community had existed long enough to make its name known in the world, it was impossible to base an association of this kind wholly on the proceeds of agriculture.

The first manufacture was the "Newhouse trap," invented by a member of the Community for their own use. At first he was accustomed to hammer these out single handed, but when it was soon discovered that these traps were unusually powerful in their grip, a demand for them quickly came from the neighboring farmers. From this nucleus of the Newhouse trap business the Community has become the largest manufacturers of this kind of goods in the world. I was amazed to learn that a million traps are sold every year and the demand still increases as other sections of our continent are settled. That is to say, there is more trapping in the Eastern states, along the rivers and in the woods, than in the remote sections of the West, where one might think hunting and trapping would be more general occupations. The vanguard of civilization comes along, bringing with it a number of animals from which the bulk of the trappers' peltry is taken.

But it is not traps only that the Community manufacture. When they found that money was to be made by manufacturing, they also entered, at the suggestion of another member, into the fruit packing trade, and this, too, has now grown into a vast business—the demand being always in excess of the supply. In addition to these manufactures, the making of sewing and embroidery silk, silver plated ware, steel chains and the various small implements which are used about a farm soon put the Community on an independent basis. Those who saw their exhibit at the Pan American and St. Louis Expositions will remember that the goods were all of the finest quality and especially well suited to the purpose for which they were designed.

But the most interesting part in my opinion was to see the thirty young men under the leadership of Mr. Noyes, the general manager, absolutely riveted together in the common purpose of making the best goods to be found in America, whether sterling silver, steel traps, or what not. It is a significant fact that the corporation now employs over 2,000 outsiders.

The silver works are located at Niagara Falls. The success of the Oneida Community in the manufacture of plated wares of all kinds has been unrivalled, because it represents a value as absolute as the coinage of the government mint. The Community name is stamped only on the triple plated goods, and anyone purchasing these may be assured that they have the very best.

Every woman who has community silver may feel assured as to the worth of her plate. It is unchanging in its value because it represents honest workmanship and the best materials, and how many tables throughout the world are decorated with the products of this Community!

Not far down the river from the main plant is the silk mill, which produces annually large quantites of sewing and embroidery silk for New York City and other American markets. This manufacture was begun in a very modest fashion by the efforts of the early members of the Community to earn money by peddling silk about the country from door to door. As the trade grew it was judged advisable to manufacture their own products so that they might be sure of having the best quality. Three of the younger members of the community were sent to learn the trade, and on their return this industry was inaugurated, and has been as successful as every other manufacture undertaken by the Oneida Community.

From the 800 acres of farm land the products for their canning business are raised. This industry commenced with the packing of 1,000 jars of fruit and other products.

The youngest commercial enterprise of the Oneida Community is the steel chain manufacture. These chains were originally made to complete the traps, but the trade has gradually developed until now the Oneida chains, with their adjuncts of snaps, swivels and other unique devices, are well known to the hardware trade all over the United States and Canada. The world has long ago learned that when any article of hardware or other manufacture bears the Community trade mark it means "made on honor."

VIEW OF THE HOUSE, KENWOOD, N. Y.

I counted it a rare privilege indeed to meet and talk with the different managers and officers of this corporation, for they have certainly a clear understanding of business conditions, and are quick to anticipate the needs of a large proposition and meet the wants of the nation with an adequate supply. They are enthusiastic in keeping abreast of world wide conditions, and earnest in their love of their work as work. The bright, cheerful faces I met at Kenwood were indeed an inspiration.

Kenwood is located some miles from the city of Oneida, upon a beautiful stretch of landscape. The woods and general surroundings make it a very attractive and popular spot for picnic parties and visitors generally. The present residence of the Community is a handsome place close to the Kenwood station. The "Big House," as it is called, is replete with associations in the mind of everyone in any way connected with the Oneida Community, for they cannot but recall the tiny dwelling that was the home of the founders of this movement, nor can the early struggles of the Community be forgotten. The older members of the Community still reside in the home building, and in the great dining room there is an air of peace and serenity that quickly makes itself felt even by the stranger.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOUSE, KENWOOD, N. Y.

Surrounded by grand old trees and wide stretches of greensward, with a gleam of water in the landscape, the comfortable homes of the Oneida Community are indeed attractive, and it is evident that the forefathers of the present Community builded better, probably, than they knew.

I greatly enjoyed the half hour spent in the "Smoke House," which also serves as a club house. As many of the older members of the Community object to tobacco and find the fumes of smoke unpleasant, the juniors considerately enjoy their evening cigar at this nearby spot, close to the baseball grounds and the golf links. Speaking of golf reminds me that there is no golf team which has been known to excel that of the workers and managers of the Oneida Community industries.

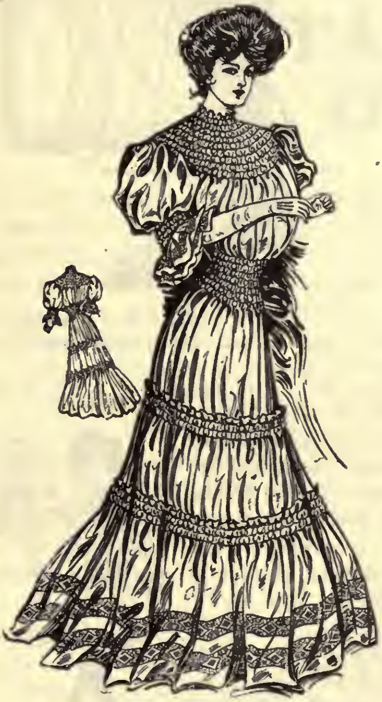
I think I never visited a place in which there was more interesting discussion of the things "worth while" that help in getting permanent good out of life.

Twenty-five years ago the Oneida Community, as a community, was dissolved, but it has continued as an organization ever since, and as a cohesive proposition is one of the most successful business corporations in the country. If they retain this same unified, cooperative spirit in their undertakings for the future, it will only be a question of time for them to secure and maintain an absolute leadership in every branch of industry which they take up. Unification first and good materials and workmanship always are the chief ingredients of commercial success. The interest of one is the interest of all, and in the Oneida Community the interests of the whole are regarded as vital and paramount, before which individual taste and preferences ought to give way, even as a matter of business. This is surely an ideal manner of managing a business.

It was well into the evening before we left the interesting community at Kenwood. We drove out through the great avenues, arched over with trees, and passed over the well made roads toward Oneida, carrying with us many pleasant memories of this favored spot and fully convinced that the Oneida Community is an object lesson that is well worthy of careful study and of emulation.

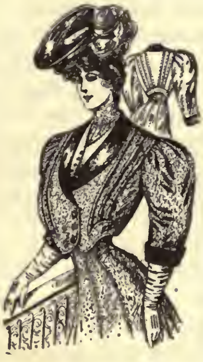
EARLY WINTER FASHIONS

NOVEMBER, while it belongs among the calendar months of the Autumn, really means the beginning of Winter, sartorially at least, and brings with it the demand for costumes suited to all occasions of social life.



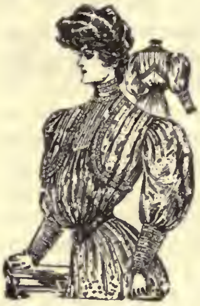
Design By May Manton.
Shirred Waist, 5123.
Shirred Flounce Skirt, 5124.

The shirred princesse costume is eminently graceful and novel and will be found adapted to all the soft, crushable materials. To make it, for the medium size will be required, for the waist (5123) 5 yards of material 21 or 3 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt (5124) 12 yards 21 or 6 yards 44 inches wide.

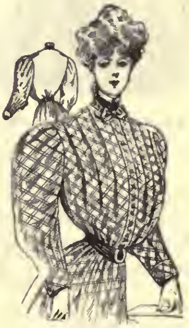


5185 Tucked Eton, 32 to 40 bust.

The little Eton Coat (5185) is especially designed for wear with the fashionable princesse skirt and includes the little waistcoat that is so smart and well liked this season. For the medium size will be required, 1⅝ yards of material 52 inches wide with ½ yard of velvet and ⅝ yards any width for the vest.



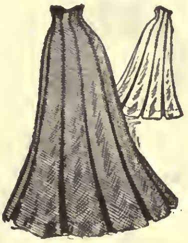
5177 Fancy Blouse with Bolero Effect, 32 to 40 bust.



5188 Tucked Shirt Waist, 36 to 46 bust.

Blouses and shirt waists are always in demand and are exceptionally attractive this year. No. 5177 and 5188 show two widely different sorts. The fancy waist is made of louisine silk with lace insertion and edging, which gives a bolero effect, while the plainer waist is shown in the fashionable plaid taffetta but also will be found adapted to plain silk and all the fashionable waistings. To make the fancy waist for a woman of medium size will be required, 3¾ yards of material 21 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide with 4¾ yards each of insertion and edging; to make the plain waist will be required, 3¾ yards 21 or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

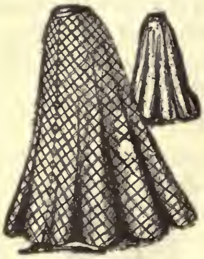
Skirts this season are notably taking two forms, that of the princesse and the one showing the umbrella effect. The princesse models are greatly liked and this one (6159) is among the best. It is laid in inverted plaits at the seams, which provide becoming fulness. For the medium size will be required, 15¼ yards



6159 Eleven Gored Corselet Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

The May Manton Patterns illustrated in this article may be obtained for 10 cents each. Address, Fashion Department, National Magazine, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

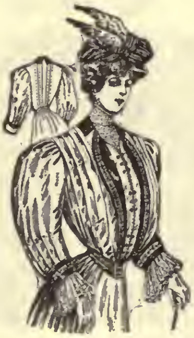
of material 21 or 6¾ yards 52 inches wide, if material has figure or nap, 11 yards 21 or 4½ yards 52 if it has not.



5184 Circular Umbrella Walking Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

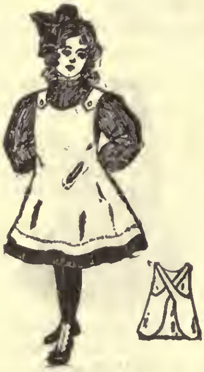
Umbrella skirts are to be noted both gored and circular, but the circular ones are perhaps given the preference and are particularly attractive as well as extremely economical. For (5184) the medium size will require 4¼ yards of material 44 or 3¾ yards 52 inches wide.

Nothing ever quite supercedes the blouse Eton and this year it is being shown in even unprecedented beauty of design. Model No. 5191 is among the best of all and allows a choice of three-quarter or full length sleeves. For the medium size will be required 4 yards 21 or 1½ yards 52 inches wide with 1 yard of velvet and ⅝ yards of cloth for vest.



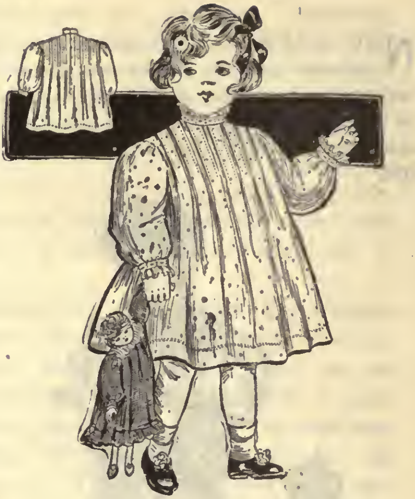
5191 Blouse Eton, 32 to 40 bust.

The making of children's dresses is always a pleasurable task to the mother, and illustrated are some charming designs. The little frock 5160 is designed for the small children and would be pretty made of either washable material or of cashmere, challie and the like. For a child of four will be required, 2¾ yards of material 27 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide.



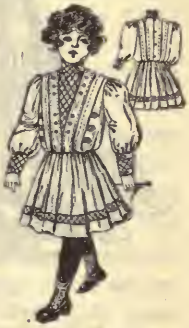
5144 Girl's Apron, 6 to 12 years.

The pretty little apron (5144) is among the novelties of the season and is quite certain to please the young wearer as well as serve an economic purpose. For a girl of ten will be required, 1¾ yards of material 36 inches wide.



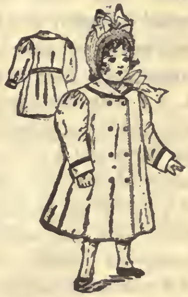
Design By May Manton.
Child's Tuck Plaited Dress **5160**.

School girls create an almost incessant demand for new frocks and every new design that is simple at the same time that it is stylish is sure to be welcome. In 5176 is shown a most attractive model that combines plain with plaid and with figured goods exceptionally well. For a girl of twelve will be required, 3½ yards of material 44 inches wide with one yard 44 inches wide for the trimming.



5176 Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.

Long coats that entirely cover the little frocks are the warmest and most serviceable that a child can wear. This one (5167) is among the latest shown and is made of red Melton with a simple banding. For a child of six will be required 2⅛ yards of material 52 inches wide.



5167 Child's Long Coat, 2 to 8 yrs.

The May Manton Patterns illustrated in this article may be obtained for 10 cents each. Address, Fashion Department, National Magazine, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

WM P CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

IF every reader of the National understood how important it is to answer the advertisements in the magazine, I am sure they would set about it at once. It is this sort of work which makes a publication especially valuable to the reader as well as the advertiser and publisher. One hundred subscribers who will watch keenly for the announcement of new propositions in advertising pages, and promptly write and keep posted on what is being offered, are worth more than a thousand indifferent readers. The advertising department is one of the most important in the periodicals of today. The conditions of today recognize business as the genius of the age.

When it is realized that a manufacturer in a remote town in New England or any state can, through the columns of the National, announce a new line of goods and in a few weeks receive responses from the Pacific coast, Alaska, the Philippines, Cuba and nearly every state and territory, it seems nothing short of miraculous. These responses are valuable just so far as the goods which are introduced prove meritorious and create a demand. The important factor in building up an advertised article is the dealer, and he is too often overlooked. It will be recognized by our readers that after learning in a general way of the value of goods, if you have your own dealer order a supply you will be conferring a benefit on four different people, first yourself, then the dealer, the manufacturer, and last but not least the National Magazine. If you would spend a few minutes each month going over the advertising section of the National and select those things in which you are interested and write at once to the advertiser, you would find it to your advantage. Advertisers expend millions of dollars to attract the attention of the purchasing public and the very fact that they purchase the most attractive illustrations and valuable space is positive evidence that they have something good to offer, for it would be folly to call constant attention to a thing which would not bear inspection.

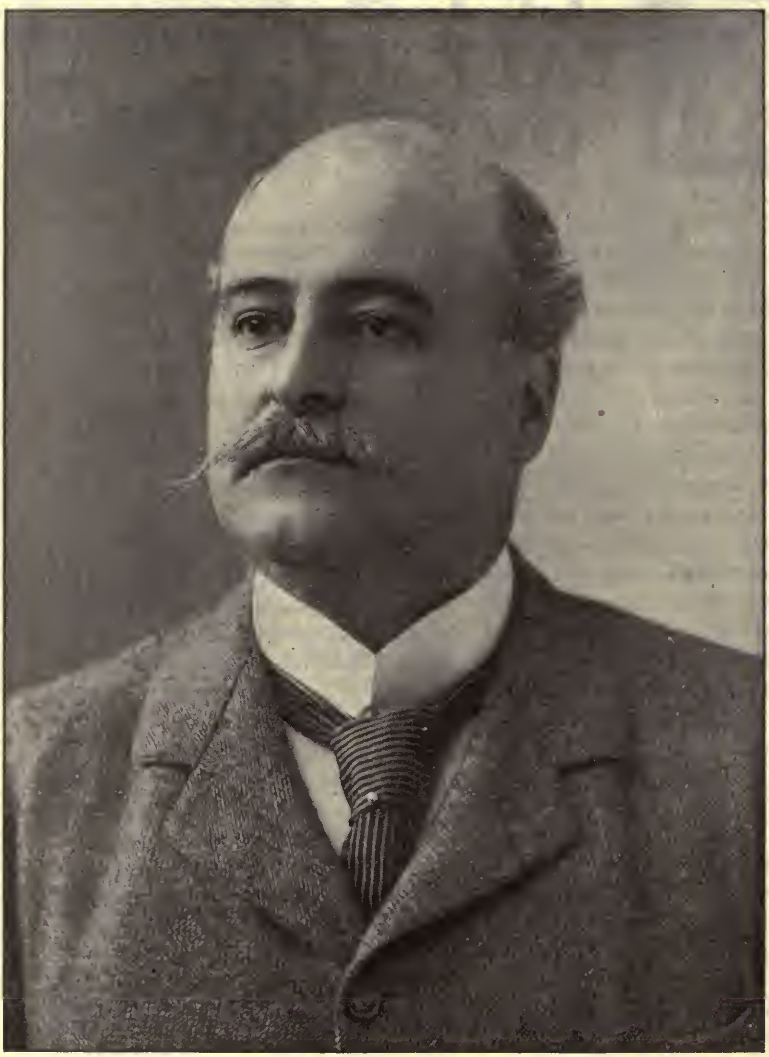
◆

THE unwritten law of successful leadership has occasioned many an interesting political contest. For years it has been assumed that the lieutenant governor is in line for promotion by his party to gubernatorial honors in Massachusetts. The present year furnishes a spirited contest for the office of lieutenant governor of the old Bay State inasmuch as it determines who is to later occupy the chair on Beacon Hill. There never is a lack of able candidates, and each one represents a strong personal following in his party.

The customs which prevail in different states throughout the Union in reference to state politics seem to vary as much as the statutes on various subjects, such as divorce and insurance. But the arrangements for the selection of a man to fill this office seem to affect the general cohesive qualities which lead on to national political solidity.

Among the present candidates for lieutenant governorship I happen to have a personal friend, and I cannot resist an allusion to Mr. Eben S. Draper, and there is no man who more commends himself to the electors of Massachusetts. During the early stages of his candidacy I happened to be in his office and heard a declaration which he made that will, I think, interest every man who loves the spirit of real, democratic, American institutions.

Mr. Draper is one of those genial, jovial good souls whom it is always a delight to call a friend. He has for many years served his party with that loyalty and unswerving fidelity which is sooner or later certain to reap its reward. He has been chairman of the republican state committee, president of the republican league, and delegate to the national republican convention. These positions, with possibly the exception of the latter, are such as try a man's fidelity and tact.



EBEN S. DRAPER

He served in the ranks with the same spirit that he exhibits as leader.

The remarkable thing about Mr. Draper's career is that during all these years he has never held a public office. and, what is still more remarkable, has never asked for one. If it were possible for all the republican electors of Massachusetts to meet and know Eben S. Draper in person, I think they would find him the same good friend that I have found him, and consider him preeminently qualified to serve the old Bay State in any office they may desire to bestow upon him. Sitting in Mr. Draper's office, I heard him make the declaration above alluded to. He said:

"I want to make a positive declaration. It is possible for any man, whether rich or poor, to win the highest honors in the commonwealth, and it is my purpose to make this campaign on such a basis that any man of moderate means may honestly and hopefully aspire for the highest honors within the gift of his fellow citizens. While reputed to be a wealthy man, I am going to make this campaign on a basis that will eliminate entirely the use of money as far as possible for campaign expenses directly or indirectly. And if I can make a campaign in this way, it is possible for any man of moderate means to do so. If I do not deserve an honor because of myself, and myself alone, I do not desire it."

There was a ring of absolute sincerity in his words. In fact, there is something in everything that Eben S. Draper says that you like. He speaks in an open hearted, kindly way that has won for him the affection of all who have ever served with him in any capacity whatever.

Mr. Draper's success as a manufacturer and the beauty of his home life tell their own story. He numbers among his friends many men of national preeminence, but one of his most marked characteristics is his loyalty to his native state. A man of vigorous executive ability, possessing clear cut, democratic, American common sense, nobody can look into the twinkling black eyes of Eben S. Draper and not feel convinced that he is a man of rare qualities—a man who is an honor to his country, a man who has a record of service to his party, his friends and his state that is certainly entitled to the well deserved consideration of his fellow citizens in Massachusetts.

An incident occurred during the early days of McKinley's administration which indicates the unswerving loyalty of Mr. Draper to his friends. A political complication had arisen in reference to an appointment, for which nobody was particularly to blame. Mr. Draper went to the president and laid before him all the facts pro and con and submitted the case of his friend, making his plea directly. It was not much of an office that he asked for, but it was the only one he ever did ask for, and then it was requested for a friend and not himself. He secured it; and what more can be said of a man in these days than that he is honest, energetic and loyal to his friends as well as his own highest ideals.

◆

THE new game "Block," which is now becoming so enormously popular, is a card game of exceptional merit. "Block" may be described as a "building-up" game. It has five suits, each running from one to a higher number. The block cards are used to break the completion of a suit, so that the player of the block card may lead from another suit more advantageous to himself. The object of each player is to run out of cards, and whoever does so, gains one point for each card left unplayed in his opponents' hands. One hundred points wins the game.

"Block" is a game of extraordinary fascination from the start, and is the latest production of the Messrs. Parker, who have many times made a world wide success with their games. It is to the Parkers that we are indebted not only for "Block," but for the famous games Pit, Bid, Pillow Dex, Ping-Pong, and many more. "Block" deserves its immense success.

NOW, we are going to give the real hustlers a chance. I want to take to Mexico with me two subscribers and pay all expenses of the trip. We will join the famous, world renowned, Gates Mexican tours, taking the one which starts January 23. I have been looking forward for a long time to this trip, and at last have the opportunity to make it. So we will be off to the land of the Montezumas, the Aztecs and all the other prehistoric peoples. This is probably the most remarkable country in the world in regard to traditions and legends, which cluster around every ruin—and they are many.

The proposition is this—To the one who will send in the most subscriptions to the National Magazine between now and January 5, the trip will be awarded. The minimum number must be 250, as the trip costs something like $500, and I want this positive proof that those who go with me are absolutely in earnest. Then as many over the 250 mark as possible, for every one after that gives you a better chance of success.

Commissions will be paid on all subscriptions sent in, except the two prize winners. Each worker will retain the commission, and then the two who are to take the trip will refund the commission to the National on their arrival in Boston, or wherever we start from. The commissions will be liberal, so that nobody fails to get a just recompense for his efforts. Start working right away.

Now is the time!

Register for the trip and send for the Heart Throb Book, for this is going to help with the work wonderfully. We hope to have it ready by December first, and meantime, you can make a start with the magazine. Send in right away for sample copies and full instructions. Those who are readers of the National need no information — they know Joe Chapple and the National and understand that it is simply a question of interesting their friends. And then you can have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not only doing something for yourself in securing liberal commission, but are also conferring a favor on your friends in having them subscribe for the National. You give them an opportunity to obtain a rare and valuable book and the magazine for $2.

Now, this will take work, and lively work, to get through before January 5, and I hope all of our subscribers will help these workers in their laudable undertaking. A complete itinerary of the trip will be published in the December National. The time is short so just sit down and make out a list of all your friends and neighbors and tell or write your story to each. You will be surprised to find how many you can think of. It was in this way that some of the people who went on our European trip succeeded. Every subscriber counts, and don't forget that you will make a liberal commission even if you do not win the trip to Mexico.

We have had an inning for the readers, and now this is the inning for the hustlers. I wonder who the successful two will be!

Do not let the opportunity pass, because after every campaign of this sort we get thousands of regrets from people who have neglected to take up the matter in time. This is the finest trip we have ever offered. Mr. Gates has his own special train, and the service is unsurpassed. It is a personally conducted trip to all the places in Mexico that are best worth seeing. Mr. Gates is a man of international reputation, and never fails to collect a fine party.

CHICAGO'S STREET RAILWAY DEADLOCK

"IMMEDIATE MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP," COMMANDED BY VOTERS IN THE SPRING ELECTION, IS BLOCKED BY A HOSTILE CITY COUNCIL, A HOSTILE NEWSPAPER PRESS, AND THE ACTIVE OPPOSITION OF THE LARGE FINANCIAL INTERESTS OF THE WESTERN METROPOLIS

By Mayor Edward F. Dunne

MAYOR'S office, Chicago, November 10, 1905, Dear Sir: — In answer to your letter of November 8, 1905, I would say that I am not at all surprised that the Associated Press is sending to eastern newspapers many dispatches declaring that I have practically given up the idea of the municipalization of the street railways of Chicago and that I contemplate resigning my position very shortly.

Ever since I have taken office, my position has been misrepresented both by the Associated Press and the newspapers of this city. It is wholly untrue that I have abandoned the hope of municipalizing the street railways of Chicago, and the statement that I am about to resign is maliciously false. Neither assertion is warranted by anything that I have ever said or done.

On the contrary, I am confident that the will of the people, as expressed at the polls, will be carried into effect sooner or later in this city.

I have been hampered by a hostile council and a hostile press. When I was first inducted into office, I had to face one of the most widespread and exasperating strikes that has ever existed in this city. It lasted one hundred and five days and was in force two days before I was inaugurated.

During the strike I appointed special traction counsel to inquire into the legal aspects of the traction question and discovered within sixty days after I took my seat that one hundred and thirty miles of trackage, out of a total of seven hundred, are being operated after the expiration of the franchises thereon.

On July 5, I sent a message to the council, calling their attention to that fact and to the further fact that before November 1, 1908, two hundred and seventy-four miles of the total trackage of the city would be lying upon streets upon which the franchises would expire by that date. In the same message I called the attention of the council to the fact that municipal ownership could be put into operation in only one of two ways. First, by the issuance of Mueller certificates under the Mueller law, which would necessitate the submission to the people of the question as to whether or not these certificates should be issued, entailing a delay of at least six months, and secondly a further delay of six months or more during which the validity of the Mueller certificates could be tested in the supreme court of the state. These serious delays might prevent our placing municipal ownership in force until my term of office expired — two years.

The other plan contemplated the creation of a construction company composed of five men of integrity and business character whose views were favorable to municipal ownership. These men, according to the plan, were to incorporate a corporation which would act as a constructing company for the city. When incorporated the company should receive a charter for twenty years, empowering it to build, construct and operate until they were paid the cost of construction, the company to bind itself to submit all plans, specifications, etc., for the construction of the road to the city council and have the same approved, and to issue sufficient bonds to enable them to build the road, the bonds not to exceed the cost of the road and to bear five per cent. interest. All the profits of operation over and above five per cent. should be paid into a sinking fund to the credit of the city of Chicago. The managers and directors of the company, those acting in the interest of the city, to receive no return upon their stock and no emoluments of any character except reasonable compensation for their services to be agreed upon by the company and the city council.

Thus would be created a construction company which upon the faith of a twenty-year franchise could raise sufficient money for the issuance of bonds to build a road immediately. The city would obtain the benefit of all profits from the operation of the road at once and the company could receive no profit except the interest upon the money invested.

Both of these plans were submitted to the city council on July 5, 1905, and referred by the council to the committee on transportation. I expressed my preference for the construction plan which I called the "contract plan," but the council has taken no action on either plan. After waiting for three months for some action, I sent several messages to the council calling their attention to the vote of the people as expressed at the polls and respectfully urged them to take action according to the people's desire. They have absolutely refused to pay any attention to the same, and the transportation committee which has the matter in charge, upon its own initiative, has invited the present traction companies to present forms of ordinances for the renewal of their franchises for twenty years. They are hurrying through these ordinances with the utmost expedition at the present time. Every move I have made in the council in favor of municipal ownership has been defeated by majorities of from forty-seven to forty-two, to eighteen to twenty-two. I am practically powerless so far as the council is concerned. The council, however, has agreed to pass no ordinance that shall not provide for a referendum before the people. I am very confident that when the extension ordinances are submitted to the people they will vote them down next Spring.

I have prepared and presented to the council an ordinance in favor of municipal ownership on which the people will vote at the same time.

In addition to having an unfriendly council, I am further handicapped by the fact that every paper in the city except the Hearst papers are doing all they can to thwart municipal ownership, and all the banking interests and capitalists of the city seem to be in league to prevent the consummation of municipal owership in this city.

None the less I believe the people will insist upon carrying out their wishes already thrice expressed at the polls. I have kept every pledge that I made to the people, and intend to fight this thing out to the end, notwithstanding all of the misrepresentation, vilification and abuse that may be showered upon me and the cause I was elected to further.

Very truly yours,
E. F. DUNNE

Frank Putnam, Esq.,
The National Magazine,
Boston, Mass.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE
COLUMBIA
The AMERICAN FAMILY

VOLUME XXIII. DECEMBER, 1905 NUMBER THREE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

AMERICAN people naturally turn their eyes toward Washington. It does not follow that the capital offers a panacea for all that is wrong in the nation's affairs, and the anomalous will be found there as in other cities. Perhaps one of the things most likely to impress a stranger coming to this country today is the fact that though the country is revelling in prosperity so far as natural products are concerned, yet the stock market is dull and leaden. This declares very conclusively — as pointed out to me by one gentleman with whom I talked — that the people have lost confidence to a large extent in the financial leaders, and are now turning their eyes toward Washington for deliverance from conditions which, while in no way calamitous, suggest a spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction even in the sunlight of prosperity.

Personal impressions in Washington did not confirm the idea that much would be done by congress this Winter in the way of tariff revision. But there is a grand array of reciprocity treaties left by John A. Kasson, as well as long-cherished plans of the late John Hay, and these are likely to stalk forth like specters on Hallowe'en, in the halls to congress this Winter. Reciprocity has long been used as a sort of lever to bring about revisions in the tariff, and tariff revisions are beginning to be the order of the day; it looks as though they would be finally effected through reciprocity channels.

As the president has insisted on the members of the cabinet not talking on the way from the executive office, I had to go around to their offices to get them to talk to me. Formerly they used to come and assemble in the anteroom and the newspaper men had a chance then; but now they are not permitted to do this. Hereafter, cabinet ministers coming from the White House doors are exempt from interviews.

HONORABLE JOHN MCLANE, WHO AS GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE ENTERTAINED THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS AT PORTSMOUTH

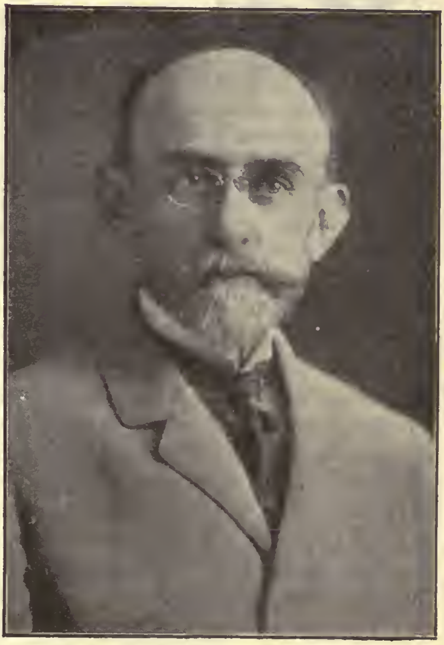
Photograph copyright 1904 by Purdy, Boston

I MADE my way to the second floor of the war and navy building, where there are three cabinet offices. First in the gloom of the corridors I approached the office of the secretary of state, and what memories it awakened of the gallant Colonel Hay! In room 208 is a tireless worker. Secretary Root never undertakes a task that he does not bring to completion. His office hours are rather difficult to measure. If he has a matter in hand which requires his personal attention until seven or eight o'clock, here he is to be found. Radiant in a white vest, with his brow wrinkled but with lips firmly set in the determination completely to organize and executivize whatever is before him, Elihu Root is oblivious to the flight of time.

During the days that I was there, I saw a constant procession of senators from department to department, busy with various matters.

Among them I noticed Uncle Shelby Cullom of Illinois and his colleague, Senator Hopkins. Midway in the building I found Secretary Taft, sitting by the large globe in the projecting window of his office; with a thoughtful frown on his brow he was going over some of the problems growing out of the Panama project, for the purpose is to dig, and dig it will be on the Isthmus. No matter how harrassing the difficulties which come up one by one, there is always a dimple ready to come into play on the face of the genial, good-natured secretary of war.

Directly across from the war department is the navy department, and entering there you look upon the lineal descendant of Napoleon Bonaparte, who is giving strenuous attention to the American navy. No one can meet Secretary Bonaparte without feeling that he is a man of power and purpose, absolutely earnest and sincere in his work. Few men, perhaps, are more in harmony with



JOSEPH B. BISHOP, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION

Photograph by Harris-Ewing, Washington

the president in their general line of policy.

❧

AFTER this visit I went down the avenue—a five minutes' walk—and dropped in to see Secretary Shaw. He was just then meeting Sir John Murray, assistant chancellor of the exchequer of England. I could not help noticing how much the chancellor was interested in the story which the secretary told him. It concerned the manner of appointing judges in this country. Some are elected for life or "during good behavior," and some are elected for a term of one year only. Two newly elected judges happened to meet, one of each kind. The man who had been elected for a year remarked to the judge for life:

MEN WHO WILL PROMOTE THE AMENITIES OF LIFE IN THE CANAL ZONE

THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS CHAIRMAN SHONTS AND CHIEF ENGINEER STEVENS WITH THEIR AIDES DRAWN FROM THE NATIONAL CIVIC FEDERATION, AS FOLLOWS: EDWARD A. MOFFETT, EDITOR OF THE BRICKLAYER AND MASON, AT LEFT; NEXT IN ORDER, W. LEON PEPPERMAN, ASSISTANT CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE COMMISSION; W. E. C. NAZRO, WELFARE MANAGER; MR. SHONTS; PAUL CHARLTON, LAW OFFICER, INSULAR BUREAU, WAR DEPARTMENT; MR. STEVENS

"I am likely to have a longer term of service than you."

"How is that?" asked the other judge: "I am elected for life."

"'Or good behavior,'" was the significant response, "I think I am likely to serve the longer term of the two."

The old idea about Englishmen not enjoying a joke was not verified in this case, for the listener to Secretary Shaw's ancedote laughed heartily.

❧

IN the interior department Secretary Hitchcock has been kept pretty busy on the land question, and the results on the Pacific coast show that he has relentlessly pursued his purpose of cleaning up the records. It was over in the old postoffice building that I found Land Commissioner Richards, the busiest man in the country. Mr. Richards was formerly governor of Wyoming, and has a notable record as commissioner in the land office. He grimly stated that he had secured land of all kinds from the

JOHN L. HAMILTON OF HOOPESTON, ILLINOIS, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION
Photograph by Gilson, Sykes & Fowler, Chicago

United States government, and was pretty well posted on the procedure. It is doubtful if there ever was a commissioner in the office who was so familiar with the various methods of securing government lands. Governor Richards has a ranch in Wyoming which has been his home for twenty years past, and he is looking forward to retiring there when his task in Washington is completed. He has been vigorously at work consolidating and abolishing land offices throughout the country, and has effected a large saving. Paradoxical as it may seem, the one desire that seems to prevail in all departments is retrenchment. This sounds peculiar in the heyday of prosperity, but the modernizing of all departments to conform with business methods pure and simple—the prevailing purpose of the chief executive at the present time—has apparently made itself felt all along the line.

⁂

ONE of the most notable gatherings in Washington during the month was the meeting of the American Bankers' Association. This organization is one of the most important in the country. It is not merely a coterie of New York financiers but an association which comprises the bankers of America, gathered from every city, town, village and hamlet.

The distinguishing event of this session was the speech of Secretary Shaw, who said:

"We point with pride to our export trade of a billion and a half, and with thumbs in the armholes of our waistcoats we contemplate our skill and foresight and our ability as international merchants. Will I be pardoned if I suggest that this export trade is due in no very large degree to our skill either as international bankers or as international merchants?"

The speaker went on to emphasize the fact that we grow the products that the world needs and the people come themselves and fetch the goods which we have and they have not—until they purchase them from us. He dwelt upon the inferiority of American trading ships, and declared that if we are to get the full benefit of our trade, of our natural advantages, and of the Panama Canal, this condition must be changed. Mr. Shaw quoted largely from the report of a representative of the department of commerce and labor who went to South America for the purpose of making in-

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Photograph of President Roosevelt and the Peace Envoys

Through a regrettable error the photograph of President Roosevelt with the Russian and Japanese peace envoys, which appeared in the October number of the National Magazine, was not credited to the photographers who made it. This historical photograph was made by Underwood & Underwood of New York and copyrighted 1905 by that well known firm.

vestigations on the matter of American trade and means of transportation. He also pointed out that so far as our internal trade is concerned the service is excellent, but added:

A. Dahllöf. Foto.

Fotograv. Gen. Stab. Lit. Ans

Otto Nordenskjöld

1904.

DR. OTTO NORDENSKJOLD, THE CELEBRATED SWEDISH EXPLORER OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT

WHO IS COMING TO AMERICA NEXT MONTH TO DELIVER SEVERAL LECTURES ON HIS WORK, IS PROFESSOR OF GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN. HE ENTERED THE ANTARCTIC REGION LATE IN 1901, AND EMERGED, ASSISTED BY A RELIEF EXPEDITION SENT OUT BY THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, IN JANUARY, 1904. HIS BOOK, "ANTARCTICA," WAS PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN ENGLISH, SWEDISH, GERMAN, FRENCH AND SPANISH

"At our coast line we are brought to an abrupt halt. Here we are no longer independent. Our foreign commerce is four times as large as forty years ago, but we carry in our own ships only one-third as many gross tons as forty years ago.. If we will but take advantage of our opportunities we will send these products of farm and factory

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT AT BULLOCH HALL, HIS MOTHER'S GIRLHOOD HOME AT ROSWELL, GEORGIA

THE GROUP INCLUDES SENATOR AND MRS. CLAY, THE FAMILY OF MR. J. B. WING AND FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS OF THE BULLOCH FAMILY, ALSO "MAMMY" GRACE, THE OLD NEGRO WOMAN WHO WAS NURSE TO THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER, AND "DADDY" WILLIAM, ALSO AN OLD SERVANT OF THE BULLOCH FAMILY, WHO HELPED TO DECORATE THE HOME FOR THE WEDDING OF THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER

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under every sky and into every port, and make our financial centers the clearing houses of at least a fraction of the world's trade."

Another interesting feature at this meeting was the address of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, who comprehensively and concisely stated the situation and gave timely warning against the tendency to force prices beyond their legitimate value. The American Bankers' Association was particularly fortunate in its selection of a president this year, Mr. John L. Hamilton, of Hoopeston, Illinois, a man who has well earned the great compliment thus bestowed upon him.

⁂

THE White House receptions this Winter will see the grandsons of General Robert E. Lee and of General Ulysses S. Grant serving as military aides to the president. What a vivid page of history is recalled by the names of these two young men. Few visitors to the White House, seeing these young officers, will

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE HOME OF DR. BAKER, ROSWELL, GEORGIA

THE PRESIDENT IS HERE SEEN BIDDING GOODBYE TO MRS. BAKER, WHO WAS ONE OF HIS MOTHER'S BRIDESMAIDS. "MRS. BAKER HAD BEEN INVITED TO THE RECEPTION AT THE OLD BULLOCH HOME, BUT SAID THE PRESIDENT MUST COME TO HER. THE PRESIDENT MISSED MRS. BAKER AT THE BULLOCH HOME AND ASKED FOR HER. SECRETARY LOEB TOLD OF HER REFUSAL TO ATTEND A PUBLIC RECEPTION, AND THE PRESIDENT SAID HE MUST SEE HIS MOTHER'S BRIDESMAID. SO HE DECIDED TO CUT OUT ESTABLISHED PRECEDENTS THAT HE MIGHT MEET AND CHAT WITH THE GIRLHOOD FRIEND OF HIS MOTHER, AND AT HIS SUGGESTION BARRINGTON HALL WAS INCLUDED IN THE ITINERARY. WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ENTERED THE OLD HOME WITH MRS. ROOSEVELT HE FOUND MRS. BAKER SEATED, DRESSED IN BLACK, TRIMMED WITH WHITE LACE ABOUT THE COLLAR AND CUFFS. SHE WORE A LACE CAP AND WAS THE PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT.

"'AND THIS IS THEODORE,' SHE SAID, EXTENDING HER HAND. 'I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, THEODORE.' THEN, PATTING THE PRESIDENT ON THE SHOULDER, SHE TOLD HIM HOW HIS MOTHER LOOKED WHEN SHE WAS MARRIED." — *Newspaper Dispatch.*

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BARONESS ROSEN, WIFE OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES
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fail to remember the eventful meeting under the apple tree at Appomatox. What other country can present, in less than forty years from the period of

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ELIZABETH ROSEN, DAUGHTER OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR

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MRS. JOHN R. MC LEAN, THE WIFE OF THE CINCINNATI AND WASHINGTON MULTIMILLIONAIRE WHO RECENTLY BOUGHT A CONTROLLING INTEREST IN THE WASHINGTON POST. MRS. MC LEAN ENTERTAINED BARONESS ROSEN AND MISS ELIZABETH ROSEN AT HER BEAUTIFUL HOME AT THE CAPITAL

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LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT A SOCIAL AIDE AT WHITE HOUSE FUNCTIONS THIS WINTER

Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

strife, the scions of two great leaders serving under one flag in the interests of one government, though their ancestors had been in bitterest opposition. There was a strong touch of sentiment in the feeling that induced President Roosevelt to select these young officers for this duty.

A son of General "Stonewall" Jackson has been appointed to West Point by the president, and it is such appointments as these that emphasize the rela-

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CAPTAIN FITZHUGH LEE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, SON OF GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, APPOINTED A SOCIAL AIDE AT THE WHITE HOUSE THIS WINTER

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tions now existing between the two sections which met in deadly strife five decades ago. This is the kind of thing that calls attention to the way in which America differs from other countries. Who could conceive of a descendant of Charles Stuart returning to the throne of England and selecting a grandson of Cromwell to act as military aide? Who could suppose that an heir of Louis XVI and a grandson of Napoleon could ever serve together on the staff of the French president? Captain Lee has served in the Philippines. Liutenant Grant has seen service in Porto Rico and was military attache of our legation at Vienna. He attended the school founded by Maria Theresa, where the king of Spain and many other well known young men and good soldiers were trained; was appointed to the West Point school at the request of General Sherman. So, side by side, these two grandsons of Grant and Lee will welcome the guests at the White House this Winter, and will not be the least interesting feature of presidential receptions.

MRS. EDITH WHARTON, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH," THE MOST DISTINGUISHED NOVEL OF THE YEAR IN AMERICA

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AT a Thanksgiving dinner at "Breezy Meadows" I first met Edna Dean Proctor. It was a merry party at Miss Kate Sanborn's that night. Under the inspiring leadership of our hostess, and after the chairs had been pushed back at that never-to-be-forgotten New England feast, each one of the party of fifteen contributed something that provided the company with a "feast of reason."

Among the guests was Hezekiah Butterworth, who recited an imaginative German story of that land to which he has since gone. Rising in her place, by request Miss Proctor repeated her "Columbia's Emblem" — a stirring, melodious bit of verse published first in the Century and later in the National Magazine. Her dark eyes flashed and her voice was full and resonant as she recited these lines which have been repeated in the family circle, on the platform and in school rooms, from coast to coast of our country, inspiring pure Americanism and winning allegiance to the maize wherever heard.

Perhaps the first mention of the corn as a floral emblem was made by Miss Sara Clarke, sister of the late Reverend James Freeman Clarke, in an article in the New England Magazine of March, 1891. For years Miss Proctor has been enthusiastic in word and deed regarding this adoption of the Indian maize. Indigenous here, and only here, and growing everywhere throughout the country, the stately maize is significant of all traditional and prehistoric America as well as of our later centuries, and is the one plant by which the whole land with its past and present can be symbolized, leaving each state free to choose its own separate floral device. It seems likely to be only a question of time when, in response to public opinion, the movement for the corn will crystalize into legislative enactment on the part of the government, and the "tasseled corn" be acknowledged as our national floral emblem. Thousands of people have already memorialized congress to this end. It was through Miss Proctor's influence that the National Magazine introduced the corn into its crest, and to many people the "bounteous, golden corn" already means nothing less than an expression of a distinctive spirit of Americanism. When the great states of the middle West rise in their might and give this movement the impetus it ought to have, it will not be long before her ideal for the maize is realized.

It was Edna Dean Proctor who wrote the ode, "Columbia's Banner," for the national public school celebration of Columbus Day, October 21, 1892 — an ode which was read and recited in the schools on that day from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which is a superb exposition of the meaning of our flag. This ode and "Columbia's Emblem" are included in the new volume of her poems written since 1890, and entitled "Songs of America and Other Poems." Surely if ever there was one who could speak with something of the authority and majesty which American themes demand, it is she. Here are the closing lines of "Columbia's Banner":

Ah! what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest ever sung,
To keep this banner spotless its kindred stars among!
Our fleets may throng the oceans — our forts the headlands crown—
Our mines their treasures lavish for mint and mart and town—
Rich fields and flocks and busy looms bring plenty, far and wide—
And statelier temples deck the land than Rome's or Athens' pride—
And science dare the mysteries of earth and wave and sky —
Till none with us in splendor and strength and skill can vie;
Yet, should we reckon liberty and manhood less than these,
And slight the right of the humblest between our circling seas —
Should we be false to our sacred past, our fathers' God forgetting,
This banner would lose its luster, our sun be nigh his setting!
But the dawn will sooner forget the east, the tides their ebb and flow,
Than you forget our radiant flag and its matchless gifts forego!
Nay! you will keep it high advanced with ever-brightening sway —
The banner whose light betokens the Lord's diviner day—
Leading the nations gloriously in freedom's holy way!
No cloud on the field of azure—no stain on the rosy bars—
God bless you, youths and maidens, as you guard the Stripes and Stars!

Miss Proctor is pains-taking and thorough in her work—seeking to know all she can of a subject, and exact as to the value of words. Thus, with her keen sensibilities, she is able in verse or prose to give the very feeling and atmosphere of an incident or a place, and vividly to reproduce an age that is past — as she has done in "Cleobis and Biton" and in other poems of her collection of 1890, as well as in those of "Songs of America," and in her "Russian Journey," which really takes you down the Volga. An army officer in our Southwest, more familiar with Indian warfare than with verse, said of her ballad, "The Rescue": "I consider that the greatest poem in the world. It's a perfect description of the Sierras and the Apaches." And she is equally at home among Mohammedans and Eastern scenes. Of her "El Mahdi to the Tribes of the Soudan," the late Professor Myers of Cambridge, England, said: "It is so Oriental I can hardly believe it was written by anyone in the western world."

It is fortunate that Miss Proctor's new book includes that thrilling poem, "The Song of the Ancient People," (the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest), which unveils for the reader a prehistoric past on American soil, and fills him with pride that America, our own America, possesses traditions reaching farther back, perhaps, than even the civilizations of the East. The "Song" seems to be chanted by one of their priests, and the opening lines, announcing their state, have a Homeric simplicity and dignity:

We are the Ancient People;
  Our father is the Sun;
Our mother, the Earth, where the mountains tower
  And the rivers seaward run;
The stars are the children of the sky,
  The Red Men, of the plain;
And ages over us both had rolled
  Before you crossed the main;—
For we are the Ancient People,
  Born with the wind and rain.

When I first read "The Song of the Ancient People" it seemed to me that some great American master of music, some Wagner, must arise to give this epic harmonies worthy of its lofty theme and beautiful words.

In "Songs of America" is also included that memorable poem on Sacagawea, the Indian girl who led Lewis and Clark in their exploration of the West. This poem was printed in the National Magazine for August, and has been widely quoted throughout the country. The book also contains some notable poems not before printed—among them "Nataska," a lovely, pathetic, picturesque legend of Lake Mohonk, and "The Captive's Hymn," a vivid narration of one of the most touching stories in our early history. I cannot forbear quoting here "The Morning Star," a poem referring to the death of Whittier and to his "almost life long plaint of sleepless nights, and the gladness with which he hailed the dawn."

THE MORNING STAR

(John Greenleaf Whittier died at dawn, September 7, 1892.)

"How long and weary are the nights," he said,
"When thought and memory wake, and sleep has fled;
When phantoms from the past the chamber fill,
And tones, long silent, all my pulses thrill;
While, sharp as doom, or faint in distant towers,
Knell answering knell, the chimes repeat the hours,
And wandering wind and waning moon have lent
Their sighs and shadows to the heart's lament.
Then, from my pillow looking east, I wait
The dawn, and life and joy come back, elate,
When, fair above the seaward hill afar,
Flames the lone splendor of the morning star."

O Vanished One! O loving, glowing heart!
When the last evening darkened round thy room,
Thou didst not with the setting moon depart;
Nor take thy way in midnight's hush and gloom;
Nor let the wandering wind thy comrade be,
Outsailing on the dim, unsounded sea—
The silent sea where falls the muffled oar,
And they who cross the strand return no more;
But thou didst wait, celestial deeps to try,
Till dawn's first rose had flushed the paling sky,
And pass, serene, to life and joy afar,
Companioned by the bright and morning star!

A native of New Hampshire, of which state she is very fond, Miss Proctor spends a part of each year in New England. She has traveled extensively, not only in Europe and the East, but in Mexico and South America, and everywhere life is to her a boon and an inspiration. Time has touched her gently. Her womanly charm is the same; her sympathies are as wide; her appreciations as glowing, her aims as true, as when she voiced the heart of the North in the Civil war or gave us those exquisite lyrics, "Heroes," "Born of the Spirit," and "Heaven, O Lord, I Cannot Lose."

At this Christmas tide the readers of the National must enjoy with me her poem,

THE QUEEN OF THE YEAR

When suns are low, and nights are long,
  And winds bring wild alarms,
Through the darkness comes the queen of the year
  In all her peerless charms—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
  With the Christ-child in her arms.

The maiden months are a stately train—
  Veiled in the spotless snow,
Or decked with the bloom of Paradise
  What time the roses blow,
Or wreathed with the vine and the yellow wheat
  When the noons of harvest glow.

But O, the joy of the rolling year,
  The queen with peerless charms,
Is she who comes through the waning light
  To keep the world from harms,—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
  With the Christ-child in her arms.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS ❧ By Frank Putnam

MAYOR WEAVER of Philadelphia, wiser than the serpent, prepared for election day by hiring for his army of poll-watchers all the white, black and piebald thugs and toughs to be found in town, with many from other places. He arrayed civic patriotism against the gang with one hand, and beat them at their own favorite game of thuggery with the other. The New York Sun told the story — so it must be at least partially true. Anyway, the reform mayor's party broke the gang's strangle-hold on the public treasuries of both Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.

Mr. Hearst, in New York, made no bid for thug support: on the contrary, he defied the thugs, offering $10,000 in rewards for conviction of violators of the election laws. Result: he undoubtedly got a plurality of honest votes, but was counted out by Tammany in certain slum districts, where his poll-watchers were slugged and driven away. In these precincts Tammany performed a miracle—showing gains, as against losses everywhere else in the city—and made Mayor McClellan's net plurality a shade over 3,000. Boss Murphy's men might just as well have made it 30,000. Perhaps they were pressed for time, or maybe they ran out of ballots—or names. Mr. Hearst promises to contest the election, have the vote recounted, and is confident at this writing, November 8, that he will become mayor of New York January 1. Even partisan republican newspapers of Gotham agree that he got more legal votes than either of his opponents. He brought fulfillment whirling at the heels of prophecy for the National, anyway. Six months ago I predicted that "within five years New York City will vote for municipal ownership of public utilities." I didn't suppose that town would get a chance to vote on the issue earlier than 1910. Well, whether Mr. Hearst wins his case in court, or doesn't, he has given New Yorkers a valuable lesson in independent voting, and has enabled them to express themselves in favor of *public ownership of public property*. He is today far and away the biggest and most interesting figure in New York politics, and bids fair to rescue that town from its fat Murphys who have grown rich selling the public property to its lean Ryans for lo, these many years.

Boss Gorman in Maryland failed in his attempt to disfranchise the negro, only, as I believe, because he didn't have sense enough to offer a moderate measure. He disgusted and made foes of many of the leaders of his own party, such as Senator Rayner, and drew out fierce blows from Secretary Bonaparte and the hardest-fighting republicans—men who have no more use for race equality than Gorman himself. Anyway, Gorman typified dirty politics — always did. His defeat is greatly to Maryland's credit.

Boss Cox, republican dictator in Ohio, goes away back and sits down. Even Ohio republicans can get too much of a bad thing, at long intervals.

Massachusetts sends Curtis Guild, Jr., tariff-revision republican, to the state house to succeed Governor Douglass, tariff-revision democrat. Boston rejects a district attorney supported by both parties and elects an independent, John B. Moran, with a big majority. Moran says Boston high finance is just as crooked as that of New York, size considered, and he promised if elected to hale some big financial lights into court. Boston has given him a chance to prove it. Mr. Moran has heretofore appeared as an ally of Tom Lawson.

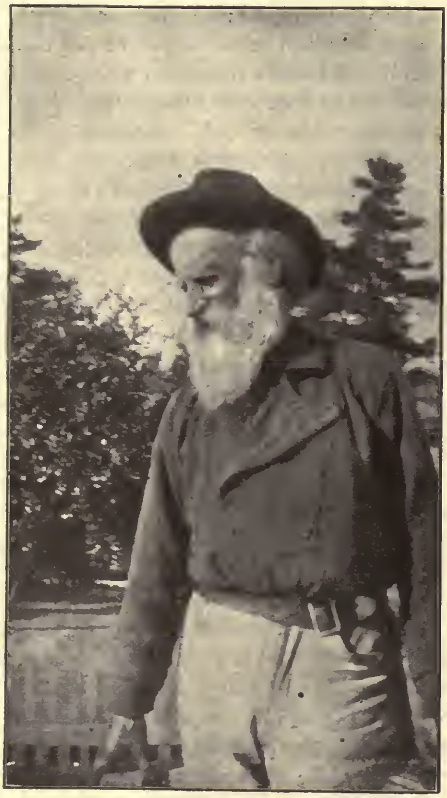
More ante-election hurrahing has been done about Jerome, independent candidate for district attorney in New York, than about any other man in the field. He has held the office for four years, and is elected for four years more. I hope he will have as much success prosecuting big thieves during the next four years as he had prosecuting little ones during the four years last past. His noisy pursuit of little Reginald Vanderbilt and gambler Dick Canfield was an amusing comedy, but really if he is as big a man as the New York newspapers say he is, the McCalls, McCurdys, Ryans, Belmonts and their sort are fairer game for his gun.

STEVENSON'S MONTEREY

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "For the Pleasure of His Company," etc.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA



JULES SIMONEAU, STEVENSON'S FRIEND IN MONTEREY

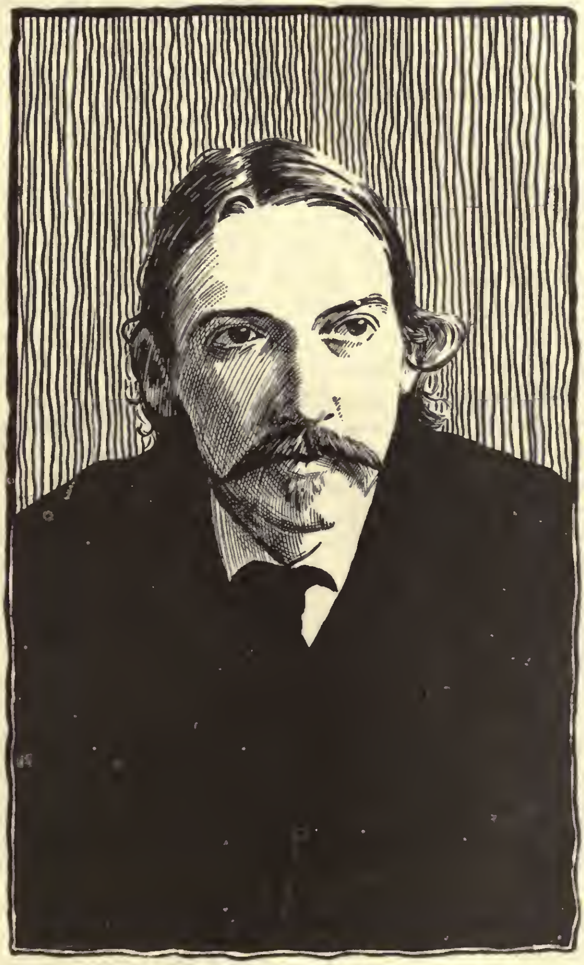
HE was lean and lank and long-haired and very far from well when he came ashore at Monterey in September, 1879. He was hardly known save to those far-seeing literary men of England who had from the first prophesied for him a brilliant and extraordinary career. It was not his fault that he did not end it prematurely.

On the 8th. October, 1879, he wrote to Edmund Gosse from Monterey, California:

> MY DEAR WEG: — I know I am a rogue and the son of a dog. Yet let me tell you when I came here I had a week's misery and a fortnight's illness, and since then I have been more or less busy in being content. This is a kind of excuse for my laziness. I hope you will not excuse yourself. My plans are still very uncertain, and it is not likely that anything will happen before Christmas. [He had come hither to win the hand of the lady who, in the following May, became his wife.] In the meanwhile I believe I shall live on here "between the sand hills and the sea," as I think Mr. Swinburne hath it. I was pretty nearly slain; my spirits lay down and kicked for three days. I was up at an Angora goat ranch in the Santa Lucia Mountains, nursed by an old frontiersman, a mighty hunter of bears, and I scarcely slept, or ate, or thought for four whole days. Two nights I lay under a tree in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat bells ringing and the tree frogs singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad. Then the bear hunters came round, pronounced me "real sick," and ordered me up to the ranch.
>
> It was an odd, miserable piece of my life; and according to all rule, it should have been my death; but after awhile my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success.

As a prelude to the Angora goat ranch episode Stevenson had sought an experience in the steerage of a trans-Atlantic steamer — see his "Amateur Emigrant" — and a second one, even more trying, on an emigrant train through the breadth of the continent — see his "Across the Plains;" these might well enough have laid low a man better fitted to rough it than he ever was in all his forty-four years; and then he was but nine and twenty and comparatively inexperienced for one can hardly call an "Inland Voyage" tempestuous, or mountaineering in the Cevennes a hardship.

With all his ills, fleshly and spiritual, he was not utterly cast down. He was near the lady of his love; he was in a new land that interested and attracted him; he had once more been cast upon the coast of Bohemia, where he was ever welcome and quite at home. It is but natural that he should have missed much that he had left behind, and perhaps longed for it earnestly at times. One traces the shadow of home-sickness, now and again, in his correspondence; yet he toiled with a brave heart and tried to forget himself in the literary work he was always busy with. In September, 1879, he wrote:



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

> MY DEAR COLVIN: Although you have absolutely disregarded my plaintive appeals for correspondence, and written only once as against God knows how many notes and notikens of mine — here goes again. I am now all alone in Monterey, a real inhabitant with a box of my own at the P. O. I have splendid

> rooms at the Doctor's, where I get coffee in the morning (the Dr. is French), and I mess with another jolly old Frenchman, the stranded fifty-eight-year old wreck of a good hearted, dissipated and once wealthy Nantais tradesman. My health goes on better; as for work, the draft of my book was laid aside at p. 68 or so; and I have now, by way of change, more than seventy pages of a novel, alas! to be called either *A Chapter in the Experience of Arizona Breckinridge*, or *A Vendetta in the West*, or a combination of the two. The scene from Chapter IV. to the end lies in Monterey and the adjacent country; of course, with my usual luck, the plot of the story is somewhat scandalous, containing an illegitimate father for piece of resistance.

There is offered for sale today in unlimited quantities a tinted picture post card, bearing the legend, Robert Louis Stevenson House, Monterey, California. The building, of plastered adobe, stands upon a grass-grown side street where there is little passing; it is in a forlorn condition, the plaster peeling from the outer walls, a sign between the two storeys reads:

R. STEVENSON HOUSE

Another one, glazed, hanging over a door opening upon the second-storey stairway, bears the ominous word, "Rooms." Within this transparency, at night a feeble lamp lights the lone wayfarer to his questionable rest. I once slept in that house, or rather tried to, and but once only. The other day I revisited it and thought with pity of the dismal hours R. L. S. must have spent there at a time when he was most in need of every home comfort and the refinements of domestic life. The landlady of today, whose house is of interest only through its association with his name, graciously pointed me to the wrong room as having been the one he occupied, now sacred to his memory. It is let like the others to any transient guest for a trifle. His room is on the opposite side of the hall, in the rear of the house.

Of Simoneau's, Stevenson has written:

> Of all my private collection of remembered inns and restaurants, one particular house of entertainment stands forth alone. I am grateful, indeed, to many a swinging sign-board, to many a rusty wine bush; but not with the same kind of gratitude. Some were beautifully situated, some had an admirable table, some were the gathering places of excellent companions; but take them for all in all, not one can be compared with Simoneau's at Monterey.
>
> To the front it was part barber-shop, part bar; to the back, there was a kitchen and a *salle a manger*. The intending diner found himself in a little, chill, bare adobe room, furnished with chairs and tables, adorned with some oil sketches roughly brushed upon the wall in the manner of Barbazon and Cernay. The table, at whatever hour you entered, was already laid with a not spotless napkin, and, by way of epergne, with a dish of green peppers and tomatoes, pleasing alike to eye and palate. If you stayed there to meditate before a meal, you would hear Simoneau all about the kitchen, and rattling among the dishes.

You shall see to what extent he was indebted to the kind offices of Simoneau and how well he remembered the friend of other days.

The letters began to arrive and he turned from his toil to acknowledge the pleasure he had in them:

> MY DEAR COLVIN,— I received your letter with delight; it was the first word that reached me from the old country. I am in good health now; I have been pretty seedy, for I was exhausted by the journey and anxiety below even my point of keeping up; I am still a little weak, but that is all; I begin to engrease (*engraisser*, grow fat) it seems, already. My book is about half drafted: *The Amateur Emigrant* that is. Can you find a better name? I believe it will be more popular than any of my others; the canvas is so much more popular and larger too. Fancy, it is my fourth—that voluminous writer.

To Edmund Gosse he wrote:

> My new book, *The Amateur Emigrant*, is about half drafted. I do not know if it will be good, but I think it ought to sell in spite of the devil and the publish-

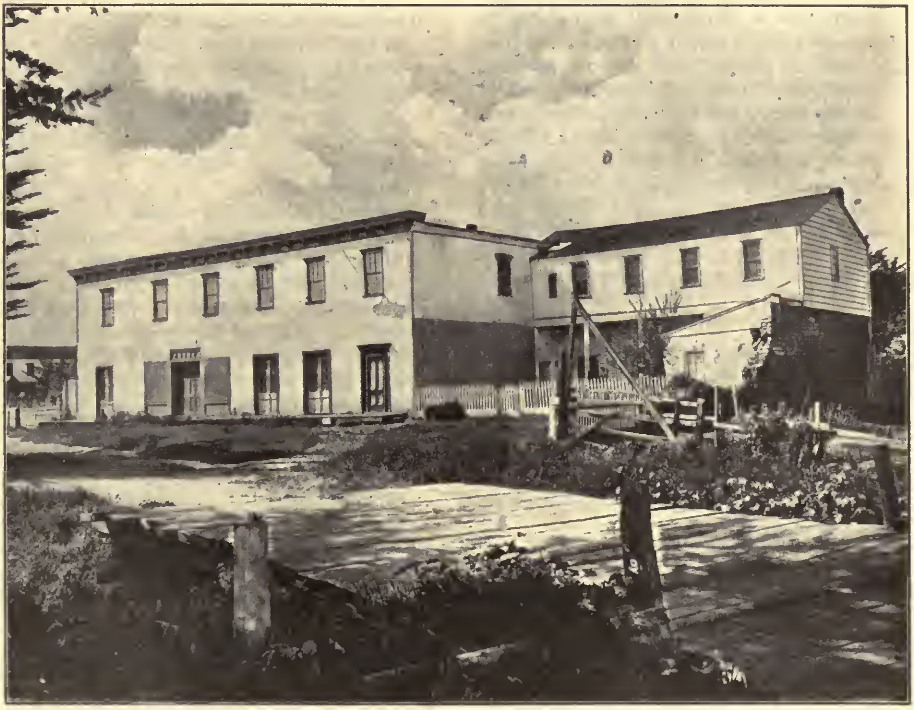
ers; for it tells an odd enough experience, and one, I think, never told before.

Of "The Amateur Emigrant," he says to Colvin:

> It is not a monument of eloquence; indeed, I have sought to be prosaic in view of the nature of the subject; but I almost think it is interesting. * * Here and there, I fancy, you will laugh as you read it, but it seems to me rather a *clever* book than anything else: the book of a man, that is, who has paid a great deal of attention to contemporary life, and not through the newspapers.

It was while Stevenson was crossing the Atlantic in the steamship Devonia that he wrote "The Story of a Lie." To Colvin he said: "I was vexed to hear about the last chapter of 'The Lie' and pleased to hear about the rest; it would have been odd if it had no birth mark, born when and how it was. It should by rights have been called the Devonia, for that is the habit of all children born in the steerage.

He appealed to Edmund Gosse: "Look for my 'Burns' in the Cornhill, and my 'Story of a Lie,' in Paul's withered babe, the New Quarterly. You may have seen the latter before this reaches you: tell me if it has any interest, like a good boy, and remember that it was written at sea in great anxiety of mind." To Colvin he once wrote, in a plaintive key, "I have never seen my 'Burns,' the darling of my heart."



THE HOUSE WHERE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON LIVED — 1879 — IN MONTEREY

The truth is he began to feel very far away from the literary center of the earth, which is, perhaps, London. He could not forget the past; he did not wish to be forgotten. He appealed to Gosse:

> What is your news? Send me your works, like an angel, *au fur et a mesure* of their apparition, for I am naturally short of literature, and I do not wish to rust.

> I fear this can hardly be called a letter. To say truth, I feel already a difficulty of approach; I do not know if I am the same man I was in Europe, perhaps I can hardly claim acquaintance with you. My head went round and looks another way now; for when I found myself over here in a new land, and all the past uprooted in the one tug, and I feeling neither glad nor sorry, I got my last lesson about mankind; I mean my latest lesson, for of course I do not know what surprises there are yet in store for me. But that I could have so felt astonished me beyond description. There is a wonderful callousness in human nature which enables us to live. I had no feeling one way or another, from New York to California, until, at Dutch Flat, a mining camp in the Sierra, I heard a cock crowing with a home voice; and then I fell to hope and regret both in the same moment. * * I live here comfortably enough; but I shall soon be left all alone, perhaps till Christmas. Then you may hope for correspondence — and may not I?

Stevenson arrived at Monterey in September, 1879, and left three months later. I think it may be said that during all that time he was unfit for literary work and yet he was never idle.

In writing to Philip Gilbert Hamerton, one of the first to hail him as a genius, Stevenson said:

> I hope, my dear sir, you will not think badly of me for my long silence. My head has scarce been on my shoulders. I had scarce recovered from a long fit of useless ill health than I was whirled over here double quick time and by cheapest conveyance.
>
> I have been since pretty ill, but picking up, though still somewhat of a massy ruin. If you would view my countenance aright, come view it by the pale moonlight. But that is on the mend. I believe I have now a distant claim to tan.

Perhaps because, as he writes Hamerton: "I find here (of all places in the world) your 'Essays on Art,' which I have read with signal interest," he says further on:

> A letter will be more than welcome in this distant clime, where I have a box at the postoffice, generally, I regret to say, empty. Could your recommendation introduce me to an American publisher? My next book I shall really try to get hold of here, as its interest is international, and the more I am in this country the more I understand the weight of your influence. It is pleasant to be thus most at home abroad, above all, when the prophet is still not without honor in his own land.

Again he says:

> MY DEAR GOSSE: Your letter was to me such a bright spot that I answer it right away to the prejudice of other correspondents or—dants (don't know how to spell it) who have prior claims. * * It is the history of our kindnesses that alone makes this world tolerable. If it were not for that, for the effect of kind words, kind looks, kind letters, multiplying, spreading, making one happy through another and bringing forth benefits, some thirty, some fifty, some a thousand fold, I should be tempted to think our life a practical jest in the worst possible spirit. So your four pages have confirmed my philosophy as well as consoled my heart in these ill hours. Yes, you are right; Monterey is a pleasant place; but I see I can write no more tonight. I am tired and sad, and being already in bed, have no more to do but turn out the light. — R. L. S.
>
> I try it again by daylight. Once more in bed, however; for today it is *mucho piro*, as we Spaniards say; and I had no other means of keeping warm for my work. I have done a good spell, nine and one-half foolscap pages; at least eight of Cornhill; ah, if I thought I could get eight guineas for it! My trouble is that I am all too ambitious just now. * * I've a short story of fifty pp., which shall be finished tomorrow, or I'll know the reason why. This may bring in a lot of money: but I dread to think it is all on three chances. If the three were to fail, I am in a bog. * * I see I am in a grasping, dismal humor, and should, as we Americans put it, quit writing. In truth, I am so haunted by anxieties that one or other is sure to come up in all I write.
>
> I will send you herewith a Monterey paper where the words of R. L. S. appear; not only that but all my life on studying the advertisements will become clear. I lodge with Dr. Heintz; take my meals with Simoneau; have been only two days ago shaved by the tonsor-

> ial artist Michaels; drink daily at the Bohemian saloon; get my daily paper from Hadsell's; was stood a drink today by Albano Rodriquez; in short, there is scarce a person advertised in that paper but I know him, and I may add scarce a person in Monterey but is there advertised. The paper is the marrow of the place. Its bones—pooh, I am tired of writing so sillily.

He grew to like the place and the lazy life of its inhabitants in spite of his ill health and his ill-paid labor.

He said:

> Monterey is a place where there is no Summer or Winter, and pines and sand and distant hills with real water from the Pacific. You will perceive that no expense has been spared. * * The population of Monterey is about that of a dissenting chapel on a wet Sunday in a strong church neighborhood. They are mostly Mexicans and Indians mixed. * * This is a lovely place which I am growing to love. The Pacific licks all other oceans out of hand; there is no place but the Pacific coast to hear eternal roaring surf. When I get to the top of the woods behind Monterey, I can hear the seas breaking all round over ten or twelve miles of coast from near Carmel on the left, out to Point Pinas in front, and away to the right along the sands of Monterey to Castroville and the mouth of the Salinas.

Again he wrote:

> At times I get terribly frightened about my work, which seems to advance too slowly. I hope soon to have a greater burden to support (a wife) and must make money a great deal quicker than I used. I may get nothing for the *Vendetta*; [it was never published] I may only get some forty quid [sovereigns] for the *Emigrant;* I cannot hope to have them both done much before the end of November. * * * God bless Stephen! Does he not know that I am a man, and cannot live by bread alone, but must have guineas into the bargain? *Burns* I believe in my own mind is one of my high-water marks; Miklejohn flames me a letter about it, which is so complimentary that I must keep it or get it published in the Monterey Californian. Some of these days I shall send an exemplaire of that paper: it is huge.

To Colvin he wrote:

> I am a reporter for the Monterey Californian at a salary of two dollars a week! *Comment trouvez-vous ca?*

Stevenson was at this time busy with a sketch, a favorite with many of his readers, entitled "The Pavilion on the Links." He sent it to W. E. Henley with the following:

> Herewith *The Pavilion on the Links,* grand carpentry story in nine chapters, and I should hesitate to say how many tableaux. Where is it to go? God knows. It is the dibbs (the money, the *rocks*) that are wanted. It is not bad, though I say it; carpentry, of course, but not bad at that; and who else can carpenter in England, now that Wilkie Collins is played out? It might be broken for magazine purposes at the end of Chapter IV. I send it to you, as I dare say Payn may help, if all else fails. Dibbs and speed are my mottoes.
>
> Do acknowledge *The Pavilion* by return. I shall be so nervous till I hear, as of course I have no copy except of one or two places where the vein would not run. God prosper it, poor *Pavilion!* May it bring me money for myself and my sick one, who may read it, I do not know how soon.

It was his custom to wander about and make the most of his environment and there was not a moment of his time but he turned to profit, though his drafts upon nature were not always payable at sight. He tells Henley:

> Yesterday I set fire to the forest, for which, had I been caught, I should have been hung out of hand to the nearest tree, Judge Lynch being an active person hereaway. You should have seen my retreat (which was entirely for strategical purposes). I ran like hell. It was a fine sight. At night I went out again to see it; it was a good fire, though I say it that should not.

Just here it is interesting to note how he utilized this episode a year later in his sketch entitled "The Old Pacific Capital," included in the volume called, 'Across the Plains.'' He says:

> I have an interest of my own in these forest fires, for I came so near to lynch-

> ing on one occasion, that a braver man might have retained a thrill from the like experience. I wished to be certain whether it was the moss, that quaint funereal ornament of California forests, which blazed up so rapidly when the flame first touched the tree. I suppose I must have been under the influence of Satan, for instead of plucking off a piece for my experiment, what should I do but walk up to a great pine tree in a portion of the wood which had escaped so much as scorching, strike a match, and apply the flame gingerly to one of the tassels. The tree went off simply like a rocket; in three seconds it was a roaring pillar of fire. Close by I could hear the shouts of those who were at work combatting the original conflagration. I could see the wagon that had brought them tied to a live oak in a piece of open; I could even catch the flash of an axe as it swung up through the underwood into the sunlight. Had anyone observed the result of my experiment my neck was literally not worth a pinch of snuff; after a few minutes of passionate expostulation I should have been run up to a convenient bough.
>
> To die for faction is a common evil;
> But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.
>
> I have run repeatedly but never as I ran that day. At night I went out of town, and there was my own particular fire, quite distinct from the other, and burning as I thought with even greater vigor.

This was not his only recorded adventure in Monterey. He tells Henley:

> I had a near escape for my life with a revolver: I fired six charges, and the six bullets all remained in the barrel, which was choked from end to end, from muzzle to breech, with solid lead; it took a man three hours to drill them out. Another shot, and I'd have gone to kingdom come.

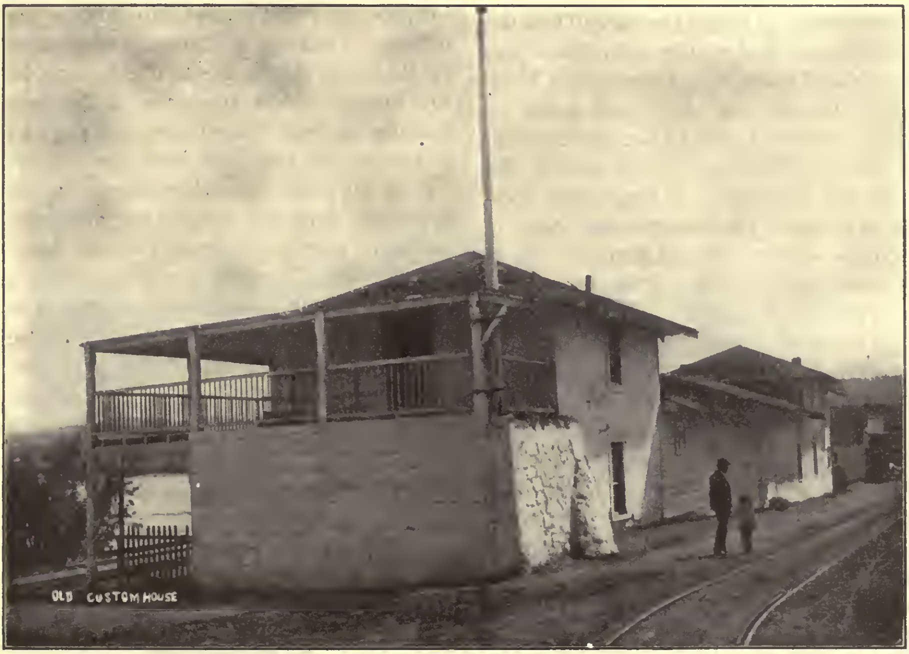
Stevenson certainly entered into the spirit of the place, though he was there but the quarter of a year, and he must have enjoyed himself when he entered into this school-boy prank with his pals in Monterey; however, his account of it, in a letter to Colvin, is hardly intelligible to the general reader without a word of explanation. He says:

> I am in a conspiracy with the American editor [of the Monterey Californian], a French restaurant man [Simoneau] and an Italian fisherman against the padre. The enclosed poster is my last literary appearance. It was put up to the number of 200 exemplaires at the witching hour; and they were almost all destroyed by eight in the morning. But I think the nickname will stick. *Dos reales; deaux reaux;* two bits; twenty-five cents; about a shilling; but in practice it is worth from nine-pence to three-pence: thus two glasses of beer would cost two bits. The Italian fisherman, an old Garibaldian, is a splendid fellow.

Now for the key to the foregoing.

The padre was the late Very Rev. A. Cassanova, V. F., through whose influence, chiefly, the venerable Mission of Carmelo was restored. He was a Swiss. One day a youth, claiming to be a Swiss, who was working his way down to San Louis Obispo in search of a brother who lived there, applied to the padre for aid. A parish priest has many calls upon his purse and is not infrequently imposed upon: moreover, Padre Cassanova's revenues went mostly toward the restoration of the Mission of Carmelo, then a sorry ruin. He gave the wandering Swiss boy *dos reales, deux reaux,* two bits, twenty-five cents, about a shilling, and bade him go in peace! Then rose R. L. S., the American editor, the French restaurant-man, and the old Garibaldian, and sat in judgement on that padre. An indignation meeting was held, a popular subscription raised for the merry Swiss boy, and he left Monterey about fifty dollars better off than when he entered it. It was proposed to cast a blight upon the penurious padre, and to this end he was to be billeted upon the street corners. R. L. S. volunteered to voice the sentiment of the non-sectarian citizens. A placard was struck off in a printing office in San Jose; it was a dark secret and could not safely go to press in the old capitol. Then in the dead of night, whether with mask or domino I know not, the conspirators stole forth and tacked upon every tree and fence and wall available, the legend of the solitary quarter. The faithful on their way to early mass espied the fatal posters and the town was straightway rid of them. If the nickname stuck it was buried with his reverence and I have sought in vain for a copy of the poster, now lost to history.

Happy days were those in spite of all, as this letter to Henley surely bears sufficient testimony:



OLD CUSTOM HOUSE, ERECTED IN 1834, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, WITH THE STAFF WHERE THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES WAS FIRST RAISED ON THE PACIFIC COAST, JULY 10, 1846

> I was wishing yesterday that the world could get—no, what I mean is that you should be kept in suspense like Mahomet's coffin until the world had made half a revolution, then dropped here at the station as though you had stepped from the cars you would then comfortably enter Walter's wagon (the sun has just gone down, the moon beginning to throw shadows, you hear the surf rolling, and smell the sea and the pines). That shall deposit you at Sanchez's saloon, where we take a drink; you are introduced to Bronson, the local editor ("I have no brain music," he says; "I'm a mechanic, you see," but he is a nice fellow) and to Adolpho Sanchez, who is delightful. Meanwhile I go to the P. O. for my mail; thence we walk up Alvarado St. together, you now floundering in the sand, now merrily stumping on the wooden sidewalks; I call at Hadsell's for my paper; at length behold us installed in Simoneau's little whitewashed back-room, round a dirty table cloth, with Francois the baker, perhaps an Italian fisherman, perhaps Augustin Dutra and Simoneau himself. Simoneau, Francois and I are the sure cards; the others are waifs. Then home to my great airy room with five windows opening on a balcony; I sleep on the floor in my camp blankets; you install yourself abed; in the morning coffee with the little doctor and his little wife; we hire a wagon and make a day of it; and by night I should let you up again into the air, to be returned to Mrs.

> Henley in the forenoon following. My God, you would enjoy yourself. So should I. I have tales enough to keep you going till five in the morning, and then they would not be at an end.

To Henley, also, he said:

> Choose, in your head, the best volume of Labiche there is, and post it to Jules Simoneau, Monterey, Monterey Co., California: do this at once, as he is my restaurant man, a most pleasant old boy with whom I discuss the universe and play chess daily. He has been out of France for thirty-five years, and never heard of Labiche.

Simoneau!—I might almost call him the sole survivor of the little coterie that was the life and sparkle of Stevenson's Monterey. Others are dead and gone, or gone if not dead, and all are more or less forgotten. The truth is Monterey, the good old Monterey, is forgetting itself and will soon be remembered only in history and there almost pathetically.

Simoneau! I went to his house the other day; it is on the slope of a western hill above the town, and the landscape and seascape that are spread before it are often touched with radiance in the afterglow. It might be called Fuschia Lodge, that bungalow, for it is bedded in a wilderness of flowers, and there Simoneau and his wife have rested for more than thirty years. Mme. Simoneau, a native of Lower California, almost lives in her garden. She is of the sunbrowned Spanish type, and has the singular affability of the Hawaiian: as she stands among her treasures, clad in a *holokou* and, with a quaint gesture, cries in her pretty accentuated English: "Oh! if only money would grow for me, as the flowers grow!" and rolls her eyes to Heaven, and then laughs with the laughter of a child at the absurdity of the idea, she reminds one of a chiefess in the brave days of old when Hawaii was a monarchy and really worth while.

Perhaps there were never two happier people with so little money as the Simoneaus of Monterey. Theirs is the simple life some people prate about and some pretend to practice. Mme. Simoneau boasts that when her garden was in its prime it contained fifty-four varieties of fuschias; it still has more than twenty, and these so thrive in the rich soil and sea mists that they roof over arbors ten feet in height. It is refreshing to find fuschias of every shade and shape in place of the mobs of roses that almost burst with fatness and look dowdyish in their Californian exuberance.

Jules Simoneau sits in his easy chair by the window and reads Robert Louis for pastime — he knows him almost by heart. There is a framed photograph of R. L. S. standing on the bureau in the corner of the room; it is the one looking up from the manuscript page as if the writer had just been spoken to; "It is his best," says Simoneau, as one speaking with authority — the authority of love and intimacy. On the bamboo what-not are the precious author's copies that have been thumbed almost to the verge of shabbiness. Here are some of the autograph inscriptions they bear, the author's name being written in full in every case:

Memories and Portraits
" To my kind friend Jules Simoneau."

—

Fleeming Jenkin
" To his good friend Jules Simoneau."

—

The Merry Men
" For old lang syne."

—

Child's Garden of Verse
" To my good old Simoneau."

—

Familiar Studies of Men and Books
"*Vine Jules Simoneau et la temps jadis!*"

—

Virginibus Puerisque
"*Que nous avons passe de bonnes soirees mon brave Simoneau, sois tranquille je ne les oublierai pas.*"

—

New Arabian Nights
"*Ce qu'il en a — de mes ouvrages!*
Je ne trouve rien a griffonier.

N' oubliez pas. Robert Louis Stevenson.
Il n' oubliera pas. Jules Simoneau.

Underwoods

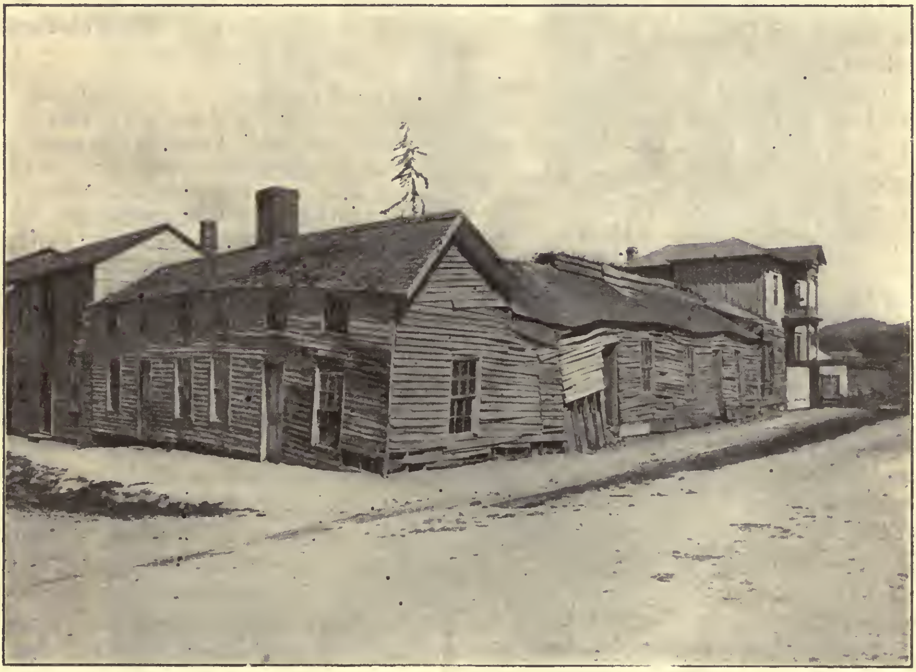
"If there ever was a man who was a good man to me, it was Jules Simoneau."

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

"But the case of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau — if the one forgot the other — would be stranger still."

Letters passed between them, also, but these testimonials of affection have been guarded from the public eye, and though editors, publishers and autograph collectors have sought to purchase them, at his own price, Simoneau has kept them under lock and key and vows that he will never part with them.

There is something sacred in a friendship so sincere and so lasting. It seems that now one cannot visit Monterey without associating his name with the name of Jules Simoneau. It has been Simoneau's hope that the local government would throw open to the public the square in front of the so-called "R. Stevenson House" and let it be beautified and known as Stevenson Plaza; it could easily be made a beautiful resort for pleasure seekers and a suitable location for a kiosk where the band concerts that now go begging might be heard to advantage. There is not in all Monterey a spot for the indulgence of elegant leisure; a lounging place where the contemplative mind may fondly dwell upon the history of a town that for romantic interest has no rival on the whole Pacific slope. The triangular square, over against the abode where Simoneau flourished in the Bohemian Era of Art and Letters, is impossible in these latter days; and grievously forces upon the mind of man the feeling that a picturesque bit of antiquity is, in its transition stage, by no means a thing of beauty.



THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT OF WOOD IN CALIFORNIA, AT MONTEREY, STILL OCCUPIED

Neither is the first house built of wood in California; nor the spectacle of the sentimentalists begging a slip of the rose tree that General Sherman never planted and never saw — and begging it of the modest lady who never knew the general and no doubt wishes she could forget that he was ever born. A few of the old landmarks still remain; one of the most cherished is the Custom House of 1834, where Old Glory was first unfurled to the breeze in California. On its seaward veranda you will nearly always find a few specimens of the oldest inhabitant, his thin shanks warped to the curve of a mustang's ribs, his bleared eyes still fixed upon the harbor waters and the low sand hills beyond them, his tongue reeling off a tale of eld that sounds like an endless lullaby.

Stevenson must have often idled here, albeit he was a busy man and a lonely: "I write you," he says, "hoping for more. Give me news of all who concern me, near or far, or big or little. Here, sir, in California, you have a willing hearer. * * Do keep me posted, won't you? Your letter and Bob's made the fifth and sixth I have had from Europe in three months. * *

"O! and look here, why did you not send me the Spectator that slanged me? Rogues and rascals, is that all you are worth? * * I await your promised letter. Papers, magazines, articles by friends, reviews of myself, all would be welcome."

To Colvin he wrote: "I take one of my meals at a little French restaurant; for the other two I sponge." There was no need of his sponging so long as Simoneau was caterer; he was ever welcome there and ever found his friend the best of friends in sickness and in health — a friend indeed.

Reverses befell Jules Simoneau and he at last was reduced to peddling tamales from door to door, out of the bucket that hung upon his arm. Now, at eighty-five, he is almost a prisoner in his home, but he is happier than any millionaire. He does not know how to complain. He always says: "I have enough; there is nothing I want that I cannot have, and *voila!*" — with an inimitable gesture — "I am a great-grand-father!"

Louis used to wander up to Fuschia Lodge, for a change and a chat. Jules is an up-to-date philosopher and can hold his own with any reasonable being. He used to stroll down to the R. Stevenson house and carry the lonely soul away with him for a breath of the briny, and that thus together they might lift their eyes unto the hills, whence came their strength. He was sad enough sometimes, was Louis; he tried to write gaily to Gosse, who had forwarded his last volume of verse: R. L. S. acknowledged the receipt of it in this wise:

> MY DEAR WEG, — I received your book last night as I lay abed with a pleurisy, the result, I fear, of over-work, a gradual decline of appetite, etc. You know what a wooden-hearted curmudgeon I am about contemporary verse. I like none of it, except some of my own. (I look back upon that sentence with pleasure; it comes from the heart.) Hence you will be kind enough to take this from me in a kindly spirit. * * I have read nearly the whole volume, and shall read it nearly all over again; you have no rivals!

He goes on with what spirit he may, in this last letter from Monterey. He finds "Bancroft's History of the United States," even in a Century edition, essentially heavy fare; a little goes a long way. He respects Bancroft but he does not love him; "still," he says, "I am half way through volume three, and shall count myself unworthy of the name of Englishman if I do not see the back of volume six—the countryman of Livingston, Burton, Speke, Drake, Cook, etc."

From this on to the end of the letter he affects no pleasantry; the despairing tone adds pathos to all that has preceded it He writes:

> I have sweated not only out of my pleuritic fever, but out of all my eating cares, and the better part of my brains (strange coincidence!) by aconite. I

THE ROSE TREE GENERAL SHERMAN NEVER SAW, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

have that peculiar and delicious sense of being born again in an expurgated edition which belongs to convalescence. It will not be for long; I hear the breakers roar; I shall be steering head first for another rapid before many days; *nitor aquis,* said a certain Eton boy, translating for his sins a part of the *Inland Voyage* into Latin elegaics; and from the hour I saw it, or rather a friend of mine, the admirable Jenkin, saw and recognized its absurd appropriateness, I took it for my device in life. I am going for thirty now; and unless I can snatch a little rest before long, I have, I may tell you in confidence, no hope of seeing thirty-one. My health began to break last Winter, and has given me but fitful times since then. This pleurisy, though but a slight affair in itself, was a huge disappointment to me, and marked an epoch. To start a pleurisy about nothing, while leading a dull, regular life in a mild climate, was not my habit in past days; and it is six years, all but a few months, since I was obliged to spend twenty-four hours in bed. I may be wrong, but if the writing

> is to continue, I believe I must go. It is a pity in one sense, for I believe the class of work I *might* yet give out is better and more real and solid than people fancy. But death is no bad friend; a few aches and gasps and we are done; like the truant child, I am beginning to grow weary and tired in this big, jostling city, and could run to my nurse, even though she whipped me before putting me to bed.

And so he left old Monterey to its fate, which is as yet an undecided one. He sought a wife and happily found her and together they went in search of new life in new lands beyond the seas. There were years of happiness in store for him and he wrote the books he longed to write. His memory of Monterey, "The Old Pacific Capital," is but a few pages in length and was written within the year of his departure from it. Therein he says of Pacific Grove: "The place was 'The Pacific Camp Grounds, the Christian Seaside Resort.' Thither, in the warm season, crowds came to enjoy a life of teetotalism, religion and flirtation which I am willing to think blameless and agreeable." He would not know it now, nor much of the town with which his name is so pleasantly associated.

Many a time, no doubt, did Stevenson return in spirit to the haunts he knew among the adobes on the shore of the Pacific, though they were never again revisited in the flesh. The sister of his wife had made her home there; her son, his namesake, was born and reared there. To her he addressed the following lines in Underwoods:

TO N. V. DE G. S.

The unfathomable sea, and time, and tears,
The deeds of heroes and the crimes of kings
Disport us; and the river of events
Has, for an age of years, to East and West
More widely borne our cradles. Thou to me
Art foreign, as when seamen at the dawn
Descry a land far off and know not which.
So I approach uncertain; so I cruise
Round thy mysterious islet, and behold
Surf and great mountains and loud river-bars,
And from the shore hear inland voices call.
Strange is the seaman's heart; he hopes, he fears;
Draws closer and sweeps wider from that coast;
Last, his rent sail refits, and to the deep
His shattered prow uncomforted puts back.
Yet as he goes he ponders at the helm
Of that bright island; where he feared to touch,
His spirit re-adventures; and for years,
Where by his wife he slumbers safe at home,
Thoughts of that land revisit him; he sees
The eternal mountains beckon, and he awakes
Yearning for that far home that might have been.

To this lady he dedicated his "Prince Otto," and to her son the following poem, in "A Child's Garden of Verses:"

TO MY NAME-CHILD

Now that you have spelt your lesson, lay it down and go and play,
Seeking shells and seaweed on the sands of Monterey,
Watching all the mighty whalebones, lying buried by the breeze,
Tiny sand-pipers, and the huge Pacific seas.
And remember in your playing, as the sea-fog rolls to you,
Long ere you could read it, how I told you what to do;
And that while you thought of no one, nearly half the world away
Some one thought of Louis on the beach of Monterey.

Monterey! Time and change have laid their hand heavily upon it; its poetry and its traditions are passing away forever. A boom is on; the land sharks possess the place. Surveyors drag their slow links along with the blind persistency of army worms. But the gray sea and sands and sky are still there, and there, thank heaven, to stay: so, also, is the exquisite thrill in the salt air, and the balsam on the breath of the breeze sifting over the piney hill tops. The Summer weather is wondrous, the Winter only more so; but in Summer it is silvery gray most of the time; so cool that a fire flickers on the hearth and yet the windows are always open; sometimes the sea mist falls like the first faint snowflakes, melting deliciously upon the cheek; when the sun shines for a few hours all nature is so resplendent that one hides one's dazzled eyes, after a while, and longs for the fall of the mist.

In the old days there was the same sea fog over head that makes one feel as if he were living under ground glass; the sea-gulls used to roost in the back-yards then, and in repose they looked for all the world like stuffed birds, their outlines are so simple. The harbor was at times like a very swamp for the broad fields of seaweed that infested it.

Now it is boat-ridden, the deep harbor, and has an air of thrift. Indeed there is little left of Stevenson's Monterey and that little is sure to grow less and less from day to day. There is a military post just over the hill to the west, within easy walking distance, and squads of soldier boys patrol the streets in blue coats or khaki all day long and a good part of the night as well. They fire their sunset gun promptly up at the Presidio; there is a bugle cry before it; everything is done decently and in order and one would imagine, when it is all over, that the whole matter was settled at once and forever. The sky is gray overhead; it is nearly always some shade of gray, more or less; it is deepest gray where it slopes down upon the wooded hills that are themselves paling and turning ashen gray in the twilight. And—what? Over yonder through a cleft in the hills and beyond the gathering grayness, lo! a glimpse at a vale of light; and over and beyond that, backing up against the bluest of blue skies, a mountain glowing like a coal of fire, a towering pyramid of living flame! It is as if the curtain of heaven in descending upon the transformation scene had been caught and held there for a space. Ah me! This is almost too much of a surprise: I suppose the echo of the regulation sunset gun has not yet floated into that delectable valley: or, is it the after-glow that revisits us nightly in that self-same cosy-corner of the world, just as it used to in the olden days when Monterey was in the heyday of its youth and all alone in its glory!

I HEAR IT WAS CHARGED AGAINST ME

I HEAR it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions;
But really I am neither for nor against institutions;
(What indeed have I in common with them? — Or what with the destruction of them?)
Only I will establish in the Manahatta, and in every city of These States, inland and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel, little or large, that dents the water,
Without edifices, or rules, or trustees, or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of comrades.

— *Walt Whitman (1860).*

M. HEMERY WINNING THE 283-MILE VANDERBILT CUP RACE, IN A FRENCH AUTOMOBILE

This race, over a Long Island course, is the blue-ribbon event of automobile racing in America.—Heath, an American driver, finished second.

MAN IN PERSPECTIVE

IV.—CAPITAL AND ITS RIGHTS

By Michael A. Lane

Author of "The Level of Social Motion," "New Dawns of Knowledge," etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"The constitution, the set of laws or prescribed habits of acting, that men will live under, is the one which images their convictions, their faith as to this wondrous universe, and what rights, duties, capabilities they have there; which stands sanctioned, therefore, by necessity itself, if not by a seen deity, then by an unseen one. Other laws, whereof there are always enough ready made, are usurpations, which men do not obey but rebel against, and abolish at their earliest convenience."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."—*American Declaration of Independence.*

IN the above two declarations, the first of which is scientific, or philosophical, the second practical, there is laid down the principle of majority rule, or the ancient principle that might is right. For, after all, right and wrong is only a question of definition, and the only moral definitions continually enforced are those that are made by the strongest power. In the present discussion of capital and its rights an effort will be made to keep in mind the limitations of the definitions given by philosopher and by revolutionist, both of whom sought the justification of revolution and found it. The philosopher postulates "necessity" as the basis of revolution; the practical politician "safety and happiess"; and these two phrases are mere euphemisms—other ways of saying that men now and then awaken to an acute realization of the chronic fact that they are not getting their due share of the wealth produced by their common effort.

Very few working men are satisfied with the wages they receive. A "raise of pay" is grateful to all persons, or nearly all, who are employed by others in industrial or other occupations. The preacher, the educator, the editor, the clerk, are, like the tradesman, "employed" by somebody. Few of them think they are sufficiently paid. And, like the tradesmen, they would all organize some form of labor union and strike, if, unlike the tradesmen, they were not afraid that their places could be immediately filled by what the tradesmen call "scabs." The various classes of men,—preachers, educators, clerks, editors,—find it profitable, as they believe, to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning." They do not receive enough pay, they would like to have more, but they are in somebody's power; they are afraid of losing their jobs. In whose power are they? Of whom are they afraid, and what are the probable methods they will use — if they use any at all — to release themselves from this power, and, with the tradesmen, or mere "laborers," bring about that safety and happiness mentioned by the independence declarers, and called necessity by the philosopher? Perhaps a consideration of the rights of capital will assist us in answering these questions.

The term capital is used here, of course, in its figurative meaning. Literally defined, capital is that part of wealth used in the creation and distribution of new wealth. Machinery of every kind, the material of manufacture, industrial plants, money, all things used to make or distribute wealth — this is capital, with land as its base. When we say the rights of capital we mean the rights of the men who own capital. Capital is a mere category of things. Things can have no rights. Men have rights. What are the rights of capitalists?

The rights of capitalists seem, at the very present time, to be in what might be called ferocious dispute. Capitalists urge one thing; non-capitalists urge another, and both parties are divided in themselves. Unfortunately for the disputants, the American constitution does not define the rights of capital, because when the constitution was made the rights of capital were not in dispute. Some of the "fathers" were very bitter against banks; whether from personal motives, or because the Rothschilds furnished the money that paid the Hessians, is unknown, and besides, quite indifferent.

At all events, the constitution does not mention the "trusts" for the simple reason that there were no "trusts" when the constitution was made. The constitution does not mention other things which would certainly find a place in an American constitution made today. On the other hand, the constitution mentions several things as being of great importance which are now of no importance whatsoever. It is loaded with obsolete words and with ideas that have no concrete correspondences. In a word, it is a dead thing. It does not "image the convictions" of the people as to their rights. Nor is it sanctioned by necessity, nor by anything else. The main thing in the thoughts of the American people today is the power of the trusts. The constitution says nothing of this.

If the supreme court were called upon to pass upon the constitutionality of an anti-trust law, its deliberations would necessarily be a farce. It would, to use the hackneyed phrase, have to "interpret the meaning of the framers of the constitution" as to trusts, whereas the framers had no intentions whatsoever concerning trusts. The decision would therefore embody the intentions of the members of the supreme court and of nobody else concerning trusts.

Whatsoever may be the opinion of the supreme court, the real constitution — that is, the convictions of the people — seems to have it that the power of the trusts and the rights of capital in general are altogether too great. Let us take a concrete example. The man who controls or owns a railroad stretching halfway across the continent will claim — if a strike comes up — that he "proposes to run his own business in his own way." The very same claim is made by the owners of coal mines, steel mills, department stores, and of every other kind of business from a consolidated express service to a retail shop that dispenses ribbons to women.

Now the question arises, Do these men really own the thing? Are they, morally speaking, the absolute masters of these accumulations of capital? Have they the moral right to run the business in their own way? And if they have that right—if they have the right to keep coal mines closed for half a year, and to stop a railroad for months at a time, or indefinitely, where did they get it?

The owner of a railroad, a coal mine, steel mill, or of any other large industry, is really a king with an army back of him. Theoretically he is not more powerful in his rights than the smallest store keeper. The nation's military forces will protect his property (theoretically) with as much solicitude as, and no more than, it will protect the property of a street huckster. The great capitalist is, unquestionably, a powerful man; but he is not individually more powerful than other individuals. His power is vicarious. It is social power he wields, and it is society that places that power in his hands. When, therefore, he proclaims that he "proposes to run his own business in his own way," his proposal is no less than a proposal to use, in his own way, the power that society has placed in his hands. The body of his rights is the creature of society. Society placed those rights upon him because society believed (at one time) that an exercise of those rights by the individual could minister to social comfort. The arrangement was regarded as a necessary concomitant of the general weal. Society did not have in view any particular individual. Any individual who could serve its purpose was the one it desired to protect. Therefore it made laws equally protecting (in theory) all individuals whatsoever.

But the view of his rights and powers taken by the large capitalist (and the small one) is a very different view from this. All capitalists claim a DIVINE right to "run their business in their own way" — if not claiming it literally, why then, rhetorically. The capitalist does not concede the vicarious nature of his power, nor indeed his dependence upon society for that power. He does not admit the right of society to take his power from him. He does not care whether he is doing society good or ill, and he evidently imagines that there is some strange, miraculous, superhuman, preternatural power that will enable him to run his business in his own way whatever society may have to say about it.

This state of mind on the part of large capitalists is everywhere manifest in the United States of America. "It does not suit us" — to do this, that, or the other thing, is the ultimate reason of American capitalists quite as much as it has been of kings.

There is a fatuity in this sort of thing that is quite sad, in its way. So vastly to misapprehend the foundations upon which one rests as to confound copestone with corner-stone savors of the madness that is proverbially the forerunner of destruction.

Suppose that society, after long patience, after long putting up with endless asseverations of divine rights and other rights, and other things that are clearly not right at all, should say to the capitalist, "We propose that you run this business in our way and not in your own way,"—what then becomes of the rights of capital and the power in the hands of the one man? Suppose that society, which has given the capitalist his power, should take that power away? Having given, it can take away. What then becomes of the capitalist's miraculous, superhuman, preternatural power to run his business in his own or in anybody's way? What, indeed, becomes of his business?

The above, in a general way, is the argument that is made by the advocates of collective, or national, ownership of industry; and this argument coincides sharply with the dividing line between the theoretical socialist and the practical anarchist. The practical anarchist is the man who chafes and frets under the rule of society. He has faith in individual liberty. He detests being forced or ruled by society. So long as society does what pleases him, so long as society does not seek to restrain him in the work it pleases him to do, the practical anarchist has no complaint to make. He likes to possess a business of his own, and to run it in his own way—quite regardless of what others consider the rights that are theirs; he likes society to do just precisely what he wishes it to do, and to restrain him in no manner whatsoever. He considers only his own liberty, his own good; he cares nothing for society. He is opposed to taxes and he gets out of paying them by devious methods. He uses the laws which society has made for its own protection, to the injury of society itself. He is individualistic, anti-socialistic, anarchistic. He is opposed to all government that would restrain him. He favors all government restraining others.

The practical anarchist, as found in the United States, is far more destructive to the prosperity and peace of this country than his fellow and sympathizer, the bomb-throwing anarchist, who assassinates presidents; for society, when the assassin appears, can grapple with and kill him. But it is not so easy to lay hands upon the business or industrial anarchist, who, by his wanton disregard of the rights of others, practices general and subtle assassination when he jolts the nation's industry out of its grooves, or manufactures poisonous or dangerous commodities in violation of law. The master anarchist, the most destructive anarchist, is he who, in violation of all legal and moral rights of others, runs his business in his own way and fancies that society has no right to restrain him. When the constitution of the United States was made the rights of capitalists to run their business in their own way were not in dispute. Today they are in dispute. And this dispute is the dispute upon which the entire future of this country depends.

Here, then, is your social fact: the conditions which made it to the best interest of all (in the opinion of society) that one individual, or a number of individuals, should be permitted to have absolute control over a railroad, or a coal mine, or a steel factory, or the coal oil supply, have (in the opinion of society) changed. It is the opinion of the majority of the people of the United States that the moral rights of capital to these things, and to most of the undertakings of industry, have lapsed. It is not right that the owners or controllers of "trusts" should run their business in their own way. Society has said it. Society and the capitalists are in struggle, and Might, in this case as in all others, will determine Right. Which of the two parties will prove the mightier?

To the student of history this struggle is a familiar one. It is as old as society itself. Ever disappearing in one form, only to reappear under new forms and new names, it must go on until it is at an end forever. The end can be already seen emerging — the first symptoms of it in the conduct of capital itself. Whenever the time comes that an established legal right, or a tolerated right, whether legal or not, is compelled continually to assert itself and defend itself and fight for its very life; whenever the individual to whom the state has given a right is compelled continually to cry out to the state reminding the state of the existence of that right, why then, we are moved to ask, "What is the matter?" When a whole people rise up and cry out, "It is not right!" it is evident that, in their opinion, something must be wrong.

Now, what is wrong here? Why this, the very power of capital to run its business in its own way, given ages ago by society, grown into custom, and codified into law—it is THAT which is not right, it is that which is wrong. Legally right, perhaps, but morally wrong; and what is judged by a majority as morally wrong cannot long remain legally right.

But if capitalists, morally, do not own their business, who, then, are the real owners of it? who the moral owners of it?

The men who at risk of their lives cut down the living timber in the virgin forest, the other men who transport it to the mill, the others who place it, with the labor of Egyptian slaves, upon the surveyed railroad route; the surveyor himself, the men who mine ore and coal, who transport it, who work the soil and garner crops, mine stone, make brick, and build cities; the millions of men and women in factory and shop, and the other millions who lay down product to the consumer—these are the moral owners of capital if the words "moral right" are anything but an empty sound.

"What a dust I raise!" exclaimed Æsop's fly on the cart wheel. "How necessary I am!" cries the capitalist of a few or many millions of dollars.

The sound old principle to the effect

> That they shall take who have the power,
> And they shall keep who can,

is as sound today as ever. It is a plastic, protean principle, self regulating, working, like all principles of action, by its own force. Here it puts into sounding phrase the more homely proverb that might is right. It is the issue being tried today in the United States between capital, which would run its own business in its own way, and society, which apparently has recently been taken with an acute realization of a chronic want. Take what you have the power to take; keep what you can.

Truly, there is something picturesquely royal about the great man who, with a wave of his hand, can say: "My railroad," "my coal mines," "my oil industry," "my steel mills." Royal, and at the same time ridiculous — the railroads and the steel mills are so large and the man so small—as small as Æsop's fly in all the dust it raised.

The locomotive, operated day in, day out by the locomotive engineer, belongs to the engineer—in part. He can say with very truth "my locomotive," nor will any man gainsay him. He, as the curator of the locomotive, may justly say that it is his. But if the curator of the locomotive has in it an ownership right, the creators of it have ownership rights no less. The locomotive is the last accumulated effect of the labor of miners, smelters, forgers, assemblers, and transporters; of the men who placed in the hands of all of these the tools that did the work; of those more remote men who fed and clothed the labor intermediate between them and the thing itself; of all the men who built, weaved, or dug that this thing might be; of the mechanical engineer who designed it; of the men who taught, with infinite patience and self denial, the developing brain of that engineer its cunning and its skill; in a word, of the entire assemblage of men who contributed to the combined effort that dragged the minerals from the unwilling earth and embodied them in the magnificently beautiful and useful creation which, when complete, was turned over to the locomotive engineer and his care. And all this labor, what is it but the labor of society — of society, without which the individual man would be as a beast with mere claws and strong teeth to devour? If the individual man can be said to have any right to ownership in anything, it is only such right as society sees fit to give him. All other rights, in the words of the philosopher, are, whether codified or uncodified, "usurpations which men do not obey but rebel against, and abolish at their earliest convenience."

Once you have a clear conception of social rights to social things you have the first step to their codification. And until that codification is accomplished—and accomplished clear through all the tissue of society, from the largest to the smallest quantity of capital used in that way — there will be "something wrong" with society, we may all of us rest assured.

THE CHRISTMAS BACKLOG

By John Brown Jewett

NEWTOWN, OHIO

'TWAS more'n fifty years ago, they say,
Old Tom Brown was livin' down this way;
Tom was old Judge Brown's father—Judge was then
Long ways from bein' one of our big men,
But was as big a boy, for seventeen,
As any that the backwoods ever seen;
Tall as a sapling, muscled like a horse,
He swung a broadaxe with an engine's force.
Old Tom, his father, was a grim old blade;
A mighty little waste o' words *he* made.
He said but once whate'er he had to say,
And those who knew him let him have his way.

Young Tom—the Judge, you know—was not a fool,
And never crossed the old man's household rule;
And so, when on a howling Winter's night
The folks were sitting in the fireside light,
(And doin' little else, because, you see,
Old Tom was rather chilly company)
And when the fire began to burn down low,
And the old man commanded young Tom: "Go
And bring the backlog," you may bet he went,
And to the log his stalwart shoulders bent.
No matter what its weight, his load he bore
Without a grumble, to the cabin door,
But always stopped before he laid it down
To say: "I've brought the backlog," to old Brown,
Who never slacked his discipline, but said:
"Then put it on the fire, and go to bed."

So things had gone until that Christmas Eve
When Tom was seventeen. I do believe
That Santa Claus was still a foreigner then,
Leastwise in these parts, for the old gray men
Like Judge Brown never talk about the toys
And things old Kringle brought when they were boys.
Well, anyhow, the fire was burnin' bright,
And all were sittin' 'round it, on that night,
As quietly as usual, but Tom's mind
Was filled with thoughts of an unpleasant kind.
There lay a backlog now outside the door
Such as young Tom had never braved before;
Trunk of a giant of the forest trees,
It might have been a load for Hercules.
Tom had helped haul it from the woods that day,

And ever since had wondered what to say
When the inexorable summons came
To give the mammoth timber to the flame.
Still more perplexed he grew; the fire burned low;
Too soon he heard the dreaded mandate: "Go
And bring the backlog." You may bet he went,
But 't was to flee the whole predicament.
He knew that protest would be worse than vain —
Absurd as for a rock to melt in rain.
He ne'er would dare to meet his father's face
Till he could put that backlog in its place.
So off he started through the snowy night,
Began his fortune with that sudden flight;
Tramped forty miles that night across the woods,
Reached town, became a store clerk, peddled goods,
Then studied law, got higher every year,
Until he got to be "Judge" Brown, up here.
Well, ten years passed, and as the country grew
Judge Brown kept growing with it, upward, too,
Till he was known among the biggest men,
In name and body, that one heard of then.
But in that time his memory often strayed
Back to the old home that he had betrayed—
Or felt he had—and sometimes he would dare
To ask of neighbors for the old folks there;
Wondered how they considered his high fame,
Or if they ever spoke his truant name,
And thought he'd like again to go and say:
"I've brought the backlog, father," the old way,
And hear the words the old man always said:
"Then put it on the fire, and go to bed."

At length, with many a queer, misgivin' wrack,
The Judge resolved that he would venture back,
And filled a sleigh of more than common size
With things to take the old folks by surprise—
For 't was the day precedin' Christmas day,
Just ten years since young Tom had run away.
'T was evenin' when he reached the cabin home;
He saw the firelight flickerin' in the room,
And felt a rush of memories round his heart,
Which bounded in his breast when, with a start,
He saw that backlog lyin' by the door,
Just where it lay ten Christmas Eves before,
Some worn of weather, but no less of weight
Than when he left it to uncertain fate.
The Judge stole softly to the window pane—
Forgot his fame, and was a boy again,
When, in her same old country-spun attire
He saw his mother sittin' by the fire,

And just across the leapin', sinkin' blaze,
His father, grim as in his younger days.
Both now grown gray, they mused there all alone,
As calm as if they ne'er had had a son.
The Judge stepped back; his strength had doubly grown
Since he had left that couple there alone;
He raised the log; the monstrous load he bore
Without a stumble to the cabin door
And threw it open wide, then paused to say:
"I've brought the backlog, father," the old way.
His mother smiled; the old man never turned
His eyes from where the sinking faggots burned.
"You've been a long time *getting* it," he said.
"Now put it on the fire, and go to bed."

THE DISINHERITED

By George Du Bois

CITY OF MEXICO

I

IN a small chamber on the sixth floor, Belle labored, solitary, courageous, near an open window shadowed by the eaves, that only permitted an uninspiring view of a series of rusty roofs.

Her nimble fingers transformed like magic the pile of wire forms lying before her into hats and bonnets for feminine wear. With marvelous dexterity, she arranged the material, cut it with mathematical precision, stitched it in place, after which she added ribbon, flowers or plumes, and the carcass became an elegant coiffure that would figure creditably next day in the show windows of a grand establishment.

The girl raised the hat in order to contemplate it carefully at a proper distance, gave it a finishing touch here and there so as to render it more chic, and, satisfied at last, arose to place it on the bed beside the others already trimmed; then, returning to her seat, she seized another form and resumed mechanically the transformation.

Thus, in solitude, Belle passed her days, engaged in her ceaseless labor, one of those courageous bees of the great city, who in their humble hives elaborate the honey destined for the luxury of the more fortunate.

Belle, of all the girls employed by a great establishment, was the most active, most dexterous and persevering. And there was need of it. Orphan by decease of both parents, she was dependent upon her own efforts for support, and while her tastes were of the most modest and her necessities restricted to the indispensable merely, yet she must satisfy them, as well as provide for the poor old grandmother confined yonder in the asylum for incurables.

She was accustomed to visit her aged relative every Thursday and Sunday, and in order to provide for her needs, as well as to regale her with certain delicacies that the grandmother expected, poor Belle often deprived herself of the bouquet or the bonbons that she loved so much.

Despite all, by force of constant efforts, the valiant seamstress made ends meet, never succumbing 'neath the weight of care, never allowing a complaint to escape her lips.

At times, however, the needle would fall from her fingers and the bonnet remain unfinished in her lap, while her gaze would wander dreamily away beyond the prosaic housetops to the fresh park, where the sunlight played with the leaves and the birds caroled joyously.

At such times her eyes reflected an infinite longing, a rebellious sob would issue and her tired head would fall upon her breast with a movement of infinite discouragement.

Did she envy the rich, who in their gaily illuminated homes appeared to make of life a dream of joy and pleasure? Was she jealous of the fortunate ones for whom she labored incessantly and who paraded so gaily their fine costumes at fetes of which she could only form an idea?

Yes, Belle was jealous, Belle was envious, Belle suffered.

But it was not due to deprivation of pleasures, the desire of fortune, or the appetite of an exaggerated ambition. She envied those, all those, who could taste the sweets of love, the spouses who passed, beaming proudly, on the arm of their husbands, the mothers who caressed the silky locks of their infants, of all that tenderness, those infinite pleasures that in her she felt would cause a wild joy: a destiny prohibited to her, a felicity she would never know.

Once, five years ago, a kind neighbor had approached her to propose a marriage with a young man whom Belle had never met. She lent herself to it with all the naive impulses of a heart longing for love. In that humble class arrangements are not difficult, and the neighbor promptly arranged a meeting between her two young friends.

The young man proved agreeable to Belle, but after they had parted, she heard him say outside, through the door left ajar, to the neighbor who had introduced them to one another: "No, no, madame, I can never do it; she is too ugly!"

Then, once more in her own chamber, she had regarded herself in the mirror, not with coquetry, but critically, with terror. That examination sufficed. She comprehended and wept for hours.

Belle was plain, very plain, even ugly. She did not possess even that freshness of youth which often renders charming the plainest of faces. By a caprice of nature, which accentuated the irony of her name, she had been given irregular features, a yellow skin, protruding eyes of unequal size that emerged 'neath heavy brows, lending to her face an air of acrimony in complete disaccord with her gentle disposition. A flat nose, a mouth too large and irregular, hair rude and of uncertain color, a massive form without grace, shoulders too high, arms too long, hands too large, completed that unprepossessing exterior.

Who could have divined the fine spirit 'neath that mask almost gross,gentleness neath those harsh features; and in that inexpressive visage, wherein no charm corrected the vulgarity, who would have supposed a susceptible tenderness of the most exquisite delicacy?

She alone knew her moral worth, for she was sensitive and retiring. She knew well the sweet fruit concealed within that rugged bark. But humanity is such that strangers, even those possessed of excellent intentions, note first the bark, without estimating the quality of the fruit it bears, and they reflect, like her pretendant on that unhappy day: "She is too ugly!"

She must stifle the desire for love that devoured her heart; she must, by reason of her ugliness, bid adieu to all hope of intimate happiness; and, because careless nature had constructed her figure in one way in place of another, she must not allow to escape the waves of tenderness that she felt throbbing within her.

And here was where the resignation of

the brave girl failed her. Never a protest against that existence of labor and devotion had ever disturbed her; never a base envy for the riches of others. But to love, to be loved! No proposition had ever been made to her after her unhappy adventure, and she divined that the few families with whom she was acquainted repeated, in speaking of her secretly, the word, cruelly exact, that she had overheard her sole pretendant utter.

Time passed, and in place of bringing a salutory amelioration, as it does sometimes, only accentuated the physical imperfections of poor Belle.

One day during one of her periods of desperate discouragement, she had, like those sufferers who tire of the ineffectual treatment of regular physicians, recourse to an empiric remedy; after having made at least twenty scrawls, weighed and reweighed all the terms, she sent to a journal the following "personal:"

> "Young orphan girl, laborious, self-supporting, but weary of solitude and lack of affection, would marry a man in like condition. She desires to state in all candor that she is very plain. Address: B. F. Office, 649."

Then she waited.

II

She received several replies, some mocking, some improper. From the first lines, she comprehended and destroyed them. Only one letter remained, which she opened with palpitating heart and read:

> "MISS: I have read your personal,—many times. What touches me is your candor. I reply with equal frankness. I also am very plain. Due to that, I am, what I divine you to be,—disinherited by nature.
>
> "My position is modest, like your own. I am professor in a public institution. I have, like you, an ardent desire for company and affection. Let us meet and converse on the subject like honest people. Perhaps we may decide.
>
> "I am at liberty only on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. You may fix time and place for the meeting, to suit your convenience.
>
> "I pray of you to address your letter to place indicated below, for, confiding in your loyalty, as I hope you will in mine, I give you my real name,—which is not pretty—just as I have given you my real address.
>
> "Accept, Miss, the expression of my respect. ADOLPHUS PIGOUT."

Her heart palpitated, just as the hearts of others more fortunate have palpitated when they received the first love letter.

Was it not for her, poor girl, the first love letter that she had ever received? The tone of the letter pleased her. She discerned in it the same sincerity that she had manifested in preparing her "personal." The similiarity of their misfortunes formed between her correspondent and herself the first tie. She was happy that he was plain; she found joy also in his ridiculous name.

And hers? Her baptismal name was Belle, which, considering her person, was ridiculous; but, in addition to that, her surname was Fairview. What sarcasm of fate had given her those names so contradictory to the reality and which had caused her, on the part of ungenerous companions in shops where she had labored, so many cutting remarks?

She mounted the stairs to her chamber, her heart full of joy. There was in the city a man who thought of her. From her window she regarded for a long time the hideous range of roofs, where the sunlight seemed to dance with joy, then resumed her labor with a song on her lips.

III

Adolphus Pigout was the worst built being that one could imagine. One might well say that nature had composed him of two parts entirely dissimilar. He had a small body and legs like a crane. Seated, he appeared almost a dwarf; standing, he had the stature of a giant. His arms, proportioned to the length of his body, were ridiculously short. Added to these strange proportions, he was thin as a skeleton. His pupils, terrible boys, had nicknamed him, with startling precision, "the kangaroo." He had, like that quadruped, a long, pointed visage flanked by two enormous, protruding ears. If we add that his nose was long, that his hair was lusterless, his eyes so small that one must search for them 'neath his hirsute brows, the reader will readily comprehend that he was in truth no Adonis. His every movement evidenced those physical defects, making him appear maladroit, even grotesque. Spiritually, one might define him with two words: timidity, kindness.

Is it necessary, after this description, to say that his profession, more so than any other, caused him veritable suffering? Boys are rarely generous in dealing with the defects of others, and, united, they are cruel, at times even barbarous. The name of the professor, joined with his physical imperfections, gave the cue for the invention of innumerable naughty gibes. But he accepted all that with unfailing patience and perpetual serenity, for his martyrdom lasted only a few weeks after the annual opening of the school. His gentle conduct succeeded in every case in triumphing over the malicious little devils who joined forces to make him suffer.

He had neither relatives nor friends. The first were all dead, while those who would have been his friends, especially his colleagues, drew apart from him by reason of a false shame to be seen in the company of so ridiculous a figure.

His daily duties ended, Adolphus entered his humble abode, where he read, reflected, yea, often wept, alone. For in that narrow chest beat a heart of gold hungering for love and congenial society, of which it felt itself condemned to be forever deprived. He was so ugly!

IV

Belle and Adolphus arranged a rendezvous in a quiet park. There was no necessity for them to exchange any sign of cognition. They divined one another mutually, by reason of their respective ugliness. Each of them at first, upon seeing the other, stifled a sigh, last regret of that innate taste for the beautiful which resides in all human beings; then each reflected upon his and her defects and smiled.

At first their embarrassment was great, but once exchanging the current formalities, the conversation quickly assumed a sympathetic tone. They were two simple, loyal souls, two hearts penetrated with an identical longing for society, tenderness, that spoke and tarried not in comprehending that if mother nature had been cruel to both in giving them such envelopes, she had also been prodigal in according them beautiful souls. And with that comprehension, they remained a long time, a very long time, sincere, charmed.

Upon their arrival there the promenaders had gazed in fascinated astonishment at the assemblage of so much ugliness. When they left the spot their faces were radiant, transformed to such a degree that one would have called them beautiful by force of the marvelous change that the joy of appreciation, love and hope can operate in the dullest visage.

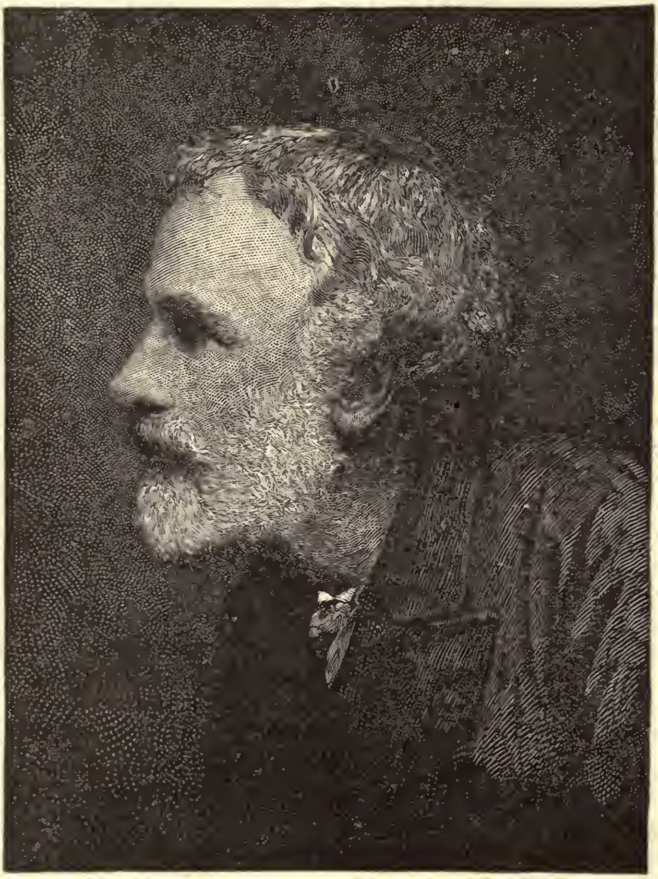
The next day those two were married. During their entire lives, in all that great city they had never before encountered sincere interest and love, and that united them with an indissoluble bond. They pass many who are more beautiful, many people who are richer, many who believe themselves happy, but none are more so in all that goes to make up the beauty, the riches, the felicity of the soul, than those two, one-time disinherited, now happy creatures.

Both have comprehended that the only veritable, durable beauty is that radiated by the soul, from which issues the only true and durable love.

GEORGE MEREDITH---A STUDY

By Leonie Gilman

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



George Meredith

"I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us."—*Milton: "Essay on Divorce."*

"Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist."—*Emerson.*

THE nineteenth century has been called the age of individualism. The numberless new sects that are springing up, the many "isms" of the day that are raising their rebellious standards against the existing order of things and penetrating with their revolutionary doctrines into all parts of the social structure, are but expressions of the spirit of nonconformity. Custom no longer means sanction. If the custom is not good, let us make a better one, say the revolutionists of today. Away with dead forms, away with hypocrisy and cant. "Reality" as opposed to "nominality" is the order of the day. And shall we be surprised that the first result of the search for reality has been, in literature, realism, with all that the word has come to imply of shameless inquisitiveness, irreverent familiarity, garish vulgarity placarded across a vast dead wall of materialism? "Peruse your realists"— writes George Meredith—"really your castigators for not having yet embraced philosophy," i. e., the study of the laws of Nature in her manifold aspects. Nature is the proper study of philosophy, the living plant with the sap coursing through it, not the botanical specimen. "As she grows in the flesh when discreetly tended, Nature is unimpeachable, flower-like, yet not too decoratively a flower; you must have her with the stem, the thorns, the roots and the fat bedding of roses."

Meredith is a nonconformist, and he stands out boldly as the opponent of conventionalism. There is something Carlyle-like in the independent ring of many of his phrases. He hates sham. He is continually crusading against the false sense of delicacy that dares not look upon Nature for fear of being shocked, that would rather suffer untold corruption than soil its hands in the attempt to get rid of corruption. "Imagine the celestial refreshment of having a real decency in the place of sham," he cries. Nature, great all-embracing Nature, "mother of mighty harmonies" —how often and how loudly he proclaims his delight in her. He would fashion his books out of such stuff as Nature uses, molding it in her own right queenly manner. And indeed, in the scope and breadth of his treatment as well as in the boldness and richness of his language there is felt not merely the original and brilliant writer, but the really broad, much-embracing mind. One is sure not to find life painted in a monotone by him, sure that he will try to catch many of the colors of this "dome of many-colored glass." He realizes the complexity of our human nature, containing as it does much of the earthly as well as the divine. A close and subtle analysis of psychological phenomena, tracking actions to their motives with unerring instinct, tracing the wayward involutions of thought with unwearied patience,—that is the method of his work. "The brain stuff of fiction is internal history," he writes. But in his case a taste for pyschological analysis does not, as with so many writers, mean that the public are to have thrust upon them the spectacle of the dissection of the writer's personality—a species of exercise leading fatally around to morbidness on the part of the writer and weariness on that of the reader.

Perhaps it is Meredith's humor that saves him from that. Humor with its quick sense of the ridiculous laughs at the pompous strut of egoism. Humor, the broad, Shakespearian humor, the "laughter of the gods" as Meredith calls it, keeps things in their true proportion, gives us a perspective as it were by drawing us back out of the gigantic shadow of the little personality.

Humor, moreover, tempers satire, which too often arises from bitterness of spirit and is always personal in tone. In only one of Meredith's novels, "The Egoist," have I found that sort of relentless satire which pursues its prey to the death, tearing off its covering shred by shred and then tossing it contemptuously aside. The treatment is so cruel here that, in spite of its being no more than the hero's just deserts, we are inclined to pity him. True, egoism, the fault chastised, is one that our human nature is most subject to, and perhaps nothing but the most drastic measures can ever eradicate it.

But usually Meredith is kindly in tone. Though he laughs at sentimentality—"pinnacle-flame of sensualism" he calls it—and again, "Sentimentalists fiddle harmonics on the string of sensualism"—he has a deep reverence for real feeling. Humor and pathos come closely together. The deep well-spring of feeling bubbles in laughter and overflows in tears. It is the power of emotion that distinguishes rich from poor natures. Even the tropical redundancy of the foliage of passion gives proof of the richness of the soil underneath. What monastic ascetic is that who would teach us to stamp out passion as a thing unholy? The love scenes of Meredith vibrate with passion. Emilia writes to her lover: "Come on a swift horse. The thought of you galloping to me goes through me like a flame that hums." O, the romantic tenderness of that boy and girl love in "Richard Feveril," of the fresh morning fruit of love with the dew still on it. "The young who avoid that region" (of Romance), says Meredith, "escape the title of fool at the cost of a celestial crown."

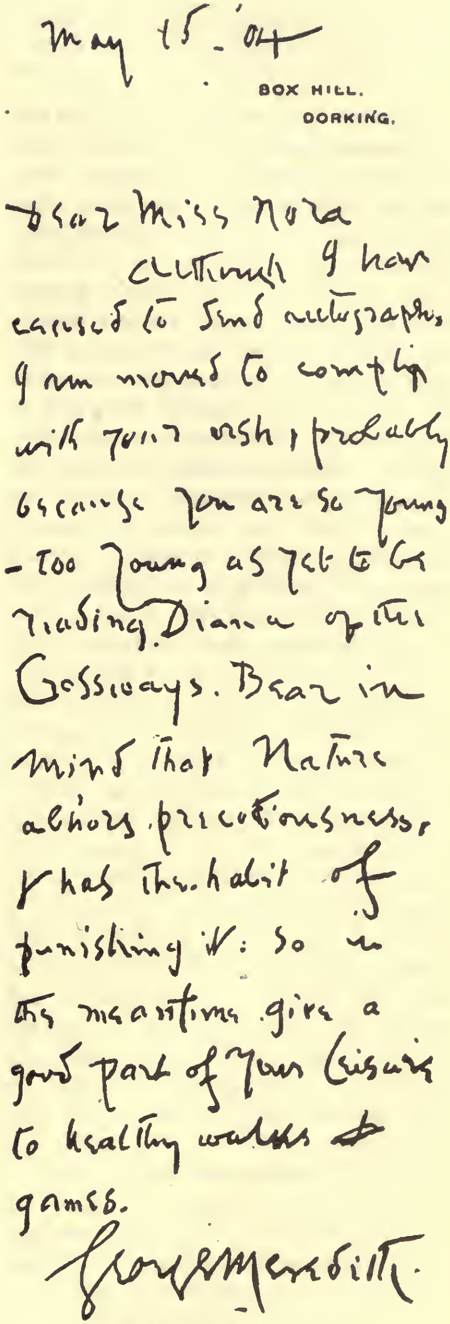
With his conception of Nature as living, throbbing and palpitating beneath the touch, with his diligence in the study of her and his perennial spring of humor, George Meredith has created for us in his novels a series of flesh and blood men and women rivalled by no other living writer. And it is no slight praise to say that his women are as good as his men, if not better.

For there are few among our great novelists who have given us any adequate conception whatever of women, or taken the least trouble to distinguish the particular from the type. George Eliot has indeed given us good, all-around women. Charlotte Bronte's women are quite wonderful, but—aren't they simply lyrical embodiments of her own passionate nature? Thackeray and even more especially Dickens are wofully lacking in good women characters. Meredith has the honor of being preeminent in his treatment of women: indeed he has been called the "ultra feminine Mr. Meredith." He has a power that is really marvelous of throwing himself into women's feelings and analyzing their motives of action. He makes his women think, too. "The motive life with women must be in the head equally with men." His women one feels all along are essentially feminine, not men masquerading as women. The subtle shades of feminine character are admirably brought out. He patiently sets to work to analyze the so-called caprices and moods of women, due, according to him, to women's more delicate nervous susceptibility to outside influences, to their quicker habit of thought, rather than to mere volatility of character, as men often erroneously suppose.

It would be interesting to make a special study of his women. One might find a list of heroines that would compare with Shakespeare's. Emilia, with her passionate intensity of feeling, her childlike simplicity and "straightforwardness of soul, (*droiture d'ame*) matches Juliet, Shakespeare's "loveliest girl figure." And Clara Middleton in "The Egoist" might be compared with Rosalind. There is an exquisite reserve in the treatment of Clara Middleton—of the elusive lights and half lights of her character. The lighter touches too are good. "She had the look of the nymph that has gazed too long on the faun and has unwittingly copied his lurking lip and long, sliding eye." Of Emilia he says: "Her face was like the sunset across a rose garden, with the wings of an eagle poised outspread in flight."

Diana Warwick is perhaps the greatest of his women creations, surely a favorite with him. She is certainly a glorious type of womanhood, with her superabundant vitality, her fresh, strong intellect, her delightful wit and humor and the general warmth of tone of her whole nature. Meredith has here attempted the difficult task of creating a witty and clever woman who really says witty and brilliant things—and he has succeeded. The dialogue is splendid. The racy Irish wit, the overflowing humor, steeped in emotion, the nervous concentration and vividness of language are sustained throughout. Among less admirable women but admirably treated may be mentioned the Countess in "Evan Harrington," a sort of second Becky Sharp, though not really wicked —simply a very clever intriguer. What a cleverly arranged thing that book ("Evan Harrington") is, by the way, from the mere point of view of technique. As a general thing, Meredith's technique is good. The stories are well arranged as to plot, there is sufficient incident to make them interesting from that point of view alone, and his management of plot and incident as a means of bringing out character is splendid. "Evan Harrington," as I have said, is particularly clever. The book is full of incidents. The plot centers in the attempts of the Countess to conceal her origin—she is a tailor's daughter who has married a Spanish nobleman—and to act the grand lady. We laugh at her languid affectation of aristocratic manners, her assumed foreign accent, her choice vocabulary culled from the longest words in "Johnson's Dictionary." We are forced to admire her talent for intrigue, the indefatigable energy with which she pushes her plans, the way in which she rises to every occasion and manages to extricate herself from the most hopeless entanglement of circumstances. There is not so much philosophizing in this book as in most of the others, and very little description. The characters are brought out chiefly by incidents and in the conversation.

In the matter of style Meredith has often been criticised, with some degree



May 15 - '04

BOX HILL.
DORKING.

Dear Miss Nora

Although I have ceased to send autographs, I am moved to comply with your wish, probably because you are so young - too young as yet to be reading Diana of the Crossways. Bear in mind that Nature abhors precociousness, & has the habit of punishing it: so in the meantime give a good part of your leisure to healthy walks & games.

George Meredith.

A LETTER FROM MEREDITH.

To Miss Nora Senior, a young girl who wrote asking for his autograph: "DEAR MISS NORA, — Although I have ceased to send autographs, I am moved to comply with your wish, probably because you are so young — too young as yet to be reading 'Diana of the Crossways.' Bear in mind that Nature abhors precociousness, and has the habit of punishing it; so in the meantime give a good part of your leisure to healthy walks and games."

of justice, as being too metaphorical, too extravagant, too far removed from the ordinary usage of language. It is claimed that in the attempt to be original he has often become unintelligible. There is no doubt that in his earlier works — take for example "Richard Feveril" — he is much simpler than in his later works, of which "One of Our Conquerors" is a very good example. The question is whether he gains or loses by the departure from simplicity. Meredith defends himself by saying that fiction does not "demand a smooth surface,—" that "any mediaeval phantasy of clothing" suits it as well as classical robes. If simplicity is synonymous with the commonplace, with sameness, we should rejoice that one has come to lift us out of the dead level of monotony—even though it be on a winged steed whose swift flight into the dizzy regions of poetry inspires terror and a swooning of the senses in the clinging wretch. "The poet knows that he speaks adequately then only when he speaks somewhat wildly, or 'with the flower of the mind,'" says Emerson. So long as it is a real Pegasus, not a prodded hack. The new-coined word or metaphor must have the spontaneity of inspiration, and it must be true. Meredith's language is no doubt sometimes strained and affected. It must indeed be difficult to keep up that nervous tension of high imagination. But on the whole his language is spontaneous, is brilliant with that richness of imagination which, like a prism, breaks up the central thought into a rainbow of many colors. It adds vividness to have things so presented to us. Facts may be stated baldly. But the idea, the philosophy, the poetry of the fact, is more elusive. He circles round and round it in similes and metaphors, gradually closing in on it.

The change from the comparatively diffuse style of the earlier works to the condensed, highly metaphorical style of the later work is accompanied by a corresponding change in the thought. Emotions and incidents give place largely to ideas. "One of Our Conquerors" is a sort of running commentary in images and symbols on the story, which is very simple. The style becomes top-heavy—I mean over-weighted with thought. Too little attention is paid to lucidity. I should say that "Diana of the Crossways" combines the advantages of the early and the later work. The language is adequate to the ideas.

Since Meredith always lays such stress upon ideas, it may be well briefly to touch upon some of his own ideas in concluding this study of him. As I have said above, he is a nonconformist in all things. In politics he is with that small but steadily increasing minority who are not satisfied with the present social order and who would take radical measures for its remodeling. If not a socialist, I should say that he approaches socialism very sympathetically.

He stands out, too, with Ibsen and Tolstoi and many other thinking men as an earnest student of the problems that beset us in this present day with regard to the relations between men and women. He has thrown down his gauntlet as the champion of modern woman. And that not in any sentimental way. He does not tell woman that she is the cause of most of the progress that has been made in the world, that she has a peculiarly exalted moral nature, that her entrance into public life will introduce a high standard in politics. He recognizes woman as weak, as degraded by being prevented the use of her functions,and he bids her arise and throw off her chains. She must fight her own battles, he tells her. Does she wish men to admit her equality with themselves? Let her prove it. A very healthy doctrine and much better for women than that of the sentimentalists. He helps women by showing his faith in them, his belief in their ability to fight their own battles and by showing them how to do it. He does not minimize the difficulties that surround them.

He is perhaps chiefly intent in solving the problems of women in connection with marriage. Man's jealousy and tyranny are constantly the subject of his attack. "Men may have rounded Seraglio Point; they have not yet doubled Cape Turk." In his very earliest works we see traces of his interest in women's problems, which come to absorb him more and more. "Diana of the Crossways" is entirely the story of a brave woman struggling against the world — not that she has not to struggle against her own nature too, for that matter. "She is by no means of the order of those ninny young women who realize the popular conception of the purely innocent." "I thank Heaven I am at war with myself," exclaims Diana.

In "One of Our Conquerors" we have the story of a woman who has taken the "leap" out of society by leaving her husband to live with another man. The story is told with such sympathy, her life seems so to justify her course, that one does not condemn her. She, however, never seems to get away from the haunting sense of guilt. Her one grand impulse of daring spent, she retreats into the innate timidity that has ever marked her gentle and sensitive nature. How like a woman!

In one of Meredith's later books, "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," (a very dull book, by the way, quite lacking in Meredith's usual fire) the story is even simpler. Lord Ormont, a man of sixty, marries a girl of twenty. She finds him uncongenial—and certainly his treatment of her is wholly indefensible — though he is not a bad man — and meeting with a young man who had loved her before her marriage, she runs away with him. No regrets or doubts as to the justification of their course ever assail the young couple, who live happily ever after. It is to be supposed Mr. Meredith has said his final word on the subject. It is the same solution that many other modern writers have hit upon. Whether this simple method of cutting the knot, if universally accepted, would be of advantage to the community at large, is an open question. In any case it is to be remembered, as Meredith says elsewhere, that conventions protect the weak, and that women are at present the weaker half of humanity—aye, and in the scale of woman's weakness put the children, such soft and tender things! Yet not more helpless than even the strongest of women may be in the hours when she walks unabashed up to the grim Death to snatch from his hands a new life for this world: in that hour, let it be remembered, woman and child are both utterly dependent upon the caprice of man; and the Mighty Convention of Marriage.

GRIEF AND JOY

By Frederic Lawrence Knowles

IT takes two for a kiss,
  Only one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
  One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership,
  Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
  Gethsemane had one.

THE HOODOO BANK

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By Mary E. Fitzgerald

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"I THINK that old bank is a regular hoodoo," said Susie, with tears streaming down her face as she watched Katherine open it and take out the hoard of dimes and nickles and an occasional quarter.

"I believe it is," said Katherine grimly. "We just get so much—" and then at sight of Jimmie's distressed face she said cheerfully: "But don't you care; Jimmie will look so swell in his new coat that someone will hire him for an ornament and then he'll put in quarters instead of nickles and pennies; won't you, Jimmie boy? Or maybe some millionaire will stroll into the office and fall in love with my beautiful golden hair and aristocratic white hands, and then mother may have gold watches on her fingers and toes and be happy forever after."

The four laughed, for Katherine was so far from being a beauty that Jimmie, who adored her, said: "The fellow in the vaudeville who sang about his girl being so homely that nobody wanted her, must have been thinking of Katherine;" at which everyone had laughed except the mother, who said resentfully, "Handsome is as handsome does; and if anyone does handsomer than Katherine, I've never seen her; she's a good, wholesome girl, and if her hands are like hams, Jimmie — which you're very fond of telling her—it was working for you that made them so."

Jimmie, conscience stricken, had tried to pacify her, but for several days she was distinctly cool and cooked the things he liked least. Since then Katherine's lack of beauty had not been the subject for much jesting.

"I can get a good enough coat for ten dollars, and that will leave five eighty to begin again with," said Jimmie.

"You'll get a good one while you're about it," said Katherine; "and, besides, you need some other things. But I tell you this much; that bank is going to be thrown into the alley this very day. Our spare change after this will go into a ginger jar or an old stocking. Ever since I can remember this bank has been standing on that clock shelf just waiting and waiting for some bad luck to come along so it might be opened. Mother will never get a watch, if she lives to be a hundred, if we depend on this bank for it. I'm beginning to hate the sight of it."

They looked awestruck. When Katherine gave way, there must be something very wrong indeed.

"What will mother say?" asked Susie.

"She needn't know. We've always prophesied that someone would steal it. Let her think that the prophecy has come to pass. Hateful thing!"

Katherine's chief remembrance of her father had been his weekly ceremony of depositing in the bank the exact amount he had spent for tobacco during the week, always observing, "There, mother, your watch money is getting a big pile."

But, alas! when the bank was opened it was to help pay his funeral expenses. That had been eight years ago, and until she was sixteen the struggle for bread and butter had been such a desperate one that there was no thought of saving for anything.

The first deposit, three years ago, was a nickle she had saved by walking home. When she told the others what she planned to do, they seconded her enthusiasm stoically; but their mother never knew why there was such joy over each tiny addition. Harry, indeed, was always edging around the forbidden subject. "Watches" seemed to be the only topic he could find to converse with his mother upon.

"What do you want for Christmas, ma?"

"Sure, since I can't have a watch, I don't want anything else," was the cheerful reply.

"But what in the world do you want with a watch, mother? You never go anywhere," Katherine had once said a little impatiently.

"I'd know I had it, and I'd often go to the Auxiliary," said the little mother calmly. "But, sure, what's the use of talking about it? Ever since I was born I've wanted one. Your father was that foolish he wanted to get me one when we were first married, but I held out for a home, and lucky I did. A watch would be small comfort to me with four children and no roof over our heads. He bought the bank above, but what with one thing and another, the money always went for something else."

And for something else the children's money went.

Susie's contributions, earned by occasional dish washing for the neighbors when they had company; little Harry's pennies, earned by running errands; Katherine's and Jimmie's, saved from lunches and car fares, had all gone to pay for the new sidewalk.

A new fund was started. The kind of watch had even been decided upon, when Susie's illness came and the bank was again emptied. Now, for the third time, when the watch had been actually selected, Katherine decided that Jimmie's shabby clothes were against him, and that new ones must be bought if he hoped to find work.

"Mother is so sensible about everything else, I can't see why she wants that watch so much," said Susie. "She doesn't say anything about a watch for herself, but she is always talking about other people having them. She never notices anything else."

"I suppose a watch means everything else to her, because people who are very poor don't have them. Poor mother has had to work so hard, and I don't think she ever had a luxury in her life," said Katherine with tears in her eyes.

"If she ever does get it, she'll never wear it, you'll see if she does. She'll hang it up the way she does her black cashmere dress. She wears any old thing when she goes out, and it's all out of style now. I think it's a shame, when you went without a cloak to get it, Katherine," said Susie.

"Mother went without a great many things for me," said Katherine simply.

"Are you really going to throw the bank away?" said Susie.

"Yes, I'm tired of seeing it."

⁂

The bank had been gone two or three days, when Harry, who was burdened with a couple of pennies he had been hoarding, said: "Gee! Since the bank's gone, I don't know where to keep my money. I forget to give it to Katherine to put in the stocking."

His mother gave a startled upward glance. "What has become of it?" she gasped. "How long has it been gone?"

"I—I lost it in the alley," stammered Harry.

"And what were you doing with it in the alley?" demanded his mother, shaking him. "The bank your father gave me when I was first married and that helped pay his funeral bills! What were you doing with it in the alley, I say?"

"They thought — Katherine said — it was a hoodoo, so I went out and buried it," sobbed the boy.

His mother threw a shawl over her head and, taking him by the hand, led him forth to the alley. Several places were dug up without success.

"I'll find it if every foot of the ground is dug with my finger nails," said Mrs. Fleming. "Can't you remember, boy, where you put it?"

"Where the little dog is sitting looks like the place," wailed he. "But it was kind o' dark, so I don't know for sure where it was."

"Did anyone ever have such children? To take my bank and bury it without leave or license! But I'll show them."

Mrs. Fleming sank on her knees at the spot where the little dog was crouching. Seeing a kindly face, with paws against Harry's leg he dumbly begged to be taken up.

The bank was there, and Harry, sobbing and half unconscious of his burden, ran along behind his mother, snuggling the half frozen, forlorn little animal close to his breast.

The bank was placed on the shelf where it had rested for the last twenty years. Then his mother noticed the dog.

"Take that dog back where you found it," she said sternly. "It's turning to thieving my children are; first a bank and then a dog. What's to become of us at all I don't know, with such goings on."

Harry's house to house search revealed no owner for the dog, so the little animal was brought home, fed, washed and combed by the joyful boy.

The evening was not a pleasant one. Harry and Susie wept every time they caught sight of the stern face of their usually cheerful mother. Katherine, in desperation, had revealed the secret of their savings, but with no visible effect. James, manlike, on pretense of advertising the dog, had gone out to escape the unpleasant atmosphere.

When he came in at ten o'clock their mother, whom they had heard bustling about the kitchen, appeared at the sitting room door, her face wreathed in smiles, and invited them to a feast "prepared to celebrate the finding of the bank," she said.

When the relieved four had seated themselves with many exclamations of delight, she went around and kissed each one.

"I've got four of the best children in the world," she said. "I'll get me watch all right some day, if it's meant that I should have it. Instead of blaming the bank for ill luck, my dearies, you should thank God for it. If we hadn't had it what would have become of us at all when the hard days fell upon us? Didn't it always open its heart like a good friend and give us all it had? A hoodoo indeed! But we'll say no more about it."

"I'm glad we've got it back," said Katherine. "The kitchen hasn't looked like itself without it."

The next day a gentleman and little boy came in answer to the advertisement for the dog. The mutual joy of dog and boy was so pleasant that even Harry wiped his tears and rejoiced at the lost being found. The whole family laughingly refused the reward.

"If it wasn't for him—" began the mother, and then stopped.

"Yes?" said the gentleman inquiringly, but received no reply.

"You'll allow me to buy the little boy some candy, won't you?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, yes, we've no objection to that," smilingly said the mother, and Harry, skipping along, escorted him to the nearest store, some blocks away.

"So everybody in your family has everything he wants," began the gentleman artfully.

"Yes, I've got Tommie, my cat, and a baseball I found, and I think I'll be big enough to whip Billie Kline in a couple of months, and Jimmie has a new overcoat, so maybe he'll get a job soon, and Susie has her bead chain, and Katherine never wants anything but peace and lots of it, she says, and mother was only joking about wanting a watch."

"What's that?" said the gentleman quickly.

"Why, the watch, you know, that we were all saving up to buy."

And the lawyer, a famous cross-questioner, from that on had no difficulty in getting the whole story, and went home with a very well satisfied expression.

⁂

"Didn't I tell you that bank would bring us luck?" said the mother triumphantly the following day. "A watch for me and a job for Jimmie and a friend for all of us. Could you ask more?"

"I suppose you'll wear it feeding the chickens," said the delighted Jimmie.

"Go 'long with you! A watch with a diamond, feeding the chickens! Indeed I'll wear it only at weddings; it's too handsome to wear to the Auxiliary, and besides, what does a person need of a watch there, and a clock as tall as a man staring you in the face all the time?"

Susie stole an "I told you" glance at Katherine, but Katherine, an image of pure joy, was rapturously hugging her happy mother.

BETSY STRAWBERRY

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

By Ruth M. Harrison

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

SHE coyly responded to the name of Betsy Strawberry. Wouldn't that jar you! The kids nearly fell over in a fit when they heard it. As she expressed it, "I ain't no nigga,' 'caus' I ain't black; I'se jus' a cullud pusson." We always suspected a strain of Indian in her, she was so tall and straight, and had such high cheek bones. Added to that a firm and easy way of gliding around that was the envy of many a girl in our set.

Right from the corn field she came, and when mother told her to dress the children after she had given them their bath, Betsy essayed to put on their shoes and stockings with the kids standing up, "Jus' like we was horses," said Dick the irrepressible, after his third toppling over on the floor.

She was very proud of her figure, and till the last days of her life was never known to go without stays; she was always trim, and soon discarded her misshapen country clothes, and under all circumstances wore a tight fitting princess wrapper, only adding a wide belt when she went to prayer meeting, this her only dissipation. She never "took" much to city ways, never went gadding about and was always at her post early and late. Though her work was often shiftless, she was absolutely devoted to her charges, and the kids just loved their "Mammy Betsy."

As the children grew older and needed less of her care, she took up more and more of the housework. But every now and then mother did have to touch her up about her work. But you bet Betsy was never caught napping as to an excuse. One day mother said to her:

"Betsy, you are getting very careless about your work lately."

"Huccum?" said Betsy, bridling.

"Well, for one thing, about sweeping. Now look at the nursery, you just give it a lick and a promise, and the work is not half done."

"What, me, Mis Thompson? I dun swep' dat room ebery day dis week! I sho did, Mis Thompson."

"Now, Betsy," said mother, in her most conciliatory tone, "you know you have been careless,— just look at the dirt under that bed."

"Dirt?" said Betsy quickly. Then stooping down and looking under the bed she broke into a broad smile. "Lor', Mis Thompson, dat ain't no dirt, honey chile, dat's jus' house moss!"

Uncle Peter was her "ole man." She was very proud of Uncle Peter, to the eternal wonderment of everyone who knew her. He was a shiftless, stiff-legged wood sawyer, old enough to be her grandfather, but she just doted on him,—there was no other word for it. Uncle Peter was guilty of periodic disappearances, and Betsy would mope around like a sick calf till he would turn up again, older, more shiftless, and stiffer than ever. Then Betsy would perk up, and all day we would hear her high treble in,

"Shout, shout, Elijah! Shout a' me home."

The girls used to receive every Friday, and Betsy always served the refreshments. One Friday evening there was quite a crowd, including some visiting Harvard boys, and the girls were doing themselves proud. When it came time to pass the refreshments, Betsy was nowhere to be found. Finally at half past ten she came sailing through the hall, and Maudie caught her on the fly.

"Why, Betsy, where on earth have been,—we've been calling and calling you."

Betsy promptly, with a most beatific grin and a most audible voice, made answer: "Lor', chile, I'se been sittin' in the lap of my beloved! Uncle Peter's dun come back."

I wish you could have heard those boys shout.

Mother and the girls were in the throes of Spring cleaning, and, as the warm weather was coming on apace, determined on employing extra help, so as to expedite matters. Mother asked Betsy if she could not get some one of her friends. Now Betsy was suffering from a well developed case of Spring fever—some call it "Lazy Lawrence;" the Creoles call it *la caigne*. Anyhow, we Southerners are prone to it, be we white or black, only the darkies are more so, and you won't get a decent lick of work out of them while it lasts. The Strawberry was very loath to bestir herself and go out and hunt a chore-woman, so:

"No'm, Mis Thompson, I don' knows nobody. Nune as I kin jus' azactly trus'. Nune o' dem triflin' niggas wants to wuk dese days. Dey's jus' seemen' mo' and mo' no 'count," and she comfortably backed up against the door jamb, anything but the picture of energy. Then as an after thought: "De dooberries is ripe — I seen a passel o' dem dis mo'ning; a ooman done had dem."

Well now! Lazy Lawrence and the dewberry patch! In view of that combination the case seemed hopeless indeed; yet mother made one more effort.

"But Betsy, do try to think of someone? What has become of Liza Jane?"

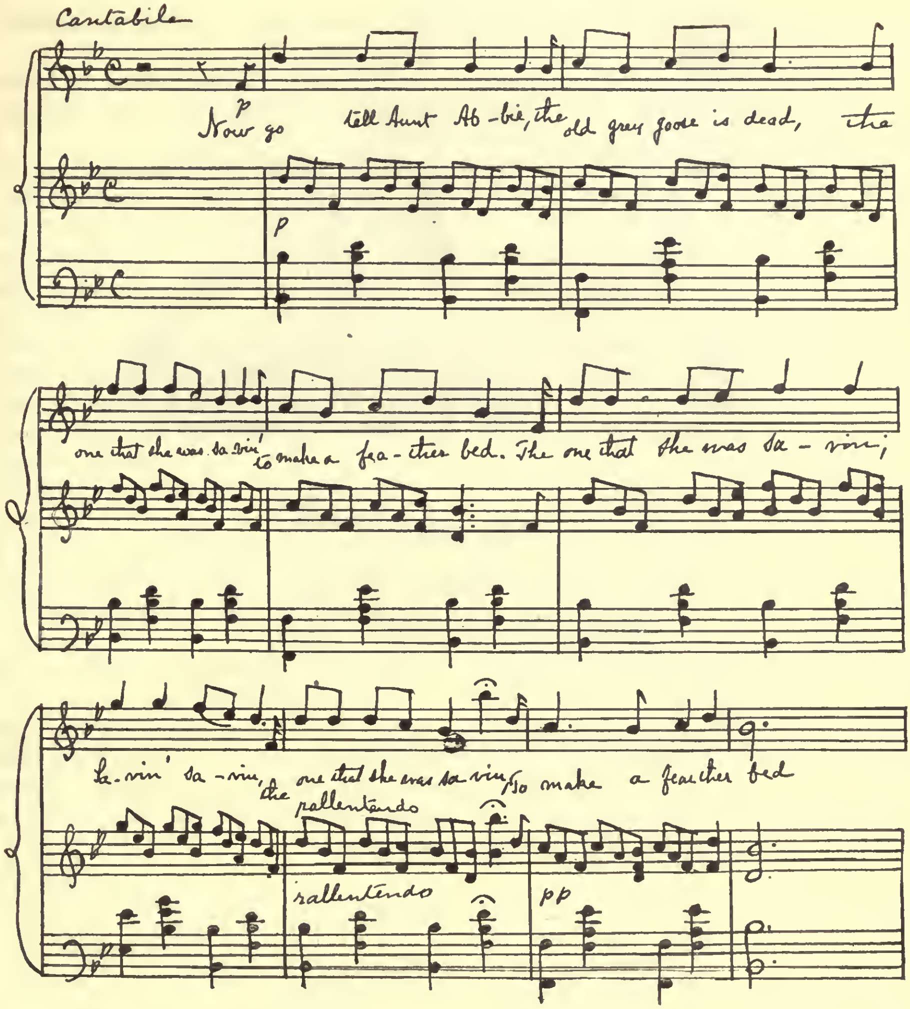
"Liza Jane?" said Betsy, awakened into momentary interest, "Liza Jane? Oh! she ain't wukkin' jes now, she ain't so well."

"What is the matter with her?" said mother. "Is she sick?"

"No'm," answered Betsy, "she ain't azactly sick — she's jus' dun had a baby."

"What!" said mother. "Why, I didn't know that Liza Jane was married."

"She ain't," slowly admitted Betsy. "No'm, she ain't married. She jus'


Cantabile
p
Now go tell Aunt Ab-bie, the old grey goose is dead, the
p
one that she was sa-vin' to make a fea-ther bed. The one that she was sa - vin',
sa-vin' sa-vin', the one that she was sa-vin' to make a feather bed
rallentando
rallentando
pp

didn't want to be er old maid!"

And this from a sister of the "Fus Baptis' church!"

Marthy Ann, her niece, was our washerwoman; improvident to a degree. And nothing would rile Betsy so much as for Marthy Ann to ask her "couldn't she loan her a dime or so."

"Wha' dat money Mars Ben dun giv' yo' when yo' got paid off?"

"I dun spent it all. De watermilyuns and de pussimmons. Oh, I jus' can't git pass de fruit stan' when I'se got de money in mah pocket," whined Marthy Ann.

"Huh," snorted Betsy, "Yo' cain't, cain't yo'. Well, what I wants to know is dis heah; huccum if yo' kin pass de fruit stan' when yo' ain't got de money, I sez, huccum yo' cain't pass de fruit stan' when yo' is got de money, ste'd o' waissen yo' money what yo' ought to save fo' a rainy day? Dat's what I wants to know."

These two never met without some lively side-stepping. One morning Marthy Ann was coming into the house with her basket of wash and ran into Betsy all diked out in her "Sunday Susan" clothes.

"Fo God, Aunt Betsy, wha' yo' gwine, all dressed up in yo' dese heahs,'' queried Marthy Ann, devoured by a mighty curiosity.

''Wha' I'm gwine?" exploded Betsy, fixing her with a lurid stare. ''Wha' I'm gwine? I'm gwine wha' I'm gwine, dat's wha' I'm gwine! All de time axin' me wha' I'm gwine!"

Marthy Ann was transfixed!

Betsey's devotion to the little ones, however, offset all of her shortcomings by a long shot. We will never forget her loving care of our Dolly Dimple, as we called baby Dorothy — the pride of our hearts. Measles, followed by pneumonia, threatened to baffle the skill of our best physicians. Dolly Dimple would not abide anyone to touch her but her mother and Mammy Betsy — with a slight preference for ''booful Mammy Betsy.'' When the mother was worn out by days and nights of anxious watching, (that was before the advent of the thrice blessed trained nurse) Mammy Betsy still held tirelessly to her post. The fever raged; the little face was red-hot and the labored breath came in tight gasps—till it seemed that our darling was doomed to be taken from us.

''Take me. Mammy Betsy,'' she would plead and plead. Finally the dear old doctor said:

''Pick her up carefully, Betsy, and hold her close. It may quiet her restlessness."

Gently, lovingly she gathered up the tiny sufferer close to her ample bosom; the golden head nestled against the kinky woolly one. Up and down, up and down paced Betsy with her noiseless tread, hour after hour, until it seemed she must drop from exhaustion. Then, little by little, the labored breathing grew quieter, little by little the nervous twitching grew less, and then from Dolly Dimple, in a weak, coaxing voice:

''Sing to me, Mammy — sing to me 'bout the 'old gray goose.' "

Back and forth trod Betsy, over and over again her clear, high treble droned the lullaby so dear to the hearts of Betsy's charges:

"Go tell Aunt Abbie, Abbie, Abbie, the old
gray goose is dead."

Over and over again, lower and sweeter, till the white lids closed over the feverish eyes, the little limbs stretched out in comfort, and the crisis was passed.

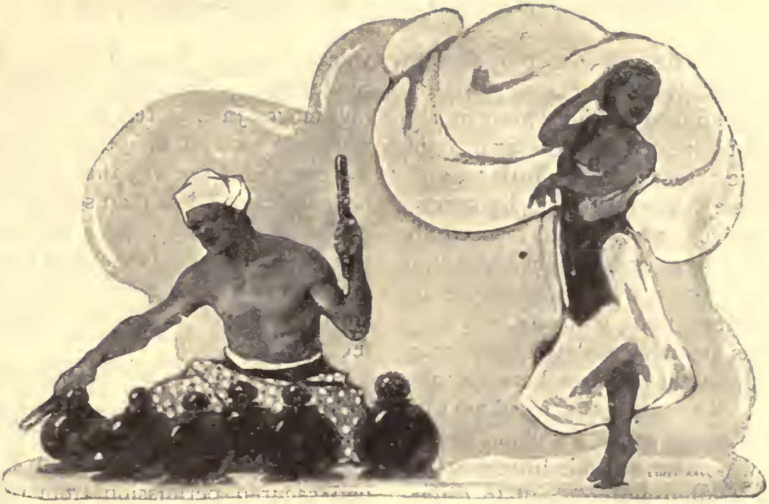
THEN, O GOD!

By John McGovern

Author of "The Golden Censer," "The Fireside University," "Poems," "Plays," etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WHEN white-eyed Death shall fright my timid flesh,
And chase my spirit from his habitation,
May willing yet unwilling hands take me
To unoffended Nature. Then, O God!
Give me the memory of an honest man,
And unseen flowers shall keep my grave as sweet
As lilac-banks that make one narrow week
The only recollection of a year.



A Dance in the Dutch East Indies

By Poultney Bigelow, F.R.G.S.

Author of "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc.

MUNICH, BAVARIA

"HELLO, Sergeant!"

It was a white man in Dutch uniform. He looked my way and answered my greeting with some words I did not understand.

"Speak English?" I sang out.

He shook his head.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

He shook his head again.

"Habla Espanola?"

Another negative.

"Dutch?"

A few words.

"French, perhaps?"

His face brightened.

"Je suis Belge!" said he, and with that I jumped out of my canoe and could have thrown my arms about him for the joy of meeting someone of the place with whom I could talk—at last. Yes, he was a Belgian, and serving in the Dutch colonial army at Banda.

To my expression of surprise that he should be here, he answered that there were many foreigners amongst the colonial troops of Holland, especially Germans. The Dutch authorities asked few questions, and so long as you didn't have the fever too often the life was tolerable. As to himself he had a Javanese "wife"—liked the service, wife included, and next week was about to reengage for another six years in the army, because at the end of twelve years he would be entitled to retire on a small pension.

He mentioned the sum; it was so small that I have mislaid it—at the time it sounded as though it would just about pay for the daily beer of a Munich cabman. I did not ask him as to the relative cost of a wife in Brussels and Banda respectively — he was not referring to that item, however.

I had been drawn ashore here by the sounds of native music, and certain signs of a festive gathering. My little "Carribee" (canoe) was surrounded by sympathetic natives, who pried respectfully into every corner of her dainty hold, but so politely as to impress me more by their courtesy than curiosity. To be sure I was amongst a waterside population, for even the soldiers here are amphibious. The sergeant showed me with pride a monster canoe for about twenty men, in which he and his little garrison were constantly running about to different points of the island. He was but one of four non-commissioned officers at the barracks, and these had under them but a handful, some twenty to thirty native soldiers (infantry.)

Banda is a beautiful little island on the easternmost edges of Mahomedanism. After leaving this island we round the edges of Ceram and are amongst the so-called Papuans, who look as much like African negroes as Malays and whose religion seems to be devoid of spiritual character, resembling rather voodoo or devil worship. Banda is, moreover, at the foot of a great volcanic mountain which is in a chronic state of eruption and on the line of volcanic vertebrae commencing with Sumatra, traveling eastward through Java and Lombok to Timoor, then deflecting in a northerly direction through Banda and Amboyna, leaving Ceram to the east and going on through Gilolo and the northern end of the Celebes to Mindanao, Luzon and ultimately Japan.

My Belgian sergeant told me that hereabouts the Dutch people were delighted with the Russian war, because they felt that the Japanese would thereby be turned away from an alleged design of swallowing up the Dutch colonies.

At any rate nothing seems more reasonable than a Mikado Monroe Doctrine covering the Pacific Ocean along volcanic lines from Behring Sea to Singapore. The same volcanic thrill that moves Java is felt in Tokyo — and when we look at the people themselves we can easily see why that thrill should be political no less than seismic.

The Malay archipelago has infinitely more interest with Japan than the Platte and Amazon with New York. A Japanese governor of Batavia would soon feel at home.

But to return to my Belgian sergeant. One of his corporals, a native of Amboyna, had just reenlisted for two years, and so far from feeling sad over it, he had secured permission from the commandant to celebrate the event by a grand feast regardless of expense.

How an Amboyna man, on a penny or so a day, could give a grand feast, seemed miraculous to me. My sergeant explained the mystery. The reenlisted native corporal engaged a famous Javanese dancing girl to come over from the nutmeg plantation where she earned a dollar or so a month, and to dance for them from early in the afternoon to somewhere near midnight. This girl being a favorite would cost a lot of money, maybe one or two dollars—and her mother-in-law and sister, to say nothing of the rest of the family, were on hand to see that she or they received all the pay that was her due—and theirs.

Then the native corporal had to engage a band of native musicians, and this too was expensive—another dollar or two, possibly three. Then it was expected that he pass around refreshments to at least some of the most important of his guests, and that might involve him to the extent of yet another dollar.

It looked as though this native had involved himself in expenses that would swallow up his pay for the whole of his enlisted time and far beyond — and how was he ever to get out of debt, asked I? He went to the commanding officer and secured the privileges of the barrack drill ground for that one day and evening—in other words, he received permission to pocket the gate money, so to speak,—and to sell gambling privileges sufficient to cover all the expense of orchestra, dancing girl, free drinks and possibly leave something over for himself.

I counted at least twelve mats devoted to gambling—a Malay Monte Carlo conducted very quietly and politely. The gamblers were men for the most part, though at some mats I saw Javanese ladies whose husbands had given them money to stake—possibly the husbands were at that moment on sentry duty.

This was a military festival in the sense that the host was a soldier and none but soldiers were to appear save by special invitation. I was the only civilian present, and for this I must express thanks to my Belgian sergeant.

Gambling is the same the world over —a pile of coin, a circle of humans seeking to suppress the hungry look in their otherwise dull faces, a croupier who pushes the money to one side or the other — this you can see anywhere in Europe, or at Macao, or at Jahore, or Borneo or Banda.

Here were no Chinamen, and no white men save my sergeant and myself—indeed on Banda are but a few Chinese shopkeepers; the coolies are Malays, natives of the islands, for the work is fairly light.

I was about to say goodbye to my sergeant and paddle further, when I heard the sound of the native orchestra, so I stayed. The music was on the stoop of what had been the military prison, a broad verandah of smooth cement railed off by thick bamboo poles, so that the audience might not press too closely upon the performers. At one end of the veranda squatted four dusky natives.

One had before him the most important piece of all, that might correspond to the cymbal of a Hungarian band. It consisted of six copper jars with a knob an inch in diameter at the top of each lid. Each jar, about six to nine inches in diameter, was laid separately on a species of net made of malacca or bamboo thongs. The whole looked from a distance like a table decked with a service of half a dozen round brass soup tureens.

The leader struck these brass or copper vessels with two sticks, one in each hand. The stick was about a foot long and as thick as a New York policeman's day club, but of softish wood. The sound was chime-like.

Sometimes he struck the knob, sometimes the other part, sometimes both almost simultaneously—he was playing at four o'clock when I first arrived; he was playing when I finally went home. He played with scarce an interruption, the beads of sweat burst out over every part of him, but he seemed very happy, especially when I sent a ginger colored boy to drop some coins into a brass bowl in front of him, and into which the warriors dropped certain sums when they wished to show their approval or desired to dance with the famous Javanese danseuse.

But I am anticipating.

Another native who sat on the leader's left played on an arrangement suggesting a xylophone piano. Behind him sat another who had some metal strips upon which he played after the like manner. On the leader's right was a man who had a long drum on his lap—all these players were squatted on the ground. This long drum he patted with his flat hand so cleverly that he could produce considerable variety of tone, and he kept up a monotonous time movement which finished by so hypnotising me that I felt as though I could have stayed on without ever wearying of it. There was, behind these four, one who had charge of two big gongs which lent weight to some of the passages.

It was savage or barbarous music in so far as we call everything barbaric that is strange or incomprehensible to us. I, at least, enjoyed it hugely. But then methinks I have a partiality for strange music. Once, in Tokyo, I listened night after night to a beautiful Japanese lady of blessed memory. It was a cruel fate that drew my visit to a close. She played and sang to me symphonies, operas, native lyrics of great depth and range of sentiment—so she said.

Likewise I have listened for hours to Scottish bagpipes—they must be played outdoors by marching soldiers, with a fine wind blowing. The fife and drum too have their own fascination, provided there are many drums skillfully handled. And then that weirdest of all drumming—the Moorish music with the wailing minor and the everlasting dull thump, thump of the tomtom — nothing would seem more barbarous in description, yet many who revel in Wagner can also find fascination if not elevation in the rhythmic melodies of Berber tribes.

This orchestra of Banda had more of melody than most so-called barbarous music; the sound of the wood upon the brass tureens produced an effect which upon me at least acted as a magnet, strong enough to hold me in one spot for more hours than any opera that I have so far ventured into.

Then that little Java lady — she came demurely across the drill ground from the barrack room where she had been dressing. She was of the Japanese standard in height, slight yet plump enough, graceful, modest. Her little bare feet slipped softly back and forth from under her gorgeous native petticoat (sarong), which is here but a gauzy strip of many-colored, silky material, and which is tucked in about the waist without the trouble of buttons, seams or pins.

She wore a very coquettish little basque or waist, or what a man might regard as a feminine cummerbund belt, reaching from the waist nearly to her arm pits, just covering one portion of her breasts, but leaving her shoulders and arms untrammelled in order that she might as freely as possible express her emotions through the gentle swaying of her body in general, and her arms and hands in particular.

When she stepped onto the stoop it was with the simplicity of a child unconscious of any audience. With the first move of her beautiful arms I felt myself back in Japan again—this seemed a part of that empire—her manner, her every pose suggested dances I had seen in Kyoto, and the behavior of this little plantation slave suggested the blood of Japanese samurai in her veins.

Who can describe a dance! We dance in order to awaken feelings which we cannot or dare not express aloud. It is a form of entertainment consecrated by thousands of years, and will go on to the end of the world along with the one emotion linked with it—the attraction of woman to man.

Our own dancing is coarse compared with this of the far East, where human nature is more complex, more subtle.

My little Javanese queen made every gesture so faintly as almost to escape note by one of my poor atrophied senses. When she moved her eyes it was just enough—when she moved a hand it was but a suggestion—her body swayed but a shade, but in that shade was the stroke of a master.

Each Malay warrior clamored for the honor of being her partner, and always on the same motive, "Love—love—and don't you wish you may succeed!"

This Javanese dancing retains that element which only Hungarians preserve in Europe — carrying out dramatically and with musical accompaniment, couple by couple, the alternate hopes and fears, the wailing lamantations, the passionate bursts of anger, the mad yell of triumph, the pantomime involved in our greatest of dances, the Csardasch of the gallant Magyar.

My little plantation princess swayed and waved her beautiful arms, spread her exquisite fingers, raised ever so gently her shapely shoulders, turned so gracefully that one might have sworn she floated—her eyes too did now and then take their part in the dance, but most discreetly.

The dancing warrior did his part by moving to the sound of the orchestra, manifesting his eagerness to conquer the beautiful prize, and showing dramatically his grief and sometimes despair when she gracefully and coyly slipped past him and then turned to sing him a line or two, sometimes sarcastic, sometimes mildly encouraging. The lover wore a thin scarf about his neck; it hung to his feet, and was used for the purpose of giving grace to his comparatively ungainly motions. His hands and arms performed most of the pantomime, and ignorant as I was and blunted as to my senses, I could not miss the general purpose of these dramatic passes.

The dance closed always in about the same way, and this was symbolized by the lover tossing his scarf over her head in token of triumph. The number of times that my sweet little princess succumbed to the scarf capture was bewildering from an ethical point of view.

One warrior inspired her to some particularly fine effects. It carried even me out of my habitual coldness, and I sent her a piece of jewelry which happened to be in my pocket. This seemed to please her, and still more the sister, who acted as family treasurer, for she craned her neck around for a good look at me, showed all her handsome teeth in a happy smile and stowed my trifle carefully away.

Of course it would have been highly unprofessional for this diva to have stepped outside of her role of oriental calm—she rarely looked at the audience, and then only when it was necessary to languidly sweep her haughty gaze round to measure her distance from the dancing partner whose embrace she intended to elude. But this bit of jewelry was something so quite outside of her barrack life experience, coming too on top of some money put into the brass dish which represented more than her plantation earnings for several months, that I saw her little mouth twitching with the desire to expand into a smile of triumph. I saw her less fortunate acquaintance look at her with envy, and the Belgian sergeant whispered to me:

"Prenez garde! she may take a fancy to you—what have you done!"

It seemed that I had quite gone beyond what the dramatic profession anticipated in this section of the East Indies, for the little danseuse from now on seemed to dance with one eye in our direction. However, the native regiment, or what there was of it on Banda, were happy in their share of the pleasure. One man had had the beri beri and was convalescent. So carried away was he with the excitement that he itched to have his fling with the witching lady, but he had no money.

So for the sake of seeing how a beri beri convalescent manages to recover the use of his limbs, I slipped half a gulden into his hand, and this he promptly had changed into a pocketful of copper, and then he managed to work off a dozen dances to the huge delight of himself, his partner and the audience, with whom he was obviously a favorite.

I was struck by his good dancing—the immense reality of his acting, so to speak — when she turned away and seemed to spurn him, yet with languishing eyes, his attitude of tragic despair was a finished bit of acting, and when she gave him hope the blaze in his eye was too real to be mere mimicry.

My sergeant whispered to me: "Voyez vous, M'sieur! That lad is from Amboyna—'elle etait sa maitresse' —but that was before her present marriage!" And it seemed that some of the old feeling was still there. The first marriage may have been for love, the last one a family arrangement.

Never did a premier danseuse dance so long or more gracefully than this little Banda belle—a beautiful creature she was, as I look back now on that moonlight night under the palms and nutmeg trees.

Nominally a slave, she was easily the queen of that garrison; nominally a coolie girl, she had more of real life than any princess at any court of Europe, bar Saxony; nominally a plantation drudge, she was in reality exercising daily the muscles which conduced most to her health and happiness; nominally earning but the mere sufficiency of a serf, yet she was rich in comparison to all about her, and after all, what is it to be rich?—is it more than the power to love and be loved in return?

When I came to leave that scene it was with many mixed feelings — the elder sister came down to the beach where little Caribee lay impatient. She came on behalf of the little dancer—would I take her along in my boat? I said I was going far away—she did not care; I said my boat was frail and she might come to harm—she did not care. I said — well, I forget all I said that night.

FLOWERMAN AND STARLIGHTER

By Shannon Birch

HANOVER, KANSAS

Where nature is a common book
  Of peaceful skies, of spreading leas,
Of plow-turned field, of quiet nook,
  Of spires amid green trees.

THE doctor when reminiscent could call to mind at almost every house in Prophet Town, as he made his professional rounds, the death of an occupant; sometimes the memory was of the old, sometimes of the young. In a quarter of a century death had entered every dwelling on the principal street of Prophet Town, so remembered the doctor one evening in September, as he slowly drove to his home at one end of the street, when the sun seemed setting but a mile away in a lane of ripening corn that led westward out of town. In all that street no house had escaped the visitations of death, except one other and the doctor's, where the doctor during the years of his ministrations in Prophet Town had lived alone.

The other exception to the mortuary generalizations of the doctor, as applied to Poplar street in Prophet Town, was the dwelling house at the other end of the street from the doctor's, the last before taking the prairie east from Prophet Town. In this lived Rose Temple, spinster, benefactress and friend of every soul in the town. In all the years of his daily itinerary the doctor had not crossed Rose Temple's hospitable threshold. It was true, as the doctor knew, that his absence was not the result of inadvertence, but of design.

When at last the doctor was summoned to Rose Temple's he proceeded there with no less agitation than if he had suddenly been called to the bar of heaven.

As he reached the sick-room his feelings became supreme. When ushered in and left alone with his patient she lifted a hand and said in tones of celestial kindness:

"Felix."

The doctor knelt by the bedside, his bosom bursting with sobs. Rose Temple gently stroked his hair, soothing him with her touch. When calmness followed the patient said:

"The years have been so long, Felix; and I am about to depart. I could not go on without reconciliation. I have a malady that is beyond human control. I have concealed its inroads. I have been compelled to succumb at last. I am sure the end is near. I sent for you to be reconciled and to say farewell in peace!" Rose, with a modest movement, disclosed the seat of her malady. The doctor viewed it with eyes streaming with renewed tears. His breast heaved with suppressed anguish as he exclaimed:

"O, Rose, the madness, the madness of it; the long, long years; the long, long, wasted years!"

Rose again placed her hand on the doctor's head and replied:

"Yes, long, long years, Felix; but not wasted years.

"The good you have done—"

"No, no, they have been wasted years!"

When the doctor had again regained calmness he remained long at the bedsaid, and when about to depart Rose said:

"Please do not forget to send a sedative, Felix. I think I can sleep tonight, with a little aid. Take little Janet with you; she will return with it safely."

The doctor returned to his office with his faculties absorbed in the incidents of the hour. To arouse himself from this state, while mixing the potion that little Janet was to carry back to Rose, he said whimsically to his small attendant, who was almost invisibly seated in his big office chair:

"Jack the Giant Killer was a great fellow, wasn't he?"

"Yes," answered Janet, "but I like Flowerman and Starlighter better."

"Who, may I ask, are Flowerman and Starlighter?"

"It's a story Auntie Rose tells me. Auntie Rose says she is Starlighter, maybe; but she says Flowerman is just nobody, she guesses."

"Tell me the story, won't you?"

"O, it's a nice story, and I can't tell it like Auntie Rose. Doctor Gray, maybe you are Flowerman."

"Why?"

"O, I don't know, I just think so."

"Well, let's hear the story, and then we'll see whether I am Flowerman."

"O, I am almost sure you are. Let me see—I've never told it, and I don't know how to begin."

"Once upon a time, as the sun was sinking in the West, a traveler was seen wending — "

"No, no, not that way. Once upon a time there were two travelers — one was Day and one was Night. The other name of Day was Flowerman. The other name of Night was Starlighter. They lived together long, long ago; one day Flowerman went away from home and did not come back, and Starlighter went to hunt for him, but she could not find him. Only once in a while she could see him traveling away, away ahead, and she ran as fast as she could, but she could never catch up with Flowerman, who always hurried on to find Starlighter. Flowerman would sometimes see Starlighter, for they went around and 'round in a ring; but Flowerman could never catch up with Starlighter. Flowerman was always going on ahead as Starlighter was coming up, and Starlighter was always going on ahead as Flowerman was coming up. And then Auntie Rose said it did not matter about Day and Night, for they never died and they never got old, but she said Starlighter and Flowerman were people, and that was ever so much different.

"Do you think you are Flowerman, now, doctor?"

The doctor's heart was swelling within him at the child's story. Was he Flowerman?

"Yes, my dear, I fear I am Flowerman!"

"O, Auntie Rose will be glad of that! I thought you were Flowerman. Now you can catch up!"

And the doctor instead thought of the hopelessness and the pity of it, for people who die and for people who grow old. His eyes were dim as he wrote the directions to his patient, saying to himself:

"These are the first lines in twenty-five years. How many, how many before!"

In the sick-room Rose took the prescription and kissed the lines without reading them. They were the first lines in twenty-five years. How many, how many before!

The doctor was hardly absent from Rose Temple's in the following fortnight ere she passed away.

In the few months that followed, the doctor went about in a dream, although administering as usual to the physical ailments of Prophet Town. But what physician can cure himself? These few short months brought startling results. The doctor's duties were listlessly performed. The doctor took no care! The doctor was sick! The doctor, at last, was dying.

And it came about that the house of Rose Temple and the house of the doctor were no longer exceptions to the rule of all other houses on Poplar street in Prophet Town, that death had entered there.

STILL IN THE OLD, FAMILIAR WAYS

By Cora A. Matson-Dolson

FLORIDAVILLE, NEW YQRK

I SAW him carried from the place
While white flowers trailed a faint perfume,
And all the nearest of his race
Joined in the long procession's gloom.

And yet, within this place he stays;
The soft breeze lifts his whitened hair,
His rocker by the fireside sways,
I hear his step upon the stair.

I pass him in the darkened halls,
He bears a basket filled with grain;
His shadow in the doorway falls,
He bends his head to breast the rain.

The farm-horse feels him near and neighs;
Then, waiting in the silence, stands.
The fowls flock in their wonted ways
To take their feeding from his hands.

Through orchard lands I see him pass
When boughs with ripened fruit bend down,
And footprints mark the pasture grass
Beside the mushroom's mystic crown.

Deem otherwise than this, who may;
Who cannot feel, the silence through,
When you have borne your dead away,
A presence in the paths they knew!

THE TRIBULATIONS OF NEWVILLE

A PARABLE

By Paul Tafel

CLEVELAND, OHIO

How Newville came into being and how the early settlers earned their living.

SOME of the people of Oldenburg became dissatisfied with the state of things in their home town and in due time made up their minds to migrate. They put their wives and children and household goods on board a ship and bade the master to set sail and steer toward the setting sun. After a long voyage they landed on an island, looked around and said to one another: "This seems like a good country, let us settle here." And they built huts and log cabins and cleared the timber away that they might raise wheat and cabbages and corn. The air was wholesome and the soil fertile, and it pleased them so much that the leaders got together and said: "Let us found a city and keep together for better or for worse. Let us have our own ways and be done with kings, for are not all men born free and equal?" So they set up an upper and a lower council of wise and honorable men that knew no selfishness, and who should watch by day and by night over the welfare of the town. A burgomaster was then elected who was to see that the laws made by the people, through their spokesmen in the councils, were properly carried out and obeyed by young and old. And the town was baptized Newville.

⁂

As time went by, the children of the old folks became old folks themselves and had children too. They were a God-fearing lot, strong, resourceful and enterprising, as settlers are apt to be, thrifty and saving, and each followed the trade of his forefathers: one tilled the soil, one baked bread, another made garments and still another built houses; others again set to digging in the ground and found coal and oil and iron and many precious metals. One man was a wagon owner. He took it unto himself to carry the wheat from the farm to the mill and the flour from the mill to the baker. He hauled the ore from the mine to the smelters and the iron to the foundry and the blacksmith. His wagons went from one end of the island to the other and had it not been for this wagon owner, Newville would not have grown so fast and waxed so prosperous. He was indeed a useful burgess.

The people steadily multiplied, partly by themselves, partly by others who came from Oldenburg, when they had heard the tidings of Newville's natural riches. But with the people multiplied their needs. The baker could no longer bake enough bread for every household, and the tailor could not make enough garments, for there were too many to be fed and clothed. Nor were there enough houses to give shelter; and the farmers raised so much corn and the mines yielded so much coal and copper and iron that the wagon owner could no longer haul it all away. So it came about that others went to baking bread and to making garments and to building houses, and others built wagons and roads to deliver the goods.

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How the tribulations of Newville began and how the tradespeople consolidated.

Perfect peace can only live in small communities where habits are simple and conditions primitive, where there is plenty of the necessities of life and where all are equal and united by brotherly love and mutual helpfulness and good will. But let there be more heads and there will be more minds. Diversity will take the place of equality and conditions will become complicated. Few human hearts are so wide that they can open to the multitude. In most hearts there is room for but a few. Love, once embracing the whole community, will restrict itself to the clan and, at last, when the clan also grows too numerous, it will seek refuge in the family. Let the bonds of common interest once be loosened, love will fast become indifferent, and, in addition, let the growing earthly needs outweigh the supply, hunger and envy will govern all thoughts and actions, and indifference will turn into grasping selfishness. The law of the survival of the fittest begins to operate and the struggle is on; so was it in Newville.

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A shoemaker had noticed for some time that his fellow shoemaker across the street had more trade than he had himself, and one day he saw one of his own customers walk into the other shoemaker's shop to have his boots mended. He waited for him, and when he came out he asked: "Friend, is not my work as good as the other shoemaker's? Why have you quitted me?" And the man said: "In truth, your work is as good as his, but his is cheaper." So the cunning shoemaker inquired all around, and when he had found out his rival's prices, he henceforth sold his goods a little cheaper, and all his customers came back to him and he gained many new ones. His business grew larger and larger, and by buying his leather in big lots he could get it for a smaller price, so he sold his shoes still cheaper than before.

And the same phenomenon was observed in other trades. One of the wagoners went to the coal mine owner and said: "I will pay you back one-tenth of the money that you pay me for hauling your coal, if you will promise never to trade with the other wagon owners." The coal man was satisfied, and lowered his prices, to the detriment and dismay of the other coal men, who got no money back from the wagon owner. And the people of Newville were pleased with this new state of things, for it was much better than in the olden days, when the town was very small and when there was only one man in each trade to buy from. Then the one baker could sell small loaves or big loaves as he pleased; now the many bakers tried to please their patrons, for the patrons could buy where they got the best goods at the lowest prices.

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But this golden era of giving and receiving most for least did not last long, for the traders did not like it. Said one big oil refiner to another big oil refiner: "Listen, brother, if you and I keep on cutting each other's prices, the day will come when the people will get their oil for nothing and we must die in misery. You must buy me out, or I will buy you out, but this can go no further." After much debating, they compromised on a pool and lowered prices until all the poorer oil refiners could not stand it any longer and resolved to sell their wells to the pool. And the prices of oil went up again. Other traders did likewise, and small firms grew scarcer and scarcer. Once there was a meat packer who would have nothing to do with the other meat packers and refused to come in. The consolidated meat packers went to the consolidated cattlemen and asked them to stop selling live stock to the fool, and the poor meat packer quickly changed his mind.

But they consolidated not merely for maintaining prices. In some cases it was not possible to shut out competition entirely; so they hit upon some other plan to increase profits. Said one shop owner to another shop owner: "You have a foreman and a men to work for you, and so have I. You have a man to keep your books, an engineer to assist you with his advice, a lawyer to interpret the city's law to you, and to collect outstanding debts, and a number of men to go out on the road and sell your goods, and so have I. Let us tear down our old shops and build a new one twice as big. Let us have one foreman, the better of the two, and one engineer and one lawyer and one bookkeeper and one set of salesmen, always the better of the two, and let the others go and save the pay." All of which they did, and their profits grew.

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All these things were bad for the people, but, each being busy with earning an honest living, they did not realize it until, by and by, they found that they could no longer buy their salt from the salt maker who gave them the best salt for the least money; they had to buy from the consolidated salt makers and be thankful for the little they got for dear money; they could buy it nowhere else. In their distress they turned to Oldenburg, where the makers of goods are satisfied with smaller profits. But no sooner had the first shipload come across the sea, than the consolidated folks raised their voices all at once and cried: "Keep them out! Keep them out!" And they prevailed on the councilmen to make a law by which the Oldenburgers should be prevented from selling other goods to the people of Newville than those which they could not make themselves. And the councilmen, seduced by sundry means of persuasion and subtle argument, resolved that a wall should be built around the island and the harbors fortified. And furthermore, that whoever bought goods from foreign traders should pay toll to the city before he was allowed to pass the gates with what he had bought. And the Oldenburgers were locked out forthwith.

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How the workingmen consolidated, how they troubled the people, and how the people set things in order again.

The consolidated makers of goods were so well pleased at the prospect of future riches that they did not see the heavy clouds which had been gathering on the horizon for some time. Nor did it concern them much that the high prices which they extracted from the people fell hardest on the poor folks. But amongst these were the workingmen who owned nothing but a strong body and the experience which they had gained during their years of apprenticeship. These they sold to the masters for wages, working long hours day by day.

One day a workman came to his master and said: "Master, I have toiled for you many years and faithfully. In former times I have been laying back a shilling a week for old age and rainy days, but food grows ever dearer and my wages are ever the same. Give me higher wages, that I may keep my body strong and my wife and little ones from starving." But the master grew very angry and cried: "Thou ungrateful servant, dost thou not know that I have ever paid you more than thy work was worth to me? Be gone, and may I see you never more!" But the workman felt sick at heart, and he told his fellows what he had done and what the master had said, and spread much discontent and anger among them. Said they: "Let us help our brother, for are we not in the same distress as he? Let us unite, and what the master denied to the one he may not deny to the many, for he cannot get on without us." And they all went to the master and demanded more wages. But the master grew more angry still and drove them out, and he told his foreman to go out into the streets and taverns and hire all the idle men he could find. But no sooner had the other workmen learned of this, when they armed themselves with clubs and stones to keep the new men away from the house, and they threatened to set fire to the workshops if the master would not grant their just demands. And the master,seeing that much time and money would be lost if his workmen stayed out, promised to pay them higher wages if they would come back and be peaceful. It was not very long before the workmen of other trades did likewise; all united and demanded higher wages and almost always got them. One day,however, the united coal miners begged the united coal mine owners for better terms. But the owners would not treat with the miners, and the miners laid down their picks and shovels and quit work, and no coal was brought to day for many a week. At first the people were quite indifferent as to how the feud would end, for the mine owners had money in plenty, and therefore needed no sympathy, while the miners could live on the subsidies from the treasuries of brother unions. But when the grim Winter approached from the North, the people of Newville became scared at their empty coal bins and began to ask that the fight come to a speedy end. "Shall tens of thousands of us freeze because a hundred miners are at odds with their masters?" "But," asked others, "is not the cause of the poor miners a just one? Let the wealthy mine owners give in, for we must have coal." Time went by and nothing was done, when at last the burgomaster, seeing that the people grew very angry and openly sided with the miners against the haughty coal barons who would not yield, and fearing that the community would be subjected to great hardships during the Winter for lack of coal, took a hand in the feud. He set up a special council, by the judgment of which both parties promised to abide. After the council had heard both sides, it decided for the miners, and the burgomaster earned much praise from all the united workmen and from the people.

Soon afterward the Newvillers awakened one morning and found no bread on the breakfast table; then again there was no meat to be had; then the plumber would not come to fix a bursted water pipe, and the grave diggers would not bury the dead — always because some union of working men was at odds with the masters as to wages and hours of work. There was bloodshed every day between united workingmen and those whom the masters had hired to take their places, goods remained undelivered and people had to walk many miles to reach their homes or places of business, buildings were left unfinished, ships were rotting in the harbors and the corn went to waste in the fields. Oftentimes business came to a standstill and the losses in money could not have been greater had there been actual war with some foreign city.

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This lasted many years, but at last the people said: "Hold on, we have suffered enough. We deny neither to the masters nor to the workingmen to unite to safeguard their interests, but they are at fault if by safeguarding their own interests they interfere with those of the rest of the people, who are indeed many times more numerous than masters and workingmen together. And if masters and workingmen cannot settle their differences without subjecting young and old, men and innocent women and children to untold hardships, the differences must be settled for them by the people.

"Let us create a court in which half of the seats shall be allotted to the spokesmen chosen by the masters and the other half to the chosen spokesmen of the workingmen and a wise and honest judge chosen by the people shall preside. Every master or union of masters and every union of workmen shall have a grant from the burgomaster to do business or work, without which grant they cannot enjoy the protection of the court. And all disputes shall be brought before this court and the contending parties shall abide by its decision under penalty of heavy fine, nor shall a master be permitted to dismiss his workingmen or the workingmen to quit the master while the court is examining their case.'' Such was the people's will, and the law was made accordingly.

Peace reigned again in Newville and the city flourished. Soon the output of the mines and shops and the yield of the fertile fields was so large that it was far more than the people needed for themselves, and ship after ship went out to sea laden with wheat and fruit and meat and metals and hardware and came back with bags of gold.

* * *

How the workingmen improved their fortunes.

Of all earthly things, gold is the most peculiar. Few men can long behold it without becoming dazed by its luster. It attracts them with magnetic force, and when once within its magnetic circle they are filled with a mad desire to possess the source whence flows this mysterious power. Its influence makes itself felt ever and everywhere, and it is one of the unseen forces that govern the destines of mankind. It is Satan's present to man and it breeds hatred and strife. It was also largely the cause of the tribulations of Newville.

Since the workingmen had risen from the humble state of servants whom the master could chastise and dismiss at his pleasure to that of a mighty power in the community who could treat with their masters on even terms, they became filled with new ambitions and desires. They did indeed not aim at becoming masters themselves, but they wanted to live in a manner becoming the importance of their new position in Newville. They wanted to buy better garments and food, own their houses, give a better education to their offspring and enjoy the pleasures of life, all of which required a larger income.

Argued the workingmen:—"The wages of one man who produces one hundred pieces of a certain ware in one day form a small portion only of the profits which the master makes in selling these goods, while the workingmen ought really to get the larger portion." To which the master replied: "I have worked hard all my life, and of my savings I have built this shop and bought the tools with which you work and without which you could produce no more than ten pieces in one day. It would take ten workingmen to make one hundred pieces and the wages of each man would needs be smaller. "True,'' said the workingmen, "but without our labor your tools could produce naught and your profits would be naught while each of us workingmen could still make ten pieces a day and earn a living. This being so,'' continued the workingmen, "let us form a partnership; you build the shop and buy the tools, we furnish the labor and what is left of the sales money, after power and raw stuffs have been paid for, shall be divided; you shall get one-half, or one-third or one-fourth, or whatever shall have been agreed upon at the beginning and each of the workmen shall get his due share of the rest." But the master would not hear of it. "My business is my business and not the workmen's,'' he said.

But the united workingmen steadily followed their aim, pressing the masters for an increased share in the profits, and the masters became more and more alarmed and repeatedly beseeched the councils to fix by law a highest wage beyond which the workingmen could not go. But the united workingmen had, in the course of time, obtained much influence in the councils and had powerful spokesmen, so that the masters could accomplish naught. Good feeling had never existed between masters and workingmen, and it now grew worse from year to year.

One outcome of this state of things was that the steadily upward movement of prices kept step with a steadily upward movement of wages, and the burden on the people was heavy. Small wonder was it indeed that the greater part of the people were inclined toward the side of the workingmen, for the masters were the dispensers of the necessaries of life, and had for ages amassed great wealth at the expense of the people. So it came about that gradually the masters gave way before the great pressure, and one by one took the workingmen into partnership, and it was found that the scheme was good. The master took good care of the workingmen and the workingmen took good care of the shop and the tools, also the workingmen themselves saw to it that only good and experienced men found employment in the shop, for they knew full well that poor tools and poor workmen meant smaller profits.

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How the producers burdened the non-producers and how the non-producers revolted against the producers.

The people of Newville were now divided into two large classes; on the one hand were the masters and the workingmen, who were called the producers, and on the other side were the non-producers, the great mass of the people. These were again sub-divided into three smaller classes. There were the school teachers, the preachers, the politicians and the army of officials who were in charge of the complicated mechanism of the city's administration, with the burgomaster as chief engineer; the physicians, the lawyers, the artists, actors and writers. All these were also called the intellectuals or the professions. Then came an army of merchants and storekeepers who distributed the goods made by the producers, at a small profit, and last the still larger army of the unemployed, the unskilled, the tramps and the paupers, who were ever on the very edge of starvation.

Although the non-producers were many times more numerous than the producers, their total wealth was many times smaller, for the producers had the keys to the inexhaustible storehouses of nature, and they owned all the wagons and roads to deliver the goods to the people. Indeed, they might easily have starved the whole community to death, had it not been that they were ever afraid of violence. So they sold their goods for as much money as they could get from the people and they never went far enough to excite open revolt. Besides, the people were not united. The intellectuals stood apart. The artist and the scientist detest commercialism, therefore they would not mix with the merchants, and they would not side with the lowest classes, for those have no culture and education. Aside from that, they depended on the wealthy producers not only for their food but also for their income. The merchants wished to keep on good terms with everybody, for they had everybody for their customers, and finally the unemployed, unskilled, tramps and paupers, who had nothing to lose and nothing to gain, no matter which of the other classes had the upper hand, considered everybody else as their natural enemy. So it went on many years. Once in a while voices were heard requesting that the great wall be torn down and the foreign producers let in, and when the voices became too numerous and too powerful, the producers would open the gates a little and allow those to come in that did them the least harm. But the discontent among the non-producers grew and gathered momentum, like a heavy stone that slowly starts to roll on a downward path. The people's long suffering patience came to an end.

And some said in great anger: "Let us tear down the great wall and open our ports to all the world. We want to buy from him who offers the best goods at the lowest prices, whether he be of our own or foreign stock." But others replied:

"Many goods can be made more cheaply in foreign cities because of cheaper raw stuffs, or cheaper labor or cheaper power. Entire industries might be wiped out if we allow such goods to be sold in Newville at their home prices, and many producers would be forced to join the great army of the unemployed and become a burden to the community. It might also happen that we buy more from the foreigners than they buy from us, and Newville's wealth would dwindle. Thus while we may have relief for the present, we shall have to suffer in the future. Lost wealth is hard to recover."

And the people saw that there was much sense in these arguments: besides, they loved their native city above everything else in the world and disliked the foreigners. "Let the wall stand," they said, "and think of some other remedy." The most radical ones argued this way: "The coal and salt and metals and the fertile soil which nature has been pleased to bless this island with belong to all men and are common property. Nature has not intended that her precious gifts, without which no one could live, should be possessed by but a few and be dealt out to the many for exorbitant toll. Therefore, let us seize by force of arms the mines and timber lands and fields and the highways that lead from them to the city, and distribute them among the people, that each man may have one even share and all the mines and public lands and highways shall be worked for the people and by the people, or by those entrusted by the people with the management, and the returns shall flow into the people's pockets."

"But this would not be just nor fair," replied the more moderate ones. They said: "The early settlers and their sons have planted the first corn and wheat and cotton when Newville was but a wilderness; they discovered the mines and drove shafts into them; they built the highroads and hundreds of workshops, and they passed them on to their children and children's children, who improved their inherited property with the money they had earned through hard and patient labor. Had it not been for the work of these pioneers and those who prepared the raw stuffs furnished by the mines and forests and farms for the use of mankind, Newville would not be the wealthy and powerful city she is today. Why, then, should we suddenly rob the producers of their inheritance and of the fruits of their labors? Would it not be fairer if we made an honest bargain with them and gave them value for value?" And it was proposed that the city should buy all the mines and farm lands and prairies and forests and highways and turn them over to public spirited and experienced and honest men, who should be selected by the burgomaster for life, regardless of their political or religious faith, and be paid fair wages for their services, and that the products of mines and farms and highways shall be sold at a small profit and the profits used for paying off the former owners. It was further proposed that the books of the makers of goods, the great bakers, meat packers, garment makers, metal workers and all the rest shall at all times be open to the public and a special court shall be empowered to regulate the prices at which goods may be sold to the people.

How the producers and non-producers consolidated, and how the tribulations of Newville came to an end.

And a great and final struggle ensued between the producers and the non-producers. The former having much influence among the councilmen, no laws were made that might harm the producers, and many years went by. But the people were determined to have their way, and began to threaten the councilmen with bodily injuries if they would not obey the will of the masses. At last the will of the people was done.

And the city bought not only the natural treasures, the fields and highways, but gradually also the shops of the makers of goods. "For," said the shop owners, "if the people may decide at what prices we shall sell our goods, while we have all the responsibilities and risks, then the people may as well make the goods themselves." And one by one they sold out to the city, and the city in due time furnished the people with all the necessaries of life: — with food and garments and houses, for little money, and the people were happy. And as the treasury was full to overflowing the public money was used for the free education of the city's youth, and the great mass of the unemployed were given work in deepening the rivers and canals for better navigation, in irrigating arid lands and in restocking depleted forests. Ships were built in which to carry surplus goods to foreign markets, and men-of-war to ward off unfriendly and envious neighbors who might covet Newville's wealth, and there were monuments to the great men who by patriotic deeds and statesmanship had helped to make the city great, and beautiful temples and showhouses were erected for the use of the people. Fabulous riches were piled up and the beauty and wealth of Newville excited the admiration of all mankind.

OLD BAR A

THE COWBOY'S "MANDALAY"

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. KIPLING)

By Jessie M. Whittaker
DENTON, TEXAS

OUT beyond the crooked Brazos, where the world is big an' free,
There's a mustang pony roamin' that I know remembers me;
For the mesquite trees they whisper, an' the prairie winds they say:
"Come you back, you Texas cowboy, come you back to Ranch Bar A."
Come you back to big Bar A,
Where the old gang used to stay;
Can't you hear their spurs a-clinkin' round the corrals at Bar A?
In the corrals at Bar A,
Where the flyin' lassos play,
Till the sun rolls off the prairie down the canons of Jose.

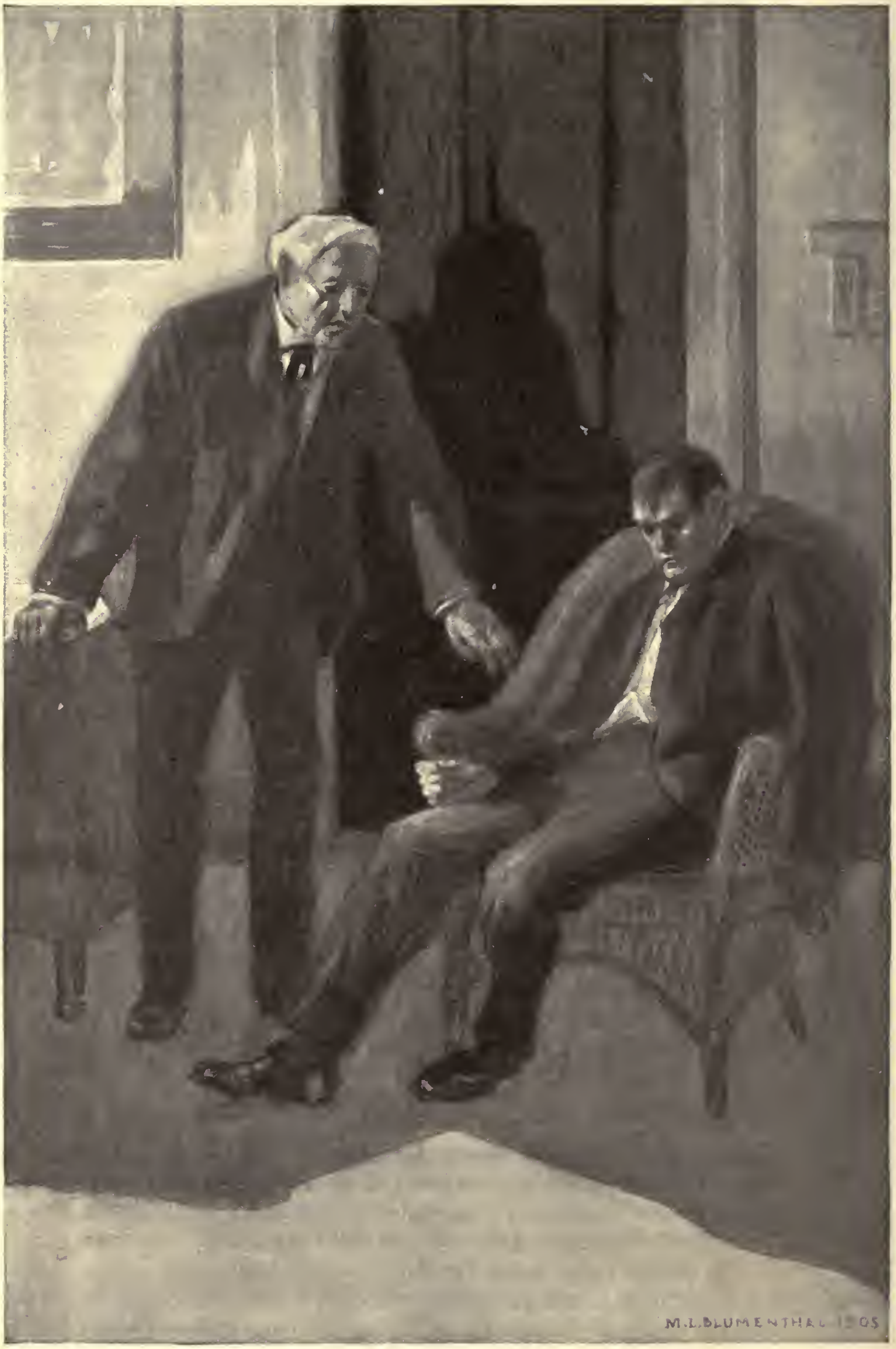
His temper wasn't pretty and his eye it looked like sin,
An' his name was Little Tophet—fit him, too, just like the skin;
An' I seen him first aspirin' to the skies with two hind feet,
Harborin' the strange delusion that a cowboy's made to eat.
        An' right there, I says: "We'll see
        Which is boss here, him or me.
'Twasn't much he cared for buckin' at the end of that melee
        In the corral at Bar A.

When the flowers was bloomin' stirrup-high as far as you could see,
(An' I reckon Heav'n ain't sweeter than a Texas May can be),
I'd get his Spanish saddle, an' I'd whistle soft an' low,
An' we'd saunter 'cross the prairie, while the East begun to glow;
        Watch the stars a-fadin' slow,
        An' the wolves a-skulkin' low,
An' the creaky windmills waitin' for a breeze to wake and blow
        Down the range to old Bar A.

But them rovin' days are over—oh, my heart, how far away!
An' there ain't no trails meanderin' from the Hub to old Bar A;
An' I'm learnin' here in Boston what the old-time cowboy tells:
"If you've heard the West a-callin', why, you won't hear nothin' else."
        No, you won't want nothin' else
        But them cedar camp-fire smells,
An' the South wind playin' fairy tunes upon the yucca bells,
        'Long the trail to old Bar A.

I'm sick of parks and libr'ies and of symphonies an' art,
An' this talkin' out of grammars is a-shrivelin' my heart.
An' this horse I ride out mornin's, where the green things stay in rows,
Would he know a steer, I wonder, any further than his nose?
        Oh, he's pedigreed, I s'pose,
        An' he does the best he knows,
But for ridin' give me Tophet an' some proper feelin' clothes
        On the range at old Bar A.

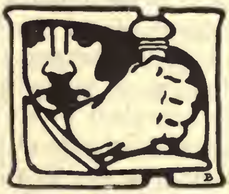
Send me back beyond the Brazos, where there ain't this culture thirst,
Where there ain't these Social Questions an' the last man's good as first;
For the prairie winds are callin', an' it's there that I would be,
On the Llano Estacado, where the world is big an' free.
        On the range at big Bar A,
        Where the old gang used to stay,
Swappin' yarns an' brandin' yearlin's at the round-ups on Bar A:
        On the range at Ranch Bar A,
        Where the flying' lassos play,
An' the sun rolls off the prairie down the canons of Jose.


M.L.BLUMENTHAL 1905

Drawn by M. L. Blumenthal

"Daniel," said Roger Croft, "you leave my home tonight."

The Salt of the Earth



By Edwin Carlile Litsey

Author of "The Love Story of Abner Stone"

LEBANON, KENTUCKY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I

THE BANISHMENT

OLD ROGER CROFT was a good and a just man. He was as much respected and looked up to as the parish priest, or either of the four Protestant ministers in Mossdale. He had attained this high place in the esteem—not to say affection—of his townsmen by living a circumspect and honorable life, by attending strictly to his own business, and by lending a helping hand and giving a cheery word whenever distress called or misfortune gloomed. Mossdale possessed between three thousand and four thousand inhabitants, one main street upon which business houses glared across at each other during the day and slept peacefully side by side at night, and a number of other streets comprising the resident portion of the town. The home of Roger Croft was rather far out from the court house—which marked the exact center of Mossdale—and near the suburbs. It was only a one-storey structure of brick, but it was many roomed and spreading. The grounds were spacious and well kept, and the garden in the rear was devoted more to the cultivation of beautiful flowers than to the raising of cabbages and potatoes. For Roger

Croft was a nature lover, and a goodly portion of his seventy-five years had been spent outdoors. He almost knew the number of corrugations in the bark on the trunks of his oaks and his elms; he could tell within a day when the maples would put forth their buds in March; and when the double row of crocuses before his library window thrust their shy heads through the grass to peep at him almost before the snow had left, he would smile, lay down his book and thank God for Spring. The townspeople loved Roger Croft, and when a grave trouble began to threaten him they sorrowed in their hearts and talked in low tones together, but they could not help him.

The kindly, yet dignified master of Ivy Lodge was, as we have said, a devotee of nature. He loved the perfect works of the Creator with the intensity of a deep and calm temperament. To him a blossoming bed of flowers was a symphony, and the chant of the storm wind in the thick woods the notes of a mighty harp attuned to celestial harmony. He had studied the secrets of the universe in his garden, in the fields and in the woodlands, and by the running brooks and in the green pastures. He had striven for knowledge manfully. He had sought, and he had found. He had knocked and the doors which had seemed to be hermetically sealed were opened. So for many years he lived alone, going forth in the morning and in the afternoon, and coming back to the easy chair by his fireside to rest and read. At forty-five he had met, loved and married a woman of refinement and culture. Five years later a child was given to them. It was then he was called upon to endure the supremest pang of human existence. Upon that eternal current which forever runs toward a hidden shore she was borne out of his life, leaving it empty, aching, paralyzed. The last promise he made her was to bring up her infant son in the ways of manliness and honor. The years fled. Time, with its magic touch, blunted the throbbing pain in the heart of the stricken man. He did not forget; he never ceased to suffer, but the manifold duties toward his growing boy demanded his time and his unremitting care, and in this way his fearful affliction was in some measure overshadowed. The babe became a child; the child a youth, straight-limbed, active and supple. By some strange chance Roger Croft did not seek to educate him along the lines which had shaped and governed his own life. He did not take him by the hand and lead him along the secluded paths where fairy voices might whisper their lures into his ears. He did not make him sit down at the foot of a willow drooping over the water, place a book in his hand and bid him read a while, and then stop and study the inanimate but eloquent things about him. It is true he introduced his son to his large library when he was of a suitable age, and suggested and directed his reading.

The father made the mistake which thousands of other fathers have made. He himself had been a dreamer, a recluse, a drone, perhaps. But for his son he had ambitions. Daniel had a good mind and a good presence. Why might he not rise high in the law? College days came, and after a while letters asking for money, money, more money. Roger Croft sent more than enough for the boy's expenses and legitimate pleasures, and finally, becoming alarmed, he resolved to write for him to come home. As he was inditing the letter with many misgivings, the front door of the house was opened and Daniel stood before him. He had been expelled.

The gentle old man bore the shame and the ignominy silently, and after that first night he never spoke to his son on the subject again. The young man refused to try another school. He would work, if congenial employment could be found in Mossdale, but he had no ambition and no aspiration, and his father had money in plenty. So Roger Croft went into the business houses one by one, seeking a place for his boy. Strange that every position was filled, everywhere, even down to the janitor's. Everyone to whom he spoke was kind, and expressed their regret that they could not help him; but when he laboriously climbed the slanting street to Ivy Lodge the consciousness was forcibly borne in upon him that his boy—her son—was a failure on the threshold of life.

Though of studious habits, and holding himself far away from the world, Roger was not blind to the faults and the sins of the world. For instance, he knew that exercise reddened the face in one way, and that wine reddened it in another. When he entered a room Daniel had just left and smelled that peculiar, indescribable odor which permeated the atmosphere, he knew quite well that it was caused by a breath tainted with stale whiskey. When, at breakfast, he saw dishevelled hair carelessly combed; a haggard, lined face and bloodshot eyes, he knew that Daniel had been making a night of it, most probably at the gaming table. And matters grew worse and worse. Roger was at a loss to know where the boy obtained money to indulge his many vices. He supplied him with the necessaries of life and a small sum weekly for tobacco, but these weekly allowances did not last an hour. His son—her son—was gaming.

One morning, quite early, as Roger was walking in his garden with furrowed brow and bent head, wandering in that mental labyrinth of inextricable incident and calamity, a red-faced, portly man opened the gate and came toward him.

"Good morning, sir," said Roger, courteously touching the rim of his hat.

"Good morning, Mr. Croft," returned the stranger, then resumed, hurriedly and confusedly: "Your son has been working for me for the past two weeks. I don't know whether you know it or not, but he has. Last night when I left the house at eleven there was twenty dollars in the drawer. This morning it's gone, but all the doors were locked. I've missed small amounts before, but I never said anything about it, because I'd hate to give you trouble. But twenty dollars is too much. I must have it back, or—or—"

"Have Daniel arrested. Yes.—Where is your place of business?"

"The Railroad Saloon. Dan was my barkeeper, and — "

"Yes—yes; come to the house with me and I will return your money."

With a face as white as the gray locks falling about it, Roger Croft turned and led the way. The man received his money with many assurances that the matter would go no further, and Roger, going to a small inner room, knelt by a window facing the West and hiding his worn face in his wrinkled hands sobbed like a heart-broken woman. To this window, in this room, he and she had so often come to watch the sunset together, and some of the rarest and most precious moments of his life had passed as they stood, each arm-encircled, and beheld the glory in the West give place to gentle shadow, like the breast of a brooding dove. For many years now he had come alone to the window, and was it all fancy when, in the magical twilight, he thought he felt a hand touch his? This was his sanctuary, his confessional, his earthly holy of holies. Here he came to think of her, to dream of her, and commune with her in spirit. And here, in the extremity of this last appalling grief and shame, he had come to pour forth his tears and to pray that she might search his heart, and know that he was not to blame.

He did not go to breakfast. He did not leave that small room crowded with sacred and treasured memories until past midday. When his outraged mind had, in a way, become conscious of the deep degradation which had been thrust upon his name, Roger sat down and stared stonily before him for many minutes. For the sake of his promise to the boy's mother, he had borne with Daniel as long as he could. The knowledge which he had gained that morning overtipped the balance of forbearance. The son of his loins was selling liquor in a low bar room, and was guilty of petty theft! He writhed in pain of mind and groaned outright. That act had marked the limit of parental charity. All morning he sat and thought, and in the afternoon he walked in his garden and thought again. But his beloved roses were like great clots of blood; the lilies reminded him of death. The joy of living and the joy of life had, for the time, ceased. As the shadows of the trees began to lengthen, and then to blur, Roger made his decision, and it was immutable.

At supper Daniel was sober, or nearly so. The meal was eaten in silence. At its close Roger Croft arose and spoke huskily.

"Daniel, come to the library when you have finished."

The young man pushed back his plate half sullenly, got up and followed his father without a word. Roger quietly sat down in his favorite chair, and Daniel carelessly flung himself into another. Here was, in truth, a defiled temple; a noble work self-marred. His frame was well molded, broad of shoulder and deep of chest. The contour of his face was square; the mouth large and good, the chin firm. His eyes, which his Maker had given him gray and serene, were muddy and watery, and the whites were streaked with gorged veins. Heavy shadows lay beneath each one. There was a half-healed bruise upon the bridge of his nose. His low, broad forehead was white with a sickly, unnatural pallor, and damp strands of unkempt, chestnut hair fell over it. His cheeks were flaccid, sallow, unhealthy, and were beginning to pouch. His air was one of discomfort, and he seemed restless and out of place. His father looked at him for some time, pityingly. Her son! Yes, for her features were reflected in the face before him, albeit it was gross, bestial and stamped with vice.

"Daniel," said Roger Croft, slightly raising his voice as he noticed that it trembled on the first word,—"you leave my home tonight."

The face of the culprit blanched in sudden fear, but he did not lift his eyes from the floor and he did not open his lips in answer. The old man went on, although each word he spoke was like the thrust of a knife in his own heart.

"If God had spared your mother, I do not believe this would have come to pass. But it was His will that she should go. I promised her that I would devote my life to rearing you in the ways of good conduct and honest endeavor. Even you cannot say that I have not tried. If I have been at fault, the fault has been leniency and over-indulgence. I cannot fathom the reason for your conduct. Your mother was noble, and true, and sweet, and good. My own days, though unmarked by any great deed, have been one long striving after the simple life—the white life, and you know that my name is respected, and that there is not the faintest cloud upon it. It cannot be the seeds of unworthy ancestors springing up to bear bitter fruit in you. I had thought my work well done when you went away to college. 'As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.' What sudden storm swept over you and turned your feet from the way in which I had placed them, I don't know. My thoughtful care and my nightly prayers and daily watchfulness have come to nothing. You have disgraced me—disgraced me and disgraced your mother's memory!"

Still the younger man was silent. His legs were outstretched and his feet were crossed; his hands were thrust deep into the pockets of his trousers and his chin was sunk low upon his breast. He did not move, and he could not raise his eyes. A faint glimmer of shame was stirring somewhere deep within him, for his temples were tinged and the strong muscles in his jaws were working. His father resumed:

"I bore the disappointment of your expulsion from college, although that was a blow for which I was altogether unprepared. But your explanation showed some mitigating circumstances, and I forgave you and offered you any opportunity which you might name. I have known for many weeks that you have been drinking—recently I have thought that you must be gaming. Last night you became a thief! From a bartender in the most disreputable den in Mossdale, Daniel Croft, my son, my only son, has become a thief. This morning your employer came to me and told me the shameful story to my face, suggesting your arrest and imprisonment if the money you had taken was not forthcoming. I paid it to him, but—Daniel, this is the end. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"No, sir."

Still the head was sunk and the eyes were down, and the monosyllables were forced from between clenched teeth.

"You must leave my home tonight. It is the only hope for your redemption, and if I did not love you still with a yearning, unfathomable love I would let you stay. But you must go. Now listen to my parting words, and sink them in your memory so deep that time cannot wrest them from you. My life has been spent as close to God as I believe a sinful mortal man can come. I have sought Him in the unfolding petals of the rose, in the yellow heart of the jonquil, in the sap-charged bark of the awakening trees, in the low zephyr and in the furious gale. I have sought Him in the music of flowing water, in the pure moonlight and in the black night. I have sought Him in the dewy morning, and yet again in the early evening when the first stars were beginning to shine. Outdoors is where God is, and where He is there also is knowledge and peace and much joy. I send you from my home tonight with this to aid you, if you would come back to me, before death claims me, and gladden my last days. Live with nature and live in nature. She made my own life as peaceful and serene as one of her own meadows flashing in the sunshine of Spring. There you will find the secret of life and there you will find strength for your every need."

Roger Croft arose and walked slowly to a heavy desk in one corner. Coming back, he bent and thrust a wallet into his son's waistcoat pocket.

"Here is one hundred dollars. You must earn what else you need. This is only to keep you from want and help you from place to place. Do not tarry in Mossdale a single day—a single hour. Will you promise?"

Quite suddenly the younger man arose. He towered above his father nearly a foot.

"I'll leave Mossdale tonight," he said.

"Goodbye, my boy. Write to me, and may the God of mercy be with you in the hour of temptation."

In this manner Daniel Croft left his father's roof.

II

THE MIRACLE OF MORNING

It was early morning in the country. It was early morning at the square, comfortably built farm house of Joshua Delford. So early, indeed, that the stars still shone, brighter than ever in the last hour of the night. The season was early

Summer. The huge yard, which stretched from the pike down to the low, wooden step before the old-fashioned portico, was covered as with a pall of black velvet. Here the grass grew green and luxuriant, starred with dandelions and an occasional wild-eyed daisy. A group of locust trees stood near the western corner of the building; next to them was a wild goose-plum thicket, wherein the plums still hung green. Marshalled in front of the locusts was a row of bee hives, with the tiny, banded workers still asleep.

Rising at irregular intervals and without regard to symmetry, a number of forest trees—oak, ash and maple, for the most part—appeared like cloaked and plumed specters of the gloom. To the right of the house, where the yard dipped down, were pear, peach and damson trees, each holding its cool, dewy burden of unripe fruit. In a solitary locust tree at the rear of the house, a number of humped, quiescent forms squatted upon the limbs. Some of these forms were large and some were small, for the turkey is always generous enough to share his roost with chanticleer and his matronly harem. Nothing was stirring; nothing seemed to be alive. It was that supreme moment just before the earth trembled an answer to the message of the dawn star.

Then suddenly there was a quickening, as it were, throughout the universe which night encompassed. A gentle moving; a subtle stirring. The mighty miracle of day was on the eve of being enacted. As yet there was no change perceptible to the eye. Still the stars twinkled as though they could never be dimmed, and still the heavy night covered like billows of sable the earth and the things thereof. Why does the cock crow at midnight, and why does he crow at dawn? One of the inert figures in the tree moved sleepily. There was the flick of a wing—a rigor down the back. Then a startled head leaped out from the ruff of neck feathers and poked ludicrously and inquiringly this way and that. The scaly talons ungripped and gripped again for a securer hold; the body arose, the neck arched, and a clear, piercing clarion call went forth, proclaiming that morning was at hand. A startled gobble came from another point in the tree, then presently the herald had his answer, a counterpart of his own cry coming from the direction of the barn. Back and forth the calls were hurled, summoning the laggard from his couch by their imperative tones. Then after a while, from far in the distance, the same notes drifted like a dying echo. In the remote East a faint glow showed, like the segment of a circle. From palest blue the sky became streaked with crimson. Before the power of those spears of light, hurled from below the horizon with increasing speed and might, the stars quivered and died. Objects about the farm house became misty and seemed to sway and writhe as though uncertain of their location.

A door in an ell built to the rear of the house opened and Joshua Delford came out upon the long porch, putting his second suspender over his shoulder as he closed the door behind him. Walking to a low, home-made table upon which sat a cedar bucket full of water and a tin washpan, he took down a gourd dipper from a nail on a post and drank long and deep. Then, pouring some water into the washpan, he quickly performed his simple ablutions, sputtering noisily as he dashed the cool water upon his face by handsful. The use of a linen towel, made from flax of his own growing and spun by his wife upon her spinning wheel, completed his morning toilet. The porch was surrounded by a railing nearly waist high, the exit being through a gate at the southern corner next to the house. To this gate the master now walked, and resting one horny hand upon the low post—a hand cracked, seamed, hairy and strong—he sent a stentorian call across the space intervening between him and a negro cabin about forty feet away. His summons gained immediate response, and having thus roused his head black man, he stood for a moment to note the condition of the weather, for his wheat was ripe to falling and he had set this day to begin the harvest.

Joshua Delford was getting along in years. He was of medium height and inclined to corpulency, despite the active life he had always led; first from necessity—for he had made himself—and later from choice, because the habits of a lifetime could not be put off when he reached that point where it was possible for him to take his ease. He had a great shock of hair, almost white, and this he worried very little with comb and brush. More often he would harrow his fingers through it once or twice, thrust it back with the palm of his hand, and let it go. He wore a full beard, heavily grayed, and this he kept trimmed to a length of two or three inches. His eyes were brown and kindly, his nose large and rubicund, and his cheeks showed through the encroaching whiskers like some of his own garnered pippins, which he stored away every Fall for Winter use. He wore broad shoes, partly laced, and a shirt made of coarse white cotton, open at the neck. He was a perfect type of the prosperous farmer of two generations ago.

Satisfied that the day was dawning propitiously, he turned about to go indoors again and rouse the female portion of the household. This consisted of Amanda, his wife, Janet, his old maid daughter, and Madeline Delford, the only daughter of his only living brother, who years before had been possessed of the fever of ambition and adventure, and had gone to the city with nothing but his two hands, a good mind, indomitable purpose and ten dollars in cash, wherewith to achieve fortune. He had achieved it, as almost anyone possessed of these first three attributes will.

Outdoors, that world-old, common, yet ever new and ever mysterious miracle of day was going on. The air was palpitating with new-given life. Down the long plank extending from the ground to the first fork of the locust tree — a plank with narrow wooden strips nailed across it where clutching toes might find support—shadowy shapes came gingerly, moving with trepidation and extreme care. By the aid of balancing wings, most of them made the descent successfully, but at times there was a slip and a muffled flapping to tell that one had lost his equilibrium. The turkeys were the most timid, stopping at every step to scrutinize the next one. Chanticleer, red-combed, be-wattled and proud, displayed his superior prowess and ability by flying from his roost to the ground and capturing a beetle which the coming light had startled into temporary inactivity. By the picket fence inclosing the garden rose the martin-pole, like a phantom finger, its top crowned by a home for these tiny free-lances of the air. Already they were out, for they rise early, and were circling around in the balmy atmosphere with twitters of delight, or sitting very primly on the comb of their house, preening a feather into place which their night's rest had disturbed. And all the time the light grew. The sky had responded to the touch of the Great Magician. New colors had glowed upon that background of infinity; had shone, paled and disappeared. As the tide of an overflow hides and submerges the forget-me-nots in a meadow, so the glorious flood of light had rolled in overpowering waves up the high spaces of the firmament, and had put out the stars one by one. In the deeper hollows and in the denser wood night still lingered, clinging with somber caress to the things which it had embosomed for the last eight hours. Driven steadily backward by its stronger enemy, it held on tenaciously, withdrawing its ebon arms reluctantly from around the bodies of the great trees which it had enfolded and fondled, loosening its dusky fingers from the twining tresses of the ferns, and lifting its closely held lips from its long kiss on the surfaces of the spreading pool and the slowly moving stream. Then all at once a huge red rim, radiating numberless shafts of light, was thrust above the horizon's edge.

The miracle was accomplished.

III

THE NEW OVERSEER

While the air was yet heavy with the faint suggestion of many perfumes, drawn alike from blossom and leaf by that sorceress, Night, the day's work was shaping on the Delford farm. Joshua had purchased a wheat harvester, the first of the kind in the neighborhood, and it was to be given its first trial that morning. The machine, if satisfactory, would minimize labor. Its purpose was to cut and drop the grain automatically, thus doing away with the army of scythe men who hitherto had performed this work. The tyers would follow behind it, binding the fallen grain into bundles with a quick wrapping, using a slim handful of the wheat stalks for this purpose, and making the whole fast by a cunning knot. The machine looked complicated enough with its cogs and chains and shining gear, but it was guaranteed to do the work claimed for it, and Joshua had faith that it would.

In an open space in front of the barn lot sat the harvester, Joshua examining it with minute care and prodding at every hole visible in the machinery with an oil can. To the jingling of iron trace chains, a mule and a horse were led up and given their respective places on either side of the tongue. The mule was old but still servicable and strong. He was graying about his muzzle, his teeth were yellow, there was a galled spot on one of his withers where the collar had rubbed, and there were long, black, hard places on his ribs which the traces had calloused. He took his place with the precision and accuracy of a show horse, and awaited the word to pull. Such had been his life since that day long ago when his strength had been tamed and forced into obedience. The horse was young, high-headed, curly-maned, powerful. A glance would have shown that he was new to the harness. He looked askance and with dilated eyes at the strange thing as he was led by it to his post, trembling a bit and snorting a trace of fear. Joshua was tightening a tap which he had discovered in danger of falling off, and the black man was adjusting the hame-strings under the mule's neck as Brewster, the overseer, got the young horse into the proper position with difficulty. It was quite evident the animal was becoming panic-stricken, but the overseer, a rough, brutal-looking fellow, gave the horse a sharp blow on the nose with his fist, then walked back and bent down to fasten the off trace. There came a shivering plunge, a kick, a snap like the breaking of a piece of seasoned oak, and a fearful curse followed by a groan of agony. There stood the frightened animal dancing on all four feet, and there lay Brewster his length away, with one leg broken just below the knee.

Joshua Delford did not swear; he was too much of a man for that. But this was a heavy blow to him and to the crops. Overseers were scarce as scarce could be, and in another week his wheat would be ruined. He could not see to the harvest in person, and the rest of his help were black men. His neighbors were busy in their respective fields, and he could not go to them to borrow a hand. As he stood helpless and dumbfounded for a moment, with Brewster groaning at his feet and the darky trying to calm the horse, he heard a strange voice, quiet but clear, say:

"Has there been an accident? Can I help you?"

Joshua turned quickly and dashed back the straw hat whose rim flapped over his eyes. The tall, well-made figure of a man stood before him. A man perhaps nearing thirty, with a clean-shaven face from which looked out a pair of remarkably steady gray eyes. The man had on corduroy trousers, soiled and misshapen by wear, a dark blue flannel shirt and the slouching straw hat which was more in evidence then than any other. A bandana kerchief was knotted closely about his throat. He stood in an easy attitude, but there was the look of latent strength about him which the shrewd eye of Joshua caught, for while he had been living his many years he had come to know men and horses.

"Mornin', sir," returned Joshua. "You've caught me in a purty pickle. Down yonder in that bottom" — he waved his hand toward the south — "is as fine a piece of wheat as ever come up, an' two more days 'll find it flat. It's dead ripe an' the heads are droopin'. Yonder's my overseer" — he pointed at the prostrate figure on the ground—"with his leg broke, I reck'n, from a kick this colt give 'im!"

"Wouldn't it be very well to get the gentleman to bed, and send for a doctor?"

"Lord bless me! I forgot about that!"

Brewster was trying to sit up, but he could get no further than his elbow.

The stranger walked to him and took hold of him under his armpits.

"Mr. Delford, can you handle his legs? I'll take most of the weight."

A few moments later they were bearing the wounded man to the house. The overseer's quarter's were in a neat frame cottage set a short distance from the negro cabin. Here the two men carried him, and placed him upon his bed. He was suffering miserably, for the fracture was a bad one. While Joshua went for some of "the women," the stranger gently and deftly removed Brewster's clothing and drew a quilt over him. When this was done Joshua returned with his wife and Madeline Delford — Janet had nerves, and was easily thrown into hysterics — but it was little they could do save put hot bandages upon the broken limb. A negro boy was despatched for the doctor, and then things came to a standstill. The stranger had retired to the further side of the room when he heard the farmer returning with the ladies. Mrs. Delford did not differ from the common type. She was kindly of face, bustling, and seemed markedly younger than her consort. When Madeline Delford came in the stranger's eyes widened just the least bit. Here was an alien to the farm, and to the humdrum life of a tiller of the soil. Her dress was simple, but her bearing, her carriage, her figure, her slightest motion bespoke refinement and became the expression of a rare and exquisite culture. The stranger slipped outside and stood waiting for the appearance of the master, a feeling which was neither pleasure nor pain throbbing in his heart.

"Mandy an' Mad'line 'll stay with him till the doctor comes," said Joshua, hurrying out a few moments later, "an' minutes are dollars right now on this plantation. I'm too old to do it, but I 'll have to go down to that wheat field."

"No you won't, Mr. Delford."

"Then what am I to do? I tell you the wheat 'll rot in a week!"

"I should be glad to accept the position of your overseer."

"It's a bargain! What's your name, an' where'd you come from?"

"My name is Daniel, John Daniel. I've worked all over a half dozen counties within the past two years. I've never been discharged. I do not stay anywhere long, but I promise to stay with you until your man gets upon his feet."

"I'm not exactly in a position to argy with you, but I s'pose you understand your business?"

"Yes; I don't think you will have cause to complain of my incompetency."

A subtle gleam shot into the old man's eyes.

"You saw what that colt did to Brewster?"

"Yes."

"Are you 'fraid to hitch 'im up?"

"No."

"Come on. You're my overseer for the next three months, an' maybe longer."

Together they strode to the scene of the accident, Joshua discoursing volubly on the magnificent crop which had been placed in jeopardy; the new comer unusually silent and reserved. The negro had succeeded in quieting the frightened horse, and this had been accomplished simply by turning the animal so that he could see the object which had scared him, and allowing him to gaze at it until his curiosity was satisfied. Daniel went straight up to the brute and placed a firm but caressing hand upon his muzzle. He smoothed out a few tangles in the mane, rubbed his palm down the satin-like throat once or twice, then led the horse to his place and hitched him up, moving without hesitancy and without the slightest semblance of fear about those murderous hind hoofs. But the horse did not move, and so it happened that within half an hour after Brewster was laid up with a broken leg another man climbed to his seat on the new machine, and, the darky going in front to show the way, they moved in a circuitous route to the river bottom field of golden grain.

At the edge of the field another mule was added to the team, and when this was done Joshua arrived, mounted on his favorite mare, to see that everything started off right and to watch the work of the new machine. The field was a very large one, fully half a mile long by a quarter broad, and in the bright morning sun it seemed like a veritable sea of gold. Gentle ripples passed over its shining surface; soft undulations which almost dazzled the eye. After a few brief instructions from Mr. Delford, directed more to the corps of negro laborers than to the new overseer, the machine started with rattle and clash, and the day's work was begun. To the full length of the field Daniel went, adroitly turning the corner, there to proceed at a right angle and ultimately to encompass the entire field. Working with beautiful precision, the harvester cut and gathered the yellow treasure which the earth had given up, held it for a time, and then gently laid it in neat, loose fashion upon the ground. Daniel, his feet braced, his brown, sinewy hands grasping the lines firmly, drove steadily along. Carefully he guided the clattering, cumbersome thing upon which he sat, watching the saw-like blade dart back and forth, watching the tender stalks shudder and leap up as a warrior might when stricken to the death in battle, and turning at times to view the bristly path of stubble in his wake. After him came the negro tyers, light-hearted and rollicking, gathering in their brawny arms the fallen sheaves, wrapping some pliant withes about them, making a knot with sly twist of finger and thumb, and striding on with careless feet to where the next lay waiting.

The sun mounted higher, and its rays fell like darts of fire upon the broad back of the driver. But he was insensible to their power. The ready perspiration started from each pore, and presently every thread in his shirt was damp, and moisture ran from his forehead to his eyes and dropped from his chin. Two years ago this would have killed him; he would have fallen to the ground from sunstroke. But now he was seasoned; the sun was his friend. Occasionally, through the great forest of tiny-columned grain, he would see a flower a-bloom and content though submerged. Had there been a way of going around he would have taken it, for flowers had their share in his reclaimed manhood; but to go straight forward was his duty, so he would shut his eyes as the cruel teeth of the destroying blade drew near the flower, and would not witness the slaughter of an innocent. Once he did stop, just across from where Joshua Delford sat watching him, and instantly the bellowing voice of the farmer called out to know if anything was wrong. The truth was, a young rabbit, confused and frightened by the unusual din, had at last darted just in front of the blade and sat there, dazed. Daniel pulled his horse and his mules up until the little thing could scamper out of the way.

When the vertical rays of the sun became almost blinding in their intensity, a welcome sound was heard in the harvest field. It was the farm bell calling the toilers to dinner.

On the vine-shaded side porch Daniel washed the perspiration from his hands, face and neck, then called Joshua Delford aside.

"Where do your hired men eat?" he asked.

"The niggers eat on the kitchen porch, an' my overseer eats with me," replied Joshua.

Daniel hesitated.

"I'd rather eat alone," he said at last, "but I won't ask you to go to that trouble."

"Walk in; walk in," answered his employer, somewhat testily, "an' I'll make you 'quainted with the women folks."

It was an uncommon sight to see a farm hand make the bow of polite society in the dining room at Joshua Delford's. Mrs. Delford and Janet paid no especial heed to it—it meant nothing to them, but a half frown of wonder passed over the face of Madeline. The long table was richly laden with all the good things which can be found nowhere else in the world except upon a country table, and a young negress stood to one side with a long-handled fly brush, which she wielded dextrously and with good effect. The fly brush consisted of a newspaper folded once and sewed around the end of a piece of bamboo, then slit with a pair of scissors into strips about an inch wide. The new man ate silently and with bowed head, speaking only when compelled to accept or decline a proffered dish, and then his tones were low, courteous and polished. Madeline Delford could not hold her gaze from him. It is true her glances were surreptitious, but again and again her deep brown eyes swept his face, his wonderfully fine shoulders, and even the shapely hands which work had not disfigured, and the perfectly kept nails.

Soon after dinner work in the wheat was resumed, and not until the encroaching shadows announced the approach of night did the clank and the rattle of the harvester cease.

"Janet," said Madeline, as the two sat in their room that night to read a chapter in the Bible before going to bed. "Janet, I believe uncle's new overseer is a prince in disguise."

IV

THE GLIMMER OF THE DAWN

At his request, John Daniel was given quarters in the cottage with the sick man. This building had two rooms and only one bed, but the overseer insisted that he should take the vacant room, and provided himself with a rude bunk which he said would be sufficient for his comfort. Another reason that he brought to bear was that Brewster would need attention and some nursing, and that this was a man's task, and he was going to take it. Old Joshua ranted around and declared that no man could sit up all night and work all day, and that he didn't want two men sick on his hands, but Daniel allayed his fears somewhat by saying he thought he knew his own powers very well, and that he would promise not to over-tax them. Should he discover that he was attempting too much, he would share his vigils with someone else. So he had his way.

The country practitioner who attended Brewster set the broken bone and put the leg in splints, stated that the patient must not touch the floor with his foot for two months, left some medicine and some instructions in regard to diet, and departed.

Daniel found his task more arduous than he anticipated. Physical labor, combined with perfect physical health, calls imperatively for physical rest. The wheat was cut and shocked the first week of his arrival; the stacking would follow the next week. When he had smoked two pipesful of natural leaf tobacco after supper Daniel was ready to go to bed. He had followed this course conscientiously through many months of rigorous training, and it had helped in the recuperation of his shattered strength more than anything else. But now his self-imposed duty intervened. Brewster was not a heroic man. The slow knitting of the fracture was exceedingly painful, and he groaned and tossed and cursed by turns. He could not bear suffering silently. Daniel had to watch him almost as he would have watched an infant. Only along toward morning, when he was pretty well exhausted and worn out, did Brewster sleep. Then the watcher would fling himself down on his bunk, and gain an all too brief repose.

But he never shirked his work and he never lagged while accomplishing it. He seemed tireless, and would, by example, incite the men under him to greater effort. Thus in some subtle way matters on the farm got in better shape than they had been under Brewster's administration — than they had been for many a day. Fences were mended, roads were improved, useless bushes and underbrush were grubbed up, sagging gutters were made tight, and a thousand and one things attended to which for years had gone undone. During these first days Daniel worked feverishly. His loss of sleep, coupled to his daily labor, began to tell upon him, but he would not admit it even to himself, and worked the harder in order that he might forget it. One of the new rules which he had adopted was never to give up a thing which he had once begun, and so he clung doggedly to the herculean task which he had laid upon himself.

It was in the beginning of the second week of the new overseer's coming—on Monday, in fact—that something happened which set the current of his life running in an entirely new and unexpected channel. It was county court day, and quite early that morning Joshua had his ancient but highly respectable rockaway brought out and a gentle but speedy horse put to it. It would have been a sin against all the established usages of his forefathers to miss going to Springfield on county court day. For it was on this day, coming once a month, that friends and aquaintances from all parts of the county met at a common point to rub shoulders, clasp hands, swap old jokes, make trades, and, perchance, visit the bank.

Sunday night Brewster had slept very well, and as a consequence Daniel was feeling fresher and more vigorous than he had for several days. The work of wheat stacking was to go forward that morning, but a broken swivel-tree had caused about an hour's delay, during which time, by the aid of vise and drawing-knife, Daniel fashioned another from a piece of seasoned hickory. It was about the moment when this task was finished that the big gate leading onto the pike clanged, and the sound of a running horse's feet were heard. Hastening forward in some alarm, Daniel and his helpers received the unwelcome news that the woods pasture a half mile northeast of the house was on fire. The trees were threatened, also the rail fencing. Daniel had not seen Joshua depart, but he knew that he was gone, and the responsibility of protecting his employer's property immediately devolved on him. Without a moment's hesitation, he called the negroes and started on a run for the scene of the fire. It was reached quickly, and the task which presented itself was discouraging. Part of the wood was in pasture and part was uncleared, a mass of brambles and broken limbs and dead leaves and lifeless vegetation. It was here that the fire was raging. Either some miscreant had lighted it maliciously, or else a careless fellow had dropped a match among the tinder. The blaze was momentarily growing more formidable. There was no water to be had near, so green bushes were hastily cut, and armed with these the men attacked the climbing, spreading flames. It was hot work fighting fire on a June morning. A new rail fence had recently been laid through this part of the pasture, and toward it the fire was trending. Daniel lined his squad up in its path and gave battle furiously. Whirling fumes of heat-laden smoke dashed in their faces, blinding and strangling them. Yellow, serpentine flashes darted at them viciously, curling along the bushes they held and lapping at their bare hands. Cinders and burning leaves fell upon their heads and brushed, biting, against their necks. A rising wind made the work all the more hazardous and trying. Daniel stood slightly in advance of the black men, taking the brunt of the danger. But for him, the negroes would have thrown down their weapons and given up. With such courage before their eyes, they were ashamed to waver, and fought on, ducking their heads to the onslaught of the flame and smoke and laying about them desperately. Most of the day the brave little band labored and rested by turns. Just before sundown the fight ended, and they were the victors. The blacks were sorely fagged and their eyes showed red through the grime on their faces. Daniel's clothing was burned in a score of places, while his left hand was burned and blistered badly. The stacking of the wheat had been set back, but the day had not been wasted. Calling his exhausted forces and commending them briefly for their conduct, Daniel set his face homeward. As they climbed over the plank fence enclosing the yard, Daniel saw a woman sitting on the portico, sewing. Mrs. Delford would doubtless be glad to give him some oil and an old cloth with which to annoint and bind up his hurt. The darkies shuffled to the rear to rest, and the white man stalked up to the portico, holding his left hand in his right. Madeline Delford looked up from the low rocking chair in which she was sitting as his foot pressed the step. She gave a slight start, then a flood of color suffused her face. Daniel, looking at her in undisguised surprise, realized all at once that she was very beautiful. He removed his hat quite deferentially — his old straw hat, torn and discolored—and said in his low, full tones:

"Pardon me, I thought you were Mrs. Delford."

The young lady arose quietly, holding her sewing in her hand. She was of medium height, exquisitely proportioned, and possessed a wealth of jet-black, curling hair, parted in the middle and drawn loosely back and coiled at the nape of her neck. She answered with a slight smile:

"I did not know we resembled each other so much as that. Aunty is — fifty."

The man could not suppress the look of involuntary amusement which crept to his eyes.

"I saw you from the road," he explained, his face immediately relapsing into its accustomed immobility. "Is—Mrs. Delford here?"

"No; she went to town with uncle this morning. They haven't come back yet."

"Then is — is Miss Delford—Miss Janet, here?"

"No; she went too."

Daniel stood for a moment undecided.

"There's been a fire in the woods pasture," he said. "The negroes and I have been fighting it all day. I—burned my hand a little, and I would like to get some oil and a cotton cloth with which to dress it. I'm sorry, but if you know where these things are kept and will get them for me, I shall be very grateful."

"Wait a minute," answered the young lady. "I think I can find them for you." She placed her work in the chair and went indoors. Returning very soon with a bottle in one hand and a cloth in the other, she walked straight up to him. "Do you know how to do it?" she asked, looking squarely at him, but without a trace of boldness.

Daniel felt his cheeks crimsoning under their soot and soil. "I've helped bind up sprained ankles on the grid—" he stopped and bit his tongue. The last word spoken and he would have betrayed himself. "No — that is — I fear — yes, I can manage it, I think," he stammered, feeling himself growing woefully confused.

"You can do nothing of the sort," she returned. "Go to the porch and wash your hands, then come back here and I will attend to it for you." He obeyed meekly, wondering all the time why he did so. But this brief glance of the better part of the old life was strangely alluring, and he felt that he was not guilty of weakness in yielding to it. When he came back she had another chair placed by her own. "Sit down," she said briefly. He did so. "Now hold out your hand."

As she applied the cooling oil to the tortured flesh, and with deft hands skilfully wound the soft cloth about it, Daniel's heart trembled and the vistas of the past opened. The touch of her fingers was as gentle as the caress of a twilight zephyr, and as she bent her head over her work, Daniel looked at her and became conscious of a sense of social starvation, for the first time since the new life began. He became aware all at once that he had a right to her companionship, that he was her equal in blood and breeding, and that his period of purification and reform had made him a man again. Had she found him out? Almost he guessed she had — but then, would she not have performed this act of mercy for the lowliest being who trod the globe? With thread and needle the white hands stitched the bandage fast, and finally the task was done.

"You had better let me put a new one on in two or three days," she said. "That is an ugly burn."

"Thank you," he answered huskily, and arose and went back to the cottage.

V

THE SNARE OF A ROSE

Joshua Delford's home was on one of a series of slight elevations with their corresponding small valleys between. The homes of the well-to-do countrymen of this period were substantially the same as regarded architecture and color plan. Joshua's was a large, two-storey frame building, painted white, with green shutters, red tin roof and red chimneys. It had lightning rods, too, to guard against accident from that quarter. The ever present portico, above and below, was built to the front of the house, and about this Miss Janet industriously trained her vines every Spring. The rooms were large, square and airy; the floors were covered with rag carpets which Mrs. Delford had woven herself, and the walls were papered simply. The beds were huge, old-fashioned, four-posted affairs, most of them fitted with the rope mattress, an ingenious device often used in those days. All the water the family used was obtained from a cistern fully a hundred feet away. This cistern was plank-covered, weather-boarded in and had a roof over it. The water was raised in an oaken bucket attached to a long chain, which in turn wound about a windlass operated by an elbow handle. The farm house was carefully guttered, and water was piped to the cistern along the tops of poles. Rain barrels sat at three corners of the house, from which the stock drank when they were occasionally turned into the vast yard to graze. Close to the cistern was the apple house, built underground for the preservation of fruit in Winter. On the other side was the granary, with its great tin-lined bins — Joshua Delford's treasure vaults. Just back of the long side porch attached to the ell was a spring house, dug from the earth and blasted from the rock, roofed with stone and piled high with dirt. Over all of this was a light wooden structure. Stone steps led down into this spring house, where crocks of golden butter and tins and jars of creamy milk were kept. It was always cool down here; always fresh and sweet. On the west side of the house, at a suitable distance, were the smoke house and the hen house. The former, a tall, heavy building into which no ray of light entered except through the low door, was nearly always full of cured meat — juicy hams and shoulders and luscious bacon. In the center of the one room, upon the earthen floor, a pile of hickory ashes lay from one year's end to the other, being renewed each Winter when the hog-killing season came on. A few feet off from the smoke house was an ash hopper, with its homemade trough beneath, where good Mrs. Delford obtained the lye for her soap. Chicken coops also dotted this part of the yard, which was worn rather smooth by busy, three-toed feet. Back of the yard was the garden, an important auxiliary to rural housekeeping. All of the known vegetables grew within this garden, and along the picket fence next to the house throve a bed of sage — for what sausage is fit to eat without this element? The crib and the two stables were south of the garden; also an old horse-power mill, now in disuse, where Joshua had in a far-off time ground his own corn. Behind the stables a hill dropped abruptly down to the rich bottom land, where cereals sprang from the dark, fertile loam year after year in unfailing plenty. A road wound down this hill in a horseshoe curve and terminated in a lane which led to a mill race bounding the southern side of the fields. A narrow neck of land separated the race and the river. This was a small and inconsequent stream ordinarily, but there were times of freshet when its might was felt. It rose rapidly and without warning, and its low banks offered but slight resistance to the churning water when it came rushing down its bed. Upon these times the lowlands were inundated, and oftentimes crops were ruined and swept away. The dam was further up, and just below it was a famous place for bass, for the time of which we write was before the day of the dynamiter. The fish nested in the Spring, gliding under sunken rocks to deposit their eggs, and were easily caught by "feeling." This consisted in diving and reaching under the rocks, when the fish would swim up and poke their noses in the intruding hand, and thus fall an easy prey. While this was considered unsportsmanlike, yet it took a brave man to do it on account of the many dangers attached thereto. There were also some excellent pools for bathing along this stream, and Daniel sought this sylvan solitude as often as he could to rest and refresh himself in the clear water.

Joshua was very open and prodigal in his praise when he came home and found out what had happened. He ordered wheat bread (a special treat) made for the darkies who had behaved so well, and called his overseer into his presence. Sitting on the side porch, in a shuck-bottomed chair tilted back against a post—his favorite seat and his favorite attitude — he waited till Daniel had reached the railing and leaned upon it a few feet from him. Then he deliberately cut a chew of tobacco with his horn-handled, hook-billed knife, placed the delicate morsel upon his tongue, and spoke. "John, what about the fire in the woods pasture?"

The young man told him, in the fewest possible words, making the incident as trivial as he could, and carefully keeping his left hand behind him.

"You's there all day, wasn't you?"

"Yes; till sunset."

"Anybody hurt?"

"No."

"What ye doin' with that han' tied up?"

"I burnt it."

"Uh-huh. Burnt it, an' yet nobody's hurt. Well, you lay off for a few days. Pay'll go on. You can't do no good on a farm with one han'. One o' my niggers c'n lay as pretty a stack o' wheat as ever you saw, an' I'll start 'im at it tomorrow."

"I'm not incapacitated for work."

"Never mind; you need a rest anyhow. I've been watchin' ye, an' ye look pulled down. Too much settin' up at night an' too much work in the day. How's Brewster?"

"Doing nicely."

"I don't want 'im to get well too quick"—with grim humor—"for I don't mind tellin' you that things are goin' better with you at the head of 'em. He'd 'a' seen the house burn down before he'd let the fire touch him."

"Supper's ready, uncle," said a very sweet voice from the doorway of the dining room. Daniel started the least bit as the tones broke on his ears so unexpectedly, and presently followed his employer in to the evening meal.

Doubtless it was chance—for what are we to judge a woman and her motives?—that caused Madeline Delford to place a rose in her hair that evening. It was not a white rose, nor a yellow rose, but a full-blown, blood-red rose which glowed like a ruby in the dark coils just above the neck. And it was placed upon that side of her head which would be next to John Daniel at supper. Then, too, she came in tonight wearing a fichu made of some soft, filmy stuff which caught the lamp glow drowsily. A wonderful garment is a fichu. It is an old, old conceit, but it is fearfully bewitching. It comes around the shoulders and knots loosely over the breast, leaving the throat and the hollow in the neck bare, and perhaps an inch or two below the neck. Madeline had a superb throat; it was round, firm, white, flawless. So she wore the fichu and put the rose, the red rose, in her hair,—as she had a perfect right to do. For her quick perceptions had completed the word which John Daniel had half spoken, half repressed on the portico not an hour before, and she was an original girl and unafraid, though every inch a woman.

Daniel looked at her as he took his seat, and if his heart did not leap it tried to. Her eyes were downcast, and the shadowy contour of her face was dangerously enchanting. But Daniel maintained his customary reserve throughout the meal, never speaking voluntarily, and all the time the leaven of sweet, fresh, womanly beauty was working its miracle within him. When supper was over he excused himself and left the table the first one, as usual.

Brewster was asleep when he reached the cottage, so Daniel sat down upon the wooden doorstep, put his elbows on his knees and his chin in his palm, and fell a-thinking. Briefly he reviewed his life since the night his father had sent him away. His record had not all been white—how could it be! But from the first he had striven with all of his debilitated and impoverished power to climb up again into his rightful estate. The words of Roger Croft had torn the veil from his mental vision; had shown him his soul naked, spotted and shrivelling away. Then the old man had pointed him to the fount of healing water; had shown him the way to moral cleanliness and physical worth, and bidden him go. He had gone. Out into the world at night, almost as helpless as a child, thrown abruptly and irretrievably upon his own resources. He shuddered tonight as he thought of his first struggles. They had been aimless; grotesque. He hardly knew what he wanted, and within him all the time raged a devilish thirst. He was overcome once, twice, several times, but at last he got a grip upon himself and felt the new dawn breaking about his beleaguered soul. And throughout his wanderings the words of his father were never forgotten. He shunned the city, the town, even the village he passed by, or tarried there but for a night. And so, slowly and with infinite labor and supreme patience, nature reclaimed an erring child. For over a year now nothing but pure water had passed his lips. The wasted and decayed tissues of his body had been replaced by vital and vigorous ones. The lines upon his face which had marked the tippler had been erased, metamorphosed into those which a victor over self wears. The half-vacant, shifting look in his eyes had grown into a steadfast gaze. The man had risen from the wreck.

He had never sent his father a single line. At first it was resentment—the resentment of a strong nature made weak by dissipation. Then it was shame. As his manhood was gradually reestablished, the full consciousness of what he had done had assailed him mercilessly, and a keen sense of his dreadful behavior held him back from the words he longed to write.

He sat on the steps and thought, and his thoughts turned homeward. Back to the spreading house and the great trees and the green lawn, and the wilderness of flowers. It seemed an earthly paradise tonight. He was alone and lonely, earning his daily bread by the toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow. He took his hands from his chin and looked at them. They were sunburnt, calloused. One was so swathed that only the fingers were visible, but they were brown and sinewy. Could they once have been the white, flabby, blue-veined hands which had toyed with the wine glass and the gaming card? Now they were friends of the plow, the saw, the spade, the sickle. He clenched the right one firmly, and he knew that the knotted knuckles could have felled a bullock. Then his mind went back again to the sleepy little town which was his birthplace—to Ivy Lodge, with its single, gray-haired occupant. He heard voices on the side porch of the big house—one carried further than the others, and its tones were honey-sweet. He found himself listening. It seemed that one of the negroes had divulged his heroic conduct at the fire, and the family were discussing it. He heard his name — spoken by a peculiarly charming voice—and an expression of admiration for his courage followed it.

He arose quietly and went in. The sick man was still sleeping. Going to his room, Daniel lit a candle, set it upon the top of a goods box which served for his trunk, and, finding a piece of blank paper and the stub end of a pencil, he knelt by the box and slowly traced the words—"My dear father."

[To Be Concluded in January]

"MAJE"

By C. L. G. Anderson

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ON the twenty-second day of October, 1899, the United States army transport Sherigan was steaming due west on the twenty-first parallel of north latitude, pursuant to regulations governing army transports sailing from San Francisco to Manila by way of Honolulu. By keeping on the parallel they were supposed to avoid the small islands lying in the course to the Philippines.

As the preceding day was October 20, it seemed to most of us that this should be the twenty-first, but the captain said we had dropped that day as we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian during the night; and we took his word for it, without knowing just why it was so. "We will pick it up going back," said he, and that set us to wondering how many of us would live to get back again.

In addition to her crew, the Sherigan carried over two thousand officers and men to support American authority and put down insurrection in the Philippines. There was one entire regiment of volunteer infantry, a battalion of regulars, a lot of rookies going out to join their regiments, hospital corps men, and a number of unattached medical and other staff officers. Thank goodness, there were no women aboard — the greatest nuisances that ever afflicted a crowded transport.

The necessity in that climate for a siesta following luncheon had already manifested itself, and nearly everyone had indulged in it; but now officers and men were beginning to turn out again—the officers aft in their steamer chairs, the men crowding everywhere else; most of the latter sitting or lying on deck, and many hanging over the rail, thinking of their homes now thousands of miles behind them, or the fortunes awaiting them in the eastern islands, or of the two miles of water beneath them.

It was strange how these men, many of whom could not swim across a duck pond, and who had never seen deep water until they sailed from San Francisco, would loll upon the rail, and even go to sleep upon this narrow, swaying berth, forty feet above the sea. Men who would not go to sleep upon a fourth-storey window sill, here lay prone on a rail, eight inches wide, of a rolling ship, in spite of the colonel's stringent orders to the contrary. Several had already been punished for it, but the practice still went on.

There appears to be an innate cussedness in many men—and some women—prompting them to tempt fate; to risk their own lives and often those of others, when nothing is to be gained. In green troops it is shown by disobeying orders, and it takes many hard knocks and long discipline to make them see that orders are issued for their own good.

Private Lemuel Dawson, a lanky mountaineer from Georgia, on account of this inborn cussedness, exaggerated by the moonshine blood in his veins, was particularly prone to get himself into forbidden places. Finding no deck room unoccupied by men or tobacco juice—another breach of discipline—he stretched his lengthy form upon the rail, with an arm about a shroud giving a false feeling of security. There was no officer in sight, and the sentinel on guard had not yet acquired that sense of personal responsibility which makes a soldier when on duty report a breach of discipline by his best friend as quickly as when done by a stranger. Dawson pulled his campaign hat over his eyes, and the heat and the gentle roll of the ship soon induced a languorous slumber in which he dreamed that he was shooting revenue officers with his squirrel rifle in far-away Georgia.

Among the officers aft appeared Major Morgan, in pajamas and slippers, on his way to the bath in order to take a shower before dressing for the evening. After the oppressive heat of his cabin the air felt refreshing, and he tarried a while to enjoy the sea and sky. The latter was cloudless and the water was that deep, indigo blue seen only over great depths, changing to emerald when disturbed by wave or wake, and capped by snowy foam when it broke upon itself.

Major Morgan was one of the many regular officers who had received commissions of increased rank in the volunteers. A soldier by breeding and inclination; a gentleman, strong physically, mentally and morally; reserved and dignified, yet approachable; proficient in his profession, trusted by men and pleasing to women; and who always did his whole duty and a little more.

He had done many good things in the Indian country, in desperate straits on the march in the blizzards of the Northwest, and in the burning deserts of Arizona. After a long detail at frontier posts, he had been assigned as instructor of tactics at the Point, and had just returned from the Santiago campaign, where he and other company commanders had forced Spain off the western hemisphere.

So far, he had received but conventional commendations for gallant and meritorious services. However, the desire for honor and glory never slumbers in the breast of a true soldier, so when congress tardily passed the Act of March 2, 1899, creating the Philippine Volunteers, Captain Morgan applied for a commission; but it is doubtful if his splendid record alone would have been sufficient to get it, had his application not been backed by family influence and senatorial pull.

His previous service made him the ranking major, and, with the exception of the colonel, he was the most important officer in his regiment. Major Morgan loved his profession and took a keen interest in breaking in the new officers and men. Everybody recognized that there was no nonsense about the major.

A few brief weeks had been taken up with the enlistment, equipment and drill of the regiment; then the journey across the continent, a few days in camp at the Presidio, and embarkation on the transport.

And here he was on his way to the far-away Philippines, holding a high command, with new opportunities opening up before him. What possibilities for fame and distinction lay in those islands which he had scarcely heard of until Dewey's battle of Manila Bay! His main fear was that his regiment would arrive too late for any fighting and chance of making a record. (During the next two years he got all the fighting he cared for, but he could not foresee that). And then he thought of the woman back in God's country whom he had not seen for nearly two years, but at whose feet he desired to lay all the honors of war.

"Man overboard! Man overboard!" was sung out forward and quickly repeated over the deck. In an instant everybody crowded to the rail and gazed over the side. A few cool heads looked around for life preservers to cast overboard.

When Major Morgan heard the cry he sprang to the rail just in time to see a pair of khaki leggings and campaign shoes disappear in the water. A hasty glance about revealed no life preserver, but in a twinkling he picked up his large bamboo reclining chair and threw it aft with all his might toward the ripple where the man had gone down. Was it the violence of his effort, together with an unusual lurch of the ship? Was it the natural instinct of one to save a fellowman; or was it the trained impulse of the soldier always to do and dare, that carried him over? Only the psychologist can determine. Anyhow, over the side went the major, in as pretty a dive as anyone would wish to see. As he dove his first sensation was one of complete enjoyment. There was no danger of striking bottom, and he could let himself go. When he came up he blew the water out of his nostrils and wiped his eyes. Following logically his instinct to save that soldier, he looked hurriedly around. At first glance he could see nothing of him, but as the long swell carried his vision higher he perceived the object of his plunge bobbing in the wake of the steamer and making frantic efforts to lift himself out of the water. A dozen masterful strokes and the major was by his side, just in time to support him and give him confidence.

After Dawson (for of course it was our mountaineer) had choked and spluttered a while, and gotten some of the water out of his throat, the major managed to get him fairly quiet. Then he looked around for his chair. He did not see it, but espied a life preserver near at hand. He told Dawson to turn on his back, and at the same time gave him the necessary twist. Telling him to throw back his head and keep his body stiff, he took him by the back of his blue flannel shirt and towed him slowly toward the life preserver. Reaching it, he passed it over the man's head and under his arms, and adjusted the ropes.

The soldier being provided for, the major felt relieved, and took a look around for the ship. She was a long way off and appeared to be continuing on her course. However, as the sea was smooth, he thought surely they must make some effort to rescue them, and possibly had already lowered a boat. Thinking those aboard would be anxiously scanning the sea for them, he waved an arm every time the swell carried him upward. All the while he was looking out for his chair, which he knew could not sink, and it soon appeared riding upright over the crest of a wave. He swam to it, and also found another life preserver floating near it. He secured both, and gradually worked back to Dawson, who was still very much frightened and ill at ease. With the ropes on the life preservers he lashed them both to the chair, and thus formed a very efficient raft, upon which he crawled and took some much needed rest.

He now had an opportunity to realize the gravity of their situation, and speculate upon the chances of being rescued.

The major was an expert swimmer and believed that with the means at hand he could look after Dawson and himself for a considerable time, provided the sea got no rougher. But the most serious menace that confronted them was that the sun was near setting and darkness would soon envelope them and hide them from the sight of those on board. At the worst, the major thought they could keep afloat all night, but where would the Sherigan be in the morning; to say nothing of danger from monsters of the deep?

And now occurred an incident that can be appreciated only by trained soldiers.

"Stop your struggling," said the major, "and let yourself drift; you can't sink."

"All right, Maje," replied the ignorant recruit. No greater affront can be offered an officer than to call him "Maje," "Cap," or "Lieut," as the case may be. In spite of their peculiar situation, and the fact that both might be food for fishes before another sun, the officer felt that he could not overlook such an indignity from an enlisted man.

In post or camp, the major would never have dreamed of putting his hands on a soldier in punishment, but in the water he resorted to the swimmer's remedy.

Quick as a flash, he grabbed Dawson by the hair and pulled his head under water. "Don't you call me 'Maje,' or I will drown you," said the major when he let him up.

"Excuse me, Major, I meant no — nothing," said Dawson, after he had recovered his breath.

"Very good; now keep quiet and do as I tell you."

Dawson was now more afraid of the major than he was of the sea, and thereafter was quiet and tractable.

By this time the ship had turned broadside on, and they could see her decks crowded with dark masses which they knew to be men. Every time the long Pacific swell carried them higher they both waved their arms, hoping to be seen by those aboard.

And they were seen by those aboard. Indeed, from the moment they struck the water nearly every eye on the steamer was anxiously peering for them. The ship's officers and army officers had covered them with glasses all the time.

Immediately upon the cry of "Man overboard!" the engines had been stopped and preparations made to lower a boat. But it takes a steamer under way a long time to slow up, and when the major had a chance to look around for the transport she was already far away. When she appeared broadside on, she was lowering a boat on the other side, and willing hands were pulling with all their might toward the point in the sea at which they were last seen.

The steamer blew her whistle every time the major and Dawson waved their arms, and hope became more confident in all hearts. Pretty soon the big transport had turned and was steaming back on her course. The major could now see a signal flag moving on the bridge. Yes, they were wigwagging a message to him, but as yet he could not read it. After catching a few letters he would be carried down in the trough of the sea and lose the rest. B-o-a-t—r-e-s-c-u-e—b-r-a-v-e, he made out after a time, and he signaled back O. K. the best he could with his arm. He understood that a boat had been lowered and began to look out for it. While the steamer loomed up plainly, the small boat was still out of sight. The two men and their float were now visible to the naked eye aboard ship and every time they waved their arms they were answered by tremendous cheers.

Thinking to help the small boat locate them, the major directed Dawson to shout with him at intervals, and they were soon rewarded by seeing her white bows headed toward them. As she came within hail, the major sung out to the mate in charge: "We are alright, Brown, take your time."

The boat was soon up with them, and strong arms helped them aboard, not forgetting the life preservers and the major's chair. The rescue was clearly seen from the steamer, and when the men realized that the major and Dawson were as well as ever, they were frantic with joy.

During the return to the transport the major asked Dawson how he came to fall overboard. "I reckon I went to sleep on the rail," replied he.

"Very well!" When you get back to the ship report to the surgeon, and if he says your are all right, go to your quarters in arrest."

"Yes, sir," said Dawson, awkwardly saluting.

The transport was now near and a few strokes brought them alongside.

The kodak is almost as essential to the modern soldier as his rifle or mess kit, and in spite of the waning sunlight, the click of the cameras was like the firing of a Colt automatic gun.

The boat was drawn up to the davits with a cheery "heave ho," and when the major clambered on deck the first to greet him was his colonel, and the next

General Mack, who was going out to command a department in the Philippines.

It happened that the battalion of regulars aboard belonged to the major's old regiment, and they all said it was no more than they expected him to do.

Everyone commended his bravery and daring; but to all he disavowed any intent of jumping overboard, and stated that he didn't know just how he got in the water—"probably the thought of a swim in the sea was uppermost in my mind when the man fell overboard, and I just went after him."

The incident made the major the most respected man aboard, endeared him to his brother officers and made him a hero to the men of his new regiment, who, up to this time, had looked upon him more as a martinet.

As for private Lemuel Dawson, he duly reported to the surgeon, who marked him fit for duty; and he then went to his first sergeant and reported himself in arrest by order of Major Morgan. The colonel, however, thought the lesson for Dawson and the other soldiers had been sufficiently severe, and ordered him returned to duty without trial. Needless to say, there was no more sleeping on the rail.

Among his comrades, Dawson never failed to find an eager audience when relating his experience, and never omitted telling how the major had threatened to drown him for calling him "Maje."

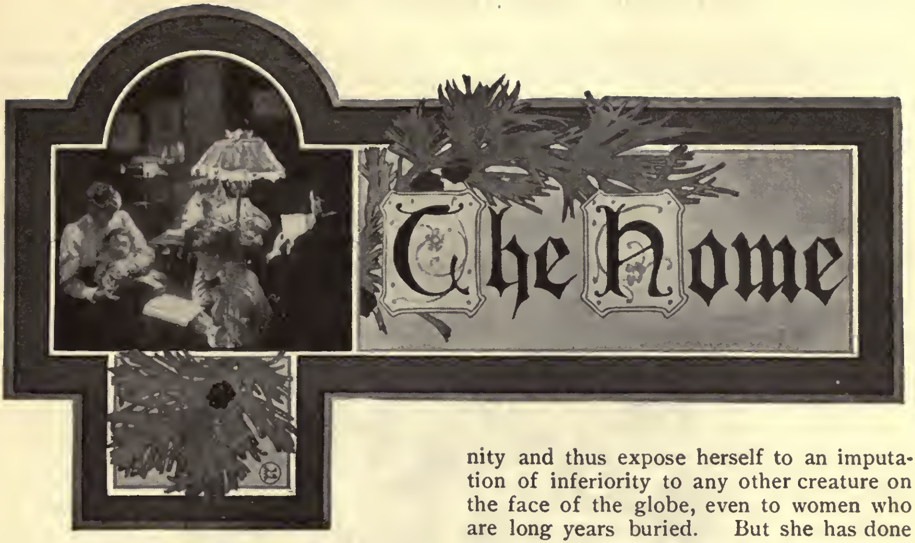
"And he'd a done it, too," he added.

ON A DILETTANTE

By Nathan Haskell Dole

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THERE seemed no reason he should not be great:
The wisest masters gave him their advice;
He had the means to pay them any price;
His taste, his touch, his talent were innate;
He felt no spur of haste; 't were good to wait.
Each year his delicacy grew more nice
Until a shade of dilettante spice
Became his one predominating trait.
Now had he fought with direst poverty,
Known hunger, faced despair, lost love, missed wife,
But showed the truth as one whose eyes may see
Its beauty thro' the counselling of life,
He might have held the world of art in fee
And won his crown as conqueror in the strife.



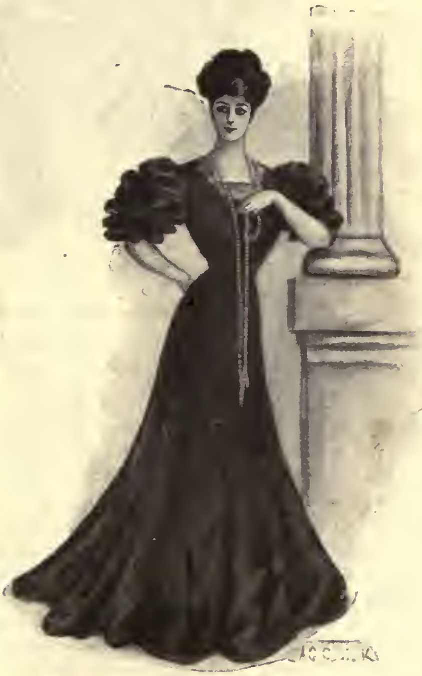
THE AMERICAN WOMAN AS A SALON-BUILDER

By Lucy Semmes Orrick

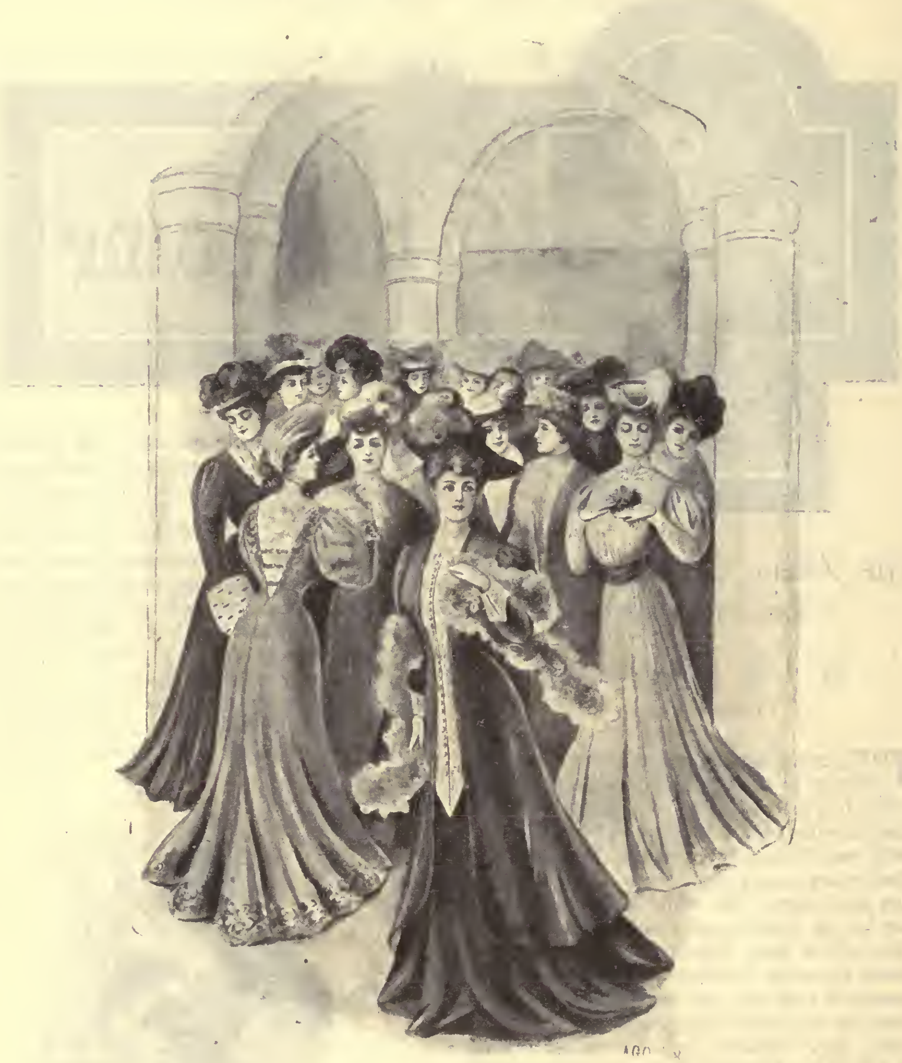
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE general assumption that the American woman is the feminine force of the world today is a fair one — in some respects. She spends money more lavishly, rules her household more absolutely, and dismisses her husband more easily than any other woman of any other age. But while a force she may not be an intellectual force; and, however else others may look upon the situation, these flaunting evidences of the American woman's rule do not overshadow the fact that she has carefully ignored or missed entirely that broader opportunity for power in which have grown very great the women who could be great, namely, that realm which in the days gone by found a home in the salons of women.

No one can doubt that the American woman is peculiarly fitted to rule over such an empire. In her natural mental alertness, national initiative quality, the latitude allowed her, and the necessarily enormous influence she might wield for state and the men who are universally acknowledged to be the husbands par excellence, she contains within herself the basic elements of leadership. Considering this and her own feverish love of excitement, supplemented by that preeminent American characteristic — an overweening love of supremacy — it is strange she could for a moment ignore her opportunity and thus expose herself to an imputation of inferiority to any other creature on the face of the globe, even to women who are long years buried. But she has done so. She has neglected that centuries-old nucleus of woman's far-reaching power—the salon. She does not even attempt this kingdom of her own which presupposes a gathering of the mighty minds of the country, throbbing with genius and power, creating, directing, moved unconsciously to their highest efforts by that marvellously stirring, velvet-covered force, the mind of a brilliant, skillful, diplomatic woman.



THE AMERICAN WOMAN OF TODAY



MEN ARE ABSENTING THEMSELVES MORE AND MORE FROM WOMEN'S AFFAIRS

With the field before her, the American woman still rests idle. It may be urged that the husbands object on the score of a certain vulgarity which Americans themselves attach to politics. But state affairs should never be vulgar, and American women are absolutely free. The women of kingdoms and empires have made and unmade nations without detracting one iota from the charm which is a woman's crown; those lesser lights of the powers around the throne, De Stael, Roland, du Deffand and the level-headed duchesses of England who know so well how to preserve the happy balance between extremes, have demonstrated what the powers might do when those were women and the throne was a man. Why, then, should the American woman pass by a field of the greatest possible influence?—she who, if she chose, would tamper with the conduct of the universe. It is safe to assume that if she had felt any inclination toward that higher intellectual communion afforded by only one sort of gathering in the world, that of able, deep-minded men, and brilliant, receptive women, she would have indulged it.

But she has shown no such inclination. Not since the days of Dolly Madison, who was the nearest approach in America to her French prototypes, has anyone even glanced at her place.

There must be some reason for this shirking of a superb possibility, a shirking the more marked because it falsifies that American trait of traits, the almost superhuman quality of seizing opportunities. And there is a reason. It is not that the American woman fears her inability to cope with the situation, but that she has been made too much of by the husbands who are without peers. She is given too much freedom. High living and accompanying indulgence have dissipated her energy and developed an enormous egotism, unconscious though it be,which requires independent prominence, so positive that it admits of no division, much less of a judicious self-obscuration which is the crowning requisite of the salon-builder. The American woman of leisure has no time. Leisure is so rare for her that she would not recognize it if it came to her. Her life is too full of the useless, utterly useless, hurry and strain of the twentieth century to allow the cultivation of repose and the conservation of energy that would make her great. She lives in a whirlpool of pleasure. As a consequence, her men are growing away from her — these men tired out by ten hours mad rush of work, want rest—rest for something better than dances and cards and animal parties. Lo — the women's opportunity is here if they would only see it, but they do not and the men are absenting themselves more and more from women's affairs. The noble conversation and flashing wit which might magnetise them are withheld until they are lost. Conversation, that fine art of a woman's highest accomplishments, is passing; and as for listening, who stops to listen these days with other than a bland, wandering smile and secret anxiety that he who speaks would cut speech short? Yet out of all these things, out of great intellects, great thoughts, brilliant exchange of repartee and the gracious gift of listening, the genius, we might say, of listening, the soil upon which conversation roots and flourishes, grew the charm, the fascination, the world-ramifying influence of the French salon.

No, the American woman may not know it, but she is not exactly generous, loth as one is to say it. She is charming, lovable, beautiful, exquisitely gowned, but, in cold English, she is self-centered. She will luxuriate in her husband's lavish providence for her, but she will no longer lend her sparkling wit and tactful allurements to the drawing out of his possibilities, caressing and moulding toward perfection those larger conceptions of his mind to which the brain of a woman may never give birth. She has cultivated a false idea of values; she no longer sees that a woman to shine in any real resplendent light must, to a certain extent, reflect that of her men; that she is only great in ministering to their greatness. She no longer sees this, therefore she will never be a salon-builder.

The woman who might have accomplished this, the Southern woman of the past, is gone. With the wiping out of the old South and all that beautiful life which was the apotheosis of woman's attitude toward men, passed the character who might have immortalized her sex in gatherings as great as any of those of other centuries that have stirred men to grandeur of action and written the name of the feminine guiding spirit on the lengthening scrolls of time.

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CHOICE RECIPES FOR CHRISTMAS CANDIES

By Katherine E. Megee

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

Brown Almond Bar: Put two pounds light brown sugar into a clean granite saucepan; add two-thirds cup of cold water and one-third teaspoon cream of tartar. Put over the fire and when it begins to boil add one pound shelled almonds, stirring them in slowly. Boil until the nuts will slide off the lifted spoon easily. Then pour into a buttered cooling tin, and when cool cut into strips. To make peanut bar, substitute two pounds peanuts for the almonds.

Honey Taffy: Pour over one pint white sugar enough water to dissolve it; add four tablespoons strained honey. Boil to the hard crack. Pour out on greased pans, and let remain until nearly cold. Then pull on a hook.

Sliced Cocoanut Bar: Cook two pounds best granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cup of water, and a pinch of cream of tartar, without stirring, to hard-crack in water; then add slowly one cocoanut pared and sliced very thin. Stir thoroughly, then pour into a buttered pan. When cool, cut into any shape desired.

Chocolate Cones: Put one pound best granulated sugar into a saucepan; add half a cup of water, and with a wooden spatula stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Then remove the spatula and cook *without* stirring until the syrup soft-balls when a little of it is tested in ice water. Pour slowly but in a steady stream into a bowl that has been lightly brushed over with oil or water. Do not scrape the sides of the saucepan or the syrup will granulate. Have ready in a bowl six ounces melted chocolate. Divide the sugar mixture into two parts and into one pour one-third the melted chocolate and vanilla extract to season to taste. Stir until a stiff mass is formed; then shape into small cones and drop them upon buttered paper. Put half the remaining cream mixture into a cup and stand it in boiling water; add vanilla to flavor and stir over the fire until of the consistency of thick syrup. Take the cup to the table and dip half the cones, one at a time, into it, coating each thoroughly. To the remainder of the creamed sugar add the remainder of the melted chocolate and two tablespoons boiling water. If too thick, add, drop at a time, more boiling water, until of the consistency desired. Dip the rest of the cones in it. Although the above process seems a tedious one, the result will make amends for the extra time and labor spent.

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Butter Scotch: Put three pounds light brown sugar, one-half cup molasses, four even tablespoons butter and one-half teaspoon cream tartar over the fire and boil until it is quite brittle when tested in ice water. Add a few drops of any flavoring desired, pour into a greased pan and when cool mark into squares.

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Marshmallows: Soak two ounces white gum arabic in eight tablespoons of water one hour. Stand the vessel containing it in a pan of boiling water, place on the back of the range, stirring occasionally, until the gum arabic is dissolved. Then strain through a fine meshed sieve. Add seven ounces best granulated sugar, put into a double boiler and stir over the fire until thick and white. Take from the fire, flavor with vanilla, beat hard and with a quick motion for five minutes; then pour into a bowl containing the whipped whites of four eggs, beating with one hand while pouring with the other. Beat the whole thoroughly, then turn into a pan well dusted with corn starch. When cold, cut into squares and dust each square with corn starch. Pack in tin boxes.

Cocoanut Fudge: Boil together, until it soft-balls when tested in ice water, two cups granulated sugar, and two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk. Just before taking from the fire, stir in one cup finely grated cocoanut and a rounded tablespoon of butter. Take from the fire, add a few drops of lemon extract, then beat the mixture until it begins to thicken. Pour out on buttered tins and when cold enough cut into cubes.

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Coffee Caramels: Put one pound light brown sugar into a clean granite saucepan; add one cup strong clear coffee, one-half cup sweet cream and one tablespoon butter. Put over the fire and boil, without stirring, until it will hard-crack when a little is dropped into cold water. Then pour into greased cooling tins and, when cool enough, mark off into inch squares.

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DECEMBER WORK IN THE WINDOW GARDEN

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

THE principal work of this month lies in the care of plants already potted and growing and perhaps the greatest care will be given to the bulbs which are expected to furnish blooms for Christmas decorations.

If the buds seem to be well developed but not coming above the neck of the bulb as they should, water them with warm water to which a tiny pinch of nitrate of soda, or saltpetre, has been added. Do not give the stimulant oftener than once a week, and not at all if the buds are coming up well.

It is sometimes a help to place a paper funnel over the plant, leaving the top opening about a quarter of the size of the base, or in other ways to get all the light above the bud, in order to induce it to grow upward.

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If geraniums, or other plants which produce their blossoms at the end of branches, show a tendency to grow to one stalk, lose no time in pinching them back, to force a growth of lateral branches and get many blooming points. It is better to sacrifice the first blossoms and have many more, later on.

It is a question of form too, for the pinched-back plant will become a stocky, bushy plant much more beautiful than any spindling stalk could ever be.

A HAPPY CREEK WATER BABY

Photographed by W. F. Melton, Baltimore

Plants growing in pots need cultivation as much as those in the garden, and the surface of the soil should be worked loose very frequently. A discarded table fork, or a strong hairpin will serve every purpose of a cultivator.

When cultivating the soil in large pots or tin dishes, examine it as deep down as possible to learn how much moisture it is holding. Many times, when the surface soil has dried out and, seemingly, needs water, an examination will show that deeper down it is too wet for the good of the plant.

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Insects of all sorts and sizes must be watched for, and this is particularly true when plants are brought from green-houses. Florists are supposed to be careful, and undoubtedly are, but in spite of their watchfulness many plants sent out by them are infested with insects of one kind or another, and the buyer must keep close watch or they will quickly find their way to every plant in the collection.

Fresh air and sunshine, and plenty of moisture in the air, are helps in keeping plants free from the various insect pests, but "eternal vigilance" and the "ounce of prevention" are parts of the price to be paid for freedom from them.

Very few plants suffer from too much sun on their foliage, or on the surface of the soil, but very many suffer from letting the sun shine directly on the side of the pot for hours at a time.

When a pot stands exposed to the sun-rays as focused through glass it gets so hot that the roots of the plant in it are, practically, baked. Keep the pots below the level of the window sills, or put something between them and the glass.

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Each point named is of itself a little thing, yet each one has an important bearing on the success or failure of our window gardens, and to overlook them is to invite failure, to a marked degree, in spite of care given in other ways.

MEALS IN THE KITCHEN: A MAN'S IDEA

(From the Boston Journal)

"IN ten years," says a well known physician, "only those women will endure servants in their houses who are afflicted by necessity."

THE FOOTBALL BOY

"What will the others do?" someone asked.

"They will do as their grandmothers," was the reply. "They will serve their meals in the kitchen and live simply—and they will be the healthier and the happier for it."

Support of this forecast is offered by the magazines on home-building. The more progressive they are the simpler are the houses they exploit. Parlors are omitted altogether; the great, wasteful, mistaken hall is giving way to one just large enough for its normal uses; walls are being kept bare in occasional spots, and the whole downstairs is being so contracted that the preparing and serving of meals need consume only the least possible time.

Why do we live as we do, anyway? In the old days meat, vegetables, and dessert meant a dinner. Now we need soup, fish, meat, salad, game, pudding, ices, coffee and cheese. There is no use quarreling with the appetite. If we want that variety, editorials in the newspapers will not argue it away. But we need not use up a whole pantry to serve it.

This is one key to the servant question, both as to the difficulty of keeping the slavey and the impossibility of getting a good one. What is needed is a clerk from a china store, not a servant. And when more women follow the lead of the home-making magazines and do their own work, there will be a great doing away with all this extravagance.

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MARGUERITE'S MISTAKE

By Eleanor W. F. Bates

ROSLINDALE, MASSACHUSETTS

ETHEL and Helen and Marguerite
Had for their lunch a little treat,—
Dates that were luscious and brown and sweet.

They laughed and talked as they ate, and so,
(For laughing takes up the time, you know)
Small Ethel was just a wee bit slow.

Marguerite looked at the dainty pet
And cried, "Why, baby! did you forget?
You haven't eaten your *figures* yet!"

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

FOR SUDDEN DEAFNESS

By C. H. M. KING

Citronelle, Alabama

For sudden and unaccountable deafness: Dissolve a tablespoonful cooking soda in one-half cupful boiling water. Every morning, for a week or two, take out one-half teaspoonful of this, suitably warm, into it drop five drops pure glycerine and pour into the ear, and hold the head over until none runs out. At the end of a week or two, syringe the ear thoroughly with warm water. These two remedies have been successfully tested in my own family.

FOR A SQUEAKING DOOR

By C. A. D.

Salem, Massachusetts

Rub soap on bottom of sill; if the difficulty lies in the hinges dip a feather in kerosene and apply, swinging door to and fro gently.

WASHING HANDKERCHIEFS

By MRS. A. G.
Hillsdale, Michigan

On wash-day soak badly soiled handkerchiefs a half hour or more in a basin of warm water to which has been added a generous handful of salt. All that is objectionable will be removed and they may then be washed as usual.

A POINTER FOR THE BOYS

By ONA ELLIS SMITH
Guthrie Center, Iowa

When my twin boys demanded their "rain" shoes recently I was discouraged to find that they wouldn't go on their feet. "They are too little," I said. "Nonsense," said Grandma, "they are only stiff; they have been put away without being properly oiled. Apply equal parts of kerosene and castor oil with a woollen cloth and then see how easily they will slip on." I did so and she was right. The boys are happy with their "castor-oiled" shoes.

RIDDING A LAWN OF ANTS

By THOMAS W. VOSE
Bangor, Maine

To rid the lawn and other places infested with pismires (ants), secure a bottle of bi-sulphide of carbon (at any drug store). Make a hole in the center of a common-size ant's nest with a stick or other instrument—say one inch in diameter — reaching to the bottom of the nest. Into this hole pour three dessert spoonsful of the liquid, and close the top of the opening. Large nests will require more holes and liquid. After twenty years of strenuous efforts with kerosene, hot water, etc., with little success except to deface the lawn, my troubles ended with the use of the above liquid and method of its use.

PREVENTING TEA STAINS

By MRS. F. A. F.
Gulfport, Mississippi

Put a lump of sugar in the teapot and it will prevent tea staining any damask, however fine, over which it may be spilled.

CUTTING SOAP EASILY

By M. F. R.

To cut soap easily, first dip the knife in boiling water.

FILLING SALT CELLARS

By MRS. L. A. FERGUSON
Loveland, Colorado

Salt and pepper shakers can be quickly and neatly filled by the use of a small funnel placed in the mouth of each.

PREVENTS SOGGY PIE-CRUST

By MRS. M. A. F.
Cedarvale, New York

Pie crust will not be soggy if brushed over with the white of an egg before the fruit is put in.

FROM A MISSIONARY IN CHINA

By H.
Kiu Kiang, China

A Chinese plan for removing ink stains from cloth is to wash them with boiled rice. Rub the rice on the stain as you would soap, and wash with clear water. If the first application does not complete the cure, repeat the process. We have found this to work like magic, even upon stains not discovered until perfectly dry.

A CLOTHES-PIN APRON

By MARY E. GILMORE
Eldorado, Kansas

It is made of common bed-ticking and has two large pockets. This is much handier than a box or basket, for the apron can be buttoned on, and the pins are always in reach. I put the pins into the pockets when gathering in the clothes and have a special nail to hang it on.

SUGGESTIONS

By MRS. M. M. DUDLEY
Eureka, California

To prevent the oil-cloth sticking to the table, first cover the table with common wrapping paper.

Anything mixed with water requires a hotter fire than if mixed with milk.

Paste made with laundry starch is best for scrap books. It will not then grow yellow with age.

To clean alapaca, sponge with strained coffee. Iron on the wrong side.

Whole cloves are better for exterminating moths than either tobacco or camphor.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST DIRT

By ALICE M. STEEVES
Boston, Massachusetts

A unique campaign against dirt is being successfully carried on by the "Woman's Health Club." The duty of each member is to study the conditions regarding health sanitation and hygiene, whenever and wherever the opportunity presents itself; and these observations are compiled into booklets, and distributed from time to time. Several endowments have been received, and the work endorsed by many of the leading educators of the country. An edition of ten thousand booklets entitled "Clean Food and the Public Health" has just been issued. Readers of the National can have a booklet free on receipt of a two-cent stamp by Dr. Alice M. Steeves, Secretary, 226 Berkley Street, Boston.

KEEPING HAT FLOWERS FRESH

By MYRTLE GARRISON
Palo Alto, California

When the flowers begin to fade on your Summer hat, don't take them off and destroy them, but simply try your water-colors on them, and you will find them quickly restored to their natural beauty. Touch up each flower with the original color, making them much brighter—as water-colors dry much lighter. The water will not take the stiffness out of the flowers. This is a good and inexpensive way to keep your hats looking fresh.

Public Library, Lawrence, Mass.

WHISKEY FOR A BOIL

By H. P.

Canton, Ohio

Keep a cloth saturated with whiskey upon a boil, and it will "head" in from two to three hours.

APPLES IN MANY DISHES

By MRS. J. R. BEEBE

New Rockford, North Dakota

Here, in our comparatively new state of North Dakota, great fields of grain demand the farmer's attention, and, as yet, little thought has been given to fruit raising. Our fruit and berries are brought from afar and are very expensive.

We therefore depend much upon apples, of which large quantities are shipped in at reasonable figures. We cook them in a great variety of ways: by baking boiling, steaming, stewing and frying.

For apple pies we select tart, mellow apples. Pare and slice enough to fill a rich crust. Then to a generous half cup of granulated sugar add a tablespoonful of flour and stir thoroughly together, and spread over the sliced apples. Over this dot small lumps of butter before covering with crust. We prefer them without flavoring or spice, which destroys the fine apple flavor.

We boil the apples for tea, taking large, perfect ones. First, make a syrup of sugar and water in a basin. Drop the apples, without peeling, into the boiling syrup, and cover with a plate or other tight cover, and place on the back part of the stove where they will cook slowly. When done through, but not broken, remove and pour the hot syrup over them.

We take sweet and sometimes sour apples whole, without paring, and make spiced sweet pickles of them, as of peaches.

As a breakfast relish we have them fried. Take perfect ones and remove the cores with an apple corer. Slice about half an inch thick and fry in butter. After browning on one side, turn, and when nearly done sprinkle with sugar.

We make a salad from apples by paring them and chopping, not too fine, mixing with them English walnut meats, also chopped. Cover with Mayonnaise dressing.

Very nice jelly can be made from apples: slice without paring, but remove the cores. Proceed as for other fruit jellies.

One year when canning peaches we had a quantity of juice left over. So we made ready some apples and put them into the juice, stewed them down thick and canned as other fruit. We found it very fine-flavored.

In the Spring we endeavor to save what apples we may have on hand, by fixing and canning them in self-sealing cans, for sauce or pies for Summer use.

When fixing a quantity of apples we always save the clean parings, and after stewing them well, sweeten and strain the juice and add it to our vinegar. It helps us to make good cider vinegar.

TO PREVENT FLANNELS SHRINKING

By S. B. C.

Wolftown, Virginia

Let your flannels soak in cold water forty-eight hours. Set them on the stove in the same water and let it come to a boil. Remove and let stand twelve hours. After this treatment your flannels will remain just the size they were when you bought them.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

By MRS. H. A. G.

Wooster, Ohio

There are very few homes which have not numerous old photographs too precious to be thrown away, yet of interest to few besides the immediate family. These generally take up too much space to be kept where they can be gotten at conveniently, and so are carefully put in boxes in the store-room or attic, to be kept from the dust. So when we would gladly spend a few moments looking on the familiar faces and scenes, alas! it is too much trouble to get them out. Here is one solution of the problem: Put the photographs in clear, hot water, and in a short time the pictures can be easily removed from the cards. When dry, either trim down the picture (to economize space) or cut away the background entirely. This last requires care, but can be done without destroying the outline. Mount these in a scrap-book, or better still, a book made especially for kodak pictures. This book (or these books if more than one is needed) can be made very interesting by clever arrangement of the pictures, grouping relatives, school friends, army comrades, babies, out-of-door scenes, etc., in different portions of the book.

FOR SHOE COMFORT

By ROSINA A. KINSMAN

Quito, Ecuador, South America

To make new shoes comfortable, moisten the lining of the shoes or the stocking worn with alcohol and wear the shoes while drying. This makes the lining of the shoe stretch to fit the foot and prevents the pinching often caused by the lining alone. Using alcohol there is no danger of taking cold.

KETTLE COVERS

By MRS. H. E. FIRTH

Spokane, Washington

Of all the cook dishes the kettle covers are the most troublesome, when not in use. Try this; Make a large pocket of oil-cloth, binding strong with heavy braid; tack in a handy place near the cook-stove and you can see just the cover you want without handling all the others.

USE OF FLAVORING EXTRACTS

By ELIZABETH M. ROBINSON

Iowa City, Iowa

Flavoring extracts should not be added to sauce until it is cold; for if put in while hot much of the flavor passes off with the steam.

TO KEEP GREEN VEGETABLES FRESH

By S. E. B.

Denver, Colorado

To keep lettuce, celery cucumbers, etc., fresh several days, without ice, fold them loosely in a damp cloth. In this way they will keep even crisper than when put on ice.

NOTE and COMMENT

By Frank Putnam

FOR THE RAILWAY KINGS, OR FOR THE PEOPLE?

CONGRESS, assembling early this month, must grant or deny the nation's demand for a square deal in railway freight rates. **The people have become convinced that private control of rates on the public highways — the railways — is the main factor in building up the great trusts that strangle competition and rob consumers.** This conviction is the power behind the urgent popular demand that railway rates should be regulated by the federal government. Ray Stannard Baker in McClure's Magazine for November shows us exactly how a dozen private citizens, responsible only to railway managers, intent on charging the public not a fair rate but all that it possibly can pay, make rates in secret and in violation of law. President Roosevelt will ask congress this Winter to enact a law under which the people who support the railways can, through federal officials, get prompt and sure protection against extortionate and inequitable charges upon these highways of the nation's commerce. **When house and senate vote on this proposition we shall know exactly which members serve the people, and who are the others that give their first allegiance to the railway kings. They must toe the mark or quit the track.**

THE LAST WHITE AUTOCRACY PASSES

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S place in history looms larger with every passing month. And while his mightiest tasks at home are still before him, he has achieved first rank among living statesmen by the part that he has taken in world affairs. As the author of the Portsmouth peace conference, he made opportunity for Serge Witte, and in so doing did more than any other one man to tear down the last of the great autocracies in the Caucasian world. Russia, seething with revolt against czardom, needed only a leader great enough to command international respect for his program of reforms. Such a leader is Witte, and Witte, be it remembered, owes his chance to Theodore Roosevelt. Father Gapon, who led the first party of petitioners to the foot of the throne that they might baptize liberty's cause with the blood of martyrs; — these and the nameless heroes of the Black Sea mutiny, and Lyof Tolstoy, mightiest and most fearless spirit of them all— these men are the fathers of the new

Russia—the free Russia. First among their cooperators in the outer world must rank Mutsuhito of Japan, whose armies and navies pricked the bubble of autocratic greatness, showing the Russian people how mean and brainless was the power that oppressed them; and Roosevelt of America, who made peace and gave to distracted Russia a leader of genuine power.

In the following manifesto, dated at St. Petersburg October 30, 1905—and it is history of tremendous significance, perhaps the most important state paper issued in any land in a hundred years—is told the whole brief story of the passing of the czars as rulers by divine right, and the rise of one hundred and fifty millions of semi-serfs to the full stature of free members of a constitutional government:

> "We, Nicholas the Second, by the Grace of God Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, Grand Duke of Finland, etc., declare to all our faithful subjects that the troubles and agitation in our capitals and in numerous other places fill our heart with excessive pain and sorrow.
>
> "The happiness of the Russian sovereign is indissolubly bound up with the happiness of our people, and the sorrow of our people is the sorrow of the sovereign.
>
> "From the present disorders may arise great national disruptions. They menace the integrity and unity of our empire.
>
> "The supreme duty imposed upon us by our sovereign office requires us to efface ourself and to use all the forces and reason at our command to hasten in securing the unity and coordination of the power of the central government and to assure the success of measures for pacification in all circles of public life, which are essential to the well-being of our people.
>
> "We, therefore, direct our government to carry out our inflexible will in the following manner:
>
> "First—To extend to the population the immutable foundations of civic liberty, based on the real inviolability of person, freedom of conscience, speech, union and association.
>
> "Second—Without suspending the already ordered elections to the state Douma, to invite to participation in the Douma, so far as the limited time before the convocation of the Douma will permit, those classes of the population now completely deprived of electoral rights, leaving the development of the principle of the electoral right in general to the newly established legislative order of things.
>
> "Third—To establish as an unchangeable rule that no law shall be enforceable without the approval of the state Douma and that it shall be possible for the elected of the people to exercise real participation in the supervision of the legality of the acts of the authorities appointed by us.
>
> "We appeal to all the faithful sons of Russia to remember their duty toward the fatherland, to aid in terminating these unprecedented troubles and to apply all their forces, in cooperation with us, to

the restoration of calm and peace upon our natal soil.

"Given at Peterhof, October 30, in the 11th year of our reign.

"Nicholas."

However the forces of reaction may temporarily block the wheels of progress, they will never regain their lost power, their wasted opportunities. More and more the great plain people will assert *their* divine rights, as they are doing with increased ardor in every country under the sun, until Russia shall take rank with the most enlightened nations, peaceful and prosperous as she is powerful.

THE SOVEREIGN STATE AND THE GOOD CITIZEN

THE individual citizen has more authority in the Nation today than he had in the State before railroads and telegraphs came in. He counts for more, has larger powers and can make them felt more quickly. These facts are a sufficient reply to Senator Morgan's speech warning the people against a federal railway rate law, on the ground that it would violate state sovereignty. States have no sanctity—as states, but only as they are successful in shielding the rights of their individual citizens. The individual has thrown aside the state shield in these later years, because he doesn't need it: he can protect his rights better by using the national government as his shield. Private exploiters of public property may wriggle and squirm and bellow as much as they please, but they cannot turn back the tide of social tendency.

The people have adopted a new ideal: by its test the good citizen is the one who is content to own PRIVATE property, and the bad citizen is that one who wishes also to own PUBLIC property. The railway rate law agitation is a mere foreshadowing.

THE NEAR FUTURE OF THE FAR EAST

IS the Peace of Portsmouth only a signal for a ten-years' resting spell, preparatory to a new and vaster struggle for supremacy in Asia? Did Britain and Japan recognize this fact, in making their new treaty to last ten years from 1905?

Will China, when the ten years end, be strong enough in arms to take Britain's place at Japan's side and with her help abolish western sovereignty over eastern soil?

Have Japan and China a secret understanding looking to this end? And have Britain, Russia, Germany and France another secret understanding, pledging mutual support of their Asiatic claims, and to become operative ten years hence, or earlier, should occasion arise?

Whatever might be the true answers to these inquiries, could we but obtain them, the dust of the council chamber and the hubbub of excited "men in the street" have so far subsided that we can begin to get a fair idea of what really has taken place during the past year in the East, and what it all means for the near future at least.

Here we have the testimony of two of the most brilliant Asiatics that have ever visited America — men who know the West as well, or nearly as well, as they know the East. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, honored in three continents for his work of the half dozen years last past, and now lecturing on American literature in a Japanese university, speaks for his people in a carefully prepared survey and forecast forwarded to the National Magazine from Tokyo under date of September 23, 1905. Baba Bharati, a keen and widely known scholar of India, interviewed in Los Angeles, California, by the Times, utters an extraordinary prophecy for the near future of his people, and for all Asiatics.

JAPAN FEELS SURE OF TEN YEARS' RESPITE

By Yone Noguchi

OUR diplomacy — no, the English diplomacy very likely, — presented itself appropriately with the new Anglo-Japanese treaty, whose influences are mightily expanded. The chief points are as follows:

1.— The maintenance of the status quo in Asia.

1.— Japan to assist in the defence of India should that country be threatened.

3.—Mutual assistance to be rendered by each of the contracting powers to the other should either be attacked by even a single power.

Hereafter Japan is not alone in the far East. The independence of our country and the peace of the far East are well-nigh assured. Remember we are not alone in the Manchurian field, since we have England with us; and also America, spiritually. Our combined naval tonnage—England's and Japan's —is 1,900,000 tons. France, the second naval power of the world, has 600,000 tons, and Germany 400,000 tons, and Italy 300,000 tons. Suppose these powers threaten our interest in the far East? We have 600,000 tons more than they could afford. There is small fear of another war so long as our arms are joined with England's. At present, and also in the future, we need England for our ally. England is just the country for it.

And we must not forget to assist England in India. Yes, we will. Nothing will be lost for Japan thereby, since our independence and the eastern peace are to be assured. Suppose Russia threatens India. Then our navy and army will attack Vladivostock and other eastern points, and Russia will be obliged to divide her strength. I am sure she will never commit any foolhardy act, having the new Anglo-Japanese treaty in sight. The danger in India is not clearly seen except on paper. Therefore I say that the eternal peace west of Suez is built securely.

True, it was the dream and wish, not only of our statesmen but of the nation herself, to combine ourselves with Russia some five or six years ago, when we had almost recovered from the very wound inflicted upon us by Russia in taking from us the Liaotung peninsula, and when we found that she was a dominant power to be reckoned with. We wanted to make an ally of Russia because it was proper to think of our own country's safety first, and we knew that Russia would never voluntarily move away from Manchuria. We thought that we — Russia and Japan — would get along nicely, Russia in Manchuria and Japan in Korea. We made up our minds to separate our domains of influence for our own interest. And then we proposed a certain offer through Marquis Yamagata, though it was not official, when we sent him to the czar's coronation celebration. What did Russia answer? And a year or so afterward, when Marquis Ito appeared in the Russian capital, he attempted to make Russia agree to a similar proposal. Alas, she was extremely selfish and wholly absorbed in egotism and self indulgence. She wanted even Korea. She obstinately insisted on a naval station in southern Korea. Japan gave her up. And meanwhile we came to an agreement with England. How sudden it was, and what a diplomatic triumph for Japan! And we proclaimed that we would act against Russia. Our plan to pacify and moderate Russian greed tottered to pieces and we thought she was utterly irreconcilable. We determined to do everything to protect our own interest. We welcomed England with open arms. Undoubtedly Russia must think now that if she had accepted our good, sound offer, though it were not too generous, she would not have been obliged to see the fate she has today. The Russian failure was due to nothing but a lack of honesty and fair dealing. She did not want to do any legitimate business. Mystification and trickery she delighted in, and she managed the affair cleverly and even successfully up to a certain point. Today she is receiving every punishment she deserves. She has lost almost everything in the far East, materially. And what she has lost spiritually in the face of the world she will never regain. It is hard to gain a good reputation, but how easy to break one! She was a hypocrite and an untiring aggressor. And she said she was a Christian country, and sent her own preachers to Japan to convert our people! Are we heathen? Today the extraordinary dome which stands on the Surugadai height of Tokyo, calling itself a Russian church, appears to us nothing but a barbarous office and a savage demonstration. Doubtless the Russian government used her own religion and Bishop Nikolai merely as tools of her invasion. Japan was not so imbecile and savage as China or Korea, fortunately. Today we see the Nikolai cathedral shaking pitifully, with the grasses overgrowing it.

The well balanced, practical Britons meant business and nothing else. And they had enough sympathy and earnestness to do everything in their power within the boundaries of business. We are glad of that. In fact, what a tremendous help it was in this gigantic war! Surely we had not been bold enough to launch on it were not England our ally.

We must share the half of our glory as a victorious nation. And the great moral support of mighty America made our position strong and secure. Japan, backed by England and America, was bound to win.

Our situation compelled us to fight with Russia, our own country being threatened by Russia, and we had not a moment to hesitate or think over whether it were to the interest of England and America or not. No other road was open to us but to declare war on Russia. Fortunately England and America had an equally good interest with us in the matter, and they showed their enthusiasm and sympathy in the Manchurian war. Certainly they will share equally with us in the fruits of victory. And it is natural for them to walk together on the same road with Japan. It is not extraordinary to have the new Anglo-Japanese agreement greatly improved today. England means business (America also) and we Japanese mean it, too. We will invest equally and gain profits equally. England will help us in the far East, while we promise our help in India.

It might be more comfortable for us to be wholly independent, but our present condition, our limited natural resources, and our immediate poverty do not permit it. If we were like America, having a mighty continent with tremendous resources and great population, no need to bring another country in. If we were like England, having no interest in neighboring countries and with inexhaustible wealth and a supreme navy to protect our own interest, there would be no reason to ally ourselves with another nation.

But today Japan has almost spent her wealth in waging the Russia-Japan war, and we were barely so far successful as to drive Russia away from Korea and Manchuria. If we do not keep a very sharp watch and establish ourselves firmly in those countries (and that means money and money), Russia will soon find her own way to be aggressive and to invade again. And a thousand other things we have crowded on our back. We must enlarge our navy, and we must invest money in Korea and Port Arthur. We must adjust the Saghalien affair. God knows what else. We expanded our business to make it more profitable, and, alas, we have little money to put in. We must have vast sums to make a sound business foundation, and to begin with we must have peace of mind. Peace of mind, yes, that is the thing. We are surely to have it, since we made the new Anglo-Japanese agreement. And slowly we will build up our business. We are still in the stage of boyhood, barely out of babyhood. We must have some sort of protector and there is nobody better than England. England will help us materially, America will feed us spiritually.

We need at least ten years to adjust our financiai affairs, and to make us a really great eastern power. Could the Anglo-Japanese alliance afford us ten years?

If so?

We will be grateful to England, and will never hesitate to make any amount of sacrifice for her when need arises.

We depend on the new agreement to realize our own dream and work out our own destiny in the far East.

ALL ASIA TO FIGHT ALL EUROPE IN 1915

By Baba Bharati

[An Interview in the Los Angeles, California, Times]

THE peace of Portsmouth will affect India in one way, and yet it will not affect her at all in another way. India, of course, along with the rest of Asia, was expecting to have Russia driven out of the far East entirely, which would have made the Japanese position much more powerful than it is now, under the conditions of the treaty signed at Portsmouth. With Russia driven out of the far East, Japan could have escaped the necessity of entering into a fresh treaty with England.

England had proved to her, Japan, an untrustworthy ally, an ally whose insincerity was apparent to Japan on many occasions during the progress of the war. The reason was not far to seek; England's insincere friendship to Japan was due to her sincere fear of the overshadowing ascendency into which Japan was mounting after each victory. The British lion in India trembled to its claws after the astonishingly brilliant feats of the Japanese army. He did not know where he was. Complete fulfillment of Japanese aspirations in the field of Manchuria would have left the British in a hopeless state of anxiety as to the future of their empire in India; but now they are breathing more freely.

Who can say how much covert influence the British had, along with some other Powers, in bringing about the Portsmouth deal, shorn of a single kopec of indemnity and full of so many unexpected concessions to Russia?

The Indian people understand all this and are sorry for it all; not so much for the gain Russia has derived from the treaty as for the gain England has derived from it in the shape of her fresh offensive and defensive alliance with Japan. England was playing her cards to this end, and she has succeeded in obtaining it. She wanted Japan to weaken Russia only, and not to become the paramount power in the far East by driving Russia out entirely. The weakening of Russian power, and peace, along with the resultant offensive and defensive treaty, was all she was scheming for, and she has got it.

Disarmed for the last half century by their British rulers, with machine guns gaping at them from all directions, the Indian people were becoming more and more demoralized. They were on the verge of abandoning all hope that the night of British rule in India would pass away; but now the boom of Togo's and Oyama's all-powerful guns has filled them with the hope that the dawn is near enough. The Japanese victories have aroused the almost dead hearts of the Indian people to fresh life, life full of sanguine hope. This is the most distinct gain they see, and the Portsmouth treaty cannot affect this net result, full of potentialities and possibilities of their near political freedom.

Will the Japanese-English treaty settle permanently the question concerning the English government of India?

No. The greatest lesson that India has drawn from this war is that it is not merely guns that win victories, but superior intelligence, concentration and whole-souled love and devotion to king, country and ideals of life. These were the greatest factors in the crushing defeat given to the mightiest of white hordes with whose help the tyrants of Europe are now oppressing the mild Asians. It is the superior intelligence of Togo, Oyama, Yamagata, Oku, Nodzu, Nogi and Kuroki and the ideal morale and contempt for death of the soldiers which have demonstrated the wonderful fact that spirit-illumined brain and body are any day more than a match for the bravery born of a beef-fed brain, a matter-fed mind and a rum-fed spirit. And the Hindus are more than sure that their people have a greater share of these winning, spiritual and moral qualities than the rest of the Asiatics including the Japanese, whose consciousness is but a part of the whole Hindu consciousness.

In your judgment is this a permanent peace? If not, what do you anticipate concerning the developments of the future?

By no means is this a permanent peace; for it is a patched-up peace, founded upon insincere feelings on both sides. When Russia, Germany and France deprived Japan of the fruits of her victory over China, Japan submitted to the injustice, and bided her time for avenging this high-handed wrong and injustice. She wanted time to prepare for a greater struggle, to give the arch-interloper a sound licking; and for chasing him out of Manchuria, ten years' time was enough to carry her purpose into execution. The mikado and his ministers are long-headed people, longer-headed diplomats and politicians than you can find in the whole West. Another ten years' time is needed for China's awakening, which has already begun under the influence of the Japanese, an awakening which no European power can now prevent, or all European powers put together have any right to prevent. Japan has earned this right of opportunity to awaken China.

The new Anglo-Japanese treaty is only good for ten years of bland friendship between the Jap and the Briton. In another ten years Japan, in company with awakened China, will be ready for action against all the white intruders in the East.

In 1915, the centenary of the battle of Waterloo, the whole of Asia and Europe will be plunged into a war before whose feats the feats of the war just closed will shrivel into insignificance.

DELEGATES OF TWELVE AMERICAN REPUBLICS AT THE INTERNATIONAL SANITARY CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON

THE DELEGATES, SANITARY OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS, ADOPTED A GENERAL AGREEMENT OF FORTY-NINE ARTICLES, MOST IMPORTANT OF THEM BEING THE NEW METHOD OF HANDLING YELLOW FEVER. HEREAFTER — IF THEIR GOVERNMENTS APPROVE THE CONVENTION'S PLAN, AS THEY VERY LIKELY WILL—THERE WILL BE NO INTERFERENCE WITH TRAINS AT BOUNDARY LINES OR FRONTIERS BECAUSE OF THE PREVALENCE OF YELLOW FEVER, NOR WILL MAILS BE INTERFERED WITH. THE CONVENTION ACCEPTED THE MOSQUITO-TRANSMISSION THEORY AS AN ESTABLISHED FACT.

HOUGHTON AND HANCOCK, WITH BRIDGE ACROSS PORTAGE LAKE
Photo by Tyler, Calumet

THE LAKE SUPERIOR COPPER COUNTRY

By Arthur L. Carnahan

PERMANENCY, generation following generation for nearly three-quarters of a century—this is not the wonted type of the American mining camp. Thriftiness, families who through a lifetime of incessant labor by father and sons, careful spending and wise dealings, have accumulated fortunes that render them independent, yet who continue to work, in the very enjoyment of it — this is different, indeed, from the traditional happy-go-lucky miner. Conservative commercialism, as wise in its administration as the most astute financier's or merchant's—a contrast, surely, with the prodigality that so often in fiction, and occasionally in fact, stamps its impress upon mining enterprises. Mines which are justly ranked among the world's greatest, most profitable, most wisely managed and most assured in their future, yet bringing forth from their depths the lowest grade of ore that is produced at a profit anywhere on the globe—how different from the Golcondas of the west, yielding in their shafts their thousand dollars per foot of depth or in their stopes their ten thousand dollars per fathom!

These are features of the Lake Superior copper country. They are not un-American. They are the most American representation that mining has in America. They reflect the type of American that was presaged in the Pilgrim prototype and in the pioneers who quelled the forest and tamed the plains. They reflect a character different it is true, from that which the typical mining community possesses, but they reflect a higher exemplification of the country's traditions.

This, then is a mining district peculiar unto itself, builded upon a foundation that will last for incalculable hundreds of years, with a social and industrial fiber as permanent as the resources which nature has provided.

The distinctions which differentiate the Lake Superior copper country from other mining districts extend to almost every feature. Here nature has garbed the rock-ribbed and copper-veined hills and gentle slopes with a mantle of fruitful soil, bristling with forests where the axman has not wrought and bountiful in crops where cultivation prevails. Its position on the Great Lakes places it on navigable water to which there is direct access from the eight states and the Canadian territory contiguous to these bodies.

Its mines are great manufacturing industries, with vast acreages from which virtually unlimited supply may be drawn. Its leading interests and dominating forces are its own sons, whose fathers and grandfathers laid the foundation stones for its present greatness.

Nature, in bestowing the world's mineral wealth, frequently hides it in hills barren of vegetation and uninviting in aspect. Hardships from excessive heat or excessive cold, from lack of water and from isolation, must often be met in winning this wealth to the uses of man. From such obstacles the Lake Superior copper country is happily free. The winters are long, but they are invigorating, they do not impede the mining industry and only on a few occasions throughout the year is the weather so severe that outdoor activity is uncomfortable. The springs, summers and autumns are a round of delightful seasons, changing with kaleidoscopic swiftness and each bringing its distinctive fascinations in sweet smelling and verdant budding, dense foilage, gentle rippling brooks, placid inland seas teeming with vessels carrying a nation's wealth, and the brillant gold and red and brown of the forests as the year declines.

The commercial development of the Lake Superior copper country began in 1843, when the government opened a federal land office at Copper Harbor. This step was taken largely through the instrumentality of Dr. Douglass Houghton, who first visited the district in 1830 and through the subsequent years, during which he was state geologist of Michigan, labored incessantly to bring the industrial possibilities of the copper deposits to the attention of the world.

Within two or three years there was a large influx of skilled miners from the tin and copper mines of Cornwall, England, and to this day the Cornish miner in the Lake Superior country has stood pre-eminent in the position which he established for himself at that time. They were of the same stock as the pioneers of Plymouth and Jamestown days. The hardships of forest and cold, privation and unrequited labor had no terrors for them.

A few pioneers of the earliest days are still living, and the sons of that day have resting upon their shoulders both here and in other mining camps throughout the world, the responsibility for many of the world's greatest mining industries. Cornwall from time immemorial has sent out the miners whose skill has broken into nature's treasure houses, and since the decline of Cornwall's importance as a mining district, Cornish descendents in the Lake Superior branch of the old mining clan have maintained the precedent of their ancestors.

Philadelphia and Pittsburg capital was among the first to seek an outlet in the development of the Lake Superior copper country, but at a very early date Boston became interested, and today, out of the eighteen mining companies which are producing copper on the Keweenaw peninsula of Lake Superior, twelve have their home offices in Boston, the remaining six having New York as their headquarters, but maintaining branch offices in Boston.

The Michigan mining laws were

framed at an early day along the lines that have proven eminently satisfactory and legal disputes are practically unknown. The much abused "apex and extralateral" laws of the federal government, by which the owner of an outcrop of ore may extract its values, withersoever they may extend under the surface holdings of neighboring owners, were modified by the Michigan state law so that the owner's rights reach only to the planes extending downward vertically from the surface boundary lines. The capitalization of the companies was regulated by law, the limit of shares being placed at 100,000 and the par value being fixed at $25 per share. Thus a company cannot collect upon its capital stock in excess of $25 per share for its development. If a greater sum than this is required it is necessary to reorganize. A recent amendment, however, permits a capitalization of 400,000 shares. But all the development has been under the old law, and to the credit of the companies it may be said that the majority of them called only a fraction of the limit of assessment, while many of them were organized with much less than the limit of share capitalization.

SHAFT HOUSES AND MINERS, TRIMOUNTAIN MINE, TRIMOUNTAIN
Photo by Tyler, Calumet

Roughly speaking, the cost of opening a mine upon the average value of ore produced in the Lake Superior copper country, permitting the ore yielded in development to go in payment of part of the expense, is $1,500,000 for the stockholders or $15 per share on a capitalization of 100,000 shares. This is for a mine with 4 shafts to an average depth of 1,000 feet and a stamp mill capable of treating 2,000 tons daily.

The time required according to modern methods is approximately six years. If the development has been aggressive and the ore values have maintained satisfactorily, the end of this period should see a balance accumulated and the dividend period at hand. The policy of development varies, the managements in the more poorly defined and less certain sections instituting a less aggressive policy, taking a longer time for development and seeking to cover the expenses more completely by the returns from the copper produced, because the outcome is less assured and it is desirable to invest as little original capital as possible. In sections where neighboring development or natural conditions are such as to lessen the hazard of success or failure, original capital is spent more freely and the work is driven ahead without any particular effort to discount expenses by the sale of copper. Such a policy, where the ore values meet expectations, brings quicker returns upon the investment.

Illegitimate undertakings or "wildcatting" is practically unknown. So complete is the geological analysis of the peninsula, so high is the ethical plane upon which the business is conducted, and so thorough is the understanding between the Lake mining engineer and the Boston financier, that there is neither temptation nor opportunity to admit this baneful condition.

The basis upon which the share capitalization of a new company is sold to the public may be depended upon to be invariably legitimate. The money secured from this sale of stock will be put to the best uses which sagacious judgement can dictate. The effort to disclose copper will be earnest and sincere. If the copper is not to be found the money expended in the search is lost to the investor, but if values lie in the path of investigation they will be brought to light and developed with the highest degree of skill and the most conservative economy which generations of training can inculcate.

After the stock leaves the treasury and passes into the hands of the public, the price to which it may rise or fall in dealings between individuals is beyond the company's control. Naturally it is affected in its fluctuations by the physical conditions of the property, but its exact worth is a subject which must be settled between buyer and seller and the buyer must assume all risk on his investment. Of one thing he can be constantly assured, however; the investment which he has made, if it is in an operating company in the Lake Superior copper country, has brought him into co-operation with a group of men whose skill is of the highest order, whose integrity is unimpeachable and whose sincerity in the development which they have undertaken is re-enforced by the most sacred professional pride.

Labor troubles of a serious, vicious or prolonged character have never visited the district, and the conditions are of a nature to render them improbable. The fundamental condition which argues against disturbances of this nature is a co-operative sentiment. While the mining companies are not co-operative in the generally accepted sense of that term, they are all organized in such manner that their stock is purchaseable on the open market.

Here also, then, comes in the element of thrift. The sagacity of the copper country miner has led him to know that this stock is a safe and profitable investment, and countless fortunes belonging to men now working in the mines are thus invested, many of them having accumulated profits for wellnigh half a century. A large percentage of the copper country's savings are thus invested, and so will remain interminably. The owners of these savings are working underground, with their sons, and their sons' sons will come after them. For a mine to be disturbed by an upheaval over labor issues would work serious depreciation in the earning power and market value of the stock, and thus the miner would see his fortune shrink and possibly vanish by his own act if he were instrumental in causing or continuing the trouble. This, therefore, stands as a partial guarantee against such disturbances. Secondarily, the companies maintain a paternal interest in the welfare of their employes. Practically all of the taxes are paid by the mining companies, and hence the administration of public affairs is largely in the companies' hands. This administration is governed by the highest wisdom and integrity. There is no room for political corruption, since each mining company's property comprises a separate township organization, and there is no one to "graft" upon, except the company itself. The company, through the public officials, who are its own employes, assesses itself liberally for school purposes, and when school houses are to be built the company's carpenters, who may be the only carpenters in the township to do the job, are put upon the construction. There is never a cry of inadequate school room, and the best trained teachers available are employed.

A third important factor that is conducive to contentment is the comfortable housing of the miners. In the immediate vicinity of a mine the lands are of course owned by the mining company and the town is laid out with the highest regard for sanitary conditions, comfort and convenience. The houses are strongly and warmly built, plastered and finished with as much care as an owner would do the work for his own occupancy. The rental is on the approximate basis of one dollar per room per month, thus making the cost of a house for an ordinary family six to eight dollars per month.

There is no unemployed labor in the Lake Superior copper country, and here again is a secret of contentment. Labor, in fact, is at a premium, and thereby is imposed upon it a dignity which demands respect both from the worker and the employer. Concomitant with this absence of idleness is also the absence of poverty, and the pinch of hunger is never felt in this land of contentment.

As the Lake Superior copper country has provided much of the ablest mining skill for the development of other districts, so it has provided capital for the same purpose. Thus in many instances the men and the money of this section have united their forces in these campaigns. An early and memorable instance of this was in the Old Abe and the Uncle Sam Mining Companies, both of which were organized and financed in this district to operate in the Black Hills of Dakota. The lands comprised in this venture now constitute the most resourceful portion of the Homestake mine. The Lake Superior interests were eventually forced to surrender their undertaking and sell out to the Homestake because the latter so encompassed the Old Abe and Uncle Sam with its land purchases that they were powerless to secure water supply, transportation or other necessary accommodations without a struggle that appeared too desperate to be undertaken.

One of the latest and most successful of these outside ventures by Lake Superior capital is the well known Calumet & Arizona. As a result of this recent achievement many families have been enabled to retire permanently and live at their ease, while hundreds of investors have reaped comfortable fortunes. This mine is at Bisbee, Arizona, and the first stroke in its development was less than five years ago. Previous to that time the only producing mine in that camp was the Copper Queen, owned by Phelps, Dodge & Co. of New York, and which had been operating profitably but on a limited scale for about twenty years. Some Lake Superior mining men who could "see further into the ground than the point of the pick" were in the camp and became interested in the geology and ore formation. A study of conditions convinced them that beneath a tract of neighboring ground, which could be purchased, ore should be encountered at a depth of about 1,000 feet. Lake Superior capital was interested and an equity equivalent to one share of stock in the present organization cost the original investor two dollars. The judgement of the mining men proved sound, and at a depth of 1,000 feet the ore was found, and the company is now making over 100,000 pounds of copper daily, while the equity that cost two dollars is now worth on the market from $110 to $120.

In the promotion of local mining companies, for the development of Lake Superior properties, the sale of treasury stock is divided about equally between the Lake Superior capitalists and the

MINE FIRE, OSCEOLA MINE, CALUMET
Photo by Isler, Calumet

Boston capitalists. The usual plan is to issue one-half of the capitalization to the owners of the land in exchange for the deeds. The remaining one-half of the capitalization is sold to the public to meet the expense of development, from six to ten dollars per share being required in cash, and assessments in one to two dollar installments being called until profits relieve this necessity.

The banking interests of the district represent a power in the financial world. Houghton county, in which are located the principal mines of the district, and which comprises almost the entire banking business of Keweenaw peninsula, has nine banks. A consolidated statement of these institutions shows the resources in round numbers to consist of $6,175,000 in loans and discounts, $1,500,000 in bonds, mortgages and securities, $3,850,000 due from banks and the United States treasury, and $1,160,000 in cash, a total, with real and personal property of $12,825,000; these resources are balanced by liabilities in round numbers of $905,000 capital stock, $765,000 surplus and undivided profits, $145,000 circulation and $11,000,000 deposits.

There are 15,000 men directly engaged in the mining operations of Houghton county, and this represents approximately eighty per cent. of the working population of the county, placing the working population near 20,000 while the census population is in round numbers 85,000.

A few of the claims to greatness which are put forth by the Lake Superior copper country may be forcefully presented in figures and measurements. The output of its mines is now over 200,000,000 pounds of copper annually, and to secure this copper there is mined, crushed and concentrated 20,000,000,000 pounds of ore or "rock," the refined metal representing about one per cent. of the original mass of rock extracted. Its mines are distributing annually $12,000,000 in wages and $5,700,000 in dividends. It has vertical shafts approximately one mile in depth and inclined shafts in excess of a mile in depth, the deepest reaching to 8,100 feet. Its hoisting engines lift from six to ten tons from a depth of a mile in three minutes. Each of its seventy-five or more stamp heads is capable of crushing into sand 500 tons of rock in twenty-four hours, while for each stamp head there is pumped about 4,000,000 gallons of water in twenty-four hours, to be used in the hydraulic separation of copper from the rock, which is accomplished by the difference in specific gravity. It manufactures a large amount of its own dynamite and other mine explosives, operates its own iron and brass foundries, with the most extensive machine shops northwest of Milwaukee, and wholesales its own goods through extensive local jobbing and wholesale houses. It has extensive railroad interests, capacious hotels and splendidly stocked stores.

Yet with all this industry and commercialism, there is a spirit of romance permeating the atmosphere of the district. Its early history has woven into it heroism and fortitude, while its later development is weighted with daring tasks such as stir the souls of men in admiration. Mine fires have not been unknown, and when human lives are thus endangered there are always human lives willing to

STARTING A SHAFT, CALUMET AND HECLA MINE, CALUMET
Photo by Isler, Calumet

SCHOOL HOUSE IN WHICH THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS MANUAL WAS WRITTEN, EAGLE HARBOR, MICHIGAN

Photo by Isler, Calumet

be sacrificed in the work of rescue. Engineering works involving the expenditure of fortunes are undertaken with success assured only theoretically, yet there is no hesitancy if a desired end is held in promise. Inventive genius has had wide scope for expansion, and the ideas have been eagerly put into application. Statesmen, orators, men who lead in law and in letters, have been nurtured here in their youth and early manhood. In an humble school house, its windows overlooking the great expanse of Lake Superior and the sweet smelling pine brushing against its eaves, was written the ritual of the Knights of Pythias by Justus Rathbone, then a teacher here. Its natural beauty is bewitching and there are many picturesque places that appeal to the nature lover. A curious structure is the Natural Wall near Lake Linden, which juts out from the side of a wood-manteled gorge, towering seventy feet high and built up of great sandstone blocks, bearing striking similarity to the work of man.

Both Hancock and Houghton are college towns, the former having a splendid institution for the education of Finns, of which there are a large number working in the mines and in other occupations throughout the district. The attendance is sixty students annually, and they are prepared for any university in America or Europe. It is the only Finnish college in America. In Houghton is the Michigan College of Mines, a state institution with an attendance of 200 annually. Here are taught the highest branches of science applicable to mining engineering, and its graduates hold a leadership in the world's mining industries. Its departments include mining engineering, civil engineering, mechanical engineering, metallurgy, geology, chemistry, hydraulic engineering, mathematics and physics. The course requires four years to complete.

Winter sports are an important feature of copper country life. Houghton and Calumet each has a skating rink almost identical in size, the floor being 80 x 108 feet.

These two towns have the champion pion hockey teams of America and games are played throughout the winter with teams from all parts of the country. In other seasons of the year the great buildings are used for various amusement purposes. Hancock and Calumet each has a handsome and commodious theater, in which appear the highest class of dramatic companies. In the summer the peninsula enjoys a large patronage from tourists, Houghton being the principal place at which they are entertained, the hotel accommodations there being of a superior character, while all passenger boats plying above Sault Ste. Marie make of this place a landing port.

Thus there is to be found in the Lake Superior copper country a land of plenty with a brillant past and an undimmed future, romance and commercialism, achievement and opportunity, and a people of overpowering energy, resourceful genius and abundant wealth.

GROUP OF BUILDINGS AT MICHIGAN COLLEGE OF MINES, HOUGHTON

MICHIGAN STATE CAPITOL BUILDING

LANSING, MICHIGAN

SIXTY-FOUR years ago John W. Burchard erected the first house in the city of Lansing. He built a log house on the east side of the Grand river and took up his residence there. From such a humble beginning the city has grown until today it is one of the leading manufacturing centers of the state. By act of the legislature in 1847 the state capital was located in Lansing. The history of the city, from that time until the present, is not one of growth dependent entirely upon the establishment of the state capital. The building of the new state house, however added much to its prosperity and assured permanency of the growth of the city.

Early in the history of the village factories were instituted, beginning with saw mills and potteries. Foundries, carding mills, and cooper shops followed, and to this list was added, as the years went on a varied line of industries, until at present, the output of Lansing factories is as diversified as that of any city in the state. Its manufactured products are known the world over, and the rapid strides made within recent years have made the city the envy of her sisters. No branch of trade has expanded more in Lansing the past few years than the jobbing and wholesale business, and much of it results from the recognition of Lansing as the distributing center of the state. It offers superior attractions for any concern that contemplates establishing itself in Michigan for such a trade.

That Lansing has surpassed every other city in that state in its industrial

HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

growth during the last few years is indicated by the figures of the state census bureau relative to its factory statistics in 1900 and 1904. While the number of factories has increased a third, the amount of capital invested is 191 per cent. greater, the number of men employed has more than doubled, as has also the amount of wages paid. The value of products is 134 per cent. greater, being now over a million dollars greater than four years ago. In other words, in only five years Lansing has had a growth of over thirty-three and one-third per cent. in population; over fifty per cent. in retail trade; over 100 per cent. in manufactured products; over 500 per cent. in distributing trade.

Of prime importance to maufacturers and wholesale dealers are the facilities for shipping. Four great railroads tap the commerce of Lansing, supplying the raw material to the factories and carrying out their finished products to the markets of the world. They bring legislators and politicians to the capital, as well as thousands of visitors and excursionists who come to view the sights or buy what the manufacturers, jobbers, wholesalers and retailers have to offer.

WILLIAMS HALL, AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

The first railroad was built in 1863. It now forms the Saginaw branch of the Michigan Central. Since then there have been added the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the Pere Marquette, and the Grand Trunk. All now have handsome modern depots. In this connection the street railway and interurban systems should be mentioned. The street railway in Lansing is the center of a system that is reaching out in about every direction. The Lansing & St. Johns line comes in from the north. Well filled cars traverse the Michigan avenue line to the agricultural college and proceed on beyond the college to Pine Lake, where the company is interested in a new resort. Out to the south and west runs the Waverly park line, furnishing access to a place of natural beauty that has been fully equipped as an attractive Summer resort. Interurban railway pospects loom up as one of the means of the capital city's prospective advancement. The start has been made in interurban construction, in which Lansing is a terminal, and there seems little doubt that in the future the city will be the center of an important system.

Aside from the city's importance as the capital and a manufacturing center, Lansing is also distinguished by reason of the state institutions located here. These include the Industrial School for Boys, the School for the Blind and the Agricultural College.

There are now over 100 manufacturing establishments in the city. In addition to this there are a score of wholesalers and jobbers, and by reason of the increase in the number and prosperity of these institutions the city's retail establishments, its banking facilities and its institutions generally have expanded to supply the needs of a population and have kept pace in their growth with the prosperity of the city.

As would be expected in an active community of intelligent people, there has come a demand for educational, religious, social and fraternal organizations and institutions, which has been met as years rolled by until Lansing in this respect is second to no city in the state. Its schools are well established in modern buildings, and their affairs have been for years administered by a non-partisan board almost without exception composed of Lansing's foremost business and professional men. The location here of the Agricultural College provides a convenient source of higher education for the children of its citizens.

Almost every creed or denomination has its church building here, and in most instances their homes are handsome, modern edifices which are not only ornaments to the city but sources of gratification to the members.

Beside the advantages above enumerated, Lansing is preeminently desirable as a place of residence. It is a healthful, beautiful city, well lighted and with an abundant supply of pure water. Both light and water are furnished by plants owned by the city, and both of which are extremely valuable assets, steadily increasing in worth as the city expands. The city is also supplied with gas and electrical power by private companies at equitable rates.

With these advantages, it is not surprising that Lansing is a city of homes. In every direction from its business center extend broad, well kept streets on which are erected hundreds ot beautiful homes surrounded by well kept lawns adorned with shade trees, shrubbery and flowers. That the city has had so great a percentage of growth in industrial interests is due in a large measure to the efforts of the Lansing Business Men's Association. The success which the association has achieved is evidenced by the fact that since its organization no less than forty-five new manufacturing plants have been located here. Much has also been done toward obtaining satisfactory freight service for local shippers.

STATE COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND

Fifty years ago Lansing could be reached only by stage coach. Now it is a railroad and interurban railway center.

Of modern conveniences it has its full quota. It is a city of handsome homes. It leads alls in business prosperity, as evidenced by the marvelous increase in its population and output of its industries during the last five years. Lansing offers all the attractions of a beautiful residence city together with exceptional advantages along industrial lines. In short, Lansing offers as desirable a location as can be found anywhere.

NEW CITY HALL

SCENE ON THE BEAUTIFUL ST. JOSEPH RIVER

ELKHART, INDIANA

THE city that forms the subject of this sketch is situated in Elkhart county 100 miles east of Chicago and 137 miles west of Toledo. It occupies an unrivalled position with reference to natural position and development. The early settler who chose this site at the confluence of the St. Joseph and Elkhart rivers builded better than he knew. The development of this suberb water power together with the coming of improved railroad facilities has given the city a rapid growth, especially within the past quarter of a century. No more promising community exists in the state of Indiana today than this enterprising American city. It can truly be called a city of homes, while at the same time it offers no mean inducements for the manufacturer.

First of all it must be observed that Elkhart has been well favored in the matter of transportation facilities. The city is an important factor of the Lake Shore system. At this point the large shops of the system are located. The Air Line and Old Road branch here on their way to Toledo. Many railroad men have made their homes in the city. A handsome new passenger depot has been erected that is an ornament and credit to the city. By this trunk line and its branches all sections of the country are easily reached by the manufacturers. The Big Four road extending from Benton Harbor to Indianapolis makes connections with northern and southern points. These two roads together with a belt line give the city all that could be desired for freight and passenger traffic on steam trains. In interurban transportation the Indiana Railway system has proved especially advantageous. An hourly schedule is maintained between South Bend, Elkhart and Goshen. Elkhart has two city lines for traffic within the city limits.

The location of Elkhart at the forks of the Elkhart and St. Joseph rivers has greatly aided its industrial development. Progressive citizens, realizing the possibilities of the undeveloped water power, decided to utilize it for the city's advancement, and a company was formed for that purpose. A dam 300 feet long with a twelve-foot head was constructed across the river near the eastern limits of the city and the head thus formed was conducted on either side of the dam through an extensive system of races

ONE OF ELKHART'S NEW OFFICE BUILDINGS

and utilized in turning the wheels of a dozen factories. The development of this water power has given an impetus to the industrial development of Elkhart. It has proved a strong foundation for the upbuilding of the city and has added materially to its present greatness. A demand was at once created for the cheap water power and factories began to seek Elkhart. Two years were required in the construction of the dam and the various races, and over $100,000 was expended in harnessing this water power.

In its population Elkhart is peculiarly American. The early settlers came from Ohio and Pennsylvania and the city possesses an air of culture and refinement peculiar to the eastern cities combined with the western energy and thrift. The city has a very small foreign population, and a trip to the various manufacturing institutions will soon convince one that the workers therein fully realize the responsibilites of American citizenship.

Within a radius of fifteen miles of Elkhart many beautiful lakes nestle among the green hills and at these spots a large number of Summer cottages have been erected. There one can find the finest of fishing, boating and bathing. Bicycle paths run along all of the highways. Boating on the St. Joe is a favorite form of recreation and above the dam all kinds of pleasure craft can be seen afloat. Picturesque places can be found in all directions from the city. It is conceded that no finer location for a city could be found than the present site of Elkhart, the City of the Forks.

The water supply of Elkhart is exceptionally pure. The city water is drawn from springs and wells, and every precaution has been taken to keep the source of supply free from contamination. Part of the power of the St. Joe has been used to turn dynamos developing light, heat and power. Gas is also used for illuminating purposes and quite extensively for heating and cooking. Two telephone companies compete for public favor. Extensive street paving has been done. All the streets of the city are stone curbed, while concrete sidewalks are in universal use.

Three parks aid in beautifying the city. The island from which the city takes its name, being shaped like an elk's heart, is the property of the city. It contains about ten acres and is a most delightful spot. The natural beauty

HOME OF THE CENTURY CLUB

of the island has been enhanced by the introduction of flower beds. Studebaker park lies at the southeastern confines of the city and Highland park to the westward. Both of these are beautiful places and they minister to the pleasure and comfort of the citizens.

The public schools of Elkhart are fully up to standard, all the ordinary branches being taught. The city also has a good business college. Foremost among the educating and refining influences of the city is the Elkhart Lecture Association. The city has long been famed for her lecture course, and it is safe to say that no other city of similar size has ever presented such an array of talent as has this association. It speaks well for the character of the citizens that this is true.

The city also points with pride to the organization known as the Century Club and its magnificent building. This building was erected at a cost of over $20,000 and is furnished with a simple yet luxuriant effect that is surpassed nowhere. The club itself was organized for business and social purposes. It has always been alive to the best interests of Elkhart, and has done its best to foster such enterprises as are for the benefit of the city.

Fine business blocks adorn the main business streets, an opera house attracts the amusement lover, modern hotel doors stand invitingly open and the newspapers mirror the life of a thrifty city. A new library and a new postoffice have been erected, handsome church edifices have been built—in fact the City of the Forks is one of the most delightful and attractive residence cities to be found throughout the length and breadth of this land of ours. Most of the houses are owned by the dwellers therein, and special inducements have been offered the mechanic and artisan to build. All of the new additions are at once made attractive.

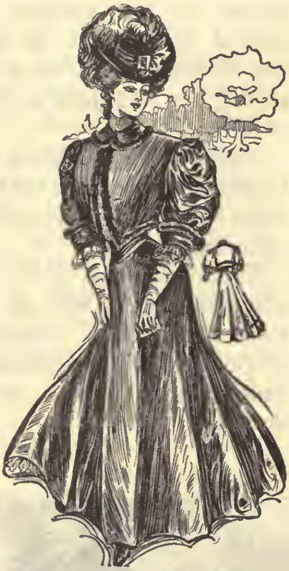
Elkhart is in no sense a boom town, but the steady growth has been the result of its advantageous location as a manufacturing center.

This American city welcomes the home seeker as well as the manufacturer. It extends a cordial welcome and offers every advantage for those contemplating a new and permanent location.

THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING

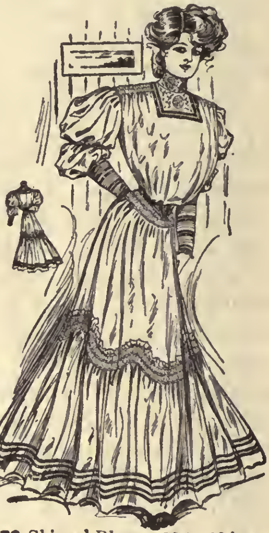
FASHIONS FOR THE HOLIDAY TIME

The first month of real winter is also the month of holiday making and normal women are preparing attractive costumes with which to celebrate the happy Christmas season. This year there is exceptional opportunity to be becomingly and smartly dressed at moderate cost. For, while there is much extravagance abroad, styles are not over difficult and any clever needlewoman should be able to make her own gowns with the aid of correct and carefully fitted patterns. Visiting and church costumes made of velvet and of cloth with tiny little Eton coats and circular skirts are among the best liked models of the season and are exceedingly chic and elegant while they involve the least possible labor in the making. The one illustrated (5104-5175) is adapted to all seasonable materials and can be varied again and again as one trimming or another is used. In this instance the skirt is plain and the little jacket is edged with fur, but there are a great many handsome bandings which can be substituted for this last and the skirt can be finished in various ways. Applied bands and tucks are greatly liked and are always handsome, while braiding makes as elegant a finish as any known and is greatly in vogue. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the jacket 3¼ yards of material 21, or 1¼ yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt, 9 yards 21, or 4¼ yards 52 inches wide.



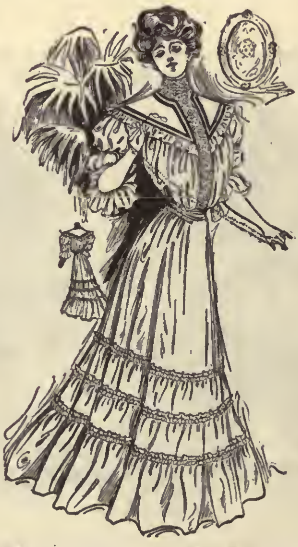
5104 Eton Jacket, **32** to **40** bust.
5175 Three Piece Skirt
22 to **30** waist.

Graceful and attractive house gowns are among the most urgent demands of the holiday season and the ones illustrated will therefore be quite certain to find a hearty welcome. The gown made with the little square chemisette at the neck (5172-5063) is shown in dark red henrietta with banding of velvet ribbon and chemisette of ecru lace, but will be found entirely satisfactory for all silk and wool fabrics that can be shirred with success. For the medium size will be required, for the waist 4½ yards of material 21 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette; for the skirt 10¾ yards 21, or 5⅜ yards 44 inches wide.



5172 Shirred Blouse, **32** to **40** bust.
5063 Shirred Skirt, **22** to **30** waist.

The second of the gowns (5161-4874 includes the cape effect that is so fashionable this season and allows a choice of elbow or full length sleeves. In this instance the material is corn colored messaline satin while the lace is cream color and the trimming is banding of taffetta, but for this gown, as for the preceding one, all the fashionable soft materials are quite appropriate. Ma.



5161 Blouse with cape, **32** to **40** bust
4874 Circular Skirt, **22** to **30** waist

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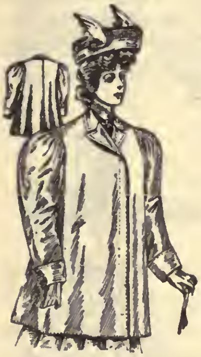
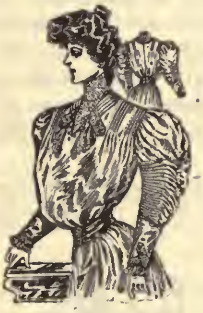
terial required for the medium size is, for the waist 4¼ yards 21, or 2½ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yards of all-over lace; for the skirt 11 yards 21, or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide.



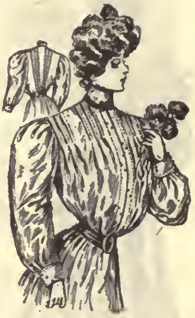
5154 Loose Box Coat, 32 to 42 bust.

Loose coats made in box styles are becoming to almost all figures and have the additional merit of being slipped on, with ease while they are in no way liable to crush the pretty waists worn beneath as are those of the tighter sort. This one (5154) is suited alike to the general all round wrap and to the suit and can appropriately be made of any seasonable cloaking material or any of the simpler suitings, although it is shown in broadcloath, wood brown in color. To make it for a woman of medium size will be required, 2¾ yards of material 44, or 2⅛ yards 52 inches wide.



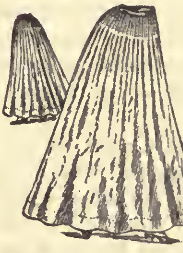
5150 Fancy Tucked Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

Fancy blouses always are in demand and always are fascinating. No woman ever yet had too many and an extra one always finds a place. In the model shown (5150) is presented an exceedingly attractive design that can be utilized in many ways and for many materials. In the illustration it is made of chiffon taffeta combined with lace and worn with a skirt to match, but it also suits the separate blouse, which serves so many occasions admirably well, when it appropriately could be made from any pretty waisting of the season. White and color matching the suites are favorites for this last purpose, but no law can be laid down as individual tastes must always decide such details. For the medium size the waist will require 4½ yards of material 21, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with ⅝ yard of all-over lace and 2⅝ yards of lace edging.



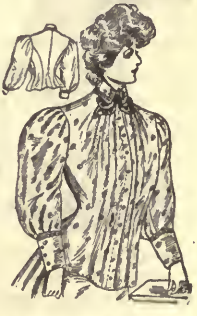
5171 Tucked Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 bust.

However many elaborate costumes one may have, the shirt waist must be included in the wardrobe if anything like comfort and satisfaction are to result. This one (5171) is one of the newest and best of the season, becoming and attractive, while yet it retains the essential simplicity of the garment. Silk and wool waistings are alike appropriate for the lined waists while with the lining omitted it well can be utilized for the cotton and linen ones that many women wear throughout the entire year. For a woman of medium size will be required 4¼ yards of material 21 or 2 yards 44 inches wide.



5141 Five Gored Tucked Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

Skirts that clear the ground have become acknowledged favorites and are to be noted upon all street gowns, while they also are much liked for the simpler gowns of indoor wear. The tucked model (5141) illustrated, is among the best to be found and falls in exceedingly becoming and graceful folds and lines, while it is really simplicity itself, being cut in five gores and laid in tucks that are stitched flat to yoke depth. For a woman of medium size it will require 8½ yards of material 21 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide.



5153 House Jacket, 32 to 44 bust.

House jackets must never be omitted from any Winter wardrobe. The model chosen, 5153 is eminently simple yet at the same time is eminently becoming and attractive. Can be made as dressy as one may like. For the medium size will be required 4¼ yards of material 27 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide.

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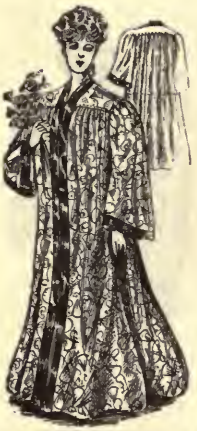
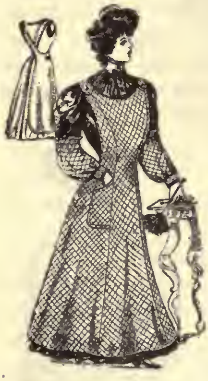
FASHIONS FOR THE HOLIDAY TIME

The negligee is really a necessity of modern life and this one, (5174) cut on suggested Oriental lines, means perfect rest and relaxation. In this case it is made of an Oriental cotton crepe and is trimmed with bandings of plain China silk but cashmeres and light weight flannels and all the long list of similar materials are quite appropriate. Also it can be cut off to make a sacque if better liked. In addition to serving for the wardrobe of the maker herself, let it be whispered, it makes a most attractive and satisfactory Christmas gift and one that is certain of its welcome and of serving a definite use. For the medium size will be required 7¾ yards of material 27 or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅞ yards of silk or 5¼ yards of ribbon for the vest.

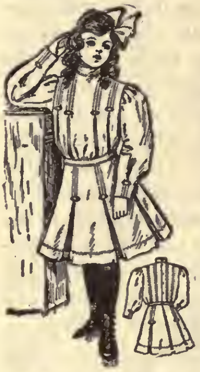

5174 Long or Short Kimono, 34 to 42 bust

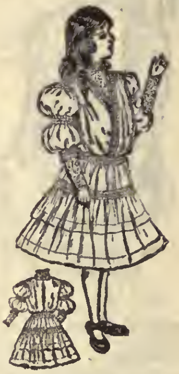
Busy women always find a need for protective aprons whether they are housewives or artists or whatever form the industry may take. This one (5157) not alone serves this end, but it also is attractive and becoming. In the illustration it is made of a checked gingham but white butcher's linen is peculiarly desirable, being exceptionally durable and serviceable, while there are a great many other things which might be suggested. For the medium size will be required 5¾ yards of material 27 or 5⅛ yards 36 inches wide.


5157 Work Apron with Half Sleeves, Small, Medium, Large.

Children must never be overlooked at any season of the year but least of all at the Christmas tide. The two dresses illustrated are equally attractive and equally charming while each serves a widely different purpose.

The shirred costume (5162) is graceful, charming and attractive, well suited to all colored cashmeres, veilings and the sort and to the dressy occasions that are certain to arise at this season. For a girl of twelve will be required 6¾ yards of material 27 or 4⅜ yards 44 inches wide with ⅞ yards 18 inches wide for the chemisette and cuffs.

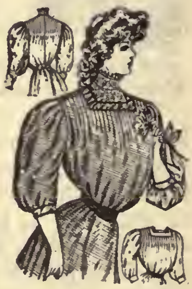

5170 Girl's Costume, 8 to 14 years.


5162 Girl's Costume, 8 to 14 years.

The plainer dress (5170) is one of the best liked of the season for school and for simple home wear and is very generally becoming and charming while it is by no means difficult. The little waist is made over a smoothly fitted foundation and the skirt is five gored. Both are laid in tucks that turn toward one another to give the effect of inverted plaits and are joined by means of a belt, the closing being made at the back.

For a girl of twelve the dress will require 6½ yards of material 27 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide.

Young girls who are in the transition stage from childhood to womanhood are always alive to pretty things to wear and in the illustration, (5183) is to be found a waist which is quite certain to meet with their approval. For a girl of fourteen will be required 3¼ yards of material 21 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide with ⅝ yards of all-over lace for the chemisette.


5183 Misses' Blouse Waist, 12 to 16 years.

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WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

YOU remember that time when you got up in the early morning and tried to catch Santa Claus napping? Has there ever been anything in your life that has brought you quite so much pleasure as those early Christmas mornings?

Every recurring Christmas tide, my heart just goes out to the children of the universe, hoping that they may have a happy Christmas and keep such blessed memories of the Yuletide as will encourage them for the coming life struggle as nothing else seems to do. Oh! that night before Christmas, when all the world seems to suddenly open its heart as at no other time in the year. What a blessing it would be if we could preserve that spirit through the 365 days of the year. How all the acrimonious forces of life would be nullified and chained if the halo that shines from the cradle of Bethlehem could be widened to spread over the whole year!

The interest of a good deed compounds and accumulates benefits. After all, what is a better investment for any human being than just being kind and lovable and heartsome? For myself I feel that in the treasure-trove of Heart Throbs I have my Christmas tree.

Well, now, we must to business and get the Christmas trees ready! How many an elder will think as he retires: "Well, I am tempted to hang up my stockings once more and see if anything comes." We are ashamed to do it, of course, but the desire is there — I have heard it said that 'there is little difference between a man and a child, except in size."

It is a good many years since this country has known a more prosperous Christmas than that of 1905, which is all the more reason why each one of us should see that not only the poor and lonely are fed and cared for, but that each one of our acquaintance is given a cordial greeting. You recall that lonely, elderly person across the way? Do not forget him or her when you are enjoying yourself in your own home. I think I never was more impressed with the intense loneliness of some elderly people than I was by a little incident that came under my notice last Summer.

It was at a beach hotel. There was wealth, beauty and gaiety on every hand. The orchestra was playing, the little groups clustered about in listening attitudes, the young people in the shadows—I wonder why — the older people comfortably seated in the foreground. The long, hot day was closing to the peaceful music of the gentle "hush" of the waves as they washed against the rocks and drew back along the sand, gleaming in the moonlight. I sat in a piazza chair enjoying a cigar, when I was attracted by a familiar face. In a moment I identified the gentleman as Senator Beveridge. I was about to speak, when an old lady dressed in mourning arose from her chair and hesitatingly addressed him. Graceful and ladylike, her manner was composed yet eager, but had in it a touch of shy timidity that was most pathetic. It looked like the breaking up of years of reserve.

"You are Senator Beveridge," she said "and I feel that no introduction is necessary. I have followed your career and seem to know you from seeing your picture and reading what you have written."

It was not so much the words as the manner that suggested that she was appealing against the absolute loneliness of her own lot. No one who knows the senator can doubt the nature of his reply to such an appeal, and the kindly courtesy of his response was touched with a gentle reverence such as he might have shown his own mother. In a few minutes they seemed to be the best of friends. They sat so close to me that I could not help hearing the conversation. "I am alone in the world," she said, "I have lost my boy and girl and my husband. I came here to escape the loneliness of my home, but when I look around and see how the young people in their happiness forget us older folks, I feel more desolate than when alone. I have been some days among these hundreds of guests, yet I am so lonely—so lonely—and I just felt that if I could talk with you I should be understood."

Well, she certainly seemed to have found the right person this time, for she and the senator talked and laughed together all through the evening like mother and son, and I do not think she had any more lonely hours while he stayed at the hotel.

Now this Christmas don't get the idea that the old people are too old to join in the games. Nobody is too old to play at Christmas time. I well remember the first Christmas that we heard our "Grandma" sing. It is true her voice quavered, but how delighted we were to know that Grandma could sing real tunes. Before that we never heard anything more than snatches of lullaby. Take my word for it, there is no pleasure so great as the pleasure of seeing old people enjoy themselves with the children. So we all go back to the days of candy, nuts, red sleds and the horns that soon grew hoarse. Though the tinsel that bedecked our Christmas trees is long ago tarnished, we feel something of the old time glow as we watch the pleasure of the children of today.

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THE National Magazine party for Mexico will leave Chicago on January 23, with Charles H. Gates, in his private train. This special private train will consist of a baggage car, dining car, sleeping car, commodious library observation car, club car, and the number of passengers will positively be limited to the accommodations. There will be no crowding. On this train we will see Mexico, the land that Cortez conquered.

We will leave Chicago on the famous Santa Fe route and arrive in Monterey over the Mexican Central on Saturday, the twenty-seventh. Sunday will be a day of rest at Tampico. The train will be taken to the beach on the Gulf of Mexico, where we shall have an opportunity to spend a quiet, delightful day. On that first Sunday in a foreign country, we will hold a gathering and try the talents of our members. From there will be sent a hearty greeting to all the readers of the National.

On Monday, January 29, we get down to business and go off to San Luis Potosi, stopping at Choy Cave, El Abra del Caballeros, Puente de Dios, and other places. Some of the grandest scenery in Mexico may be seen in this day's journey. On Tuesday we shall be in San Luis Potosi until 6 p. m., at which hour we leave for Aguascalientes, reaching that unpronounceable place at eleven o'clock. Here we spend the forenoon of Wednesday and visit the celebrated baths, which are near the station. Next we go to Leon, arriving at 5 p. m., but leave again in a couple of hours and arrive in Marfil at 9 p. m. From here we will make a visit to Guanajuato. Here may be seen the old reduction works, where silver is obtained by the ancient patio process. Mounted on burros, we shall visit the catacombs, a trip that will doubtless recall ancient Rome, which can no longer boast exclusive possession of catacombs, since the Mexican ruins are older even than hers. All of Friday we remain in Guadalajara, and on Saturday we arrive at Lake Chapala at 1:30. After looking upon this bit of Switzerland in America, we leave for Mexico City.

On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, we shall explore the city, spending Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in visiting Chapultepec, Guadalupe, Floating Gardens and other places of interest. At Chapultepec we shall read a page of the story of American valor, for here a notable victory was won. What picture postals will be forwarded to the dear ones at home — souvenirs of the sunny land through which we are passing. Seen from the modern luxury of a private train, yet the traveler is carried abruptly back into prehistoric ages. The mediaeval ages were young compared with the civilization of Mexico.

On Friday we leave Mexico City at 10 p. m. for the tropics, arriving on Saturday at 6 a. m. in Esperanza. Here only a two hours' stay is made, and we leave for Orizaba, which we reach at 11:45 a. m. We shall lunch here on a coffee plantation near Cordoba, leaving again at 2 p. m. for Puebla, where we spend the following Sunday, making it a day of rest. On Monday, February 12, we leave by special car for the Pyramid of Chulula, returning at noon. We get a glimpse of this American Egypt and wonder how many tourists who rush off to the Nile are aware that right here at home they have a pyramid on their own ground. This same day sees us back in Mexico City at the scheduled hour of 10 p. m. We leave again next morning to visit the ruins of Teposteco. This excursion is made on horseback and takes about four hours. We leave Parque somewhere about midday and reach Cuernavaca in the afternoon. After a couple of hours to look around, we go off once more to Mexico City, but this time we only stay an hour, leaving at 11 p. m. for Zacatecas, which we reach at 3 p. m. on Wednesday, the fourteenth day of February, Saint Valentine's day.

On Thursday, February 15, we shall be in Chihuahua, in the afternoon, leaving at 6:30 and reaching El Paso somewhere about midnight. This ends the Mexican tour, and from here there is a choice of three routes by which members of the party may return. This is the parting of the ways, for some will doubtless want to return from El Paso by special train, while others go on to Grand Canon and the Petrified Forests, but one thing is certain—the friends of a month will be the friends of a lifetime. In no other way can people become so well acquainted with fellow mortals as on a private train, and especially if it be one of Charles H. Gates' tours, where there is always a spirit of good fellowship.

What fine times people have on the observation platforms. Everyone is prepared to rest and enjoy, but there is one man on that train who is in for hard work, and he is General Gates. He does work, and if any comfort or convenience is lacking in the appointments it certainly will not be his fault.

On Friday, February 16, we shall leave El Paso for the Petrified Forests of Arizona, going over the famous Santa Fe route, which leads also to the Grand Canon. Saturday, February 17, will be spent in going over this wonderful region formed by nature's hand alone. On the following Sunday we hope to see the Grand Canon of Arizona, which is one of the marvels of the world. Monday will also be spent there, as we shall not leave until 6 p. m., and then we take flight once more on the good old Santa Fe route. Stopping at old Indian Puebla at Laguna, we reach Albuquerque at 9 a. m. on Tuesday. We make only a short stay here, and on Wednesday reach Kansas City, but leave again in half an hour, arriving finally in Chicago at the Dearborn street station at 8 a. m., on Washington's birthday, where we have a great many handshakes and goodbyes.

A fine trip—how could it be otherwise? General Gates has for many years made these trips to Mexico, and is now looked upon by that government as one of its most valiant champions, for through his direct personal influence and as the result of his trips, millions and millions of dollars have been invested in developing the riches of this ancient land. All honor to Diaz, the president, who has made the Mexican republic a stable and shining light in the Western states.

I recall to mind that story of the boy who took his first trip upon the Mississippi river. Sitting on the deck by moonlight in the Summer night, he seemed lost in admiration of the scene before him. The myriads of stars, the magnificent waters of the river, the twinkling lights of passing steamers, all made up a wonderful scene to the boy just come from home. A gentleman watching him asked:

"Are you admiring the river and the beauty of the night?"

"Yes, oh yes," said the boy, "but—"

"Can there be a 'but' in such a view as this?"

"I was wishing," said the lad simply, "that my mother was here."

So it will be with this National Magazine trip. We shall all enjoy it, but how much more delightful it would be if we could have all our home folks with us! However, the next best thing will be to tell them about it and give them all the information we can in our article. My only regret will be that every subscriber cannot go along.

I have arranged with Mr. Gates that in addition to our regular party, we can take a limited number of other people. I have told him that the people who would go with Joe Chapple are guaranteed to be goodnatured, and would be sure to enjoy everything and be always in the right mood to go ahead and have a good time. The train will only take a certain number, and Mr. Gates absolutely will not "crowd," so just write at once either to him or to me for full particulars. The price of the trip from Chicago, including absolutely all expenses is $385 per person. I believe that this trip is of much more value to the average American than a trip abroad.

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"VERY much to the point" will be the popular verdict when Harrington & Richardson Arms Company's new calendar for 1906 is out. It's an artistic and realistic picture of a buxom lass at target practice.

It's not intended as a free calendar, but National readers can probably secure them for their homes or offices by writing to the factory which is in Worcester, Mass., and mention the National Magazine, as their announcement appears elsewhere in this number.

◆

THE work done by the Boston Eye Institute is remarkable, and many a man remembers with gratitude his visit to 41 Boylston street, where Dr. Treible and his able assistants have made such a wonderful success in treating suffering eyes. Among his patrons are Mr. Woodman, superintendent of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, Judge E. T. Doe, and Mr. James Nap, treasurer of the Elm Farm Milk Company.

In connection with the institute there is also a Correspondence Department, through which helpful advice may be obtained for sufferers in all parts of the country.

Our New Year's Greeting

Compiled By Agnes Dean Cameron

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

A NEW YEAR! Everywhere the New Year! There are books and toys for the New Year, glittering trinkets for the New Year, dresses for the New Year, schemes of fortune for the new Year, kind wishes and good deeds for the New Year. — *Charles Dickens.*

* * *

HANG sorrow! Care will kill a cat, and therefore let's be merry. — *George Wither.*

A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine. — *The Bible.*

PITY and need make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood, which runneth of one hue; nor caste in tears, which trickle salt with all. — *Sir Edwin Arnold.*

PAUSE, and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the first link formed on that memorable day. — *Charles Dickens.*

YOU can't "have" your pudding unless you *can* "eat" it. — *Ruskin.*

* * *

NO nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life. — *J. G. Holland.*

EACH man can learn something from his neighbor; he can learn to have patience with him — to live and let live. — *Charles Kingsley.*

WE will not be proud, resentful, or unforgiving. — *Charles Dickens.*

* * *

YET I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns. — *Tennyson.*

EACH good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun. — *Whittier.*

A GREAT thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort. — *Ruskin.*

REMEMBER that you are an actor in a drama of such sort as the Author choses. If it be His pleasure that you should act a poor man, see that you act it well; or a cripple, or a ruler, or a private citizen. For this is your business, to act well the given part. — *Epictetus.*

FIVE minutes of today are worth as much to me as five minutes in the next millenium.
— *Emerson.*

REST is the sweet sauce of labor. — *Plutarch.*

O, BANISH the tears of children! Continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.
— *Jean Paul.*

MEN connot live isolated — we are all bound together for mutual good or else for mutual misery, as living nerves in the same body. No higher man can separate himself from any lowest — *Carlyle.*

* * *

THE times (as Carlyle says) are bad; very well, you are there to make them better.
— *John Burroughs.*

HEIGH-HO! we must ring out the year! Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, the patient year has labored through the destined round and now lays down its weary head to die. The streets are full of motion and the shops are decked out gaily. The New Year, like an infant heir to the whole world, is waited for with welcome and rejoicing.
— *Charles Dickens.*

EARNESTLY said the young King, "I have found it, the road to the rest you seek — the strong shall halt for the weary, the hale shall halt for the weak."
— *Rudyard Kipling.*

* * *

NOW it is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor. — *Charles Dickens.*

AND surely and without doubt there will be efforts and duties for us above as there have been below. — *Bulwer-Lytton.*

THEN use life just as a stuff to try the soul's strength on. — *Robert Browning*

I CONTEND that each one's business in the social system is to be agreeable. — *Dickens.*

O, MEASURELESS sky and the unnumbered stars are equally granted to king and beggar. — *Bulwer-Lytton.*

NOW I feel the earth move sunward, I join the great march onward, and take by faith, while living, my freehold of thanksgiving. — *Whittier.*

A FRESH mind keeps the body fresh; take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday. — *Bulwer-Lytton.*

LET us remember that, young or old, we are all on our last cruise. If there be a fill of tobacco among the crew, for God's sake pass it round, and let us have a pipe before we go. — *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS

DIRECT from London and Berlin, the capitals of the two nations with which we are so closely related, Washington offered to me a sharp contrast that muggy day in November. There may be only one London, with its fog and yellow glare of lights, only one Berlin with its splendors of statue and spire; but as I gazed up Pennsylvania avenue, and looked upon the dome of the capitol at Washington, I felt prouder than ever that I was an American: this not in boastfulness, but rather in the spirit of the returned traveler who feels that the thrill of "home again" is more to him than all the world-riches that may lie outside the boundary lines of his own land.

It was a busy time.

SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN OF ALABAMA

SENATOR BAILEY OF TEXAS

Photograph by Clinedinst

There were reports of all the departments to be published; the finishing touches were being placed upon the message, conferences were coming on thick and fast. Early in the morning cabinet officers were at the executive office, beginning a day's work which would last until well into the night. A conference with Speaker Cannon indicated that the president had concentrated his attention on railroad legislation, setting aside tariff revision or anything else, and the general belief was that the president had reached a conclusion in regard to the temper of the house of representatives and realized what he might expect on the railroad rate proposition. Walking toward the executive office, through the White House grounds, I met several senators, whose hearty handshake indicated they were in prime trim for a busy season, after a season of leisure. Through the glass-panelled doors, the visitors began to pass early, for there was a long schedule of appointments.

It is interesting to study the persons in the president's outer office, and see what a genius of patience it requires to wait gracefully. A gentleman who is at home recognized as one of the leading lawyers of his city happened to be among those who waited that day. I could not but conclude that it must be a new experience to him. He crossed and recrossed his legs — the right over the left, the left over the right; he manicured his nails, he trained his moustache and beard in the way he most desired them to go; he studied his notes, then he drew out a book and made some observations therein. He combed and recombed his hair with his impatient fingers, and I was beginning to wonder what next he would find to occupy his restless and active mind, when along came his senator and the waiting period was ended. A waiting-room is always full of character, for then people are more or less off guard and their real selves come out, whether it be at a little wayside railway station or in the outer office of the executive mansion.

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It was interesting to hear how Mark Twain and the distinguished George Harvey, of the house that Harper built, waited two hours in the inside

MR. HITCHCOCK OF MISSOURI, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, AND HIS DAUGHTERS

ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, FORMERLY OUR AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA, IS NOW CONDUCTING MERCILESS PROSECUTIONS OF MEN IN AND OUT OF PUBLIC LIFE WHO HAVE BEEN STEALING VAST TRACTS OF PUBLIC LAND BY ONE DEVICE OR ANOTHER

Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

A QUIET DAY IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Photograph by Clinedinst

room to see Secretary Root. A fact which indicates something of the pressure of work on that official, for what else could withhold even a cabinet officer from hastening to greet the philosopher who has long since won the heart of the world to his genial self. Mr. Clemens carries his seventy years easily, and, in his inimitable way, he could not resist commenting upon what he observed during those waiting moments. He, too, crossed and recrossed his legs, ran his hands through his hair, twirled his moustache, and showed all the signs of impatience exhibited by the distinguished lawyer in the executive office; but it is certain that neither he nor his companion had a dull moment, for Mark Twain is always ready with entertainment for himself and others. There may have been a lurking expression in his eye that suggested a longing for a cob pipe, a pair of slippers and a cozy corner, but he had come to see the secretary, and it suffices to say he made good use of the time until Secretary Root appeared.

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Not long after this the burly Secretary Taft hove in sight, and it was safe to infer that the Panama proposition was to be again brought to the front. It was interesting to see how the distinguished secretary of war disposed of the retinue of foreigners who were following him for considerations of all sorts. The all-absorbing proposition for the month at Washington, it seemed to a casual observer, was the Panama canal, now passing through its crucial stage of irritating delays and whispers of scandal.

A sea-level canal is conceded to be the most certainly satisfactory investment of the people's money in the long run, even though it may entail an additional fifteen years of work and an extra expenditure of $150,000,000. The Panama canal is more than a national project; though governed by Americans, it is to be a world's highway, changing the map of commerce. It is natural that the president should desire to see the canal completed during his present term of office, so that it might go down in history as a Roosevelt achievement, but that hope is past. This administration may do the digging, another will certainly have to do the dedicating within a decade.

The opening of the sixtieth congress was an event of unusual importance. There is something in the mere change from the fifties to the sixties, the marking of another decade, that suggests the flight of time, even to the beardless members. Public hopes of legislation are likely to be disappointed, for when

SECRETARY ROOT, THE ORGANIZER, AND SECRETARY TAFT, THE ENERGIZER OF ADMINISTRATION ENTERPRISES.

Photograph copyright 1904 by Clinedinst

was there a measure yet proposed that did not look like a sieve before it had run the gauntlet of congressional inspection and discussion?

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The reorganization of the whole method of government is radiating from the busy office of the secretary of state, and his department is setting a good example, for very little unfinished business is on hand in that office when the doors are closed, no matter whether the closing hour is four o'clock or seven. This injection of distinctively business routine in federal affairs is perhaps a necessity of the times, but one can see the picturesque and romantic phases of public life withering beneath this outburst of activity.

It furnishes a sharp contrast to the manner in which this work is conducted in the government offices of the British Empire and Germany, and I am not so sure it is altogether to our advantage to bring this business aspect so much to the front; for in Washington the aim and end of legislation seems to be dollars and cents—not alone dollars and cents for the trusts and corporations, but for the whole nation as individuals. When it comes down to the last analysis, it looks as though every human being were actuated by the same grasping impulse, though the aim of some is not to create more wealth, but better to distribute the riches already in existence.

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK

Photograph by N. Lazarnick

But, heigh-ho! this will not do! I am finding fault with myself, for I found, before I had been back on American soil a day, the same intensity and haste dominating me. I also was looking on everything "dollar-wise," and hoping that great reforms might come to pass through the taking away of the power of graft and the more equal distribution of wealth. I felt that day as though I must be back again in dear old Lun'non, and unconsciously I turned up my trousers and carried an umbrella as naturally as though I had always lived in a rainy climate, where an umbrella is man's inseparable companion. I even contemplated the advisability of having an extra pocket in my trousers, so that I could carry an umbrella without using my hands, and I considered whether it might not be well for me to do as I saw

SENATOR BOIES PENROSE

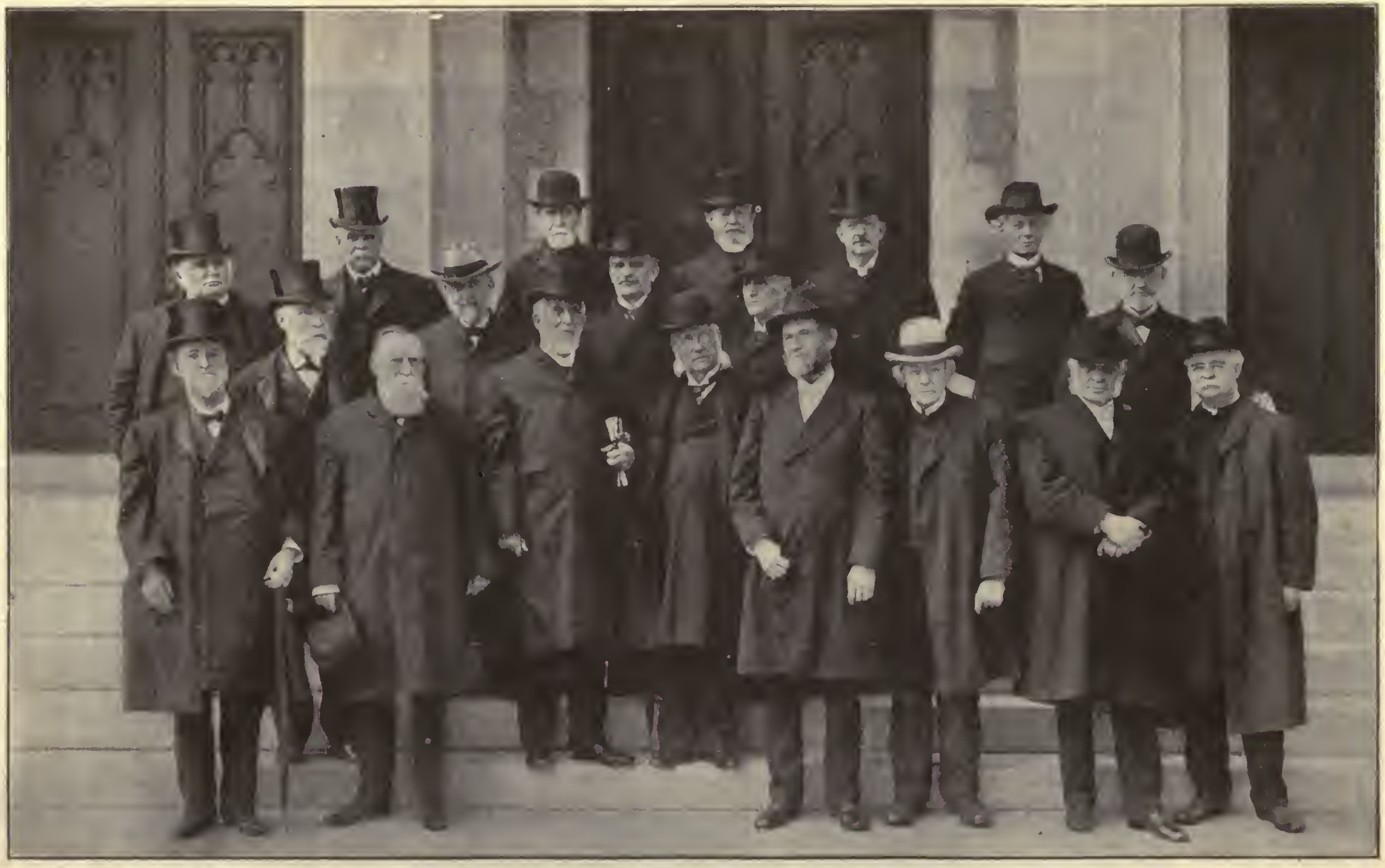
UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP, THE OLD QUAY MACHINE IN PENNSYLVANIA WAS OVERWHELMINGLY BEATEN BY THE REFORMERS IN THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS

Photograph by Clinedinst

SENATOR J. FRANK ALLEE

DELAWARE'S ONLY REPRESENTATIVE IN THE FEDERAL SENATE IS NOW FIGHTING "GAS" ADDICKS, WHO PUT HIM THERE

Photograph by Clinedinst



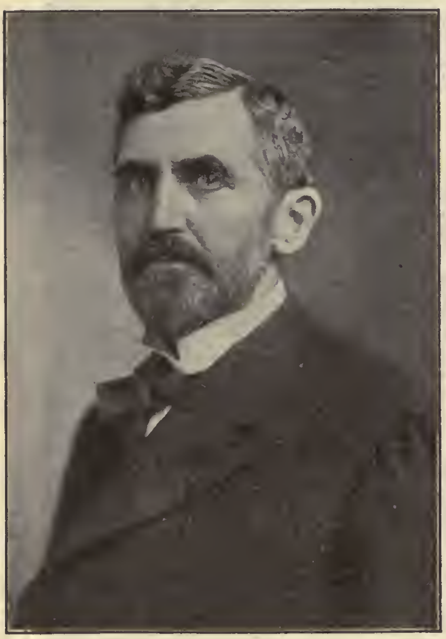
BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON

REAR ROW: D. A. GOODSELL, BOSTON; WILLIAM BURT, EUROPE; J. M. THOBURN, INDIA; WILLIAM F. MCDOWELL, CHICAGO; T. B. NEELY, SOUTH AMERICA; LUTHER B. WILSON, CHATTANOOGA; J. W. HAMILTON, SAN FRANCISCO; EARL CRANSTON, WASHINGTON

FRONT ROW: C. H. FOWLER, NEW YORK; J. H. FITZGERALD, ST. LOUIS; J. F. BERRY; BUFFALO; CYRUS D. FOSS, PHILADELPHIA; E. J. ANDREWS, NEW YORK; C. C. MCCABE, PHILADELPHIA; DAVID H. MOORE, PORTLAND, OREGON; W. F. MALLALIEU, BOSTON; H. W. WARREN, COLORADO

Photograph by the National Press Association, Washington the men in Berlin do, hang my umbrella on a button of my ulster.

The chief impulse of the man who has been abroad is to keep talking about it all the time; telling all that he saw without reference to the tastes of his hearers, or considering whether or not they are interested in what he says. I fear that I am no exception. Very likely it will wear off before another month comes around.



JOHN F. PATTISON OF OHIO

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE BUCKEYE STATE WON OVER GOVERNOR HERRICK IN NOVEMBER, PARTLY THROUGH THE SUPPORT OF THE TEMPERANCE ELEMENT, AND MORE, PERHAPS, BY REASON OF THE UNPOPULARITY OF "BOSS" COX OF CINCINNATI, WHO HAD ASSUMED A DICTATORSHIP OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN OHIO, AND OF SENATOR FORAKER, WHO WAS EVEN THEN LEADING AN OPEN FIGHT AGAINST THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN FOR FEDERAL REGULATION OF RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES

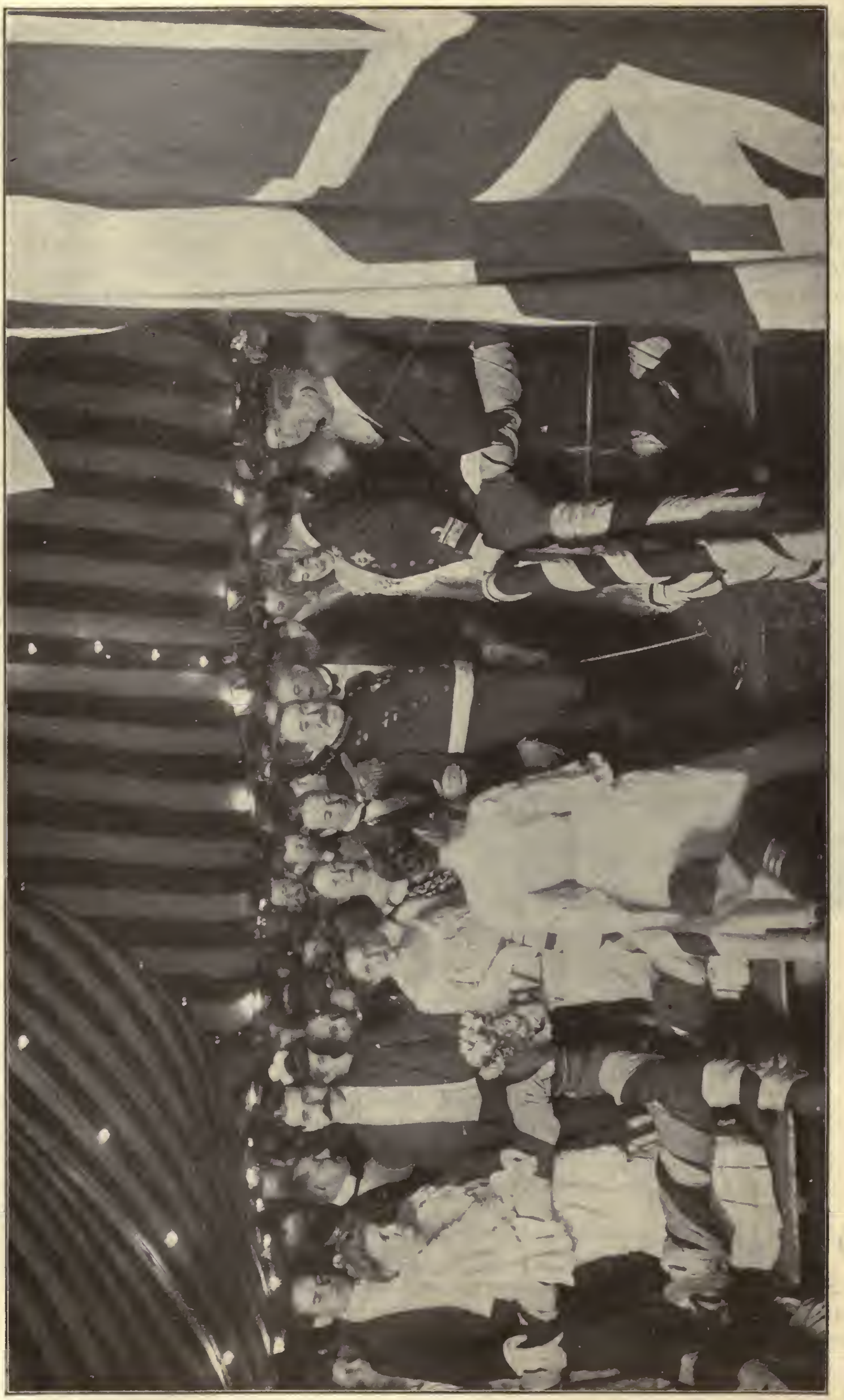
ONE of the most interesting federal reports sent out this year was that of Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture. Tales of the wealth of Croesus grow pale in comparison with this document. It tells at a single glance the story of the wonderful prosperity of the nation, for from the soil, and through the farmer's hands, come the raw materials at least of a nation's wealth.

Corn is still king, and has reached his highest production, showing twenty-seven hundred millions of bushels, the value of which is nearly a billion and a quarter of dollars. Hay follows, to the value of $605,000,000, cotton at $575,000,000, and wheat $525,000,000, overtopping the highest values ever reached. This is the quartette of the premier crops of the nation.

JOHN F. LACEY OF IOWA

ONE OF THE STRONG, QUIET MEMBERS OF THE HAWKEYE STATE IN THE LOWER BRANCH OF CONGRESS, AND A GREAT LAWYER

The modest dairy cow comes along with $665,000,000, while the farmers' general products foot up to nearly half a billion dollars. "And yet," says the secretary, "the story is not done. The production of the American farmer surpasses that of any other country in all



PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBURG ENTERTAINING ON THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP DRAKE, AT NEW YORK

THE PICTURE SHOWS THE INTERIOR OF THE BALLROOM ON THE FLAGSHIP DRAKE, WITH ITS THRONG OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS AND THE SOCIETY LEADERS OF AMERICA. PRINCE LOUIS IS STANDING AT THE GANGWAY RECEIVING HIS GUESTS. FACING HIM IS GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT

Photographed by C. H. Dietrich for Underwood & Underwood, New York history. The stupendous aggregate of six billions, four hundred and fifteen millions is reached, showing an increase of two hundred and fifty-six millions in one year. In ten years one-third of the population represented in farming will produce wealth equal to half the entire national wealth produced in three centuries.''

SENATORS BURROWS (STRAW HAT) AND FORAKER — A SUMMER SNAPSHOT

SENATOR FORAKER SHARES WITH SENATOR ALDRICH OF RHODE ISLAND, SENATOR KEAN OF NEW JERSEY AND SENATOR ELKINS OF WEST VIRGINIA THE BURDEN OF THE FIGHT AGAINST FEDERAL CONTROL OF RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES. SENATOR BURROWS, AS A DEFENDER OF THE TARIFF ON BEET SUGAR, LEADS THE OPPOSITION TO GRANTING FREE TRADE FOR THE PHILIPPINES

Just read this again and see if you can comprehend what it means! Farm produce constitutes fifty-six and four-tenths per cent. of the total products of the country and eighty-six and eight-tenths of the total industries utilizing raw materials. With such figures and facts before us, it is not difficult to see that the real money power of the coun-

SHOE AND LEATHER MEN LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE

GOVERNOR DOUGLAS (IN SILK HAT) STANDS NEAR CENTER OF FRONT ROW. THE MEMBERS OF THIS DELEGATION CALLED ON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN NOVEMBER TO ENLIST HIS INFLUENCE FOR THE REDUCTION OF TARIFFS ON HIDES

Photograph by the National Press Association

try will be held by the agrarian element. The report this year also gives a review of eight years past, and no romance ever presented more thrilling records. The agricultural department, perhaps more than any other, is closely allied with the interests of the whole world, and the information secured by alert observers and compiled in such a document as this report, is of deep interest to everyone. The pamphlet does not treat alone of grains and crops; the various animals found on a farm are taken up and their possible diseases; all kinds of dairy products with the treatment of plant diseases, plant production, the cultivation of the soil, the purification of water, the testing of seeds, the growth of forests, the chemical investigation of soil, surface or otherwise, work against the cotton-boll weevil,—all are intelligently and comprehensively treated. The report reads like part of an encyclopedia published by Mother Ceres.

In spite of all the wave of exposures and talk of unfaithfulness among his subordinates, the sturdy Iowa farmer who has served his country so well as secretary of agriculture maintains his post and is recognized in foreign countries as one of the ablest heads of departments; go where you will, Secretary Wilson of the American agricultural department is known. The keynote may be expressed in one sentence: the American thinks in universals, seeks production in volume rather than in small quantities, looking too often, perhaps, to the quantity rather than the quality, and against the resistless avalanche of his tremendous production, foreign economists stand aghast.

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Contrast this picture of wealth obtained with comparative ease in a new country, with what I witnessed on the banks of the Thames only a few days before; ten thousand women marching the streets of London, representing one hundred thousand men unemployed. They were seeking a hearing from the prime minister, Mr. Balfour, but were turned away with a helpless wave of the hand—legislation, he said, could do nothing for them, and their only hope was in the charity of their countrymen, which alone stood between them and utter starvation. If you could have looked into those hopeless faces as I looked into them, your mind would have flashed back to your own land across the ocean, where such great quantities of sustenance are being poured out of the earth, season after season.

The stranger in England, knowing this state of affairs, looks with surprise at the beautiful estates of "the gentry," where acres and acres of valuable land are being held idle in pheasant and deer preserves or in golf links, kept for the pastime of a favored few. Recalling this, when in the streets of London, one

A DELEGATION FROM OKLAHOMA LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE

CHAPERONED BY SENATOR CULLOM OF ILLINOIS, THESE GENTLEMEN CALLED TO URGE UPON THE PRESIDENT OKLAHOMA'S CLAIM TO STATEHOOD. THEY ADVOCATED THE ADMISSION OF OKLAHOMA AND INDIAN TERRITORY AS A SINGLE STATE. THE PRESIDENT PROMISED HIS AID.

Photograph by the National Press Association watches the throngs roll by at night in handsome carriages, in which the rich dresses of the ladies gleam against the black evening coats of the men, and cannot but wonder whether something might not be done by these wealthy folks for the relief of this unfortunate state of the masses of the people. It may well be said of London, that it is the place where a shilling will go farther, and a pound will do less than anywhere else in the whole world.

MR. BONAPARTE, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Photograph by Clinedinst

Here also the cry is "back to the soil," but the sad fact remains that the English laws are such that it is almost impossible for a workingman to make even a decent living on the soil.

It was the case of an old man, whose wife was partially crippled by rheumatism. They lived on the side of a rugged mountain, where, however, the soil at the base was good. Obtaining permission of the owner of the farm below, the

MR. METCALF, SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

Photograph by Clinedinst

old man rose at four o'clock every morning for months, often working in the light of the Winter moon, drawing baskets of earth up the side of the mountain to the little strip of ground beside his cottage, where there was a flat surface between the projecting rocks. Here he made himself a garden, hoping to grow suffi-

MR. SHAW, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

Photograph by Clinedinst

MR. WILSON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

Photograph by Clinedinst

cient vegetables to eke out his meagre pay as a farm laborer, and thus save a trifle to keep himself and his wife from "the workhouse" when he got past laboring. The little garden grew and flourished, and in June the old man's rent was due. For the tiny, three-room cottage and the strip of barren ground he had paid five pounds a year. Taking the whole day for the journey, so difficult for her rheumatic limbs, the old wife presented herself at the office of the steward of the estate — an estate the annual rent roll of which is thirty-three thousand pounds. She learned with horror that they were to be charged four pounds extra for the "improvements" they had made on the ground, and "if they could not pay they could go." Payment was impossible—it was difficult to scrape up even five pounds, and nine could never be obtained even by strictest economy. The old people went, and a younger couple, earning a little better wage, were put in to profit by the hard work of the old man, done in the hours before his twelve-hour day, from six to six, began. Such a story needs no comment.

SENATORS KEAN AND DRYDEN OF NEW JERSEY

MR. DRYDEN (WITH WHITE BEARD) IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE PRUDENTIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ("AS STRONG AS GIBRALTER") AND SENATOR KEAN STANDS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH SENATORS ALDRICH, FORAKER AND ELKINS IN FIGHTING AGAINST FEDERAL REGULATION OF RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES

Photograph by Clinedinst

Woe be to us in the time when our own fair land falls under the spell that permits acres of ground, needed to feed the people, to pass into the splendid ruin of velvet lawns and pheasant preserves, which are infinitely more menacing to the masses than the rankest weeds that clothe the waste places. In a word, the whole system is the outgrowth of erroneous land laws, made by land owners, regardless of the inalienable rights of the people to get out of the earth the wealth which the Almighty has put there for their sustenance.

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THE recent visit of Prince Louis of Battenburg to the United States reminded older officials of the time when the Prince of Wales—now king of England—visited this country. Prince Louis is not only a scion of the English royal house, but is closely related also to the German nobility, and the nation in entertaining him extended courtesy to both England and Germany.

At the national capital, the prince visited with keen interest every department, commenting in a lively, facetious way on what he saw. Although his time was well occupied with banquets, receptions, and other official and unofficial functions, he managed to enjoy himself all around, as well as to support the dignity of his name. While visiting Mount Vernon — the sacred shrine of Americans — he evinced that spirit of race patriotism which animates Anglo-Saxons. With uncovered head, he stood in reverent silence before the tomb of Washington, paying a sincere tribute to the ideas and ideals which that great man represented. He hastened back to Washington to dine with his relative, the president. For since it has been discovered that Theodore Roosevelt is of royal descent it is popularly supposed that every member of royalty must needs be a distant cousin of the president and anyhow, "all good fellows are akin," quoth he.

It was in New York, in company with Admiral Evans, that the prince had the gayest hours of all. Now, "Bob" Evans has a happy way of having a good time, and the greeting given to the representative of the English navy by the American jolly tars was certainly inspiring. They like a good fellow, no matter what uniform he wears, and the prince proved his right to that title of distinction. He startled New Yorkers when he told them that an ordinary fleet of warships could blow Manhattan into the sea in four hours, but Gotham took occasion to fortify itself by such hospitality as has rarely been bestowed upon one even of royal blood.

It was interesting to observe in Europe the keen interest with which the English people read of the reception of Prince Louis. In fact it was about the only American news you could find in the London papers at that time, and it was used as a text for renewing ill feeling between Germany and England. A deliberate attempt was made to arouse the kaiser's jealousy. But all the kaiser will need to do is to send us over another German prince and things will be equal.

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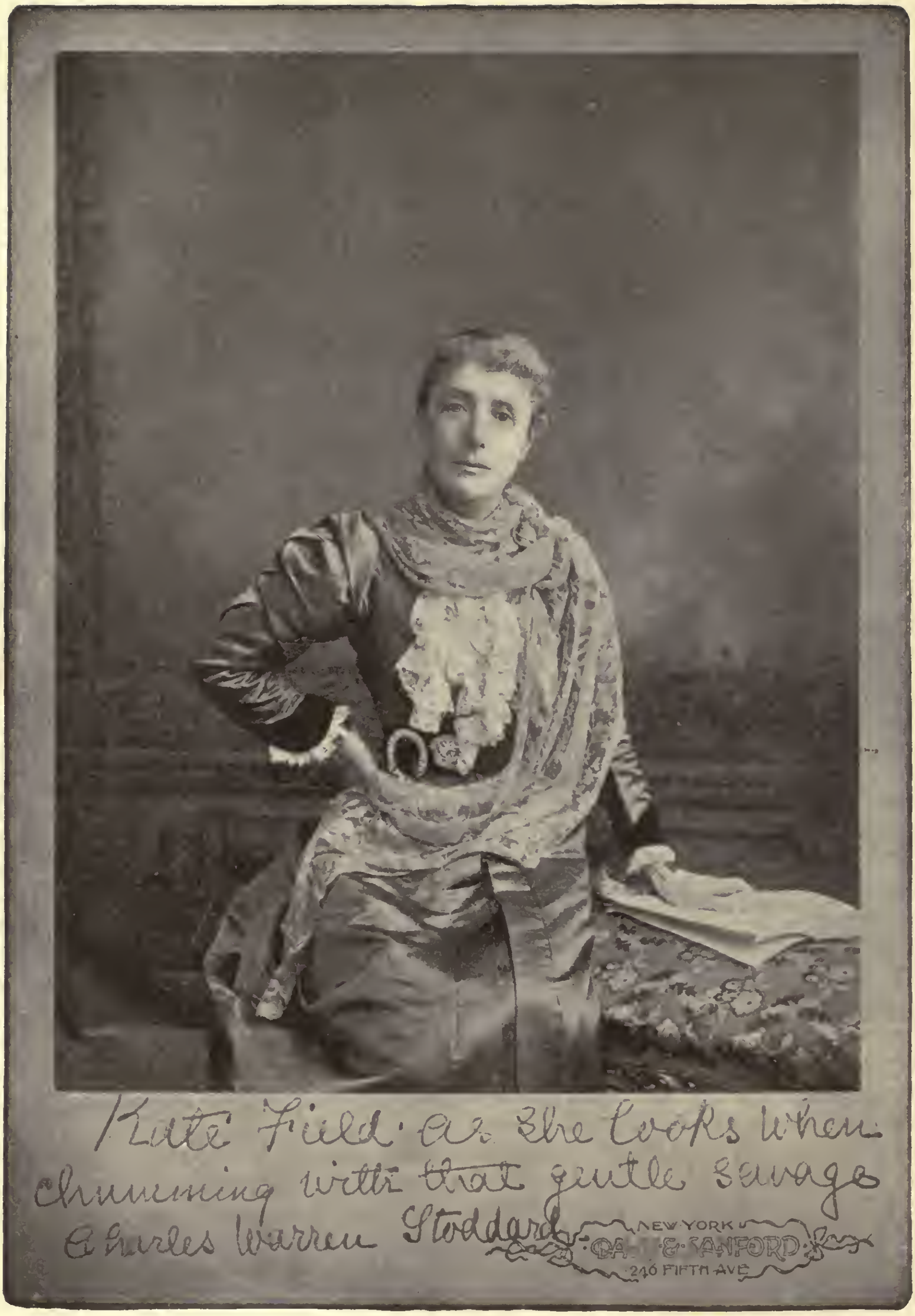
I MET Senator Joe Bailey one morning in the sleeping-car, and actually failed to recognize him, for it is indeed difficult to realize that senatorial dignity may hide beneath the disguise of undress attire, frowzled head, tooth brush in one hand and brushes and dressing-case in the other. I did not know him—I doubt if I would have known my own brother in similar circumstances, but as soon as he got out of the sleeping-car and tied his ever-present white necktie, donned his flowing Prince Albert and got into his sombrero hat, he was recognizable. There are few young men in the senate who have entrenched themselves more securely in the affections of the people than the young senator from Texas. He certainly has a future of great usefulness before him, for he has in him the elements of leadership, and such qualities are sure to come to the front.

We unintentionally omitted copyright notice when printing "A Scene in the Banquet Hall of the Bamboo Auditorium, San Fernando," in the November number of the National Magazine. This was one of the pictures illustrating Secretary Taft's tour of the Philippines with the party including Miss Roosevelt. The original photograph is copyrighted, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



Kate Field as she looks when
chumming with ~~that~~ gentle savage
Charles Warren Stoddard

NEW YORK
& SANFORD
246 FIFTH AVE

KATE FIELD: A RARE AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT

KATE FIELD, COSMOPOLITE

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "For the Pleasure of His Company," etc.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

ODDLY enough, I knew Kate Field as a name, a name of distinction and one to be respected, long before I knew anything else concerning her. She was a name only, a very well known name, but I could not have told you why her name impressed me and made me wish to possess her autograph.

Probably it was her personality, which was striking and unforgettable, that caused her friends to think of her and often speak of her as someone of importance, someone really worth while; thus, as her friends were my friends, I came to hear of her and think of her and talk of her and, finally, to read her works, until, at last, I ventured to write to her in the hope of receiving a reply—another autograph for the collection, of which I was so fond and proud.

The reply came in due season; here it is:

> NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1868 — DEAR SIR: I thank you for your kind words and am more than pleased that my little books should have strayed off to California. If I live I hope to do something more worthy of praise.
>
> I can say nothing to you, a stranger, that will be worth the reading. Everyone must work out his own salvation and in his own particular way.
>
> My motto is Emerson's — "*Hitch your wagon to a star.*" If you do you will rise sooner or later. Try it and see if the effect is not a beneficial one in character.
>
> I am Very truly yours,
>
> KATE FIELD.

Her note paper was very small and square; her handwriting very large and square; there was a monogram at the top of the first page, faintly rubricated. "Hitch your wagon to a star!" I knew, even then, that the admirable Emerson was capable of uttering beautiful aphorisms that do not ring true unless the chord of your soul happens to be pitched in the same key with them: I know also that the heavens are hard to reach and that if I had been able to hitch my wagon to a star my case would have been uncomfortable, to say the least; and that in all probability I should have spilled out of the back seat — notwithstanding the advice of the incomparable Emerson and the bonny Kate.

The year 1868 was a busy year for her. I wonder that she ever found the spare moment in which to give me a thought and to dash off the few lines which I prized so highly. No one can know, or even begin to suspect the unflagging energy and enthusiasm of this remarkable personality, who has not read that noble tribute to her, "Kate Field: A Record," by Lilian Whiting. No one knew her as Miss Whiting knew her. They were twin sister-souls.

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FOR a glance at the life of a woman of boundless and irrepressible vitality, let me abreviate the brief record of her life at this period, as recorded in her Diary and quoted in Miss Whiting's "Record." See how she begins a New Year:

> *Jan. 1st, 1868.* Last night Dickens read *David Copperfield* and *Bob Sawyer's Party* with great effect. During the afternoon I became possessed with the idea to present the great Charles with a New Year's offering in the shape of a bouquet. * * Dashing wildly into every flower shop in Broadway, and being told that only previous orders would be filled, my ardor received numerous shocks, but finally I discovered a young

German who had violets for sale, and who would arrange them in a pretty little basket.

"It is impossible to make the bouquet now. I'll send them to you."

"I want them now." (It was then 5 o'clock.)

"I'll let you have the basket by 7 o'clock."

"No, I want it now."

"I'll send it at 6 o'clock."

"That will not answer."

"In half an hour."

"Now or never."

"Well, then, now," replied the young German desperately and away he went at the flowers. * * *

I had no sooner entered the building than Mr. Dalby (Dickens' agent whenever and whereever he lectured) came to me saying: "I have a message for you from Dickens."

"Indeed! Pray what can it be?"

"I asked him whether he saw you in the audience in Boston, to which he replied, 'See her? Yes, God bless her! She's the best audience I ever had.'"

At the close of the evening — he had fondled Kate Field's floral tribute for a moment as it stood on the desk beside him — Dickens said:

"Ladies and gentleman, from my heart of hearts I wish you a happy, happy New Year."

"My flowers did that," adds Kate Field; "it is the first speech he has made in America."

Jan. 2. Heard Dickens in *Dr. Marigold* for the first time.

Jan. 3. Adelaide Phillips went with me to hear Dickens in *Christmas Carol.* Going up the hall steps Mr. Dalby gave me a letter from Mr. Dickens. It is charming. The most neatly worded note I ever read. I feel one inch taller. It is very sweet of Mr. Dickens to take so much notice of my little offering. (The violets.)

Jan. 4. Lippincott published my *Ristori and Marie Antoinette.* The Philadelphia Press calls it the sensational article. The Tribune stigmatizes it as written in bad Carlyean. Thank you, Mr. Ripley, I know nothing of Carlyle, so must be naturally depraved. That article will live to be noticed yet, if I ever succeed in putting my *Ristori* together in book form. The Public Spirit prints my first story, *Love and War;* Springfield Republican copies it entire.

Jan. 9. Went with John Russell Young of the Tribune to hear Mr. Dickens a second time in *Doctor Marigold,* — was more pleased than ever. Had seats immediately in front. Caught Mr. Dickens' eye on one occasion, and felt that he saw way down into my boots. His eye is a dissecting knife.

The note that so pleased the donor of the violets ran as follows:

Westminister Hotel, New York, Jan. 3, 1868. DEAR MISS KATE FIELD— I entreat you to accept my most cordial thanks for your charming New Year's present. If you could know what pleasure it yielded me you would be almost repaid even for your delicate and sympathetic kindness. But I must avow that nothing in the pretty basket of flowers was *quite* so interesting to me as a certain bright, fresh face I had seen at my readings, which I am told you may see when you look in the glass. With all good wishes, believe me.

Always faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

To return to her Diary:

Jan. 18. My letter on Dickens in Springfield Republican.

Jan. 19, Sunday. Ristori celebrates her *fete* with a dinner to her company and a proverb, "*Un Mari dans du coton,*" acted acted very cleverly by Bianca and Giorgio. Ristori stood behind a screen, and directed everything with as much interest as if worlds depended on it. My present was two copies of *Marie Antoinette* article.

Jan. 22. Ristori sent me an exquisite full-length photograph of herself, on which is written, "To my dear and noble friend, Kate Field. A remembrance of sincere affection, from her true and grateful friend, Adelaide Ristori del Grillo."

I prize this highly, for Ristori to acknowledge herself grateful is more than I expected. Artists do not often make this confession and concession. Took leave of Ristori today. She is tired and ill, but always uncomplaining.

Jan. 27. My article on Adelaide

Phillips appeared in the Tribune. Has attracted much remark. Hope it will do her good. No critic has ever done justice to her genius.

Jan. 29. Addie (Phillips) made her debut in *La Favorita* — a great success. Her acting and singing beautiful. *The* operatic sensation of many years, from an artistic point of view. Of course, Strakosch won't let the critics praise her as she ought to be praised. What a horrible life it is to be before the public, and at the mercy of unprincipled managers or vile critics. How I wish I had control of an art organ! I'd have the truth told.

Feb. 3. Wrote Dickens. Dined at the Bottas' with Helen Hunt and Charles Elliot Norton. I invited them all to opera; also the Frothinghams. Addie (Phillips) in *Don Pasquale.* All were pleased.

Feb. 4. Wrote on *Pen Photographs of Dickens,* — the hardest task I ever set myself. Hope they will repay me for the trouble when issued by Loring. Shall I ever be independent in pocket?

Feb. 5. Breakfasted at Mrs. Botta's with George Ripley, Helen Hunt, Maj. De Forest, Mrs. Elliott, a Frenchman and Du Chaillu. Mr. Ripley was my right-hand man, and by far the most brilliant person at the table. Returned home at 2 p. m. Wrote on Dickens.

Feb. 10. Wrote on Dickens. Will finish tomorrow, thank Heaven! Then I'll stop writing for a fortnight and breathe. Oh, if I could only go to Europe, take care of my physique, and study! Heaven's will be done! I must not complain. It will all be made clear one of these days.

Feb. 13. * I wonder if I shall ever write anything to be proud of? Life is a curious puzzle to me.

Feb. 15. Notice in The Tribune of my book. (*Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens.*) Calls me "brilliant," and my pen "facile." No compliment, because everybody is called brilliant and facile nowadays.

So the days of this busy woman passed without rest or recreation. It might almost be said that she had not sufficient encouragement to reward her for the effort she was continually making to better the world and aid her fellow-men and women. She was unselfish — as those who are in need of help are very apt to be. She was extremely sensitive; grateful for little kindnesses; often discouraged — but brave as a lion. She says in her Diary:

Feb. 24. Awful day. As blue as any indigo. Couldn't fix my mind on anything. Began Lockhart's *Life of Scott.*

Feb. 25. Saw *Norma* in evening.

Feb. 26. Lippincott will give me three or four pages, and $25 for my Kemble article. Shan't have it.

Feb. 27. * Dickens praises my *Pen Photographs* very warmly. * * Delighted that he is pleased.

March 2. Heard Fanny Kemble read *Coriolanus.*

March 3. Mrs. Kemble in *Midsummer Night's Dream.* * Voice beautifully musical in some of the poems.

March 6. Forney's Press (Philadelphia) gives me more than a column of praise. Amende honorable! Called on Mrs. Kelley, (an impoverished actress) gave her $10 to pay her rent. They say she makes desperate efforts to get down on her knees and pray for me, but she fails from physical inability. Poor woman! and I have done so little.

March 15. * Wish I could travel.

Hers was a restless life and full of longing. She was coming in touch with everybody of importance and fixing an impression of them in her Diary with a word or two. Of Osgood, the Boston publisher, whom everybody loved and trusted, she said:

I like Mr. Osgood. He is true, manly and considerate. * * Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson writes to Independent that I have "extraordinary talents." Hurrah! I'll try and do something. * * New Orleans Crescent says my book is an insidious attempt to injure the genius of Dickens. *De gustibus.* * * Visit to State's Prison. Intensely interesting. Shall make article out of it, I hope. The warden polite. * * Again at Dickens reading. The finest audience I ever *felt.* * * Presented to him after reading. Said he was delighted to make my acquaintance. I replied that I owed him so heavy a debt that I never should be able to pay the interest.

"Then I will give you a receipt in full," he replied.

Her admiration of Dickens amounted to a mania: Here follows the syllabus of her lecture on the man and his work:

Dickens, the Actor ; Dickens, the Dramatist; Dickens, the Journalist — the Novelist — the Merrymaker — the Walker — the Friend—the Letter-Writer; Dickens' Household Words — His Fancies — His Style; Dickens, the Poet; Dickens' Children; His Animals—His Women — His Christianity — His Home at Gad's Hill; Peroration; Dickens' Grave in Westminster Abbey.

In her Diary she says:

May 23. Beautiful day; first taste of Spring. Went to capitol. Not captivated by my first glimpse of Washington. Saw congress assembled; a clever looking body of men.

May 24. Drove out to General Lee's house, Arlington Heights. Evening at Senator Pomeroy's. Met Stanton, Butler (a sharp, clever lawyer), General Howard (good), Colfax (an amiable politician), Senator Wilson and others.

May 25. Went to capitol. Heard Grossbeck. No orator and I could not endure the atmosphere. Met Anthony Trollope. Same as ever. Interviews with General Banks, Spofford and Stillson. Latter took me over building and to Vinnie Ream's studio. Trollope called in evening. Met Chief Justice Chase, a fine looking man.

May 27. Visited the White House; like a big hotel; then to treasury; Spinner very polite. * Charming visit at Charles Summer's house; he was very cordial; etc.

May 28. Anthony Trollope called and went with us to the capitol. Williams finished and Evarts began his speech after skirmish between Butler and Nelson. Took my last breath of capitol air. The Spoffords and Mary Clemmer Ames called. Left for New York in night train. Not one wink of sleep. *Sleeping* cars, are they?

⁂

THIS was Kate Field's first visit to the city that was to become more like home to her than any other place in the world. It was in 1868, when she was in her thirtieth year.

Every moment of her life was more or less eventful. She was never at rest. Upon first meeting Mr. W. D. Howells she writes that the young poet, not yet established as *the* American novelist, "is very sweet in disposition and so sympathetic." Thirty - odd years of happy successes have only intensified these charming characteristics.

Before her life was half spent Kate Field was weary of it. She did not weary of well-doing; she attempted to do more than her frail physique was equal to. She was worn out, and in a good cause; and not one only, but many of them. She was born in St. Louis, only daughter of Joseph M. and Eliza Riddle Field, once well known members of the dramatic profession. She received her early education in Boston, Massachusetts; but at the age of sixteen was taken to Florence, Italy, where for five years, under the care of Miss Iza Blagden — poet and novelist and most intimate friend of Elizabeth Barrett Browning — she was the favorite of a circle of celebraties that could not be duplicated in this day and generation. She lived with Miss Blagden in the Villa Bellosgrande, on the heights where the Hawthornes once lived. She was often the guest of the Brownings at Casa Guidi. She studied music under Garcia; Walter Savage Landor taught her Latin; the Trollopes were her neighbors; George Eliot and Mr. Lewes took the deepest interest in her development. Was ever "Sweet Sixteen" in a more enviable environment? And she had brains to back it. Later in life Kate Field entered the charmed circle in London and in Paris; but the Florentine aroma ever hovered near her; she was the product of the highest culture and refinement.

In 1869, January 5th., Kate Field wrote in her Diary:

> I'm just as down-hearted as I can be, but nobody knows it. I feel as Mrs. Browning felt when she wrote that pathetic poem, "My Heart and I."
>
> "*How tired we are — my heart and I —*
> *We seem of no use in the world.*"
>
> What a game life is! And is it worth the candle? When I'm alone,—
>
> "*I am the doubter and the doubt.*"
>
> Father, be near and help me. Let me be useful if I cannot be happy. To expect recognition or happiness is folly. I have many who call themselves friends, but — oh, I wish not for much, but more than I shall ever get. This is my cross. I must learn to bear it without murmuring. Amen.

There was in her life a heart tragedy the secret of which she never confided to the world. But the memory of this was not all that overshadowed her spirit at times. She probably was never quite satisfied with any of her achievements. She aimed high; she believed, or she feared, that she had never hit the mark.

She had written, in a moment of enthusiasm, some verses to Charlotte Cushman: she had shown them to her friends; they were published; then she anxiously awaited the several verdicts that were rendered. The reader can judge of her state of mind when she thus unbosoms herself in her journal:

> Miss Cushman tells Mrs. Mears that the verses are very clever indeed; the Gazette publishes them; Lincoln Emerson, a finely educated man and teacher, says they are good; Mr. Spofford, I hear, acknowledges something approving; I hear something else. What am I to infer? That they are trash, or good enough for me to try again? "Alas! poor Yorick!" I will persevere in spite of everything, and wait for time to bring approval. I cannot think that I have all this desire for authorship, all this love for it, and yet no glimmering of talent. I should be perfectly miserable if I thought that I could never write. I can better bear the thought that I can never sing, and this makes me think that I can or will write better than I can sing. After all I prefer the fame of an author. The singer or actor, if successful, reaps golden harvests, is feted for the time being; but death knocks at the door and drives away friends, fame, all. No sooner dead than forgotten. A few remember the genius; but the next generation know of no such person, save that the *Cyclopedia* devoted a few lines to her, and some author may refer to her as having been great. How fleeting, how sad, is such fame! But the author, how different! He makes not a fortune, perhaps, his life may not be so great a triumph; but his brain work is strewn all over the world, he is everybody's friend and companion, everybody loves him, he is a universal benefactor; and death, instead of ending his career of good, gradually increases it, until his name becomes most sacred. No fame is so lasting as that of a great author. Marble crumbles, canvas defaces, the voice is hushed, action still, but thought is eternal; books must be renewed. Viewing it in this light, there can be but one choice; but if I could be both, this is what I long for. Are the two incompatible? I think they minister one to another. And then it must be so glorious to inspire thousands of people instantaneously with the same feelings by which you are excited; to sway so many human beings by a power superior to them. Oh, it must be sweet to taste, and delightful as it is fleeting! If I must make a choice, it will be for authorship — that is, if I have the necessary materials to work with. I wonder what the future will bring forth. It is well perhaps that I cannot read it.

On the evening of November 14, 1874, in Booth's Theater, New York, Kate Field made her first appearance on the stage as Peg Woffington in the popular play of that name. The house was packed from pit to dome with a brilliant and enthusiastic audience and the debutante was buried alive in flowers. She seemed at last, in her thirty-sixth year, to have achieved the triumph which she had ever longed for. Congratulatory notes from her literary and artistic friends were showered upon her. It was her golden hour—but an hour only. The theater was closed for the season after the second night. Her friend Lilian Whiting believes that her failure to please the public — her friends were, of course, full of hope and cheer—was her inability to act as was then the fashion of English and American actors; with her there was no posturing or mouthing; she was naturalness itself. The play-goers of this country had not yet been schooled in art so refined. Kate Field, herself, believed she should have been placed on the stage at the age of fifteen and allowed to develop there. Though she had failed to create a favorable impression among habitual play-goers she was on the stage in America and England the greater portion of the seasons of 1874-5 to 1878. She was supported in the leading roles by Mr. Eben Plympton and other actors of reputation and for a time played Laura Hawkins to the Colonel Sellers of John T. Raymond, in Mark Twain's "Gilded Age."

She appeared in her own comediettas, "The Opera Box" and "Extremes Meet." London critics spoke of her beautiful singing both in English and French; and one added: "She produces her voice in a pure, lark-like and thrilling manner, and excels particularly in expression; and by *nuances* of phrasing adds to, or illustrates, the beauty of really fine passages. She is a pupil of Manuel Garcia, Malibran's brother, who predicts for her a brilliant future on the stage."

O! the fallibility of prophecy! She was praised for her graceful and sprightly dancing and for the distinguished air with which she wore her beautiful gowns. She was ever a smart dresser.

⁂

FOR years her services were in demand in the Lyceum circuit that had then lapped from sea to sea. She had a relish for every palate; even the epicurean could not complain. She lectured on "America for Americans," "Despised Alaska," "Charles Dickens," "Mormonism, Past and Present" and "The Intemperance of Prohibition." In the last lecture she pricked the toy balloons of the fanatical reformers and teetotalism toppled in its tracks. The New York Press said of her, in a notice of this lecture: "It is always safe to trust Kate Field's rare endowment of common sense — which Guizot rightly calls the genius of humanity — her purity of purpose and moral heroism. In this age, not lacking superficiality and shams, it is good to know of a representative woman in whose theories and practice there may be felt such entire confidence; whose ideals are not the effervescent emotions of the sensational reformer, but are, rather, serene and steadfast, because they are based on practicable methods, clear intellectual insight, and noble motives."

Kate Field's voice, and her use of it, were very greatly admired. She has said:

> I am often asked "who taught you elocution?" as though good English and distinct enunciation were the result of much work and more money. If there is one word more repelling than all others to an actor, or to the descendant of actors, it is the word "elocution." And the methods by which so-called elocution is attained are equally obnoxious. It is saying a good deal, but, probably, outside of patent medicines, there is no humbug so great as characterizes nine-tenths of elocutionary teaching. Men and women, utterly incapable of speaking one sentence naturally, undertake to make public speakers. With what result? Pulpit, bar, rostrum and stage teem with speakers who mouth, orate, tear a passion to tatters, but never hold the mirror up to nature. It is a grievous evil. That elocution can be taught scientifically I have no doubt, but I know that most teachers are to be shunned as you would shun the plague.
>
> I believe most emphatically in blood. Both my father and mother were actors, belonging to what today is called the natural school. I owe to Charles Dickens, Charles Fichter and Adelaide Ristori lessons in the only art of speaking —nature. Listening, when very young, to those great artists, night after night, was equal to a liberal education. Insensibly, but not the less surely, they produced a great effect upon me. "Be natural, be natural, be natural," was the only rule laid down by my dear mother,

whose speaking voice was music.

I was taught to sing and of course this instruction has been of great benefit to me in speaking. My masters have been the greatest in Europe and I think of them with profound respect.

If you can only make speakers understand that it is *distinctness of enunciation* and *not shouting* that is needed in order to be heard, you will be a benefactor. Whenever I go into a large hall or theater, I speak not louder but more slowly, so that one word may reach distant ears before another is spoken. For this reason my lectures are ten or fifteen minutes longer in one place than in another. The two most delightful places in which I have spoken are the Mormon theater at Salt Lake City and the Philadelphia Academy of Music, both the result of — accident!

As I think of her now it seems to me that Kate Field could have never known a really idle moment in her life. If her body was in repose, her mind was active and her brain was busy with one or another of the many plans she was evolving and usually deeply concerned in. Like a trained juggler, with her two hands filled, she could still keep half a dozen projects revolving in the air; nor was any one of them suffered to lie idle, or slip behind its fellow: had this happened the whole would have ended in calamity and the juggler sought retirement in confusion. It does not follow that she was not attempting to do too much. I think no one who knew her well was in the least surprised when, on New Year's day, 1890, she issued the initial number of "Kate Field's Washington," the greater part of which was filled with contributions from her own pen. In its first issue she declared her creed and she stood loyally by it during the five years of the paper's brilliant but financially unprofitable existence:

KATE FIELD'S "CREDO"

I believe in Washington as the hub of a great nation.

I believe that the capital of a republic of sixty millions (1890) of human beings is the locality for a review knowing no sectional prejudices and loving truth better than party.

I believe that "men and women are eternally equal and eternally different;" hence I believe there is a fair field in Washington for a national weekly edited by a woman.

I believe in home industries; in a reduced tariff; in civil service reform; in extending our commerce; in American shipping; in strengthening our army and navy; in temperance which does not mean enforcing total abstinence on one's neighbor; in personal liberty.

I believe in literature, art, science, music and the drama, as handmaids of civilization.

I believe society should be the best expression of humanity.

I believe in a religion of deeds.

"Kate Field's Washington" was backed by friendly financiers; its columns were contributed to by distinguished members of various professions; to read her interviews with all sorts and conditions of men and women was like having the two ends of a telephone at one's own ears. The department called "The Players" was most diverting, and sometimes a player would write his own interview, which is perhaps, all things considered, the most satisfactory of all the modern methods employed in this line of journalism.

⁂

IT was while Kate Field was publishing her Washington and making her home in the sky-parlors of the Shoreham, that I first met her. Our fellowship was spontaneous: I cannot imagine her standing upon ceremony with anyone of whom she knew anything whatever. She was too much of a cosmopolite for that. Frank D. Millet, the artist-author, was her dear friend and mine and he first brought us together at my rooms in the Catholic University. Our friendship seemed to have been without beginning, and it is surely to be without end: So she very shortly wrote me.

> Dear Mr. Poet: If it doesn't rain, Mrs. McPherson (wife of the New Jersey senator) and I are coming to see you tomorrow (Monday) afternoon. If it rains, look out for us on Wednesday.
> K. F.

Of course our little visit was a jolly one. She seemed always to be at concert pitch when people were present. When I went to visit her at the Shoreham, I found her rooms a very nest of literary wares. It was a work-shop, not a place of rest. It was a hurly-burly with a weary woman in the midst thereof. There was a piano — a concert-grand — her pride and joy and consolation; one had to wend his way to it between chairs and tabourettes laden with heaps of manuscripts and exchanges. In that highly attractive den there was hardly a place where one might venture to seat himself, even if urged to do so by the hostess who paused for a moment to give a kindly welcome. From the windows the eye soared over the treetops and saw that most impressive of all memorials, the Washington Monument, sublime in its simplicity, with perhaps a low-hanging cloud trailing across the summit; and beyond it Arlington Heights, with the Potomac ebbing and flowing at its feet. It was most alluring, that glimpse of the Virginia hills from her sanctum, but I doubt if she often paused to dwell upon it with her tired eyes. And yet this is the woman who said:

> It seems to me that one of the greatest delights of life to a thinking mind must be a study, — a room religiously your own, the open sesame of which is a charm to be broken by none else; a sanctuary to which you retire to ponder, weep, write, read, pray, knowing that there you may indulge your feelings as the emotions and passions dictate, and no one will dare intrude — no one will scrutinize you, save the all-wise, omnipresent God. For such a retreat have I ever sighed. * * When at home I like to be alone, to collect my thoughts, to read and write. The presence of another person renders me so nervous that I am almost ready to fly; it grates so upon my feelings that I am completely upset and can do nothing. The more I attempt to fight off these feelings the fiercer is the battle, and I at length have decided that I am constituted thus, and that it is entirely useless to "kick against the pricks." What person is there that does not sometimes desire to shut the door upon all the world?

She never did, to my knowledge. From a package of notelets before me, addressed to me, I clip a line here and there:

> When did you become so coy? You know you are always welcome. *
>
> Will you belong and come in and howl for free art? *
>
> Hope you are enjoying yourself — I am not. Good weather for ducks. *
>
> I am still rioting in dust and dismay—but come in and dine on Wednesday. *
>
> Dear Recluse, does it ever occur to you that I am within visiting distance? *

Such notes as these flew from her pen like shot from a Gatling gun.

> The Shoreham, Dec. 28, '91. Well, here we are again! just arrived. Will you dine with me on Dec. 31st, at 7 o'clock? I may start for Frisco next week to be absent nearly a month. Say yes, and come in your store clothes.
> K. F.

I had called to tell her that I could not dine with her on New Year's Eve but she was absent: This followed:

> The Shoreham, 30th Dec., '91. You dreadful man! Not hearing from you I assumed that you had gone away for the holidays and accepted a business dinner engagement at *six!* But I'll be back at 8:30 (New Year's eve) so come at nine and we'll have supper later, and I'll ask Mr. Graham. There is to be a dance at 9:30 in the house and we can help that along a bit. Telephone me that it's all right and you'll come and forgive me for your neglect of my note until the eleventh hour. Sincerely, K. F.

She was interested in every question before the public, almost as much interested as if it concerned herself. So she wrote:

> June 9, 1891. I want to see you very much. I've a hard nut I want you to help me crack. When can you come and dine of an evening? Hastily, K. F.

Before I could reply, this followed:

> * * I want to know what liberal Catholics think about that attempt to keep nations intact inside of this republic and have them taught their own language by their own priests. It seems to me outrageous and I intend to say so. Shall I have any support among Catholics? Pope Leo makes an awful mistake. God's vicegerent ought to know better. Sincerely, KATE FIELD.

I don't remember what happened in consequence of this sad state of affairs, but a few days later I received the following:

> So glad you are loafing and inviting your soul — well, I'm so plunged in this world's moils I don't know whether there is anything of me for the next. Enjoy yourself.

She had very much at heart the question of free art, and was deeply interested in the Art Loan Exhibit in Washington, 1892. Heaven knows how many letters like the following she wrote in behalf of each:

> DEAR POET: You are elected and you are to come in on Thursday to be at the Shoreham at 10 a. m. There, in the banquet hall of the hotel, you will meet your old chum Frank D. Millet and others and we'll all go together to the Convention at 10:30. The White House follows the Loan Exhibit and the Corcoran Gallery receives in the evening with Vice President and Mrs. Morton. Tell Archbishop Keane and Bishop O'Gorman to come also. I shall read a letter from Cardinal Gibbons. Say you'll come. You can be useful as well as entertaining. Sincerely KATE FIELD.

A few days later:

> DEAR SAVAGE, will you dine with me on Tuesday next and meet a few friends. Please telegraph. Stay all night at the Shoreham and be my guest.

Every little while she was away on business. She wrote from Minneapolis:

> DEAR MR. POET, — Where am I? Fifteen hundred miles away! Read K. F.'s W. and you'll get a tolerable idea of my eccentric orbit. I went from Washington the first week in August to Long Beach, L. I., where I remained a month; and then went to St. Louis in a private car. Thence to this place where I am visiting Senator and Mrs. Washburn. Next week I go to Sioux City, Iowa, to lecture on "The Intemperance of Prohibition" and to see the Corn Palace. After that more lectures and more travel. When I return no fellow can find out but I'll let you know of course, and gladly shake hands. I'll help that friend you wrote about if I can.
>
> Sincerely, KATE FIELD.

She was always helping somebody and did a vast amount of good that her neighbors never knew of. To a stranger, one of the numberless, who had written to Kate Field complaining of her own weary life and comparing it with the life she believed Kate to be leading, went this reproof:

> If you knew how over-burdened my life has been from childhood, you would have more charity for those who are apparently successful, and would discover that yours is not the worst fate in the world. I contend that we must all bear our burdens cheerfully without complaint, and do the best we can under the circumstances. I have not one moment to spare.

I had written her suggesting that among her unique interviews she include one with the apostolic delegate. It was some time before I heard from her and then she wrote from Johnstown, New York:

> Yes, that is where I am. Your letter arrived as I was about to depart on a ten days lecturing trip, which will account for my masterly inactivity. By the time I get back (D. V.) the inauguration will fill my alleged mind and not before March 7th can I think of an apostolic delegate. By that time he will have hied him to fresh Fields unprefixed by Kate. If not, I will consider your ornate proposition. As I'm built on the Doric plan of architecture I don't take kindly to your Corinthian furbelows, but we'll

> see. Such an intricate game requires not one candle but a dynamo.
>
> Too bad you are still unwell. If you lived more in harmony with your nature, you'd be better, but it's useless to wrestle with such a distorted being as you are.
>
> Know that I have your *South Sea Idyls* with me and I subscribe to Howells' praise. Your sketches are charming and unaffected and ought to sell, saving that they are too good and you are not the fashion. If I had a salon and were rich, I'd make Washington run after you, but I'm a woman without a purse, a much less reputable creature than a man without a country. I might have had the purse but the price was too high. It cost self-respect. People who live poetry are more poetical than those who write it. They pay the penalty of poverty and misunderstanding — which serves them right for not floating with the current. Rowing up stream may develop muscle, but it's hard on Eli, if he wants to "get there."
>
> Eat beef and drink a pint of hot water one hour before every meal. Stop smoking cigarettes and limit yourself to three cigars a day after meals.
>
> Of course you won't. Sincerely,
> KATE FIELD.

The letter contained some newspaper clippings and this postscript:

> Here are a few jokes between splicings of the main brace. K. F.

I had written for Kate Field's Washington two articles on Robert Louis Stevenson: they are now included in a volume of my sketches entitled "Exits and Entrances." She wrote me:

> Feb. 14, '95. DEAR VALENTINE: Your papers are delightful and are worth $250. That's what I wish I could send you. I feel very proud to publish so charming a glimpse of a great man. You are entitled to all the papers you want at any time and orders are so given at the office. The Stevenson articles are most valuable and I only wish I could make it worth your while to be a constant contributor.
>
> I live in hope.
>
> I've heard so much praise of your articles on Robert Louis Stevenson it makes me ache to have money enough to ask you to become a regular contributor. O! why have I been cheated out of my fortune?
>
> Discipline can go too far.

Later, in another letter, she added:

> I have written to Mr. Kohlsatt of the Chicago Times-Herald about you. I told him that you were unique, and that, if I had money, I should give you a mighty good salary as a regular correspondent.

All this was voluntary on her part; she was always trying to help others. In June '95, she wrote:

> DEAR POET: I have mislaid your letter sent to me when I was in Newport contesting a will. Jury disagreed, of course, because my claim was righteous. My cousin refuses to join me in a second trial and I am forced thereby to let crime triumph.
>
> Such is life!
>
> I am packing up to go to Chicago and thence to Hawaii. Won't you come and see me before I leave? If not at the Shoreham I'll be at this office. If you'll dine with me on Sunday without ceremony at 7 p. m. so much the better.
>
> With all good wishes. Ever yours
> Sincerely, KATE FIELD.
>
> Can you give me letters or suggestions for Hawaii?

On one occasion, being puzzled concerning the genus to which a new acquaintance belonged, I wrote, perhaps ingenuously, to ask if my friend could classify her for me. She at once replied:

> DEAR TWO-YEAR-OLD: It is the very woman! I know her. C-A-T! — is the recollection. Beware! K. FIELD.

The last letter I received from her was written at Salt Lake City. She had taken the deepest interest in everything relating to John Brown of Harper's Ferry: had written me something, or said something to me which, apparently, I had misunderstood. I forget just what it was, but in this last letter to me she wrote as follows:

> Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 28th, 1895.
> DEAR SAVAGE: I never dreamed of

your helping the John Brown fort. Don't you suppose I know how many uses you have for your hard-earned salary? All I meant was, could you suggest anything? I have raised almost all the money, and the fort is now going up at Harper's Ferry. I wish that you could take a Sunday off and go up there and see what is being done and tell me what you think of the situation.

If you can, if you will call at the B. and O. ticket office and ask for the gen'l pass'gr ag't, who is very nice and very good-looking: and show him this letter and tell him who you are, I am sure he will give you a pass both ways. If you have not visited Harper's Ferry, you ought, for it is one of the loveliest spots in the United States.

Owing to the report of cholera I have been detained in Salt Lake City, and I look upon it as fate, for the most crucial period of history in this territory has arrived. I am doing what I can to prevent statehood, but I shall not succeed, for both parties are playing into the hands of the Mormons and will vote for it on the 5th of November.

Immediately after the election I go to San Francisco, where I shall stop a few days at the Occidental and there go on to Honolulu. Mr. Thurston has invited me to visit him, but I think that I ought not to commit myself to either party in the beginning. Will the Honolulu Hotel be good quarters, and have they means there of keeping away mosquitoes? I absolutely dread those beasts.

Hoping that the world is treating you as well as it can under the circumstances, believe me, Ever sincerely,

KATE FIELD

⁂

HERE ended our correspondence. Her life in Hawaii, a brief half-year in length, ended abruptly in a death which might almost be called suicidal. She would travel and she would work when all the while she should have been resting. Her friend and companion, Miss Anna Paris, who was with her at the last, wrote: "Oh! the pathos of it all, the lonely coast, the eager, burning desire to see everything, the struggle for strength, the final enforced giving up of her effort —she gave herself no rest." If you would know the pitiful surrender of that strong soul, read Lilian Whiting's 'Kate Field: A Record.' I need not detail it here.

She died on the 19th of May, 1896, in the fifty-seventh year of her age. She once said: "I want to live every day as if it were my last," she also said: "I am a cremationist, because I believe cremation is not only the healthiest and cleanest, but the most poetical way of disposing of the dead. Whoever prefers loathsome worms to ashes, possesses a strange imagination." Therefore was she cremated; and her inurned ashes rest in the sunniest corner of Mount Auburn cemetery beside those of her parents and her brother.

Someone asked leave to include Kate Field in a series of sketches called "Women of Today." She declared: "If I am anything I am a woman of tomorrow." She was a woman and a worker for any and every day!

She put this on record: "I sometimes think it is a great misfortune that I was not born a boy, for then any and every employment would be open to me, and I could gain sufficient to support my mother and self."

And this:

> Oh, if I were a man! I pity myself, indeed, I do. There is not an ambition, a desire, a feeling, a thought, an impulse, an instinct that I am not obliged to crush. And why? because I am a woman, and a woman must content herself with indoor life, with sewing and babies. Well, they pretend to say that God intended women to be just what they are. I say that He did not, that men have made women what they are, and if they attribute their doings to the Almighty, they lie. The time will come, but my grave will be many centuries old. * * Well, excelsior, time will work a cure for all things but the heart-ache.

In another mood she wrote:

> You are mistaken when you think I can take care of myself. I don't like to; I want someone to love me, to take an interest in me, someone to whom I can say, "What do you think?" someone to kiss and tease and scold me.

It is interesting to know what this confirmed bachelor-maid thought of the marriage state. To her aunt she wrote:

> You say your only ambition for me is to see me *well* married. Do you think that so easy? I've had several escapes from matrimony, for which I thank God. A life of ambition is a terrible grind, you say. And how about most marriages? Are not they terrible grinds? Do you realize what would happen if I married and made a mistake? I do. I believe in love. I don't believe in being tied to a man whom I cease to love. Therefore the less said to me about marriage the better. If I marry, there's no knowing the misery in store for me, so don't think that the panacea. My observation makes me afraid of lifelong experiments.

On another occasion she said: "Marriage is a panacea — very good when right — terrible when wrong. I have escaped several probabilities of misery, and am to be congratulated." And yet again:

> In this free and easy country men and women marry early and often, for the reason that they can be very much married in some states and not at all in others, while few precautions are taken against fraud. Were marriage made more difficult, there would be fewer unhappy households. Then divorces would be less frequent, and special legislation, which is always dangerous, would be unnecessary. What this Republic needs is a national marriage law.

Kate Field was of Catholic parentage and was baptized a Catholic. She had what Miss Whiting has called the "inspirational temperament." Miss Field once wrote to a friend:

> As to being helped in writing, I'm almost sure of it. I never know in advance what I'm going to say. In fact, I approach every subject in fear and trembling, and am always astonished when anything comes. Inspiration means something or nothing. If it means something, it means that a spiritual influence obsesses the mortal intellect. It always seems to me idiotic for people to be conceited about their own achievements, when so much is due to unknown influences.

I wonder how many facile, fluent writers there are who will question that?

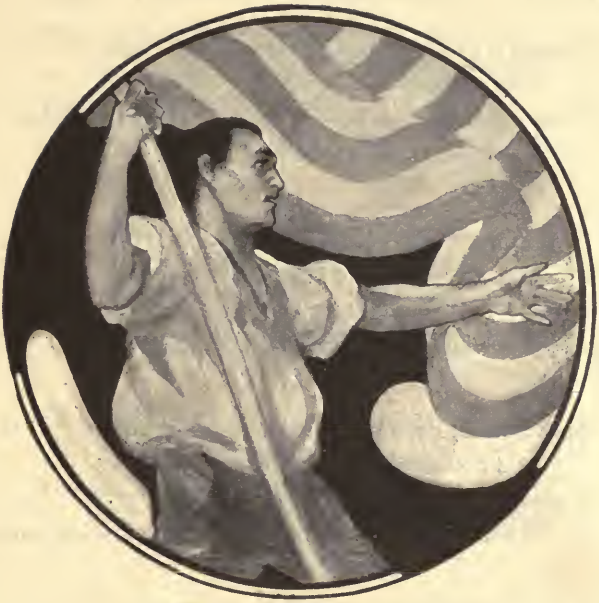
Kate Field never whined, but she was at last forced to confess: "The fact is, I have been overworked all my life." She said: "It is hard to live,—harder than to die, I think;" and once more: "I have no patience with those who nurse their grief and prove their faith in Christianity by acting as though there were no life or hope beyond mortality."

The dying woman, the victim of her unflagging zeal and a spirit that defied defeat, was brought from Hawaii to Honolulu on one of the inter-island steamers. Lilian Whiting has said in her story of Kate Field's life, when recounting the fleeting moments of those last sad hours:

"With her in her state-room and lying by her side, was a copy of Charles Warren Stoddard's "Hawaiian Life: or Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," — the last book her hand ever touched. Afterward Miss Paris very kindly gave the little volume to the friend who, of all on earth, held Kate in the most tender and devoted love." The reader of sensibility will easily imagine my emotion when Miss Whiting, in her study at The Brunswick in Boston, placed, for a moment, that volume in my hands.

WHAT do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman
 is as good as God?
And that there is no God any more divine than Yourself?
And that that is what the oldest and newest myths finally mean?
And that you or anyone must approach Creations through such laws?

— *Walt Whitman*, "*Laws for Creations.*"



The AMERICAN SPIRIT

By Jasper Barnett Cowdin

NO wonder, bards, we lag on tiring wing,
  And fancy lies a mud-bespattered bird!
This Yankee spirit is the swiftest thing
  Old earth has seen or drowsy nations heard.

Before its onset fall our lyric themes:
  The lawless loves of satyr and of faun,
Our empty longings and our shopworn dreams —
  Where is their romance in this magic dawn?

This daring spirit spins its shining threads
  Along unpeopled prairies; boldly throws
A web across the canyoned river beds;
  Nor daunted, pushes past eternal snows —

Unbars a passage through forbidding towers,
And shakes a saucy finger at the steeps;
Then down through bowery maze of vines and flowers —
Down where the broadly blue Pacific sleeps.

Step in the wheel-borne palace and away!
Though luxury and comfort be complete;
Already is Invention turning gray
To make the rushing marvel obsolete.

Speed on for days in your delightful train,
And note how wizard Irrigation pours
A glassy consolation o'er the plain,
Where hosts of trees bend with their luscious stores.

Before Amazement opens wide her eyes,
Where yestermorn the coyote loped his way,
The desert greens into a paradise,
And cities spring to birth in one brief day.

Here once the lonely prairie schooner crept;
Here once the homesick miner's shack appeared;
Beneath the vacant sands an empire slept;
Next morn a granite savings bank upreared!

From nothingness a Babel gathered sound;
The sturdy pioneers endured their ills.
Prosperity now softens all the ground;
Clean cities lift their whiteness to the hills.

Why should this people hearken to a crow,
While all the blue's alive with tuneful beaks?
The air's a song! They lift their eyes, and so
Drink in the purple joy of distant peaks.

Here active youth is made the overlord,
Nor maiden leadership e'er deemed a sin;
Strong are their hearts, and failure is a word
That merely means some other way will win.

They can adapt themselves to any view,
And win success in spite of ill mischance;
The secret lies in knowing what to do,
Poised on the sudden edge of circumstance.

To guard their rights alert as any scout,
A broad equality of purpose rings,
True to the Constitution, in and out —
The bootblack's pride doth match the railway king's.

This spirit laughs a challenge in the face
Of custom and tradition; dares to meet
The strength of any continent or race:
By right they boast who never knew defeat.

Ho, poets! bowing still at ancient shrines,
Dead are the oracles to whom ye pray.
Let the new spirit vivify your lines;
Though far in ebb of it—up and away!

The Salt of the Earth

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

Author of "The Love Story of Abner Stone"
LEBANON, KENTUCKY

VI

THE GLAD HOUR

IVY LODGE lay drowsily content in its verdant nest. The Summer day had been a flitting masque of light and shadow. From earliest morning, when the shy buds had opened in response to the love-touch of soft-fingered dawn, tiny streams of perfume had rolled unceasingly from calyx and stamen; out over scarlet and blue and crimson and white and yellow petals they had poured, mingling their many odors into one great, encompassing sea of sweetness. This sea had expanded, for it knew no confines and no barriers, and had surrounded, deluged, drugged the house, the garden and the lawn. It had been a day of uninterrupted quiet. The sun had shone warmly and generously; the feathered tenants had visited each other and had chatted volubly in the shrubbery and in the trees. The humming bird, a shimmering line of irridescent flame, had darted from flower to flower, boldly thrusting its tongue in the open doors where the sweets were stored. Some of the more timid blossoms had closed up at midday, resenting the too ardent caresses of their celestial lover. Throughout it all the old house slept, as with the memory of the blessed days when it had owned a mistress. As twilight dropped down like a mothering bird, and spread soft, hushed wings of scented shadow over the low roof, blessing mutely the sorrow and the hope which abode beneath it, it seemed as though this was an enchanted place, the product of some magician's wand.

Very slowly through the gathering dusk a solitary figure climbed the hill leading down into town. The two years had bent old Roger Croft. He leaned forward from the waist, and his shoulders had drawn closer together over his chest. His hair was white and long; it hung in elfin ringlets about his ears and upon the collar of his coat. His steps were short and the stick he carried bore a great deal of his weight. Turning in at the gate, he walked half way up the gravelled path leading to the front porch, then stopped and, removing his soft black hat, looked about him. He was returning from his daily trip to the postoffice. Every day since that night when he had sent his own flesh and blood from him — every day at this hour he had gone and asked for a letter. Every day for two years he had come back up the hill with a new pain in his heart. Today his kindly face was irradiated with a joy beatific. In his left hand he held tightly an envelope, the first message from his son! He stood for a few moments bareheaded, his heart welling over with gratitude to the Giver who sends what is best in his own good time. "I have tried to be patient, Lord!" he murmured; "I thank Thee!"

A few minutes later he lit his study lamp with hands palsied by excitement. Adjusting his glasses with trembling fingers, he opened and read the letter. It was rather long and was written with a faulty pencil, but with his shaking forefinger guiding his eyes from word to succeeding word, Roger read the missive from one end to the other. All alone, save with the deathless memories which the years only served to bring closer and make dearer, he sat with the tip of his finger resting beneath the last word, "Daniel," and the tears ran down the furrows which time had made for them. So still he sat, fearing to move lest the spell be broken and he find that he had been dreaming. Scarcely did he dare to breathe, so overwhelming was this news for which he had waited and prayed. Rising at last, slowly and with effort, and taking the sheets of the letter with him, his feet moved to that sacred inner room. Outside, the twilight was slowly deepening into dark. But in the furthermost west the afterglow still shone, and toward this Roger Croft set his face in silent prayer. By their window — hers and his — he knelt, and joining his hands upon the window-ledge, he gave thanks from the fullness of a grateful heart. Then he fell to talking in low, sweet tones. Ah! how often had he talked to her since she went away, in that secret, inner room set apart to the memory of her. He had told her of his efforts, his trials, his failures, and when the climax of misfortune came he had told her that, too. It was what made the day worth living — to come to her at twilight. He told her that their boy—her son—was a man again; that he had been purified as by fire, and that soon he was coming home. And presently through the window a star beamed forth, a sign of reassurance and of hope.

VII

THE STRENGTH OF THE SOIL

To Daniel, inured to toil and accustomed to constant action, the enforced idleness of the next few days was irksome and depressing. It was poor employment watching a sick man of low birth and brutal tendencies, who never thanked him for his attentions and who was at all times surly and morose. Brewster accused Daniel of taking his place away from him and throwing him out of work. Daniel promptly freed his mind of this idea, and stated that it was his intention to leave just as soon as the sufferer could get out. But the gulf between the two men remained too wide for anything like comradeship, and Daniel stuck to his post because he had started out to do so and because his ministrations were in part expiation. The long, hot Summer days seemed endless. He had no books; he held himself in the background from choice, and his own mind just then gave but ineffectual consolation.

One day, shortly after dinner, the heat became so dreadful that he resolved to go down to the river and swim. He started out with boyish haste, passing through the garden, leaping over the rock fence at the bottom of it and going straight down the hill to the lane. This was narrow and dusty, with strips of green growing up to the fence on either side. To his right, ranks upon ranks of corn stretched as far as his eye could see; tender ears were pushing out their heads at the bases of some of the leaves. To his left was the field which he had so recently shorn of wheat. At its further end he could see one stack up and another rising, while two wagons hauled to the stacking place the shocks of golden sheaves. Crossing the mill-race over a rustic bridge, a few more steps brought him to the brink of the river. It was low in its bed, for the dry season was on. From where he stood he might have crossed by leaping from rock to rock. Setting his face up-stream, he moved on, seeking some quiet, deep pool where the shade would protect him from the blistering sun-rays. Presently he found one to his satisfaction, and removing his clothing yielded his body to the cool, caressing embrace of the water.

Actuated by a characteristic conceit, which apparently had no foundation and no reason, Madeline Delford upon that same afternoon announced quite unexpectedly that she was going blackberrying, and asked her cousin, Miss Janet, to accompany her. But Miss Janet refused peremptorily. She was afraid of snakes. She had known people to get snake-bitten while picking berries, and she would not go for anything in the world. Madeline appealed to her aunt. Mrs. Delford said that there was no one on the place she could spare, but that the darkies had told her there was a large patch just back of the barn, and her niece might go there by herself, as it was within calling distance of the house. So Madeline, determined and undismayed, arrayed herself in a poke sunbonnet and stout gloves, procured a gallon tin bucket and a pint tin cup from the kitchen and sallied forth, casting a sharp glance at the cottage as she passed it. Climbing the fence running parallel with the barn, she cast her eyes about for the blackberry patch. It was not in sight, but farther down the hill she saw some rank bushes which appeared to be bearing fruit. Thither she boldly bent her steps, and in a few moments found herself encompassed by briars and busily picking away. It was a new experience to her and was great fun. The insistent brambles laid hold of her sleeves and her skirt with impudent clutch, leaving little rents in the fabric when she forcibly withdrew her garments from their tenacious hold. But she did not mind this so long as she got her berries. She had plenty of money with which to buy other frocks, and she resolved to fill her pail before returning to the house. Neither did she see any snakes. Occasionally a drunken bee would tumble from his banquet before her fingers, or a slim red wasp would sail away as her hand approached his feast, but nothing more formidable appeared. Time and again as she worked away she would transfer a particularly ripe and tempting berry to her mouth instead of her cup; but this was fair and natural, and if her lips were stained a deeper crimson it did not matter.

When she had worked all through and around the patch, invading its spiked recesses with intrepid hardihood, and mercilessly plundering the heavily laden vines, she discovered all at once that the afternoon was far advanced and that her bucket of berries was still an inch or two below the rim. She noted this fact with dismay, because she wanted to bring it home brimming full and dropping over the edge. Looking about perplexedly for other fields to conquer, she saw, in a fence corner a few yards down in the lane, some bushes dotted with black specks. The sun was still an hour high and she could fill her bucket in fifteen minutes. With the sense that she was taking a little risk to add spice to her adventure, she descended the hill. How delicious were the new berries! How large and plump and juicy! From fence corner to fence corner she went, plucking feverishly and going further and further down the lane. Then suddenly, by that sixth sense which as yet has no name, she knew that she was in danger. There had been no sound, no warning, no intimation of any kind, but through all her being there had run a swift, subtle shock. Withdrawing from the fence corner quietly, Madeline looked first down the lane. There was no living thing in sight. Naturally she turned her eyes in the contrary direction, and she dropped her bucket and gave a short, sharp, involuntary scream of fright at what she saw. A large dog was trotting down the lane. That in itself would not have caused her alarm, for she knew and loved the dogs at the farm, and they were all her friends. But this brute was mad, rabid. Foamy froth dropped from his gnashing jaws; he would snap viciously at the very weeds as he went by them, and once he turned and bit himself with a terrible snarl.

When Madeline saw all this she screamed and stood still, horror-stricken. She had heard that to be bitten by a mad dog was to die a most painful death, but her feet were rooted to the sod upon which she stood. Fright had simply paralyzed her. She strove to run—to cry out again, but she could neither move nor speak. And every moment that ugly, loathsome shape was coming closer. She was standing immediately in its path and it could not pass without going around her. Suddenly she heard rapid footsteps behind her, and the sound restored her volition and gave her courage. Turning her head, she beheld the form of the new overseer sprinting along the narrow path in the center of the lane as though he was competing for the championship in a quarter-mile dash. He was still some distance off; the dog was twice as near. But the man, with his arms to his sides and his head and body thrust forward was running ten feet to the dog's two. And all this was indeed well for the girl. Just before he reached her the man stopped quickly, picked up a piece of rail, then took his stand between her and the oncoming terror without a word, his impromptu weapon drawn over his shoulder, ready to strike. Madeline moved back a few paces and steadied herself on a projecting corner of the fence. With eyes wide apart from doubt and fear, and two delicate lines drawn from the corners of her nostrils to the corner of her mouth, she waited for the impending conflict, murmuring over and over again a simple prayer for the safety of her protector.

The rabid brute came swinging on with his easy trot, a truly terrible foe to face almost empty-handed. Six feet from the figure in his path he stopped, lowered his head, and glared forth hate and guile with his red-rimmed eyes. Then he gnashed his jaws so fiercely that the clicking of his teeth could be plainly heard, executed a slow flank movement and dashed unexpectedly at the man. Daniel was waiting with muscles tense and ready and his eye watching every movement of his opponent. At the proper moment he brought the rail down with all his strength upon the head of the dog, just as it was rising from the ground in an attempt to reach his throat. The blow struck square, and the brute was hurled to the earth with a howl of pain. But the oaken stick, its fibres sapped and weakened by having been exposed to the weather for many years, broke off short, and the man was left with his bare hands to finish the battle. He had no time to drag another rail from the fence so close at hand, for the dog had not even been stunned by the concussion he had sustained, but arose and made a second rush instantly. There was no parleying and no tactics. The dog rushed in again, foaming and dreadful. The man, summoning all of his courage, waited until the fierce face almost touched his own, then swerved to one side and clenched both of his hands about the throat of the rabid animal. Down they went together. The dog was large and his strength was trebled by his mania. In fearful contortion the two forms wrestled, in the dust of the narrow path and upon the grass at either side of the lane. Had the man's hands slipped an inch the fight would have gone against him, but the sinews and muscles in his encircling fingers never slackened, but contracted more and more instead. This was the might which the soil had given him; Nature was repaying him for his devotion. With set teeth and labored breath Daniel held on. Presently the dog's efforts became less furious, then spasmodic, then feeble. At last they stopped and he lay dead across the chest of his stronger foe.

It was with difficulty Daniel dragged his hands from around the limp neck. His fingers had become set, had clamped themselves in their superhuman hold. He pushed the carcass from him and arose, mechanically brushing the dust from his clothing. Madeline was leaning on the fence with her head in her arms, sobbing. Daniel lifted the lifeless body and threw it over into the corn field, where it would be out of sight. Then he walked toward the girl.

"It's all over," he said gently. The sight of a woman crying unnerved him far more than his recent terrible experience. A renewed burst of weeping was the only answer he received. "It's getting a little late, and I suspect we'd better go home," he suggested, somewhat at random. She raised her head at this, and her answer was as totally unexpected as it was original. Looking straight at him with bright, swimming eyes, and with tear-smudged face, she said impetuously:

"Who are you?"

The man fell back a step and his eyebrows raised in wonderment. Then a half-amused look spread over his face and he raised his bandaged hand — the one which she had dressed and which had played its part in the victory just won. "I'm your uncle's hired man—his overseer; John Daniel, you know."

"You're not John Daniel! Who are you?" There was half a frown on the sweet face, an earnestness which would not permit of prevarication nor quibble.

"I will tell you soon, but not now," he answered. "This is neither the time nor the place. But you shall know, because you want to know and because I want you to, and because I want to know you as your equal." There was a calm dignity in the tones which belied the man's coarse garb but which sat well with the high-bred face and the air of culture which tan and toil could not conceal. Miss Delford's eyes fell.

"Very well," she said in a low tone. "I have known from the first that you were not what you pretended to be. And you will remember that you betrayed yourself the afternoon I bound up your hand. I don't think uncle, nor auntie, nor cousin Janet suspect anything. They are simple folk, but good as refined gold. They took you as you presented yourself—as a farm-hand, and it is no wonder that they have not seen beneath your mask. I have lived in the world and know its people when I see them." Then she broke off with a little shudder. "Where is it?" she asked, looking at the tumbled dust and the trampled grass.

"I have removed it from your sight," he replied very gravely.

"I have not thanked you yet, but I do now," she said, involuntarily taking a step toward him, and gazing earnestly into his face. "You have saved my life at the risk of your own. I realize fully how heroic you have been; how forgetful of self; and I thank you—thank you with my whole heart and soul. What grand possessions are strength and courage in a man."

"It took both to accomplish what I have done," he answered, quietly, "but I am glad to have been the instrument in the hand of Providence to save you."

She looked at him with a queer expression in her eyes, but said nothing.

"You have been blackberrying," he resumed, picking up her bucket. "You made a mistake in straying so far alone. Come, I will return with you."

As the twilight deepened they went up the lane together. The muffled music of nature's evening orchestra sounded all around them. He helped her climb the hill, and, because the milking was going on in the lot just beyond the barn, he left her before they reached it, with the grateful pressure of her hand tingling his and the memory of her farewell glance before his eyes.

VIII

WHERE MOONLIGHT LINGERS

It was not long before Daniel received an answer to his letter. The perpendicular, angular handwriting was greatly changed since he saw it last; now the lines were wavering and uncertain, denoting that the hand which traced them had become unsteady. A bitter pang smote the man's heart when he saw the familiar though strangely changed superscription. And when, in the privacy of his room, he read the message which his father had sent him, the feelings which surged up in his breast found vent in tears. How enormously had he sinned! How graciously and fully had he been forgiven! Ashamed and repentant, he knelt and prayed.

That evening just after supper, while the Master was marshaling his nightly army of stars, Daniel took Joshua Delford down to the woodpile and talked to him. Daniel did all the talking, but was frequently interrupted by ejaculations of surprise and amazement from the older man. The plain, matter-of-fact tiller of the soil had never guessed the secret which was told him that night. Nor did he seek to doubt Daniel's story. It was simply something very wonderful and unheard-of in his part of the world. As they walked back to the house, the overseer turned to the porch to go around to the front and as Joshua's heavy shoes thumped upon the porch floor, he said as though remarking upon the condition of the weather: "Mad'line, John Dan'l wants to see you 'roun' to the front." The young lady addressed arose and started through the hall without a word, and the farmer occupied his favorite shuck-bottomed chair, tilted it back against the post by which it sat and exploded the news bomb to his wife and daughter.

"Joshua," said Mr. Delford, warningly, when the recital was over, "are you goin' to risk your brother's child goin' with Mr. Dan'l just on his spoken word? How d' we know he ain't a rascal?"

"Oh! I could faint!" gasped Miss Janet, rising for some water.

"He's got his papers, Mandy; he's got his papers. Leastways he says that some writin's come today that'll prove all he says. I brought the letter to 'im myself, an' the name on the cover was wrote by an edicated man. An' Mad'line's twenty-one, I reck'n, an' c'n do as she pleases. All I know is that I never had sich a han' on this place before for plannin' an' workin' an' shapin' things up. An' you must 'low, Mandy, that he don't look like no man we've ever had before."

"He is polite an' genteel," assented Mrs. Delford. But do I understan', Joshua, that he wants to *set* to Mad'line; wants to *wait* on her?"

"He didn't put it jist that way to me, but I reck'n that's what it 'mounts to. He said that he wanted the privilege o' seein' Mad'line, an' talkin' to her, an' since he killed that mad dog down in the lane that was about to take her, I think she likes him purty well."

"You must write to brother Hiram this night, Joshua, an' tell him how things are. It's your solemn duty."

"Tomorrer 'll do, I reck'n," yawned Mr. Delford, ejecting his quid and rising. "It's bedtime now."

"I wouldn't *think* of goin' to bed an' leavin' Mad'line on the portico with Mr. Dan'l!"

"Well, I'm goin'," returned her liege, picking up the gourd dipper for a bedtime draught. "John won't carry her off, I reck'n, without her makin' a little fuss." He promptly thumped indoors.

"Ma," said Janet, in an excited whisper, "you go on to bed. You'll go to sleep sitting in your chair if you don't. Now I must sit up for cousin Madeline anyway, because she will want to tell me all about this Mr. Daniel."

"They didn't carry on this way when I was a girl," remarked Mrs. Delford, rising stiffly. "But girls from the city have ways that we don't know about, it seems. I'd no more thought of keepin' comp'ny with a strange man when I was young than I would o' flyin'. And Janet" — turning at the door — "don't let me *ever* catch you doin' a thing o' this kind!"

Left alone, the girlish and excitable spinster carefully tiptoed to an old trunk placed to one side of the rear doorway of the hall, and, perching herself upon this, fell to listening to the drone of voices which came faintly through the hall from the front of the house.

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Miss Delford was conscious of a sudden, unaccountable thrill when her uncle delivered his message, but she arose to comply without a word and without hesitancy. For a few days following the adventure in the lane the overseer had been unusually reticent — had seemed to be awaiting something. He had never sought her, but had rather held himself in the background more than ever, if such a thing were possible. This behavior pained her no little, for it did not accord with the words he had spoken just after he had slain the dog. But her womanliness forbade her making any advances, and she had bided events as patiently as she could. Passing through the hall with a light step, and aware all the time of a subdued elation, she came to the front door, placed a hand gracefully upon either jamb, and looked out. He was leaning against one of the portico pillars with his head sunk upon his chest. Her approach had been so noiseless that he did not know she was there.

"Did you ask for me?" The simple words, spoken low and with a peculiar vibrant quality of tone, startled him. He looked up quickly, removed his hat, and stood erect. "Yes, I would like to talk to you a little while tonight, if I may." For answer she moved like a shadow to a settle placed to one side, where the moonlight fell in checkered beauty through the vines.

"I thank you for coming. I—"

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you." He came to her side and occupied the vacant space on the settle. "I am going to tell you about myself tonight," he began abruptly. "Would you like to hear?"

"Yes, if you wish to reveal your story to me."

"It may seem strange to you that I should ask you to hear it, for I have not known you long, and life histories are not lightly told, especially such an one as mine."

"Go on; I am listening."

Then straightway he related the leading episodes of his career, softening though not veiling the wilder part of his life, and mentioning the last two years of struggles and trials as lightly as he could. Throughout it all he gave no names. It was fully a minute after he had ceased talking that she turned to him with the question,

"Who are you?"

"Daniel Croft."

"Dan Croft!" She half rose from her seat and her eyes flew open in astonishment. Then she sank back, clasped her hands in her lap and gazed fixedly at the floor in front of her.

"Have you heard of me?" he asked with a touch of cynicism.

"Yes, a college mate of mine lived in Mossdale, and she has often spoken to me of Ivy Lodge and the kindly old man who lived there whom everyone loved. She spoke of you, too."

"In what way?" he asked bitterly.

She turned her big, black, truthful eyes full upon him. "She said that you were breaking your father's heart!"

"Yes!" The monosyllable came with a gasp of pain. "I will not attempt any excuse, because it would be a cowardly, flimsy lie. I have suffered for it—just how much no one will ever know."

"I think that yours has been the victory and that yours should be the praise," she said firmly. "Anyone may fall—God's angels have not been proof against that, but it takes a man to overcome himself. Let me say that I think you have proven yourself nobly. And whatever you have been and whatever you are and may become, you know that my gratitude and good will are yours throughout life."

"Thank you, Miss Delford."

He put his hand in his coat pocket and drew forth a letter. "That you may not think I am an impostor, and have trumped up a tale for your ears and those of the good people here, will you take this and read it after you go in? It is from the father whom I disgraced — the father whose failing years I hope to brighten with love and filial tenderness."

"I know you have spoken truly," she replied hastily, "but I will read the letter, if you wish." His fingers touched hers as he transferred the missive to her hand. "This is very sweet to me—to sit here and talk to one who moves in the sphere in which I was born," he said. "You cannot know how I have missed the element of refinement during the period of my exile. That has been nearly as hard as the hourly struggle to keep myself respectable and clean."

"I can easily understand how hard it must have been for you." The faintest trace of compassion lingered in her voice.

"I must not ask you to sit out here with me too late," he continued, rising. "It would not be right to you — nor to them — he nodded toward the house. "But I am going to ask you to permit me to see you more now; to be with you; to talk to you. I ask it as a very great favor." She also had risen, and stood with her fair face upturned—a face framed and shadowed with hair of intensest black. "It has been a little lonely for me here," she answered, slowly, "for while I am not a devotee of society, I like the city. I shall be glad to see you whenever you care to come, or feel a desire for my company." He held out his hand and his face was lighted by a smile of joy. "You are gracious and kind." She placed her warm, soft palm within his broad, firm one. "Goodnight," she said softly. "Goodnight," he answered.

IX

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

Very soon it became quite natural to see Daniel and Madeline together. Mr. and Mrs. Delford had talked the matter over at length and had decided that it would be best not to attempt to interfere. Joshua had written to his brother in the city, and Hiram had replied that Madeline was always a girl of her own mind, and that while he did not favor the idea of her receiving attentions from a gentleman in disguise, he was sure she would elope with a scarecrow if she took a notion to do so, and that the best thing that they could do would be to let her alone and trust to her common sense. The same mail brought a letter to that young lady from her father, advising her to be very careful in the friendships which she formed, and suggesting that it would be very well for her to return home at once. But Miss Delford did not go home. On the contrary, she stayed day after day and week after week, and found each succeeding day pleasanter and happier than the last. That was because Daniel Croft loved her, and because she knew it, though as yet Daniel had not told her. But a look, a smile, a touch, however deferential each may be, express love as plainly as words falling from the tongue.

Throughout it all the overseer did not shirk his work in the least. In the morning he went forth so early that the dew washed his rough shoes; at noon he would come in flushed, ruddy and perspiring, draw a bucket of coolest water from the cistern by means of the old, creaking windlass, and, tilting the bucket, press the moss-grown rim to his lips and quaff deep of the precious gift, with a heart full of thanksgiving to the Father. Soon after dinner he was out again, maybe whispering a few words to Madeline at the porch steps before he went. In the scented dusk he would come again, weary from toil and with the marks of the earth he loved upon his hands and face. He would cleanse himself carefully before coming onto the side porch where she usually was waiting for him, always simply and sweetly garbed and more often with a red rose nestling in her dark hair. The rest of the household understood and appreciated the changed conditions. Thus, when Madeline and Daniel were alone upon the porch the others were slow to intrude. They seemed to recognize the fact that something was going forward which required the presence of but two persons, and they left these two persons alone. Daniel had easily established his identity beyond the trace of doubt, and Joshua and Amanda Delford looked upon him with an added respect.

Madeline did not attempt to conceal her admiration for the strong, brave, plain-spoken man who had sought her as something to be prized above worth. She was at his side through most of the quiet, early evening hours; she walked with him before the eyes of all. She would often accompany him in his lighter duties about the house and barn. Down to the milking-gap at twilight time they would go together; around to the pens to watch the feeding of the hogs; down to the barn where the patient work-horses were reveling in corn and thrusting their twitching noses deep in the racks of sweetest hay. She loved these best — these powerful, docile brutes, that knew nothing but hard labor and strict obedience, whose great muscles strained and sweated in the glare of noon, and that came in at evening to enjoy their hard-earned food and rest.

Though each passing day was strangely sweet to Daniel now, invested as it was with a certain charm and glamour which made the meanest toil the most glorious privilege, yet the Sundays were the days which pleased him most. They were his —and hers. There was a little church about three miles away, but it was too poor to afford a regular pastor. Preaching was held here the first and third Sundays in each month. On these days Madeline and Daniel went together. The church was built in a magnificent grove of beech trees; behind it was the little cemetery with its plain white shafts and its inevitable growth of briars and bushes. The church was a small building, furnished with wooden benches and having strips of carpet running up each aisle. It had no bell, because it did not need any. It sat far back from the road and a carpet of richest bluegrass led up to its very portal. It was to this place that the lovers came, hitched their horse to one of the iron rings fastened in many of the beech trees and went in to worship. The congregation was, of course, drawn from the community, and reflected in the main a sturdy, stanch manhood and devoted and earnest womanhood. The little house was usually filled. A wheezy organ in a corner next to the pulpit carried the air of some simple gospel hymn and everyone sang, some considerably behind the others and some in another key, but the hearts which dictated the praise were genuine. The men always sang bass — and a thunderous bass it was, too, frequently drowning with its power the weaker soprano of the women. The minister was a young man, meek-faced and earnest. He prayed in plain words, and his appeal, while not borne upward on the wings of oratory, ascended gently, as an incense lighted by the hand of faith. In like manner his discourse was devoid of garniture and ornament. His figures were taken from the life which his hearers knew and lived, and the gospel which he proclaimed was not swathed in rhetoric nor armored with logic. He told the story he believed it his duty to tell in such a way that all who heard understood. He did not make an intricate puzzle of Christianity and then seek to solve the enigma to illustrate his own power. After the sermon came another prayer and another hymn and the benediction followed.

But there were Sundays when there was no preaching at the little church, and the long Summer days must be spent. Daniel had ferreted out the shady walks and the secluded spots not too far from the house, for he had learned soon that Madeline loved these things as much as he. She had gone with him once or twice, and there had been times when the man's tongue stopped, so eager was he to say one thing, and that he hesitated to say. Just why, he did not know; he could not have told himself. Perhaps it was the timidity, the shrinking which true love always has; perhaps it was an innate fear of his unworthiness.

One Sunday afternoon when Joshua was asleep in the cool, dark parlor, when Mrs. Delford was nodding over the Bible in her lap, when Miss Janet was ensconced in her apartment, secretly absorbed in a thrilling love story, when the old house itself slumbered in the Sabbath stillness—Daniel came to Madeline as she sat in the broad hall turning the leaves of a book, and asked her to go walking. "It's a place you've never been before," he said, "and where, I am sure, you never would go unless I went with you." "Where?" she asked, smiling up at him archly.

"At the other end of the lane," he answered, laughing low.

"Oh, goodness!" She put her hands to her eyes to shut out an imaginary sight. "There's nothing there but dust and sunlight," she continued.

"I said at the other end of the lane," he repeated. "The place I refer to is the narrow pathway between the river and the race, which leads up to the dam. Would you not like to go?" His voice had grown serious. It was usually serious when he was with her now, and his eyes searched her face constantly. For answer she jumped up with a light cry of joy. "Do you mean it?" she queried, clasping her hands under her chin and looking at him eagerly with her big, wide eyes.

"Certainly; will you go?"

"I shall be delighted! Let me tell auntie." She tripped to the sitting-room and returned with the news that Mrs. Delford had gone to sleep reading her Bible; the ominous sounds issuing from the half-closed door leading into the parlor denoted that the master of the house was in no condition to receive confidences, so the young lady flew up-stairs to tell her cousin, and to procure a suitable hat. She returned wearing a broad-brimmed straw, much the same as the men used on the farm, except that it was of finer quality, and had a red ribbon encircling the crown and trailing away into a pair of streamers. These streamers she was tying under her round, firm chin as she came deliberately down the broad, old-fashioned stairway. It was a sight to move any man; it caused Daniel to turn his eyes away.

"Will you not need a parasol?" he asked, as they came out upon the long back porch.

"I chose this hat instead," she answered, peering at him from under its brim like a mischievous sprite. "Come here a moment. I'll show you something I venture to say you have never seen." She directed her steps toward a lady's saddle which was hanging by one stirrup upon the wall. "Don't go too close," she warned, catching his sleeve between her finger and thumb, "you'll scare it!" He turned to her blankly. "What makes men so stupid? I knew you never had seen it. Now look!"

Following her outstretched arm with his eyes, Daniel beheld a bird's nest tucked snugly between the flaps of the saddle and the wall. And the little brown head of the mother bird was peeping over its edge.

"It's a wren," he said. "I knew they nested in out-buildings and in all manner of places, but this is the most curious site for a nest that I have ever seen."

"Auntie says this wren has been building her nest here for the past five years," replied Madeline, as they moved on, "and she never uses her saddle while its tiny occupant claims it. They say it is a good sign for a wren to be about the house." So, with the flow of conversation drifting along the simpler channels of life, they passed down to the corner of the yard where the granary stood, and where a small gate let them out onto the open space stretching before the barn lot. Down this they went, past an enclosed plot of ground next to the garden, which had been the slaves' burying-ground before the war, and coming directly to a large, oak-slatted gate at the crib, which gave them access to the hill overlooking the rich bottom lands which paid their bounteous yearly tributes to their owner. They did not follow the rocky, horseshoe-curved road winding around the hill. Young blood had nothing to do with such a prosy and orthodox way of reaching the level below. Straight down the steep declivity they went, aiding their progress by grasping bushes and saplings, and each laughing at any slip the other made. Daniel was never an arm's length away from the active, self-reliant girl who swung herself so gracefully and so easily down the hill. Neither did his eye ever leave her, and if her foot came near to resting upon a loose stone he would warn her of the peril. They gained the lane quickly and started down it side by side, the sun shimmering white and dazzling in the dust and glinting from the green herbage. When they passed the spot which marked the conflict with the mad dog, Madeline shuddered and hastened her steps.

The lane was very soon traversed. Its further end debouched into a semicircular space. Directly in front was a watering place for stock; to the left was a rude bridge spanning the race, and sufficiently wide for a two-horse wagon to pass over. It consisted of the roughly-hewn trunks of two beeches stretching from bank to bank and placed parallel with each other, and resting upon these, close together, were heavy oaken planks.

Upon this bridge the two presently stood, and stopped for a moment to enjoy the grateful shade, for the entire course of the mill-race was marked by a thick growth of various kinds of trees. The bridge was without a railing. Daniel and Madeline approached one edge and looked over. The water was very low, for it was the dry season of the year. Formerly this waterway had been quite narrow, but now it was at least fourteen feet wide by eight deep. Its gullied sides were of yellow clay, and its bottom, seen through the shallow stream trickling over it, was covered with coarse gravel and flat stones. While this in itself was not especially attractive, the accompaniment of trees and vines and bushes and picturesque, lichen-grown rail fences worming their lengths along the top of either bank, formed a picture pleasing to the eye, and the man and the girl tarried quite a while to enjoy the scene.

"Shall we go now?" asked Daniel, at length. "The dam is perhaps three-quarters of a mile upstream, and we have come now to the pleasantest part of our walk."

"Yes, let us go," she answered, sighing gently. Then ardently—"Oh, how sweet is a Sunday in the country!"

He looked at her longingly as she turned for a last glance down the leaf-hung water-course, then led the way.

The narrow neck of land separating the river and the race was indeed a paradise for the lover of nature. A footpath wound along it, threading the trees and looping around projecting rocks. To the right the race was lost between its high banks; to the left the river purled drowsily along over its stony bed, flanked with groves of sycamore and overhanging elms.

Their progress was blessed by continual shade. At times splashes and pools of sunlight would drop through the branches overhead and spread themselves over the leaves and twigs that covered the ground. A frightened rabbit would jump from a clump of weeds by the path, flaunt his snow-white beacon in a dozen erratic leaps, and disappear. From every point came the sweet multitude of bird voices, caroling their day-long anthems to the Most High. In every key and with divers notes they poured forth the joy of living and praise to the Master. Suddenly a limb overhead would dip and there would follow a quick rustle of leaves, then a brown squirrel would hump his back and curl his bushy tail over it and gaze wonderingly and half scared at the intruders into his domain. The sentinel kingfisher sat on his dead limb, and watched the pellucid depths beneath him. The little blue heron stood in the shallows and waited for minnows and crawfishes. Such was the country invaded by two souls trembling with love as yet unconfessed.

X

THE GREENWOOD CHAMBER

By some strange chance the conversation ebbed. The path was so narrow and the condition of the ground was such that they had to move single file, and courtesy demanded that Madeline should have precedence. Daniel came closely behind her; close enough to pull back obstructing limbs and snap off impertinent twigs on a level with her face. But neither spoke much beyond a random remark. Soon they became conscious of a low roar, seeming to come from far away. She turned to him questioningly.

"It's the water falling over the dam," he said; "we will be there soon." Then they went on silently through the quiet shade. Madeline's eyes were engrossed by the many wonderful things which lay in such tangled profusion all around her, and perhaps introspection was claiming part of her attention. At any rate she failed to see the small but tenacious body of a creeper which had stretched its length across the path. The toe of her boot caught under it, it would not give when she strove to lift her foot for the next step, and as a consequence she fell forward heavily with a low cry. But Daniel was quicker than her fall. His right arm caught her around the waist while she was yet a safe distance from the ground, and as he lifted her up, temporarily losing his balance, her whole weight rested for a short moment upon his breast. It was over very quickly, so quickly, in fact, that the young lady scarcely knew what had happened, but the vivid recollection of that strong arm around her, snatching her from danger, brought a flood of crimson to her face. "It was dreadfully clumsy of me," she said with a pout; "and very dextrous of you," she added with a smile of appreciation. "How did you do it?"

"I can hardly say," he answered, "but I am very glad I was on time. There was an ugly stone lying just where your face would have struck." He winced visibly as he thought of what might have happened. "Come here," he said, abruptly, "and let me show you something." He led the way to the river bank. "What is that?" he asked, pointing to something moving in mid-stream and slowly nearing the opposite shore. It appeared to be merely a black ball, with offshoots of green on either side.

"I don't know," she answered, very positively and very solemnly.

He laughed. "That's a muskrat," he said.

"How do you know?" incredulously.

"Because I am familiar with them."

"But he has green whiskers," remonstrated the girl.

Daniel did not seek to restrain the explosion of laughter which this remark elicited. "The thief has been to your uncle's corn field yonder," he said, "and he is carrying off his plunder. He has the half of a stalk of young corn in his mouth. His home is in that bank, and the entrance to it is below the water line. Watch him dive just before he reaches home." Silently they stood and watched the swimmer. When quite near the shore he dived and did not reappear. "They are wonderful little things," said Daniel, "but for the matter of that, all of the wild things are wonderful if we would take the time and trouble to study them and their habits."

In a few more minutes they reached the dam, at a point where the water was turned into the race. Mutely they viewed the structure. It was made of huge hewn logs riveted and bound with bolts and bars. The wall which it presented was sturdy and splotched with a slimy, greenish moss, and little streamlets trickled through the crevices in the logs. But a small quantity of water flowed over the dam, yet it made a considerable noise on account of the depth of its fall. Above the dam the river stretched in a broad, unruffled expanse. When they had watched it all for quite a while, Daniel suggested that they cross over, as there was something worth seeing on the other side. A fallen tree afforded them footing for half the distance across the river, and the rest of the way was accomplished by using stepping-stones, which some hand had previously placed. A short walk followed, then Daniel parted some bushes and disclosed a little glade securely shut in and sequestered, an ideal spot for a court of love. The young man's heart was thumping oppressively as he bowed his fair companion into this sylvan retreat, then stepped in himself and allowed the bushes to close behind him.

"This is like a fairy's palace!" she said, standing half awed in the mellow, subdued light.

"Then you must play the fairy queen," he answered, gallantly, delighted in her pleasure. The little greenwood chamber was in truth bewitching in its simple beauty. Just in front of them a huge gray stone was set in a low embankment; the other two sides were an impenetrable mass of trees and driftwood matted and held together by the luxuriant growth of the wild poison ivy, and next to the river was the only approach through the thickly growing bushes. The room was circular in shape and about ten feet in diameter and the floor was covered with short, thick grass. Far overhead the branches of the trees were interlocked in one dense, umbrageous roof, through which the tiniest ray of sunlight could find no way to come. And it was cool here, refreshingly cool, and everything said rest and be happy. The man removed his hat, as though, indeed, he had come into a room with the girl.

"You play the fairy queen," he said, pointing to a large, smooth stone lying near the gray slab embedded in the bank. "That is your throne; I am your sole subject, unless you count the birds above you." There was a tender gravity in his tones which belied the laughter in his eyes and the smile on his lips. Madeline glanced at him quickly, for her woman's ear had detected that note of deep, suppressed feeling, and she was conscious of a rapid tightening about her heart followed by a mighty surge of emotion throughout her whole being. But she went and sat on the stone as he had asked her to do, disposing her simple gingham gown about her in billowy folds. Then she removed her hat and let it fall to the earth, but held to the ends of the red streamers and toyed with them, her eyes downcast. The plain, unaffected arrangement of her hair struck Daniel as being remarkably charming, as he came and stretched his well-moulded figure at her feet, resting one side of his face upon his palm. "Now tell me about yourself," he said, looking at her with a hungry intensity of which he was not aware. "You know my life, from its blackest to its best. Won't you tell me something of your folks—of yourself?"

"We live in Louisville—father is in the wholesale tobacco business," she began obediently. "But I suppose I should go back further than that. Well, father's folks were country people from time immemorial. I don't think we have any family tree, and if we have I hope I'll never discover it. Just plain, honest tillers of the soil, going to bed at dark and arising strong for the day's work at cock-crow. When he was about eighteen father became ambitious. Uncle Joshua and grandpa Delford tried to dissuade him from leaving the old home farm, but nothing would do him but that he must go the city. I believe they tell it now that he had only ten dollars, in cash, for grandpa was angry with him for going and would not give him any money. So he went away without it. I think the first job he got was along the river—on one of the towboats. Anyway, he barely managed to keep alive for a month or two. But he did his work well and always kept his eyes open, and soon he got something better. He saved part of all that he earned, and by the time he was twenty-five he was employed in a tobacco factory and receiving a good salary. Then he became one of the partners and now he owns the whole business. We live on Fifth street and I am the only child of two very devoted parents." She raised her eyes with a smile.

"Thank you for your story. I have felt for many days that I wanted to know more of you. Do you visit your uncle often?"

"Every Summer I come for a month or two. I began it when a child, spending most of my vacation from school here, and as I have grown older I still find a genuine joy in coming back to the old place. It is so restful, so purifying. Everywhere is tenderness and peace and happiness and content. The balances of the universe seems poised in perfect harmony. What a blessing it is to be allowed the privilege of coming and enjoying all these benefits!"

Daniel looked at her with placid features, but with glowing eyes in which shone a new awakening. "My heart rejoices to hear you speak that way," he said, measuring his words distinctly. "Nature has been my foster mother. My reverence for her is second only to my reverence for God. I came to her accursed, blighted, almost helpless.. Through her benign power I have been regenerated, made whole again. I can feel her strength coming to me day by day, and the thankfulness in my heart is a constant wellspring of gratitude to the dear Father. Ah! you cannot know how the wasted hours of my life lie upon my soul in daily reproach and shame!"

"There is always repentance and atonement, which Christ has provided for those who love Him. You have repented and atoned in a way. The greater atonement will come when you restore yourself to your father with a clean heart and make restitution by tenderly caring for him in his advancing years."

"Could *you* forgive one dear to you who had trespassed every moral obligation, who had seen his error and striven for the white life?"

"Yes, I would forgive him."

"Noble heart! You are completing what days of solitude and nights of prayer and struggle have begun." He sat up, came closer to her and went on: "I would not magnify the conquest which I have made to render myself in any way worthy in your eyes. I am all unworthiness, and in my heart is nothing but humility and praise. But since you have come into my life there has been something added." Madeline caught her breath sharply and her head sunk forward. "How could it be otherwise? Sweet flower of womanhood, I have nothing to offer you but my love and the strength of my hands. But they are both true, and with them I will shield, cherish and protect you as long as I shall live. Madeline; sweet one! I love you!"

The quiet fervor of this intense, though low-voiced appeal, submerged her entire being with a flood of joy. She lifted her flushed face and the eyes which sought his glistened from unshed tears of happiness. And the little greenwood chamber was sanctified by softly whispered vows of purest love.

XI

THE GARNERING OF THE GRAIN

It was that mysterious hour just before the earth flings her nightrobes from her breast in joyful awakening. That wonderful hour when the east is not even touched by the faintest trace of gray-fingered dawn; when the stars' vigils are as bright and manifold as though they would last forever, and all things are asleep.

Along the highway approaching Joshua Delford's house crept a strange object, appearing misshapen and grewsome in the night shadows. Four oxen, moving two abreast, were dragging a thresher engine up the low hill just before the pike branched into the big gate. Their progress was slow, very slow. Even on a level their gait was the same sedate walk which never hastened and never slackened; on the incline they moved just as regularly, but with infinitely more effort, for their burden was fearfully heavy. Crunching over the loose stones came the broad wheels; in front two pairs of necks bent under their respective yokes — cumbersome wooden contrivances with hickory loops to encircle the neck — and the great muscles in the corded thighs expanded and contracted with every forward step. With heads outstretched and twisted from side to side in the stress of their toil, with bodies leaning slightly toward the pole running between them, the powerful beasts went on without stop or falter. A short distance behind the engine came the separator, drawn with apparent ease by two more oxen. Behind this, in turn, was the water wagon, which was pulled by two small mules. It was threshing day at Joshua Delford's farm, and this was the threshing force coming for a daylight start.

Everything was still at the big white house with the green shutters and the red roof. Back in the locust tree near the negro cabins old Chanticleer still slept upon his limb, with the hens and the turkeys around him. The subtle smell of the coming day had not yet aroused him. The door of the cottage opened and a man came forth yawning and stretching his arms above his head. The sound of wheels crunching heavily reached him and he started as though surprised, glanced hurriedly toward the east, where the slightest possible glow appeared, and walked around to the front of the house. Standing beneath one of the half-open upstairs windows, he began tossing pebbles at it and an occasional click told when one of the missiles stuck the glass panes. Watching closely all the time, he was presently rewarded by a low voice floating down to him from above, "Just in a moment! Will I be on time?"

"Yes; hurry!" he sent back, and went and stood on the portico quite close to the locked front doors. The next few minutes seemed very long to him, for waiting is mighty poor business when one's heart is overflowing with love and longing, but directly he heard the trip of light feet coming down the stairs, the bolt creaked in the lock, and Madeline walked straight into his arms. Exacting a lover's tribute with shameless effrontery, Daniel took her hand and led her to the wooden step in front of the portico.

"Where are they? I don't see them!" she said, with mock impatience.

"Doubter!" he answered reproachfully. "Didn't I promise you that you should see it all, even the before day arrival? They have stopped at the gate; now they are starting again." As he spoke the jolting, grinding noise began once more, and a minute later the oxen and the thresher came into view, though seen but dimly on account of the scant light. After it came the unwieldly separator, like some great land terrapin on a journey.

"They're driving cows!" declared Madeline, catching a faint gleam from the spreading horns on the heads of the animals. "I think that's a shame!"

"They're oxen, Miss Simplicity," returned Daniel, "and they are stronger than any of our beasts of burden. Far stronger than a horse or a mule. Nothing else could pull that mass of iron."

"Let's go closer," she said; "down to the stile — won't you?" The appealing look she gave him would have gained a far more unreasonable request.

"The grass is wet as it can be," he remonstrated. "You are not used to running around at this time of the morning, remember."

"But I have on heavy shoes," she pleaded. "You know I'm to go to the field today to see it all well done, and I have shod myself for walking."

Daniel regarded her with indecision for a moment, half tempted to make the suggestion that he might carry her, but in the end he refrained from doing this, and said: "Will you promise to change your shoes if you get your feet wet?"

"Yes—you should have been an old maid!"

"Come along, then."

And though the ground was entirely free from obstructions of any kind and sloped gradually toward the stile, Daniel found it imperative that he should take her hand in his as they passed through the yard. When they gained the stile the light had grown perceptibly, and the uncouth procession they had come to view had left the road which ran down by the spot where they were standing and was trailing along the side of a gentle swell in the neighboring pasture. "Where are they going?" demanded Madeline in alarm.

"To the wheat field," answered Daniel with grave tenderness.

"There's nothing out there but some big trees and the orchard further down."

"Little goose! You would never make a farmer's wife. They will go along the top of that rise until they come to the hill which dips down to the bottom where the wheat is stacked. That hill is thickly wooded, but a road slants down it, coming out almost at the stacks. They will reach there in thirty minutes, plant their apparatus, get steam up, and be ready for work half an hour after sunrise. Now we'd better go and get that sleepy-headed household to stirring if you want to go a-field with me today."

"I'm so glad to have seen them coming in," she said, her eyes still fastened on the queer procession in the pasture. "It is a sight to remember when I — when we go back home!" She turned to him with a glad smile and, reaching up, put her hands upon his broad shoulders.

"Yes, when we go back home"—he repeated her very words, and the adoration in his eyes did not need the interpretation of the tongue. "Bless you!" he added fervently, grasping both her hands and pressing them to his lips. "God has been good to me!"

"And to me," she answered, as they turned toward the house with the first pure glow of the morning resting upon their happy faces.

"What in thunder are you young-uns doin,' caperin' 'roun' here before day?" Joshua raised his bewhiskered visage from the tin washpan long enough to fire this question at his niece and his overseer as they appeared upon the side porch.

"The thresher's here, uncle," announced Madeline, rushing up to him and grasping him by the arm.

"Well, I reck'n I know it, seein's I engaged it three weeks ago. Ye never saw a thrasher before, did ye?" he continued with a doting smile.

"No; I have always gone just before they came, or have come just after they left. I'm going to help today — Mr. Croft has promised."

"Yes, Mandy'll need all the help she can get. It's a mighty job cookin' dinner for a thrashin' crew."

"But I'm going to be down at the threshing place!"

"Well, what on earth?"— He stopped, looked quizzically first at one and then at the other, then broke into a loud laugh and buried his half-dry face in the coarse towel he had been holding in his hand ever since Madeline had interrupted him.

Breakfast was over at an unusually early hour that morning; so early, in fact, that it had to be eaten by lamplight, for that was to be one of the busiest days of the farmer's year. The wheat had yielded a full crop, and it would take a hard day's work to get it threshed and stowed away in the granary between the rising of the sun and its going down. There was a great ado about the house that Summer morning. Preparations for dinner were set afoot as soon as breakfast was finished, or it taxed the farm housewife's ingenuity and patience to prepare a meal for half a score of famished men. An old ham was hauled down from the black rafters in the large smoke-house; sundry hens and chickens met an unexpected death at the merciless hands of the cook, and the garden was invaded and robbed of plenteous quantities of beans, peas and potatoes. The granary door was set wide and one hand was engaged in searching for possible holes in the tin-lined bins; dusting away the cobwebs and sweeping out the refuse of last year's crop. The wagon with the biggest bed, with two of Joshua's strongest mules hitched to it, came rattling from the barn lot and received its consignment of empty sacks at the gate by the granary. The driver discovered that a hame-string had snapped. The delay thus caused was only momentary. Dragging a handful of gray hemp from the granary loft, Joshua disentangled a strand of suitable size, gave one end of it to his driver to hold, and began twisting the other by rolling it between his palms. So in a trice a new string was made, and the combined strength of half a dozen men could not have broken it. A warning whistle sounded from the wheat field. Madeline came racing down the porch as Daniel issued from the cottage in his working garb; the red bandana knotted about his neck and the broad-brimmed straw hat flapping about his head.

"Let's hurry, for goodness' sake!" cried Madeline. "I wouldn't miss seeing them start for anything in the world!"

"We have plenty of time," he assured her. "That call you heard was for your uncle's men to come. I know a short way which we will take. I'm glad Mr. Delford stacked so near the house."

"Oh, I would have gone had it been at the other end of the farm — provided you went with me." She gave him a glance which set his heart to thumping.

"I would go with you anywhere," he said gently, and opened the yard gate for her to pass out. In a short time they reached the scene of the day's work, and Madeline, standing in the line of shade which lay like a dark border at the foot of the wooded hill, looked on the sight with wide eyes of wonder. Three immense conical stacks of wheat rose up in the form of old-time bee hives only a few yards away. They were placed so closely together that their bases almost touched. With its front quite near to these, the separator stood, its wheels choked. Perhaps thirty feet away was the engine, and the wheels of this had been sunk in little ditches to insure stability. A heavy band, crossing midway between the two machines, connected the one with the other. The oxen, yoked two and two, had been turned loose to feed on the aftermath of clover which had sprung up among the golden stubble. Joshua Delford rode up to where Madeline and Daniel were standing. "John," he said, "I reck'n you'll have to feed till dinner time. Know how, I reck'n?'' Daniel smiled. ''Yes; are they ready?'' Joshua's reply was made unnecessary by the noisy starting of all the machinery at that instant. ''You had better remain here,'' said Daniel, turning to Madeline. ''You can see well enough and will run no danger of getting hurt. I'm to feed the separator. It's hot work and hard work, and if I don't appear to notice you, you must understand it is because I must keep my eyes on what I am doing.'' He was gone from her side with this, and with a thrill of pride she watched him leap upon the platform, hastily don a pair of goggles to protect his eyes from the dust and the chaff, then take in his right hand a long, sharp knife with which to sever the straw wrappings which bound each bundle of grain. A man had already mounted to the top of the nearest stack, torn off the cap sheaves and hurled them down upon the wooden apron before which Daniel stood. Quickly he severed the withes which held the bundles together, swiftly scattered the slim, yellow stalks and allowed them to glide down into the yawning maw waiting to receive them. Then business began in earnest. Taking a firm stand and working only from the waist up, Daniel attacked and deftly disposed of the rain of sheaves which fell upon him. The carrier at the other end of the machine began to deliver straw and chaff, and a thin stream of golden wheat trickled down the chute into the half-bushel measure beneath it. So the morning passed. One by one the sacks were filled, tied, and set aside until there were enough to make a load. Then brawny hands lifted them into the wagon and they were hauled away to the storehouse. Daniel stuck grimly to his task, with brief intermissions. Coming once for a drink near to where Madeline was sitting, he took off his hat and ugly goggles and stood for a moment's rest.

''Aren't you tired?'' she asked compassionately, viewing the red mark which his hat band had made across his forehead and the streams of perspiration which seamed his face.

''Yes,'' he replied; ''but my time hasn't come to rest. Don't you find it rather lonely here by yourself?''

''No; I watch you and I am content.'' A swift glance exchanged from eyes which understood and he was back in the whirr and din with added courage in his heart.

After the dinner bell had sent its welcome invitation to the toilers, and as Daniel was walking homeward with Madeline along a secluded path, he told her of another letter which he had received from his father the day before, in which Mr. Croft had entreated him to come home at once.

''Is he sick?'' queried Madeline with quick interest.

''No, he is well, but it has made him so happy to learn of my new life that he feels each day we are apart is a day lost to us both.''

''Have you told him of—of—us?''

''I shall write him tonight and lay it all before him.''

''Oh, Daniel! what will he say?''

''I think he will be very glad, sweet one. Ivy Lodge needs just such a mistress as you will be. Father writes that it is beautiful now, covered with flowers and vines.'' Then they drew closer to each other and moved on in silence.

''When—when are we going home, Daniel?'' she asked softly.

''Let us go as soon as possible, dearest. Father's life is too short now for me ever to give him back what I took from it. You know Brewster is pottering about on his crutches. It will be some time before he can take hold of things again, but my first duty is to the parent whom I have wronged.''

''Suppose we settle everything tonight,'' she said, as they were drawing near to the yard gate. "On the portico, after supper," supplemented Daniel. Madeline agreed.

XII

THE HAVEN OF HOME

Madeline did not return to the field in the afternoon. She helped her aunt and cousin to clean up the house after the departure of the thresher-men, then went to her room and sat all alone day-dreaming, with her hands clasped over her knee. She had plenty to think about, and the trend of her meditations must have been along pleasant lines, for there was a musing smile upon her warm lips and a soft light in her dark eyes. When supper was over that evening and the house had grown quiet early, as was its custom, she stole out to the portico and found Daniel waiting for her. He took her hands tenderly in his and led her to the settle. She asked him to light his pipe, telling him she was sure he could think and talk better then, and he consented. "Now tell me your plans," she said.

"Will you be guided by them?" he asked soberly.

"I shall reserve the right to correct them," she said, smiling, "if they do not suit my notions." Then slowly and with care he told her of the way he had thought out, and when he had finished, it seemed to her that everything was right. But she must have her say, too, and so she changed something here and there, Daniel agreeing with grave nods to each suggestion. It was very late when they bade each other goodnight, but late as it was, each wrote a long letter before they went to rest. Madeline's was to her parents, telling them of her approaching marriage to Daniel Croft, which was to occur two weeks from that date at the home of her uncle Joshua, and asking them to be present. She begged their pardon for marrying in such a quiet, simple way; (her mother was a society woman and liked the show and glitter of a church wedding) but her husband-to-be was a poor man and nothing but an extremely unostentatious wedding would be good taste. Daniel's letter was to his father. He wrote tenderly of this sweet gift of love which had come to him with all its ennobling influence and pristine purity, just at the time when the crown of manhood had been placed upon his brow again. Of the dear woman who had loved him, penniless and a stranger, and who had promised to cast her lot with his for better or for worse. Then he wrote of the day of the wedding, telling feelingly of his sorrow that his father could not be present and adding that they would be home the next day. "Be ready," he concluded, "to meet me with your forgiveness, and us both with your love. We are coming to make you forget the unhappiness I have caused you and to live peacefully together in the little nest among the flowers."

Daniel went forward with his duties as overseer until the very morning of his wedding day. The ceremony was to take place mid-afternoon, and that morning the ever-darkened parlor was thrown open to the sunshine and the breeze. The furnishings of this room were exceedingly plain. There was a sofa and a number of chairs covered with haircloth; a square piano occupied one corner. Upon the tall mantel were a pair of heavy glass candle-sticks, with a miniature house made of tiny shells and periwinkles glued onto pasteboard. There was also a marble-topped center table holding the big family album, which was filled more or less with tintypes and daguerreotypes. That was all. Plain, honest, good, like the people they represented. About noon Mr. Hiram Delford arrived, but his wife did not come with him. Her pride had been cut to the quick and she had stayed at home. Madeline's face paled when her father came in alone, but her firm chin only grew firmer still, and a half-rebellious look sprang to her eyes. Soon after dinner everybody donned their Sunday clothes and waited impatiently. When the eventful hour came there was no wedding march, no ribbons nor flower girls, no giving away of the bride. But there was a plain gold ring which Daniel slipped upon the finger of the woman he loved —— "Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

⁂

Twilight was beginning to shadow Ivy Lodge. Just above the steps, on the porch, sat Roger Croft, his face lighted by the great joy of the gentle spirit within. The doors behind him were open wide, and a lamp with a ruby shade glowed a cordial welcome from the broad hall. The soul of the old man sang within him, for this day marked the return of his boy — the prodigal son. This day, this hour, this minute, for was not that a carriage stopping at the gate? It did not enter. Two persons got out and came in, walking hand in hand up the lawn toward him. Roger leaned forward and looked, the hand which rested upon his cane trembling violently. Then he arose and stood upon the steps, his white hair falling about his face and his eyes alight with a strange brilliancy. The figures came on toward him, closer yet, and now the beloved features of one whom once he thought was lost broke upon his vision. He held out his arms with one glad word—"Daniel!"—and father and son met.

Later, when the musk from beds of a multitude of drowsy flowers was wafted throughout the confines of the place, Madeline and Daniel sat on the steps of the porch, side by side, hand in hand, cheek to cheek. His had been the victory; his had been the reward. Love had found him and had set its seal upon him. In the haven of home he was at rest at last. In the sacred inner room an old man knelt. "He has come," he said reverently; "our boy—your boy—is home again—a man."

THE PRAIRIE-GRASS DIVIDING

THE prairie-grass dividing — its special odor breathing,
I demand of it the spiritual corresponding,
Demand the most copious and close companionship of men,
Demand the blades to rise of words, acts, beings,
Those of the open atmosphere, coarse, sunlit, fresh, nutritious,
Those that go their own gait, erect, stepping with freedom and command, — leading, not following,
Those with a never-quelled audacity — those with sweet and lusty flesh, clear of taint,
Those that look carelessly in the faces of Presidents and Governors, as to say, *Who are you?*
Those of earth-born passion, simple, never-constrained, never obedient,
Those of inland America.

— *Walt Whitman*

WINTER MORNING ON A NORTHERN FARM

MAN IN PERSPECTIVE

V.—WOMAN AS THE FEMALE

By Michael A. Lane

Author of "The Level of Social Motion," "New Dawns of Knowledge," etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

IT may be consistently held that to discuss woman as "the female of the species" is to discuss her in her entirety — all her other supposed ascriptions, attributes, powers, qualities, and so on, being mere furniture with which she is superstitiously surrounded.

And yet it would not be wholly philosophical to consider woman as a mere animal, as zoology considers animals of every kind, for it must be remembered that while woman is an animal, she is also a social animal; and that the present state of her body and mind is largely the result of social forces, which react upon sex with a power not always — if at all — regarded as important by those who study the bodies of living things in themselves.

Many of the physical traits of women are indirectly due to certain social necessities originating in ancient times, when tribes were in chronic warfare, and when the males were required to fight. In this need of war, or even earlier, in the needs of the hunt, the male of the species probably acquired his superior strength and cunning. In many of the lower animals the male is the stronger and heavier; but activity is the fundamental trait of the male; and of the germ-cells, from the union of which all animals are developed, the male cell is vastly the smaller and infinitely the more active.

Unfortunately for popular knowledge on the subject of man, the vast majority of so-called enlightened persons stagger under such a load of superstition concerning the facts about themselves as would require the strength of a Hercules to lift. While the words "lady" and "gentleman" are in full force—to say nothing of other superstitions which tend to maintain the present topsy-turvy state of society — it would seem fatuous, if no more, to attempt to discuss woman as the female, and to tell the truth about her. And yet it is sometimes socially healthful, even for the zoologist, to tell the truth promiscuously—that is, without regard to the kind of people that hear it; to scatter it abroad, as it were, on the chance that some of the seed will fall on fruitful ground.

Now if we accept the theory that woman is a female quite as much as a female cat or a cow, a vast mass of otherwise incomprehensible mystery will be cleared up, and much of the contempt with which the male of the species proverbially regards his female companion will be seen to be unscientific and shallow. If women have certain ridiculous or despicable traits — I mean traits which in a man would be ridiculous or despicable — there must be some good reason for the fact. These female traits, which seem so strange and undesirable to many of us, will be largely mollified and excused when they are rationally accounted for, and when, perhaps, in looking toward the future, we shall see reason to hope that in time they may totally disappear. Regarded in this light, woman will be more thoroughly understood and perhaps more considerately judged; whereas were this view to become the common one, nine-tenths of all the speculative and, for the most part, inane literature about woman would become obsolete.

The chief points to be touched upon are those which are commonly argued to the derogation of woman by her male critics. These are, generally, woman's curiosity, her intense and spontaneous spite against other women, her inordinate vanity of person, her jealousy, her cruelty, her physical ugliness as compared with man, her tendency to tell lies, her inability in the arts and sciences and her complete want of that sense of justice which is so delicate and far-seeing in man.

These are the principal counts in the indictment against woman. There are others, such as her lack of reasoning power, her loquacity, her love of scandal-monging, her utter unreliability as a testimonial witness, and her general and constant practice of deceit. But these, I think, are corollary in nature, and will be cleared up with the points mentioned above.

As to woman's curiosity, it may be said at the outset that she is not so curious, by an infinite measure, as is man himself. Women, it is true, are persistently and assiduously curious; but men also are not only persistently and assiduously, but patiently and systematically curious. It is the character of female curiosity that makes it apparently contemptible. Scientific men of every kind have no *raison d'etre* for their infinitely patient research save pure curiosity alone; and their curiosity has no more purpose in it than has the curiosity of the woman who cannot rest until she finds out all discoverable facts about her neighbors, or the cause of a mysterious sound by night.

These two forms of curiosity, the male and the female, originated no doubt in the early needs of the race long before men appeared on the earth. The male animal is interested in the causes of remote things—things which, upon being run down, might turn out useful for food purposes. The female is interested in the quick investigation of near and small things which may turn out a menace to the lives of her young. The female watches with intense and lively interest the vicinity of the nest or lair; the male is prompted to look abroad—away from the lair, in or toward fields where his daily prey is found. These two kinds of curiosity were among the most potent instruments in the struggle for racial existence and in the ultimate development of man.

With man's greater growth came perfect security for his young and perfect assurance of food. But the old instinct of curiosity, without which the race would probably have been destroyed ages ago and before the development of man, has not been eliminated, and there it is today in all its strength, but with no obviously practical use.

An irresistible passion for investigation into remote causes characterizes the man; and an equally irresistible passion for the investigation of near causes characterizes the woman. The complete inutility of pure science is often a text for some perfectly fatuous sermon. The pursuit of science is perfectly purposeless apart from the gratification of pure curiosity. And no worse can be said of the curiosity of women. If she is concerned with personal affairs and with matters (in man's view) of no importance whatsoever, it is only because her remote female ancestors have passed down to her a trait which, in its own time, had uses the most important of all.

The above philosophical and wholly rational theory of woman's curiosity should, perhaps, lead us to suspect a somewhat similar cause for that remarkable mystery of woman's "spite" for woman. There is no denying that women are almost ferocious in this respect. I have seen the eyes of women gleam with "feline ferocity" when looking at other women—in certain circumstances. I have seen overpowering rage and hate upon their faces; and, if put to it, the average woman could not tell you why, any more than she could give you a rational theory for her curiosity, were she rational enough to admit its existence, the which she could not in any conceivable circumstances be.

This powerful instinct in woman is almost altogether wanting in man—the pale reflection of it persisting in man is the quick enmity he feels when, living in a lonely place, he sees a strange man approaching his abode. The strange animal there was wont, in long-passed ages, to spell danger. With the female the danger was terrifying and certain; for the instinct of many females is to kill the young of other females.

Here, then, you have the ancient instinct surviving in full force, whereas its value in preserving the race (what zoologists call "selective value") has disappeared. In the long evolution of the human race nothing occurred to eliminate this once highly useful and preservative instinct, while the need of it in the preservation of the species disappeared ages ago. It is hence an anomaly which is often made the butt of ridicule and scorn by shallow men, who understand neither themselves nor the causes that have made them what they are.

More subtle is the intense dislike which "plain" women have for prettier ones—that is to say, when men are concerned. But this dislike is obviously traceable to the same cause as the general instinct itself. It is the old instinct appearing in various forms, the instinct venting itself on the thing nearest at hand. You find it cropping out in matters of dress. The intense scorn or contempt which women can express for the dress of other women is really fetching—a most "beautiful" illustration of the theoretical view here indicated. And bound up with this very matter is the still more subtle instinct of jealousy and its apparently incomprehensible mystery, in women.

Women, generally, objurgate with expressive silence, or voluminous loquacity, the woman among them who is particularly attractive to men; while their uncompromising and relentless condemnation of the so-called "erring sister" is a commonplace theme for all sorts of preachers. Woman's jealousy, proverbially, is vented on the other woman and never on the man, for whom, on the contrary, she invariably finds an excuse which, while perfectly irrational and sophistical, is entirely satisfactory to herself.

Now, when we remember the very marked difference between the male and the female in these peculiar traits, it will appear that the traits themselves must be traceable to some remote cause in the life history of the race, having a strong bearing on the condition of the female and none at all on the condition of the male. Assuming this to be the fact, the cause will perhaps be found in the general instinct of enmity of female for female inherited from ancient female ancestors, who by it were enabled to protect their young. For when the male of the human species is roused to jealousy he invariably wreaks his enmity on the offending woman. It is quite true that he sometimes punishes the offending man; but the woman is invariably cast off. Men quite frequently kill women who reject them, but seldom kill the successful suitor. When jealous women, however, resort to killing, in similar circumstances, it is the woman they kill, never the man. These perplexing things become clear if we account for them by that ancient instinct of the female to slay the strange female, whose own instinct, rising from a common cause, impelled her to slay the young of others.

The mother guards her offspring; the father, in the case of mammals, most frequently is the food provider. These homely facts, when interpreted in the light of the social evolution of man, explain, it would seem, the somewhat marked differences in many of the mental traits of the two sexes. To a similar if not the self-same cause can we attribute the traditional cruelty of stepmothers. The stepfather is seldom unkind. On the contrary he is often devoted, even when he has offspring of his own with the mother of his stepchild.

But if women possess the ancient instinct of destruction toward other females, they also, and for the same reason, have rather ferocious enmity for all persons guilty of heinous crime. Their first impulse is to have the vicious ones drawn, quartered, or "shredded," and always without trial. Reaction carries them to the opposite extreme whereby the most vicious (male) persons would probably be acquitted were juries composed of women, with a male attorney for the defence. Female offenders would probably be condemned at the rate of 100 per cent. A good lawyer could secure conviction of every woman accused—before a jury of women. Men have the keenest sympathy with men. Women have no sympathy whatosever with women. I speak generally, of course.

The above described traits of woman were doubtless developed in the prehuman stage of the race, a thing which becomes evident when we study the moral character of lower animals. The moral character of the lower animal is, it may be said, a simplified diagram of the moral character of man—male and female alike. And it must be confessed that, in many respects, the absence of certain curious lines in the simplified diagram is much to the moral advantage of the latter.

Women, however, have certain traits which have been produced and developed by the social nature of human life. And these, perhaps, are the more interesting for the reason that these traits may, by the further evolution of human society, be changed for the better, or altogether wiped out, as human society becomes more rational and free with the general diffusion of wealth and education.

Woman's physical ugliness, for example, as compared with man, may in the future be considerably mollified; may, indeed, be replaced by positive physical beauty as compared with man, under certain conditions of wealth which would give woman the choice of her mate, without at the same time disturbing the present choice as it exists with men. I mean perfectly equal choice instead of the one-sided system now generally prevailing.

The beauty of the human female has increased steadily under the system of selection in which men have the higher choice. Men prefer the prettier women. With lower animals, where the choice lies wholly with the female, the beauty of the male is quite superior—the female is comparatively ugly. With humans the beauty of the female has improved because the economic power of the male has for ages enabled him to do the selecting. The result is that the disparity between the sexes in the matter of beauty is not so great as in the lower animals, but it is still great. Could women become the equal of men in power of selection the beauty of the male would actually improve, because the ugly men who now are enabled to win wives because of their power to provide, would be wiped out, thus raising the beauty-level of both sexes. On the other hand, the continued freedom of selection on the part of men would go on constantly increasing the beauty of the women. And as beauty is more valuable in the woman than in the man, the tendency would be toward a disproportionate increase in female beauty. I mean that men prize beauty in women more highly than women prize it in men. Women can love ugly men for other traits; men seldom love ugly women, no matter what their other traits may be.

I speak, of course, about the average.

Another trait which is peculiarly a product of social forces, is the tendency of women to tell lies. When I say lies, I mean deliberate lies—the practice of deceit. I fancy that old women are not as great liars or deceivers as young and middle-aged women. At one time women were hairy, and Darwin ingeniously accounts for the comparative depilation of women. But it would seem that hair is a concomitant of maturity—that hair, on the face particularly, is a mark of more complete nervous development — in the case of man, of course. So that in selecting hairless women our ancestors at the same time retarded the nervous development of the female and left her with a closer resemblance to the child than was retained by the male.

Women are simpler-minded, more child-like, more impulsive, more savage, than men; therefore they are greater liars and deceivers than men, and much greater lovers of hyperbole. A New York judge, not long ago, announced from the bench that he would not believe a woman under oath—an opinion which was the result of years of experience.

Woman's incompetence in the arts and sciences is due altogether, one can reasonably argue, because of this very retardation of her nervous, or cerebral development, imposed upon her by the free choice of selection practised by man through force of his superior economic strength. When women compete with men in the arts and sciences they work with the undeveloped brain and hands of the child. Physically weaker than men—in mere brute strength as well as in cunning of mind and hand—they can never hope to equal the products of the male in the mighty works which require physical strength for the doing of them. They are as children; and as children they must remain as long as men desire in their mates the soft, smooth cheek, the clear, tender chin, the silky, long hair which make woman and child alike.

There have been women of great mental power, but they were not women of greatly desirable physical beauty, and most of them had hairy faces. "There are no women of genius," said the ingenuous Goncourt. "All women of genius are men."

And we may vary Goncourt's opinion by saying that there are no women reformers, all women reformers being men. This brings us back to the postulate concerning the lack in women of that sense of equal justice which is so delicate and far-reaching in the male of the human species.

All the reforms that have made epochs in human social history have been the work of men. Women, here and there, have assisted, have lent their feeble voices to the general masculine roar, but these women have invariably been masculine women. The woman with conspicuous hair on her face, with a strong sense of justice, who sets her foot down firmly, who has a "good voice" and can make "a fine speech"—what is she but a lesser man? She is rightly (from a physiological point of view) called a "strong-minded" woman. Such a woman is a reversion to the woman of old — the hairy woman who selected her mate from among contending males. She is reversive and atavistic, physically, and shall we say in advance of her sex, mentally and ethically?

If we could imagine that such a type of woman would survive, multiply and displace the immature, undeveloped, childlike and unethical woman so much preferred by men, we could easily fancy that the female of our species would ultimately replace the male in all those functions of industry, art and science which are now peculiarly his own. The fact that woman is physically and mentally inferior to man does not imply that she could not, in certain easily imaginable circumstances, become physically and mentally his superior. Some female spiders are fifty or sixty times the size of the male, which is a mere physiological adjunct to his spouse, having no place or part in spider industry. Powerful, intelligent women could do as much and as great physical and mental labor as men have done. Not many generations would be required to produce a race of women in physical and mental comparison with whom men could be conceived as being insignificant, idle instruments for the maintenance of the race. Man is the master now. Will he remain so?

Probably yes;—if the strong-minded, hairy-faced, able-bodied, healthy woman can find no way of alluring him from her doll-faced, simple-minded, "inferior" sister. Probably no;—if she can find such a way. In the development of races the most insignificant touch of circumstance often sets up a most rapid flux which produces, in a few generations, the most amazing cumulation of effects. Who knows but that some such impetus may give the strong-minded woman the advantage, and carry her on to the "high destiny" of which she has so fondly dreamed?

The future state of woman hangs, one may say, on a hair—in the literal as well as in the metaphorical meaning of the word.

THE OLD GODS AND THE NEW

By Ernest McGaffey

Author of "Poems," "Sonnets to a Wife," "Cosmos"
LEWISTOWN, ILLINOIS

IN the twilight of the ages
Where the dust of years lies dead,
Wrinkled over Seers and Sages
Since the centuries have sped,
Stand the wraiths of unattended
Gods who once were called sublime,
Even in their ruin splendid
Mocking and defying Time.

In the wake of winds that follow
Fast along the path of man,
Comes an echo of Apollo,
Floats the reedy note of Pan,
And a clearer tone is ringing
Mid the clashing of the spheres,
And a wilder flight is winging
Through the vistas of the years.

And from out the ocean mighty
High above the coral caves,
Rises Venus Aphrodite
Throned and sceptered by the waves,
While the horn of Neptune winding
In the night's recumbent noon,
Scatters music o'er the blinding
Silver pathway of the moon.

So the old gods were most human,
More like song, and life, and wine,
Touched to love-words by a woman,
Mortal half and half divine;
And the later gods we fashion
For their loss have not sufficed,
No! not even the compassion
And the great white soul of Christ.

SMATHER'S TRAVELING NEWSPAPER

By Paul Cook

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

AFFAIRS looked ominous for the ticket in the state. Both sides were claiming a victory in public, but in secret councils of the party the democrats were doubtful, and it was whispered around that unless some unexpected reversion of opinion took place they would be hopelessly defeated and the chances of their national candidate would be in jeopardy.

High-priced spellbinders had stumped the state, talking loudly and long of republican mistakes and the great things the democrats would do when they assumed the reins of power, but it was very hard to start enthusiasm. Voters were strangely apathetic. Democratic papers were also boosting the candidates with might and main, but in the various sanctums it was known that chances of victory were exceedingly slim. As a matter of fact, the democrats had barely a ghost of a show, but they kept up the fight gamely and in the very face of defeat were claiming a walkover.

An important caucus was held in the office of Chairman Smathers of the state executive committee. Leading politicians of the state were there discussing the last expedients for a rally, but there was little hope exhibited in the countenances of the gentlemen seated about a heavy oaken table, puffing great clouds of tobacco smoke to the ceiling. All realized that unless someone was inspired by a new and wonderfully effective scheme for waking up the voters, the battle would be lost.

At the end of a discouraged and discouraging talk by a prominent banker from the northern part of the state, Chairman Smathers arose with a determined look. His colleagues were surprised to note a sparkle in his eye and an air of confidence which they could not assume.

"How much campaign fund have we remaining at our disposal?" he asked.

"One hundred and fifty thousand, which could be increased, I suppose, if necessary," answered the treasurer dejectedly. "The national committee has promised us aid."

"Gentlemen," said Smathers, a trace of subdued eagerness in his voice, "I have a scheme that I believe will do the work, but it will take every cent in our treasury and maybe more."

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"Well," answered Smathers, "it will be useless for our speakers to stump the state again, and I propose that we stir up the people by a traveling newspaper to be used solely as a campaign trumpet. Just wait a minute," he exclaimed, as several started to speak, "and I will explain my plan. As you all know, I have been president of the Banner Publishing Company for the past fifteen years and understand the business pretty well. Now I propose to charter a special train, equip it with a first class newspaper plant, and during the next month carry it to every town of five thousand population and over in the state, booming our candidates for all they are worth. I believe it is possible to reach all the larger towns on the railroads without any trouble. After studying the map of the various systems I find that it will be a comparatively easy matter to take our train over these lines. When we have covered one part of the state, we can have our special transferred to another road and continue the campaign. Of course this will be rather expensive, but I believe it is our only chance to win.

Now the paper will be the Banner, and I propose to issue it every morning in a different town, but it will be the 'traveling' edition. We could not afford to neglect our patrons while conducting a campaign 'razzle-dazzle,' so the paper will have to be issued at Everettville each morning, as in the past. A special train of eleven cars would do the work. That would give us one coach for the editorial room, one for the type-setting machines, one for the make-up men, a car for the stereotypers, a press car, a mailing car, a car for paper and supplies, a diner, two sleepers and a power car for transporting our dynamo. Some of these cars will have to be built to order, but the rest could easily be chartered from a railroad company.

"Now these are all the details I can give you just now, but I promise to have everything arranged in two weeks. What do you think of the scheme?"

Twelve prominent politicians sat spellbound about the table as Smathers unfolded his plans. Not a man moved, not one interrupted with a word, and all forgot to smoke.

"Why," said Rutherford, a banker from Russellville, "the plan's simply great. It will cost like fury, but what do we care for that? I can raise a hundred thousand in a week, and if this don't wake up the people, nothing will do it."

So the matter was decided then and there. Smathers was given free rein to carry out his scheme, and was furnished the entire campaign fund, with promise of more in case he should run short. Smathers immediately set to work like a Trojan, having secured the assistance of a large corps of lieutenants. As several corporations of national importance were interested in the victory of the democrats he was not afraid to spend money in large chunks. The sleepers, dining car, editorial, power, storage, mailing and make-up cars were easily provided, but the press car, machine car and stereotyping car proved a more difficult problem. However, a large car-manufacturing plant was located just thirty miles from Everettville, and the remaining cars were turned out under rush orders in four days. A press that had been used by the Banner before it attained to greatness was installed in a car built for its reception, and six linotype machines were set up in another car. When the dynamo was ready for use the cars were connected with feed wires, display type, ink, matrices, paper and all the other necessities of a complete newspaper plant were bundled aboard, and the train was ready.

Smathers himself was to be editor-in-chief, with a staff of seven men—an editorial writer, an utility man, a telegraph editor and four reporters. Six linotype operators, two case men, a foreman and an assistant foreman, three stereotypers, a pressman and two assistants, two porters for the sleeping cars, an electrician to look after the dynamo and keep the wiring of the train in order, a chef and three waiters for the dining car, two proof-readers, galley boy, copy boy, two mailing clerks and a force of fifteen newsboys, with a circulation man to look after them, completed the force which Smathers engaged. There would be no business department, since all advertising contracts had already been made at the home office of the Banner. The expense account promised to be enormous, but money was no consideration just then.

Smathers decide that he would travel from one town to another in the daytime and get out the paper at night, as it was to be a morning daily. He calculated that he would map out his itinerary like that of a circus and so arrange his schedule that he could spend the night in the town where he wanted his paper to appear.

Of course rumors of Smathers' stupendous project got abroad and created an immense sensation. It was derided by many papers, extolled by others and discussed by the entire country. In the meantime the Banner was being widely advertised. The scheme was talked about from one end of the land to the other and its failure was confidently predicted by the leading republican organ, but Smathers was undaunted, and continued his preparations with characteristic vigor.

The itinerary, practically covering the state and including dates extending through one month, was at last arranged. It was proposed to print in full the speeches of all the campaign orators every morning. These would be sent by wire to the town where the newspaper special happened to be on the night when they were delivered.

The day for departure arrived. With much ceremony, amid the blare of whistles and the waving of flags, Smathers' traveling newspaper rolled out from Everettville at nine o'clock in the morning, and by three in the afternoon had reached Downdale, the first stop. Enroute Smathers and his assistant had been busily engaged in writing some spirited editorials. He intended to make the editorial page strong, so he put all the fire of a vigorous personality into the attacks which he made on the opposite party.

As soon as the special arrived at Downdale it was side-tracked. The four "star" reporters carried along by Smathers got out into town to "dig up" some choice local "stories," the electrician inspected the train to see that the power car and wiring were both in order, while the remainder of the force that would not be engaged until night strolled about town. The arrival of Smathers' train had been awaited with impatience by the people, a large crowd of them being at the station when the special drew up. Soon the advent of the traveling newspaper was known far and wide and the citizens were in a fever to know how the first issue would look.

Promptly at seven o'clock that evening the power was turned on, the machine men began work on a good run of editorial-page copy, the reporters dropped in one at a time, saying they had very good luck, considering the fact that they were in a new town, and the making of a first class ten-page daily paper was begun. The democrats in each town were expected to render all the assistance possible in advertising the Banner's traveling edition, and in helping the reporters to get up local news, which was to deal chiefly with political matters in the town.

Messenger boys began to arrive, bearing dispatches telling of the progress of the campaign in various parts of the state and giving verbatim reports of the speeches delivered that day and night. Down at the home office of the Banner, Torrey, an expert telegraph editor, was working like a fiend to condense the most important telegraphic news coming in over the Associated Press wire and send it by telegraph to the telegraph editor at Downdale. This special service was rather expensive, but money was plentiful, and before starting Smathers had closed all the advertising contracts he could handle for a month, at fancy prices.

The reporters also turned in some local "stories" that had snap about them and were destined to prove very acceptable reading matter, to the surprise of citizens of Downdale the next morning. At eleven o'clock Smathers rubbed his hands together in quiet satisfaction. Affairs were running as smoothly as if he were getting out the regular edition of the Banner at home.

Promptly at twelve o'clock the stereotypers reported that everything was ready in their department and began to receive the forms. A constant stream of messenger boys soon brought to the editorial car more than enough copy to make up a readable first page, the foreman got along swimmingly in the composing room, and promptly at three o'clock the press was running smoothly and printing the first edition of The Traveling Banner.

In the mailing room all was hurry and bustle. Smathers was going to send out the paper broadcast over the state to all the regular exchanges and the newsdealers. To do this it was necessary to catch the early morning train out of Downdale, a feat that was easily accomplished by the experienced mail clerks whom Smathers had employed.

At five o'clock the force of newsboys were waking the echoes in the streets with their shrill cries and by six o'clock the papers were going like hot cakes at five cents a copy. Every man, woman and child in town tried to get one, and Smathers received some fabulous offers for advertising space. At nine o'clock the tired night workers were sleeping comfortably in their Pullman berths, the newsboys had been recalled, Downdale had been blanketed with the Banner's traveling edition and the newspaper special was flying toward Throckton, a hustling town 120 miles distant. When this place was reached the same program was successfully repeated.

When the first edition of The Traveling Banner was received in various parts of the state it created the greatest sensation in the history of national journalism. Smathers found himself a famous man.

Papers in all parts of the country devoted columns to the unique venture, describing life on the newspaper special. In addition to the interest awakened by the novelty of the scheme Smathers' brilliant editorials and the buoyant tone of the campaign dispatches began to have their effect on voters. The Banner's traveling edition was the most widely read paper in the state, and if Smathers had cared to build up a circulation list, he would have been swamped. Slowly the tide began to set for the democrats.

One month had passsed away. Smathers' ticket had scored a sweeping victory — thanks to the famous newspaper special—and he had just succeeded in disposing of the plant at small loss. Not a single mishap had marred the special's tour of the state. Smathers, feeling properly jubilant, was standing in Cannon's "place" in Everettville telling a party of friends how it happened.

"Well, boys," he said at the conclusion of his story, "we did the trick. Our man has been elected, and I have just succeeded in getting the newspaper special off my hands. The Banner's circulation has been increased to 150,000 through the advertising it received from the traveling edition, and I have on hand about $75,000, proceeds of the sale of the plant after settling up outstanding obligations, which I shall return to the treasurer. Gentlemen, what will you have?"

INDIVIDUALS ❧ ❧ By Walt Whitman

UNDERNEATH all, individuals!
I swear nothing is good to me now that ignores individuals,
The American compact is altogether with individuals,
The whole theory of the universe is directed to one single individual — namely, to You.

— *From "Marches Now the War Is Over."*

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By Helen Arthur

NEW YORK CITY

XXVI

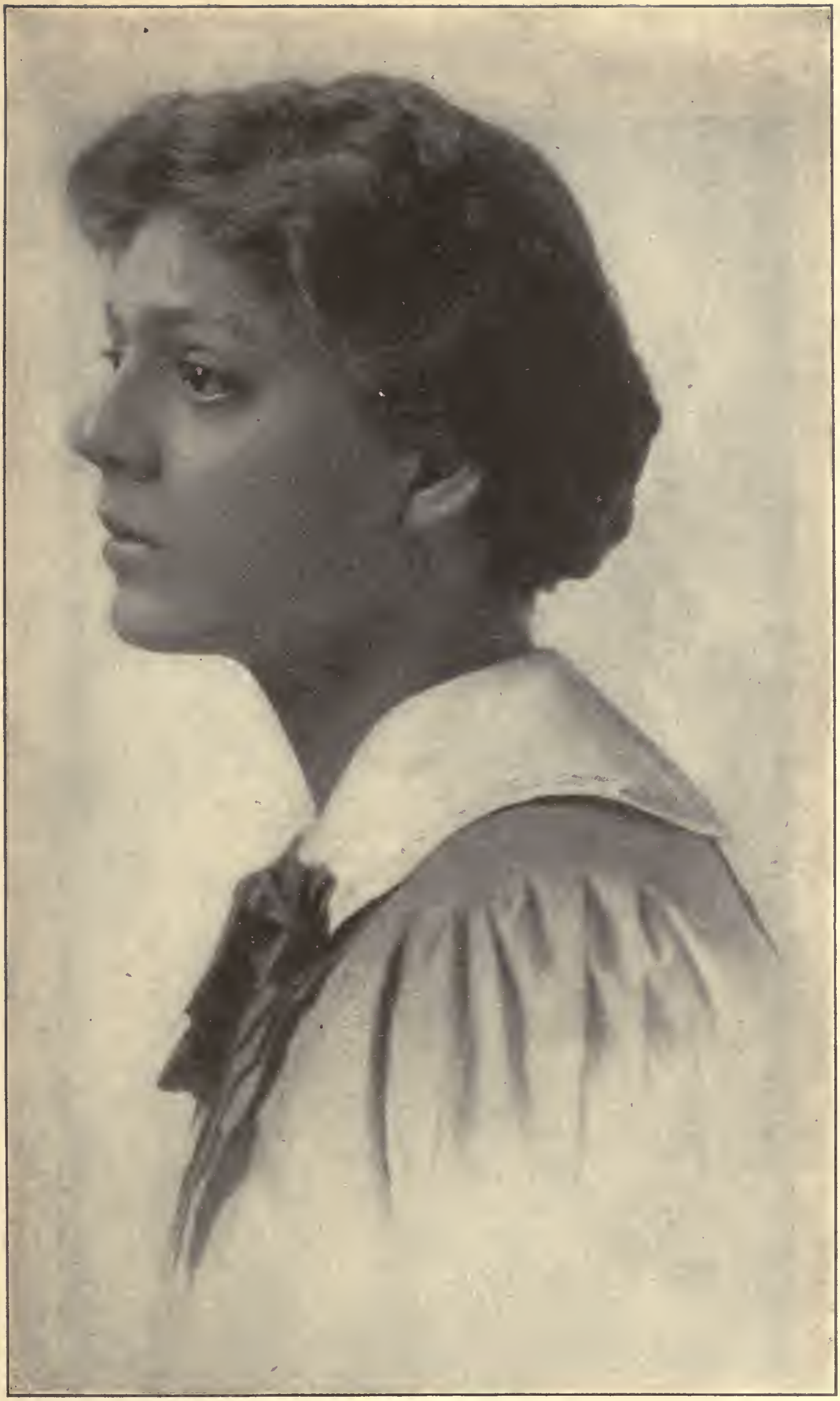
ETHEL BARRYMORE

On one of the snow-blizzard days in New York I went to a matinee of "The Twin Sister," a play in which Charles Richman and Margaret Anglin had leading roles. In the orchestra there were twenty persons, perhaps, and not a soul in the boxes, next to one of which I sat. Just as the curtain rose, a tall girl came into it alone. She was all in brown and she wore the loveliest furs. I remember how quietly she sat and that I almost bowed to her, so familiar was her face and manner. She applauded each player's entrance and really gave an air of festivity to what had promised to be a dreary matinee.

In the old Weber-Fieldian days, on Tuesday afternoons, she could often be seen watching, with interested eyes, the dancing of her friend Bonnie Magin. To Miss Barrymore's fine freedom from self-consciousness Carlotta Nilsson owes a great debt. Miss Nilsson had just met with much success playing Mrs. Elvsted in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Hedda Gabler," and was putting on, for one performance, an impossible play called "Love's Pilgrimage." It told the usual story of a wronged girl, her child, and her revenge. The piece had been put on hurriedly, but somehow you felt that Carlotta Nilsson's whole soul was in the thing. Everywhere there was that air of tension, the sort that a mishap might turn into a laugh, a nervous laugh, to be sure, but one that would as surely spoil the entire effect. Once, but for Ethel Barrymore, this would have happened. The Gerry society had forbidden the appearance of babies on the stage, and Miss Nilsson was forced to use a "property" child, and one so palpably a "rag-baby" that it would not have been remarkable if an audience had been moved to laughter by it. The pathos of the play had gotten over the footlights and reached Miss Barrymore, to whom Miss Nilsson's art had made all things real, and there, forgetful of everything save the sad little heroine, Miss Barrymore put her own brown head on the rail of her box and sobbed and sobbed. At the end of the scene, Miss Barrymore's tear-stained face was perhaps the greatest tribute Miss Nilsson received, and the audience had followed her lead.

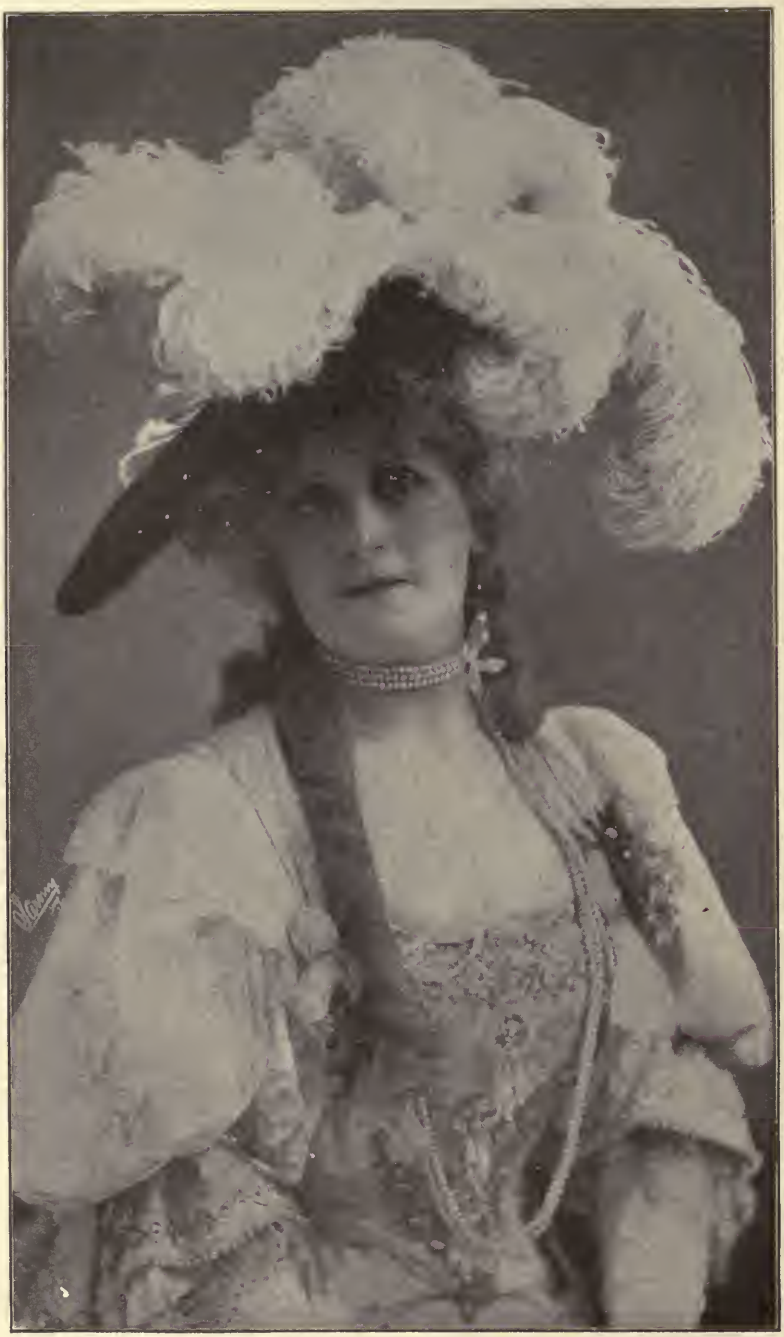
Again I saw Ethel Barrymore change the whole aspect of a performance. It was at a testimonial tendered to Joseph Holland; dozens and dozens of famous players were participating. The whole affair, to be a success, depended upon creating an air of good-fellowship, for most of the actors were playing New York engagements, and had little or no time for preparation. There was a prompter somewhere behind the scenes and he was called into service continually, which in itself did not make for smoothness. Miss Barrymore forgot her lines—the prompter gave them to her. She couldn't hear him — he repeated them, and when she missed them a second time, Miss Barrymore turned in his direction and said: "Please give me my lines. I've come all the way from Chicago to say them and I mean to."

These are the things which endear Ethel Barrymore to the public. Her work as an actress is improving so rapidly that one has a feeling that she is a genius. I saw her Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and it was very real to me. She had never seen the play



ETHEL BARRYMORE

Photograph copyright 1904 by Frank Scott Clark, Detroit



HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Photograph by Sarony, New York

performed by others, and her conception of the part was quite her own.

The man to whom Ethel Barrymore is engaged is Captain Harry Graham, and with the dedication lines of his latest book I think this little sketch may fitly end:

"One single favor do I crave
Which is that you regard my pen
As your devoted, humble slave;
Most fortunate shall I be then
Of mortal men.
For what more happiness insures
Than work in service such as yours?"

XXVII

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Miss Crosman is very proud of her military ancestry. Her grandfather was a general during the Civil war, her uncle a classmate of Admiral Dewey's and her father a major in our regular army.

When she was a young girl, Miss Crosman's family suffered reverses and she had to consider ways and means of earning her own living. She had a remarkable soprano voice and her parents had been advised to send her to Paris to have it cultivated. There was no way that this could be done except to mortgage the home, so mortgaged it was, and the girl, only sixteen at the time, with her mother started for France. She progressed rapidly and her hopes were high, when, by some unexplained mishap, her singing voice failed.

Then it happened that an uncle of hers got her a chance to meet the manager of the Pittsburg Opera House, and timid little Henrietta walked out on that big stage with just two men for an audience and recited the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." Badly as she probably did it, her talent was unmistakable, and she secured a position with a road company. By the hardest kind of work, the twenty-four-hours-a-day kind, she got a New York engagement at Daly's. Clever she certainly was, but professional jealousy made her life a burden to her, and she went back to stock work in Pittsburg at the same theater where she had recited so long ago. Often when ideas occurred to her she would arise from bed at one or two in the morning and work them out then and there. Then domestic unhappiness forced a separation upon her and again she went her own way alone.

By chance the manuscript of "Mistress Nell" came into her hands, but it belonged to the playwright, who himself was poor and needed to sell it. It is a long story, the one relating to her steadfast belief in the play, her purchase of it, the opening night in New York with just fifty-seven dollars paid admissions, then its tremendous success; but it is pleasant to remember that since that time Miss Crosman has had one triumph after another. The critics have lauded her "Rosalind," the public has packed the theater month after month to see her "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and now her new play, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," is adding to her laurels.

THE REPUBLIC

By Walt Whitman

OTHERS take finish, but the Republic is ever constructive, and ever keeps vista;
Others adorn the past — but you, O days of the present, I adorn you!
O days of the future, I believe in you! I isolate myself for your sake;
America, because you build for mankind, I build for you!

* * * * * * *

Bravas to all impulses sending sane children to the next age!
But damn that which spends itself, with no thought of the stain, pains, dismay, feebleness it is bequeathing.

— *From "Marches Now the War Is Over"*

AND THE MAN SAID: "THE WOMAN"

By Florence Edith Austin

WOODSTOCK, ILLINOIS

THE judge had taken his seat upon the bench, prepared to weigh a human soul in the balance; the opposing attorneys were in place; a venire of unhappy-looking men had been brought in from whom to cull a jury; and the sheriff had paid unconscious tribute to William the Conqueror by crying the court open with an "Oyez".

The court room was crowded with the usual motley medley—some drawn thither by a feverish interest in the prisoner, the majority by that fascination of the horrible that lies at the back of so many of our minds.

From the chaste, temple-like walls the busts of Moses, Solomon, Solon and Lycurgus looked down with judicial, interlocutory countenances upon the prisoner, who, a few yesterdays ago, was only an ordinary, obscure medical student, but had suddenly become a national character — his name had trickled even into foreign countries with the chronicling of another American atrocity.

While the charge against the prisoner was read out by the clerk, the audience scrutinized the young man, dissected his face, as it were, strove to probe his mind, to search out, from the demeanor of the man, a possible motive.

There were none of the common earmarks of the criminal about the accused. His was an essentially attractive face, and he possessed a manner of poise, of sureness, of ability, that prepossessed all in his favor; while the keen gaze with which he scanned the panel showed him a student of mankind.

As his eyes rested analytically upon one of the men deemed "worthy", there came into them a flash of recognition, and he whispered eagerly to his counsel, who, in turn, took a sudden interest in this person singled out by his client. And by those manipulations known to the legal fraternity, the attorney so managed matters that when the jurors were impaneled this man was first choice of both prosecution and defense and hence foreman of the twelve.

Then followed the arraignment by the attorney for the state, whose accusation against the prisoner as the murderer of his brother by marriage and his paramour was one of the most sensational and impassioned ever calculated to carry conviction to a Chicago jury. The hearers shuddered, struck to their very souls, but the countenance of the accused flashed back only indignant denial.

"Nothing is so terrible as man," prologued the prosecuting counsel. "Each havoc of nature is immediately eclipsed by some self-devastation of humanity. The wrath of God is easily outdone by human wreckage that lies at the door of man himself. Earthquake and fire and flood and storm cannot compare with the red records of war, of racial persecution, or the savagery of man.

"The greatest and vilest of human crimes is murder — the pushing of a human soul out of life in haste, all unprepared. And the circumstances under which these two lives were taken could not be surpassed in the days of Sodom. Revenge was undoubtedly the basis of the whole plot—revenge was the germ that created this case.

"Why the murdered man should have deserted a wife like the sister of the accused, how he could cast aside this high-bred, beautiful, gracious and virtuous woman to form a liaison with such a person as the one he was found slain beside, is one of the mysteries of the heart which none of us can explain.

"But the fact remains that this dead man had made the ten commandments into one, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife—in vain.' Hence, gentlemen of the jury, it is conceivable that the prisoner was incited to avenge the insult to his sister by compassing the death of the person who had deserted her for another woman. But I will proceed to prove to you that this man had a more impelling motive, a vendetta of his own to work out. Gentlemen, you may with impunity wound a man in his pride, you may venture to do injury to those he loves as his life; but aim a blow at that man's possessions, his money, and you have a dangerous person to reckon with.

"Yes, gentlemen, this dead man had fallen so low as to rob his wife of her patrimony to give to this wanton woman; he had pauperized his children and also had embezzled the fortune of the accused, the while cleverly keeping himself beyond the reach of the law.

"These, gentlemen, were the incentives of the crime; and the chain of evidence is so clear, so unbroken, so convincing, that the calling of the witnesses is but little more than a legal formality to prove the prisoner a wrathful, hot-blooded avenger."

And when the case for the state was concluded there had been fitted and matched and mortised as complete a structure of fact as ever shut erring mortal in.

At length the attorney for the defense arose, and in the excited silence that held the crowded court room enthralled, he began:

"You have heard my brother of the bar give his hypothesis of this crime, but I beg of you, gentlemen of the jury, not to confound theory with evidence. I wish that I could prove to you, as my client has proven to me, that he had no more to do with the moral bearings of this case than the handmaid of the Levite, whose body was cut into pieces and sent to the twelve tribes of Israel, had to do with the destruction of Gibeah. My client was but the sport of events; a broken vow was the cause. Evil wreaks punishment upon itself—that is the law.

"If the happenings of the night of December twelve could be passed before you in kinetoscopic view, they would show you a triply injured, diabolically duped man, and a woman who should have been a sister to the Borgias. No mind can conceive of incidents so strange, so inexplicable, so appalling as those of actual occurrence. My best, my only witness is my client; and with the permission of the court I will ask him to take the stand. He, and he alone can give to you the true and peculiar facts of the case. Gentlemen of the jury, there is no one to combat his testimony—and in the eyes of the law his given word is as good as any man's private opinion."

As the young man mounted to the witness stand, the atmosphere of the court room seemed to undergo a sudden change, and to be dominated by his personality. For a while he stood silent and irresolute, the color rising to his still boyish face, and his eyes wandered in obvious embarrassment over the tiers of staring people, over the judge, the jury, to rest at length with beseeching insistence on the foreman of the twelve, who, in response, leaned forward, and, in that wordless telegraphy of which the eye is capable, conveyed to him a message that only the prisoner could interpret. But upon that hint he spoke in a strong, tense voice, fearlessly and fearfully earnest.

"Your honor, gentlemen of the jury, I want to cry before the world my innocence. I want to shout the facts to the universe,—to send through you the shudder that convulses me, so that everybody may be made to feel that the one who committed this crime is not I who stand before you accused.

"I admit that my sister and myself have been deeply injured, past mercy and past forgiveness, and I do not deny a scheme of revenge. But I would not have killed my enemy. Death defeats revenge. I would have had him live. I would have let him know what it was to have people look askance at him, to feel the thousand little slights that can be put on the misdoer; to be set forever beyond the pale of society. That, gentlemen of the jury, is the revenge that kills the soul and saps what little joy there may be in life.

"But of blood guiltiness I can only protest my innocence and ask you, gentlemen of the jury, to weigh my story carefully and impartially and apply to it your conscientious and deliberate judgment. All I ask is for you to consider my irreproachable past, my unquestioned integrity, except for that single hour for which I now have to account.

"The history of that one hour has a wealth of fact and circumstance. Every fact and every circumstance was created by one woman, and I was made the victim of these circumstances created by her. I merely brought into sway the facts started by her — facts for which she alone was responsible. And being merely a dupe, a tool, I cannot explain these facts—I can merely give my interpretation, since they can never be explained, refuted or contradicted, for she, their creator, is dead.

"Before God I swear that I was simply an unlucky devil whose only crime was that of being out late at night. It came about in this wise. Since the opening of this last semester it has been the custom of three of my fellow students to drop into my room each evening for a relaxing game of cards. This evening nine o'clock came, but none of my chums. It grew to be ten, eleven, half past, and still not one of them appeared. Then, arriving at the conclusion that they must have received information of an unexpected clinic, but had neglected to notify me, and also feeling the need of a breath of the night air, I quit study and started for the hospital.

"The streets were almost empty of foot passengers, and I strode along enjoying the freshness and the quiet of the night. While I was loitering at the corner of Cottage Grove and Twenty-sixth street, to finish my cigar, a south-bound car stopped to let a single passenger descend—a woman, conspicuous in evening dress and seemingly very much alarmed at being out alone at this unconventional hour. Her actions were all calculated, I know now, to call attention to herself.

"She came across to where I stood and looked anxiously down the street for a cross-town car. Ordinary civility compelled me to inform her that the owl car had but just passed, and that it would be an hour before another was due.

"She turned on me a glance of startled recognition, then hastily averted her face, and, murmuring her thanks, started toward Prairie avenue. She walked to where the red walls of that great maelstrom of misery offers shelter to suffering mankind in the name of mercy, then, strange antithesis! right where the white lights of the Sisters' hospital fell full upon her, she stopped, wavered a moment in obvious indecision, then came swiftly back to where I still stood watching after her, still forking over the old mass of memory and seeking for her a name. I had certainly seen her somewhere, sometime, and hers was not a face or form to be easily forgotten. Events would have ended differently had memory not played me this trick. It struck me that her pertubation was a trifle overdone, when she came up to me, and, with ladylike simplicity, explained that her husband, a physician, had been summoned to a patient just as they were leaving for an evening at the theater. On his promising to meet her there, she had ventured to go alone, but when the performance was ended and he had failed to appear she concluded that he was still detained with his patient, and had started for home alone.

"The missing of the midnight car had thrown her into a panic, she declared with charming naivette, and would I be so kind as to escort her to her house which was several blocks away. Most certainly I would—common gallantry required it of me. And who among you, gentlemen, would not have done just what I did, as unsuspicious as myself of any ulterior design?

"God of vengeance! Is it possible for two persons to walk the streets of this city at midnight, unseen, unrecognized by anyone? Is there no one witnessed this woman accost me? or who saw us together enter her door?

"I confess to not remembering of meeting or seeing a soul, but I was under a siren spell—as in a trance I walked. Gentlemen of the jury, I can never make you feel that woman's irresistible, devilish, fascinating personality. I now understand why, after a lifetime of irreproachable respectability, my brother-in-law fell for her, though at the time I attributed her baneful witchery to my youth and inexperience with women.

"In a dozen ways the woman betrayed the fact that she knew me, while I was still hopelessly at a loss to reestablish her identity; and when I caught her eyes fixed on me with a queer, malicious gleam I concluded, fool-wise, that she was merely making sport of my short memory, and would reveal herself ere we reached her door.

"But when we arrived at the number she had named, with a nervous little laugh, whose meaning I have since reinterpreted, she directed my attention to a light in a room she called the library, and explained that her husband, probably finding that he must miss meeting her down-town, had evidently returned directly to their home; and she insisted in her irresistible way that I, being somewhat of a medical man myself, must come in and meet him. And her anxious insistence that I come in, regardless of the hour, impressed me that there was something of which she was fearful. Perhaps she wished the witness of my youth in explaining her escort to a jealous husband—I had known such men—and not being able to fix on any plausible alternative reason, decided that she was only another husband-fearing wife. Here again, to my sorrow and ruin, gallantry required me to comply.

"She let us into the house with her own latchkey, and left me in the drawing room while she went in search of her husband, whom, she surmised, she would find busy preparing a chafing-dish supper.

"I thought it peculiar that she should shut the door after her into the hall, and when through the stillness I could hear the silken swishing of her draperies in some remote room as she moved about in seeming hurried preparation, but no sound to suggest that there was anyone with her — not a foot-fall nor a whisper, I began to think it more than odd. Finally a door was opened and instantly slammed to with a sharp thud, and I heard her utter a frightened, stifled shriek, scarce more than a gasp, but it brought to my mind a sense of something more than unusually wrong—a premonition that grew on me when on the back of this there ensued a silence that seemed without end.

"For a while I sat in embarrassment, mystification and wonder; waiting, expecting I hardly knew what, hoping that yet the Lorelei of the bronze hair and violet eyes would reappear — or even a rumpus with an irate husband would have been welcomed. But there was only the awful, utter silence, such as one feels when entirely alone in a house.

"A half-hour must have elapsed, and

I resolved that courtesy did not require my lingering there any longer; and if there was a tragedy of a domestic nature being enacted, perhaps it would be just as well for me to absent myself. So, scribbling an apology on my card, I laid it on the table and atttempted to leave the room.

"Gentlemen, you can never imagine my consternation at finding that the door opening into the hall was locked!

"For a moment I stood absorbed in trying to disentangle the puzzle of this adventure that had been thrust upon me. I could not doubt now that the woman had recognized me and brought me there on that account, but for what purpose I could not even surmise. Through my head a score of conjectures chased each other into blind alleys. That it was no ordinary practical joke I felt convinced, recalling the woman's earnestness of manner; and I was inclined to smash a window and shriek for help, but, gentlemen, the bane of being country-born alone restrained me—the fear was on me that I had been foolishly trapped and would be laughed at in the newspapers for a greenhorn.

"I had the muscle to protect myself from any physical injury, I reflected, while through my nerves tingled that subtle thrill that waits on those whose souls delight in strange happenings—and rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, I determined to see this adventure to its end.

"The only other exit from the drawing room, except into the hall, was a door that I knew must communicate with the room she had designated as the library; so, cautiously crossing the floor, I suddenly threw open the door to avoid surprise, but on the threshold I stood still, frozen cold.

"'O God!' I cried. 'O God!' I felt that I could leap out of myself with horror — with horror of what I saw. Gentlemen, no language ever prepared words to express such terror, such agony as mine.

"For one staggering, soul-freezing instant I stood staring at my perfidious brother-in-law, who sat huddled in a chair immediately facing me. His head lolled horribly to one side, and his arms hung down with a peculiar heaviness that instantly suggested death, while his clothing had been drenched with a deluge of blood that still drummed in drops on the floor. A reading light hung directly over his head and an evening paper lay, weighted with the red flood, across his lap. Everything indicated that he had been taken unawares, and his throat slashed by somebody from behind; from my slight knowledge of coagulum I realized that he must have been dead for several hours. All this I saw with a dreadful clearness and keenness of vision that of itself was torture.

"Then, like a flash, the whole hideous plot was revealed to me — that woman, and that woman alone, was guilty of this monstrous crime!

"Returning memory told me this was the woman who had stolen my sister's husband and now had taken his life, and I realized that the reason why I had not recognized that Jezebel was because she had dyed her blond hair a color that completely disguised her to me. I had known her but slightly, having never seen her, all told, more than a half-dozen times, and then before the scandal, when my interest in her was slight.

"To understand the profound roots of this tragedy, it seems necessary to go somewhat into the past of this woman. From the time she came to live in our little Wisconsin village her domestic relations had been town talk. She had married for money where she did not love. That she did not even respect her husband was day gossip, and when she found the one she did love, she threw herself at him in a way that loosened the tongues of a little Babel. He, the husband of my sister, had been a physician in good standing until then, but for this woman he gave up the struggle for conventionality and honor, gave up kindred, associates and home and wrecked the structure he had been building since childhood. There had followed some scandal, a quick disappearance, a fortnight's aftermath in the buzz of the village, two broken families who must readjust themselves to facts, and all was over.

"But it is the nature of man to repent and the disposition of woman to be avenged. 'Whoso breaketh an hedge a serpent shall bite him,' wrote the wisest man. However, society leaves a gap in the hedge for the man to return, while closing it infrangibly against the woman. Hence, when the man had begun to feel the keenness of the sting of the serpent, to lose his relish for the devil's feast spread beyond the hedge, to feel the shame and the ostracism — companions that would go always with them twain step by step down the long vista of the future—he had commenced his preparations to play the coward and abandon the woman who had abandoned all for him.

"This much we know and have the evidence. We can only surmise her natural revolt against desertion and the prospect of suffering alone the consequences of her error. She had witnessed the fate of such women when the world has repudiated them. She had seen the poor, tattered, wretched, tearful, hopeless creatures drifting lower and lower, while the man resumed the garment and companionships of morality. Oh, the pathos of it! Oh, the helplessness of the woman! Gentlemen, this sex discrimination justified the crime! For it is clear to my mind that when the moment came this woman was prepared with an audacious plan of revenge, a most deliberate, diabolical revenge, planned with all the ingenuity and finesse of which only an arch demon could be capable, and which she carried out without a single hitch until she endeavored to throttle me in her scheme of vengeance. Obviously, in pursuance of plans carefully laid and pondered, she slashed his throat as he sat reading, then she calmly proceeded with her line of defense.

"You have heard the witnesses testify how she left a ticket for this man she called her husband at the office of the theater, how she sat conspicuous in a box throughout the entertainment, and how, on leaving the theater she again attracted attention to herself by stopping at the office and expressing her surprise that this husband had not called for her.

"Thus she prepared her alibi. What her intentions were for subsequent proceedings we can only surmise from the ransacked condition of the house and the silver and jewelry she had thrown into a bag and dropped near a rear window she had purposely left open to direct suspicion to an imaginary burglar.

"But whatever were her plans, they manifestly underwent a complete change when what seems little short of fate led to that midnight meeting with me and a recognition that has been to my undoing.

"If this woman had, by some special endowment, been privileged to create her own opportunities for the execution of her design, she could not have timed things better, nor found a more suitable tool to hand, for she instantly saw in me the one factor with whom she could best direct suspicion from herself, and also she saw one more chance to injure my sister, whom she hated for no other reason than that she had already deeply injured her.

"I, gentlemen, was the weapon to give the finishing stroke to her revenge.

"All this flashed on me, and also how at that very moment she might be fixing the rope around my neck. And as my brain cleared the more I became terrified at the possible results of being disovered there, for of course my presence in that house admitted of no innocent explanation, least of all the true one, should that arch-demon choose to dispute it.

"Gentlemen, I was but a miserable, frightened boy. I was frenzied. My one coherent conception was the necessity of getting away from there undetected. I peered cautiously out of a window overlooking the street to discover a policeman idly swinging his club under the arc light at the corner.

"Frantic with fear, I then thought to escape through a room that opened darkly to the rear, only in my wild rush to stumble over a body lying there on the floor and dabble myself with the blood that was pooling in a widening circle around it. An awful gasping, gurgling sob, as of mortal pain, told me that the person was not dead, and the realization that it was a woman, together with my professional instinct, prompted me to forget personal safety for the moment.

"Gentlemen, it was not the act of a criminal to switch on all the lights as I did, and, indifferent to the crushing coil of circumstances that were every moment tightening about me, to sacrifice precious time, if not my life, to minister to that dying woman, whom, to my astonishment, I discovered to be the one who had brought me thither.

"Beside her lay a sharp, slender game knife, with which she had probably first slaughtered my recreant brother-in-law, and then, not more than a few minutes since, had cut her own throat—and I, of all unfortunate persons! was in at the last desperate rush of their souls to the seat of judgment.

"I was not slow in placing an interpretation upon the facts as they appeared; but why she should have added suicide to her crime of murder I could not then understand — not until the watchman testified that he had been attracted to the house by the discovery of the open window, and when she attempted to slip away by a rear door, he, thinking her a possible burglar, had covered her with his gun with the warning, 'In the name of the law.' Believing herself about to be arrested, she had sprung back, shut and barred the door, and, with the same utter abandon of heart as that with which she had robbed another woman of her husband, she now deliberately sacrificed me with herself.

"Yet, divining all this, I am not ashamed, gentlemen, that, in a crisis which amply justified all the horror and repugnance which a mortal can feel at the prospect of becoming a vicarious sacifice, I stopped to succor this dying woman.

"With my penknife I slit away the blood-soaked gown, bared the breast and injected, subcutaneously, the contents of my hypodermic syringe, which was already charged with a solution of glonin. Then I proceeded to stanch the flow of blood and close the wound.

"It was a terrible task, but I was toiling to conjure the secret of her villainous plot from the woman's fast-failing intelligence. The heart responded bravely to the powerful stimulant and in a few minutes she opened her eyes. Did I only seem to perceive a flicker of understanding, a gleam of demoniac triumph upon the siren features? Ah, whether she could not or would not speak, I do not know. At least she made no effort, no response to my frantic pleadings.

"All this while I was doing my utmost to resuscitate her, I saw in vivid panorama myself arrested for her sin; I witnessed this trial; I heard the hum of the court room, the decision of the jury, the sentence of the judge, and looming behind it all I saw the gallows; and, gentlemen, when at length she breathed her wicked last, those minutes of deadly dread had unstrung my nerves, and throwing caution and reason to the wind, I rushed from that room, out into the street and into the arms of the policeman whom the watchman had summoned to assist investigate the mysterious doings he had observed about the place.

"Gentlemen of the jury, this is my explanation of the incoherent, incredible statement I am charged with making when the police wrung from me, half swooning as I was, the admission that I was cognizant of the double crime within that house, and it ought to account for those minutes of frenzied panic which followed.

"This, gentlemen of the jury, is the plain statement of my movements from the hour of midnight, December twelve, when, through the most malignant stroke of fortune, I met this woman on the corner of Cottage Grove and Twenty-sixth street, and one o'clock of the following morning, when I was arrested for the murder of this woman and my erring kinsman.

"Gentlemen, I am innocent of any crime, so I have no defense. As I was the only witness, there is no one I can call to my rescue. I cannot fabricate an alibi, because I was there. I can merely assign motives for this double crime, since the only person who could have explained the plot chose cruelly the silence of death. I have stated my hypothesis—there is nothing more I can say.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I rest my life with you."

The jury withdrew to the room consecrated to their service, where they stood about in groups discussing the different suppositions, but coming to no decision.

"It is as natural as breathing for a man to lie to save his life," opined the foreman with ominous conviction. And in response to the wave of excited comment that this generalization evoked he continued: "Yes, in all the years that I have served on juries, I have never seen falsehood so well probated and served out with such infallible consistency; but Frank was always good at spinning a yarn — and this was one of the times when murder is no crime — 'twas the lad's only redress."

"Then you have previously known the prisoner?" queried one of the intensely interested eleven.

"From a baby," acknowledged the foreman.

"And your opinion is?"

"Guilty as hell! But having known all concerned, and the boy's provocation, my ballot shall be 'not guilty.' "

"Not guilty" was the verdict returned by the twelve good men and true.

A PORTRAIT OF A MAN ☙ By Walt Whitman

I KNOW a man, a common farmer — the father of five sons;
And in them were the fathers of sons — and in them were the fathers of sons.
This man was of wonderful vigor, calmness, beauty of person;
The shape of his head, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard, and the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes — the richness and breadth of his manners,
These I used to go and visit him to see — he was wise also;
He was six feet tall, he was over eighty years old — his sons were massive, clean, bearded, tan-faced, handsome;
They and his daughters loved him — all who saw him loved him;
They did not love him by allowance — they loved him with personal love;
He drank water only—the blood showed like scarlet through the clear-brown skin of his face;
He was a frequent gunner and fisher — he sailed his boat himself — he had a fine one presented him by a ship-joiner — he had fowling-pieces, presented to him by men that loved him;
When he went with his five sons and many grandsons to hunt or fish, you would pick him out as the most beautiful and vigorous of the gang.

A UNIVERSITY THAT MEANS BUSINESS

By Stephen J. Colvin

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

DOCTOR EDMUND J. JAMES, who was called to the presidency of the University of Illinois in the Fall of 1904, and who was formally installed into his office the week beginning October 15 of the year just closed, has long been prominent as an educator in economics and political and social science. Illinois is his native state. He was educated at Northwestern and at Harvard University, and later at the university at Halle in Germany. In 1883 he was called to the University of Pennsylvania to be professor of public finance and administration. He remained at this institution for thirteen years, during which time he administered the graduate school of the institution and was also the organizer and director of the Wharton School of Finance and Science. He was the first to establish a college course in the field of commerce and industry.

President James has always advocated the higher training of business men, and to his conviction, fearless championship and wise management is due in a large measure the success of this famous school. In 1892 he was sent by the American Bankers' Association to Europe to report on the education of business men abroad. The report which he made on this subject at once became a standard in England and the United States. In 1896 he was called to the University of Chicago as professor of public administration and director of the department of university extension. In 1902 he was elected president of Northwestern University. There he remained until his election as president of the University of Illinois.

He comes to the University of Illinois as its fourth president, the first head of the institution being Dr. John M. Gregory, who was inaugurated in March, 1868. At that time the university comprised in its faculty three members, and had a student body of seventy-seven. Its material equipment consisted of one brick building. Today it has a faculty of over four hundred members and a student body of more than four thousand. It ranks fifth in size of the universities of this country; it comprises six distinct colleges and an equal number of schools. Its growth during the last decade has been greater and more uniform than that of any other state university in the middle West. Since 1894 it has increased five-fold in number.

President James has large plans for the future of the institution. He believes that the state university is destined to become a great group of professional schools preparing its students for the various occupations of life for which an extended scientific training based on adequate, liberal, preparatory training is necessary or desirable. It will abolish the old-fashioned American college as one of its departments, relegating a part of its work to the high schools and absorbing another part of this work in the university proper. It will cut off the freshman and sophomore years, letting the high school and college take them, while it will consolidate the junior and senior years with the graduate school into a general faculty of arts and science.

It will express, not merely the old-fashioned learned professions — law and medicine; it will prepare for engineering and architecture; it will be a professional school to prepare men and women for teaching in secondary and high schools; it will prepare for the many callings in applied science and will include the great field of scientific farming

PRESIDENT EDMUND J. JAMES, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS and business commerce in all its diversified forms. Its keynote will be the scientific training for a special calling, based on adequate, liberal preparation. By its requirement for adequate preliminary preparation of a general character it will be distinguished from the technical or trade school of secondary grade; by its scientific training it will be distinguished from the ordinary cram-shop now known as the professional school.

In a word, the state university which most fully performs its function for the American people will stand for training for vocation,—not training for leisure nor training for scholarship except as scholarship is a necessary incidental to all proper training for vocation or may be a vocation in itself.

The state university will thus supplement the great system of colleges and universities which has been built up by private beneficence and church activity. It will not undertake to displace or injure the private institution. Its attitude will be one of cooperation and not of exclusion.

The various religious denominations will doubtless establish local colleges in close proximity to the state university; in these ample provision will be made for instruction in religious subjects and maybe in other subjects as well for which the state university may not make adequate provision. Thus will be found in one center the freedom of the state university and the religious earnestness of the denominational college, and so one of the greatest problems of higher education will find its solution.

The state university will be essentially a democratic institution. It will also stand, in season and out of season, for the fullest opportunity in the field of higher education for women. It is destined to be a great civil-service academy preparing for the civil service of the nation, state, county and town as clearly, as definitely as West Point and Annapolis for the military and naval service. The state university, in a certain sense, will be the scientific arm of the state. For the solution of many economic and industrial problems, laboratories well equipped and under the direction of trained investigators are necessary. All this work should go to the state university. The state university will bear most important relations to the educational system of the state. Its faculties should be organized so as to bring to bear their whole expert force upon the educational problems of the state.

Finally, the state university represents the corporate longing of the people for higher things in the field of education. Its creation marked a new era in the life of the American people. Just as it rose to higher levels when it accepted the free public high school, so it advanced to a new and higher outlook when it recognized in its corporate capacity its responsibility for the higher influence of the spirit embodied in the state university.

The above statements, taken from President James' inaugural address, indicate in part at least what he hopes the University of Illinois will become. He recognizes the great work before him, and brings to it enthusiasm, courage, tact, tireless energy and consistent devotion, which promise much for the institution at whose head he stands. [The motto of the University of Illinois is "Learning and Labor" and is done in English (according to Dr. Poultney Bigelow the only American university motto which employs the language of the country) and was intended originally to indicate that the work of the brain and hand should go together. In accordance with this idea the University of Illinois established in 1870 the first mechanical shops connected with a university or with any institute of higher learning in the world, and has since emphasized this feature of its work in its Engineering College which now numbers 1000 students, and also in its Agricultural College, which is a very important phase of university work.]

A LIFE WORTH THE LIVING

By Kate Sanborn

Author of "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," "Favorite Lectures," etc.

METCALF, MASSACHUSETTS

THERE are books and books; biographies and biographies; autobiographies readable and soon forgotten and another sort that have a lasting influence for good; a help and an inspiration to everyone. I have of late been greatly impressed by this last sort of a life-story. It starts wholesome, valuable lines of thought; perpetuates and carries on the grand work of a noble character.

If I were asked "What solid book of the past year do you advise me to give to a young man either just ready for college, or in college work, or graduated and looking about while deciding his future; or to send to a busy man who needs to be lifted out of business ruts and well-worn thought grooves as he sits by the library fire at night; or to purchase for a reading club or a circulating library"? I should say at once, "Get the 'Autobiography of Andrew Dickson White.'" And why? Because in these two volumes the truthful account is given of the long and distinguished career of a quiet scholar called to figure in public life as an educator, a diplomat, statesman, publicist, professor, president in large universities, state senator, special commissioner to Santo Domingo under President Grant, commissioner to the Paris Exposition, United States minister to Germany and to Russia, member of the Venezuelan commission and ambassador to Germany and always the brave and brilliant advocate of free thought and free speech.

As a publicist, he has received honorary degrees from the best colleges in our own and other countries; the list of his writings fills seven pages at the end of his book, and his graphic, analytic, illuminating pen pictures of the famous men of the time, and the sovereigns whom he met on familiar terms, are by some critics regarded as perhaps the most important of all. The capital anecdotes he gives are so new and refreshing that a charming article could be made from those alone. His book he thinks of most importance, "The Warfare of Science with Theology," had the honor of a preface by John Tyndall.

When I offer White's straightforward, unaffected talk about his life as the most suggestive and stimulating to me, I do not forget similar works that have come to us from Hoar and Boutwell, Villard, E. E. Hale, Moncure Conway, Trowbridge, Jefferson and Higginson, in this country, and the dozens that have appeared abroad. Among them all, no one seems to have had such continued calls to follow the dream and the gleam of his childhood; partly inheritance from a long ancestry of sturdy thinkers and upright livers, with a deep reverence for church and school and a desire to know the heads of each. These early influences and their evident results show clearly that when a stone is fit for the wall it is found and used. Also, that if we all thought a little more about our talents and what we could do with them there would be fewer unimportant lives "rushing reputably to unknown graves." A little boy I know stood by his mother's knee and asked seriously, with a puzzled look in his wonderful dark eyes:

"Mother, what means my little life?"

White, even as a lad, studied for a future, possibly without realizing how thoroughly the foundations had been laid by his ancestors. For he was born

DR. ANDREW DICKSON WHITE, AT OXFORD, 1902

educated and was a free thinker, yet reverent to all things worthy of reverence. Many of us who are proud of our forbears and have accomplished little ought to feel, as Charles Lamb aptly put it, like a potato—"all that was worth anything under ground!" And through all difficulties, discouragements and assaults our modest, all-around hero has been an optimist, saying:

"I have sought to fight the good fight. I have sought to keep the faith; faith in a Power in the universe good enough to make truth-telling effective; faith in the rise of man rather than the fall of man; faith in the gradual evolution and and ultimate prevalence of right reason among men."

The paradox of Predestination and Free Will is less a puzzle when observing such a continually upward progress; the boy, the college student, the graduate traveling in foreign lands could easily have fallen from grace and blurred the family record; he could have returned a traveled nobody. Many with the same advantages have turned out merely cumberers, or, (so coolly indifferent are they to the world's needs) cucumberers of the ground.

A model autobiography must be truthful, and the capital I does not mean egotism. Rev. Dr. Munger says that a habit of truthfulness pervades Mr. White's pages like an atmosphere. "One closes those open-paged volumes feeling that one has stayed a while in a world where no part is dark—the whole full of light."

Unlike some men of great brain power, White is always quiet and never oppressive; there is no trace of conceit, but a lot of genuine humor.

Some reviewer says: "White does not pose as a philosopher, but as a teacher of history; yet shows and led the way by which a university can show the harmony of science and theology."

What a great educator he has been! The founding and carrying along of Cornell is the most important of all his work; he had planned for this as a child almost, and Erza Cornell, with his surplus of half a million, aided to perfect the idea. He states that he was called away from nearly every work he began; yet he never refused to obey orders, wherever they might lead, and all the while was studying history, his ruling passion, and human nature.

What good and varied society he has known! He was acquainted with three emperors of Germany and with Bismarck; was in contact with nearly all the men who have made recent continental history; admires the Emperor William and considers the present czar as very indifferent to and ignorant of the distress of the poor of his country. Long before the recent conflict between Russia and Japan, White prophesied the humiliation if not the downfall of so weak and foolish a sovereign governed by those near him. "The punishment to be meted out to him and his house is sure."

I wish young men would note that he studied French and German in private families in France and Germany, as foreign languages should always be studied, if one expects any fluency of speech when conversing. And, test of tests, he was able to make a speech in French with Victor Hugo as a listener, and to chat with Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck. How precious the sketches of Bismarck, Tolstoi and the mysterious Russian procurator, with a dual mind of strong contrasts and jaw-dislocating name; the tyrannic, conservative Pobiedonostseff, whom White discovered to be a scholarly, kindly man. His name is spoken with abhorrence by millions within the empire of Russia and without it, and yet the first book he ever translated into Russia was Thomas a Kempis's "Imitation of Christ:" and Emerson's "Essays" are his favorite reading.

I will not repeat the splendid anecdotes of famous men and women, because I want you to get the volumes and pick out the plums for yourself. Greeley appears often, always in a most funny role.

A friend of Dr. White says he missed the point of one of the best and gives it in this way:

> A brother Universalist having called to remonstrate with Horace Greeley on the omission of the Tribune to controvert those orthodox Christians who were filling the religious press of New York with revivalist sermons, denouncing damnation to all but the elect, found the great editor busy writing. He kept on writing while his caller said: "Mr. Greeley! do you mean to let these awful doctrines go unchallenged in your newspaper? that all but a few of the people of this great country are going to hell,—is that your idea of duty?" Finally Greeley's patience was exhausted; he lifted up his voice and spoke: "Not half enough people go to hell now; go there yourself!"

For a final thought White said as an educator:

"The first and best thing to do is to set people at thinking."

BEN FRANKLIN AND TOM PAINE

QUAINT AND ORIGINAL COMMENT UPON TWO OF THE GREAT HEROES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD IN AMERICA, WHOSE BIRTH ANNIVERSARIES FALL IN THIS MONTH, BEN FRANKLIN'S JUST 200 YEARS AGO

By John McGovern

Author of "The Golden Censer," "The Fireside University," "Poems," "Plays," etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

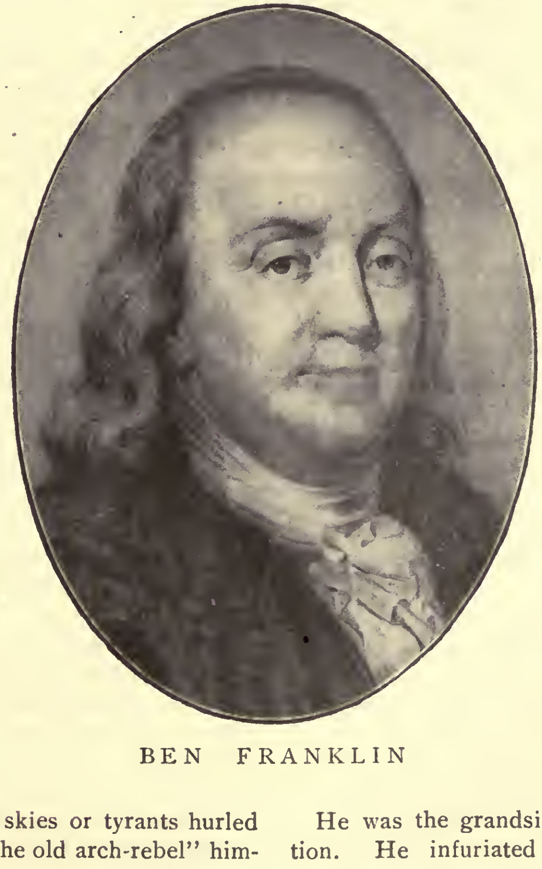
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, OUR ONE "WORLD'S MAN," THE AMERICAN CONFUCIUS

THE seventeenth of January, each year, beholds in at least fifty of the cities of the United States what is probably the chief social festival, celebrating the anniversary of Ben Franklin's birth at Boston, Massachusetts. Dissociated from "partisan" feeling, republican-democrats, democrat-republicans, and less fashionable patriots meet in rivalry to do Franklin honor. Stepping forth into the only unmummified question of the last forty years — that is, the Labor question,— it has come about that while the employers and the workingmen no longer feel inclined to chase the happy hours in one pack, each side declares itself to be equally envious of the opportunity to solemnize the day of Franklin's splendid birth; and therefore the Typographers (higher wages, shorter hours) meet each year in one festal hall, and the Typothetæ (lower wages, longer hours) meet in some other bower of green and bloom, wherein (that is, in the right and left bower)— both companies have previously spent more money for smilax, roses and carnations than Poor Richard would have put out in a thousand years.

There are nineteen Franklins in the state of Ohio; there must be a Franklin avenue, street, court, terrace and prospect in every large American city, and there are many such streets abroad; there are Franklin squares wherever the green grass defies the dark breathings of the Industrial Age; in my own city Joseph Medill supplied Lincoln Park with a costly Franklin statue, thus bringing slow-going Chicago into line with foreign cities. Franklin schools, libraries, banks, bank-notes, hotels, companies, fountains, portraits, stoves, batteries, presses—all these and many more curves of human affection, testify that, after all, Ben Franklin was a second Confucius. As our hearts stir in admiration of such a human being and his noble influence on the morals and the affairs of humanity, we find no other character than Confucius with which to compare him and are inclined to prophesy that as the American legend proceeds and electrical development reveals nature more clearly and as more indulgent to man, Franklin will be worshipped, or, at least, will be held in the veneration that the Chinese have accorded to their chief teacher.

The other day an imperial edict at Peking abolished the literary examinations of 2,000 years' standing. Who knows but that curious old Ben Franklin, standing in the hallway, holding with almost impious but with trembling hand the dry end of the wet kite-string that ascended into the circuit of heaven's thunders — who knows but that very act abrogated the ancient customs and learning of what for 2,200 years had been the most successful human government in the world?

Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis. ("He wrested the lightning from heaven, and scepters from tyrants.") The same experiment killed the next scientist who tried it — Professor Richman at St. Petersburg, Russia. Had either skies or tyrants hurled a fatal bolt at "the old arch-rebel" himself, how vastly different might have been the chronicles of the last 150 years.



BEN FRANKLIN

Greece gave us the *story* of Prometheus, but America furnished the *man*.

Economy is not now a virtue so excellent as it was when pioneers were rebelling against tyranny, yet as man is instinctively a property-animal, living often into years of decrepitude, there will never come a time, probably, when the lessons of frugality impressed on the American people by Franklin will not serve the cause of order more efficiently than any other source of instruction. He practised what he preached. All other men save Confucius and Franklin, possessing their charm and wisdom, have revealed themselves to their disciples as prophets or kings.

He was the grandsire of the Revolution. He infuriated the Penns (the trust) and angered the king. He took the seemingly impossible cause of

American Independence to Paris and borrowed money on it—borowed the last sou of an expiring but generous monarchy. He told the story of his earlier life in the style of Gil Blas, but beyond his incorrigible punning Franklin ceased being Gil Blas long before he reached middle age. He fitted literature to the ax, the saw, the splint, the well-sweep, the log house. He was one of the very few moral law givers of the ages, and succeeded among a people who daily held the Bible in their hands. Many of his sayings are supposed to be Bible doctrine by the undevout. In oak and hickory openings, among smoking log piles, cnarcoal kilns, along worm fences, resounded the maxims he was so sedulous in teaching—"Plough deep while sluggards sleep" ; "There never was a good war or a bad peace"; "Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

He stopped the powerful draught at the big chimneys by inventing "the Pennsylvania fireplace" (stove). He proved (in a humorous way, of course) that nitrates and phosphates were fertilizers—for the higher grass read, in the green field, "This has been plastered."

They needed another director for the college Franklin had instituted, but they didn't want a Moravian (religionist.) "On this," purrs Franklin, "I was mentioned as being merely an honest man, and of no sect at all."

He proved that the people like a man who takes an interest in their affairs with a collateral view of not making himself any the poorer; that a man is disliked who attends strictly to his own business; while that man is pitied and finally denounced who impoverishes himself in behalf of the public.

In reading the "Autobiography," one must ever recall Franklin's besetting sin of having fun with himself. Dr. Bond wanted to found his hospital. "At length he came to me, with the compliment that he found there was no such thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concerned in it. 'For,' says he, 'I am often asked by those to whom I propose subscribing, "Have you consulted Franklin upon this business. And what does *he* think of it?" 'And when I tell them I have not, (supposing it rather out of your line) they do not subscribe, but say they will consider it.' " Thereupon Franklin took hold.

Here the uninitiated might opine that it were George Francis Train writing.

Again: "Thus, without studying in any college, I came to partake of their honors."

When it came to "eripping" the lightnings from heaven, Franklin waited a long time for a "projected" church spire to be built. It is a wonder he did not, in true Franklinian method, go around with subscription paper, to get the temple in order to use the steeple.

When Franklin was abroad, hobnobbing with the great men of Europe, who liked him as well as did the wood-choppers, we may be sure the Franklin job office and newspaper at Philadelphia gave him all the space he called for, while Bradford and the Penns, in their turn, faithfully called attention to the small value attaching to such glory. Of course, Franklin did not read his own puffs, but read the diatribes of his enemies with small comfort and great zeal. Therefore, imagine his surprise when on his return to Philadelphia he found himself the greatest man in Pennsylvania, with a grant of $15,000 awaiting him.

Old Mr. Smooth wormed Lord Hillsborough out of the Colonial Office at London. Thereupon he went to call upon Lord Hillsborough to tell how sorry he was. The noble earl requested his caller to cease those tributes of affection. "I have never since," says Franklin, "been nigh him, and we have only abused one another at a distance."

At sixty-eight years Dr. Franklin had

attained that venerable and peaceful appearance in which an equally complacent world, from China to Peru, in spirit now views him. The sorrows and dangers of his glorious life and the main work he was to do for Liberty were still before him. We see him trembling but silent before the fireplace in the Privy Council at London, clad in the spotted velvet suit. I believe mankind to this day resents what Wedderburn, typical lawyer, said before Franklin on that occasion: "Nothing will acquit Dr. Franklin of the charge of obtaining the letters by fraudulent or corrupt means, for the most malignant of purposes, unless he stole them from the person who stole them. Into what companies will he hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or the honest intrepidity of virtue? Men will watch him with a jealous eye; they will hide their papers from him and lock up their escritoires. He will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called a man of letters — *homo trium literarum.*" (In English, "A man of three letters"—*fur* being the Latin word for "thief," and having but three letters). "He not only took away the letters from one brother, but kept himself concealed till he nearly occasioned the murder of the other. It is impossible to read his account, the expression of the coolest and most deliberate malice, without horror. Amidst these tragical events — of one person nearly murdered, of another answerable for the issue, of a worthy governor (Hutchinson at Boston) hurt in his dearest interests, the fate of America in suspense — here is a man who, with the utmost insensibility of remorse, stands up and avows himself the author of all." "The bloody African is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American."

Dr. Franklin was thereupon discharged from office, all London inquired when he was to go to the Tower and Hutchinson at Boston avowed that it would be wise to prevent Franklin's return to America.

He went forth discredited and put away his spotted suit. Years afterward he appeared in that suit of clothes twice again — first to sign the treaty with France, next to sign the treaty with England that recognized the independence of the United States of America.

When the wonderful old magician began wheedling loans out of the French treasury, he never let go of a dollar that was foolishly paid without writing a long letter of regret announcing his early ruin; but congress, finding it hard to bankrupt him, soon became thoroughly hardened to his cries. He wrote: "A small increase of industry in every American, male and female, with a small diminution of luxury, would produce a sum far superior to all we can hope to beg or borrow from all our friends in Europe." He had lent his own fortune, he was giving his time; now he offered the people his counsel. Public wealth actually increased during the years General Washington was in his cheerless camps and Dr. Franklin was soliciting with all his earnestness — so true is it in society that some must suffer for the rest, or all will sink together.

At last America is free and Dr. Franklin leaves the faubourg of Passy — where radium was afterward discovered and fixed in a bromide. "It seemed," said Thomas Jefferson, "as if the village had lost its patriarch." But Philadelphia only received back its own, the bell of Liberty ringing. He came like a freeman, to die not on the tyrant's scaffold, to be buried under no common jail, to be pictured in no prison calendar. Beneath those white hairs lay a brain that for fifty years had not rested in the work of liberation. What other American had written, conversed, argued, pleaded, counseled so long, so unintermittingly, so successfully? He was that proud day. as he is this boastful day, the delight of mankind.

Humanity smiles upon his foibles as being almost universally its own. His life and thoughts are on record more closely than any other great man's excepting Rousseau. He was the man of the time; Rousseau was the man of the future. Both were remarkable for the elaboration with which they entered upon any considerable undertaking. Both scorned the adventitious use of dress. Both were capable of charming almost anybody they set out to merely please. Not only did the old hero labor for Liberty, Equality, Humanity and Science, but to the generality of people his imperturbable good humor, his exhaustless wit, his *savoir faire,* his prudent methods, his genial love of human nature, notwithstanding the artifices which he rarely failed to employ in dealing with average human nature, make him the prince of men. If we look closely into his weaknesses we shall observe that each one is merely the raveled end, not the beginning, of some noble thread in his character.

Our one World's Man had a mind so commanding that it is possible he could have lived alone all his life, unsalaried, unfavored and unflattered, and had he merely studied and written he would fill, on our bookshelves today, even a grander place than History, with an august sense of his statesmanship, morality and philosophy, has apportioned to his name.

THOMAS PAINE, THE AUTHOR OF "THE AGE OF REASON" AND THE HORACE GREELEY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

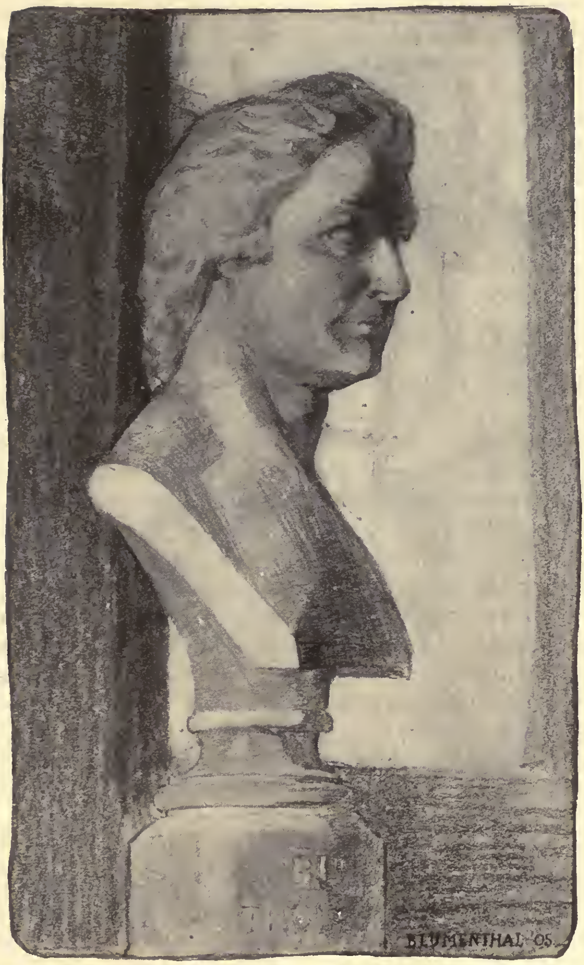
TOM PAINE was thirty-one years younger than Dr. Franklin, having been born January 29, 1837, and it was through Dr. Franklin's advice that the cogent young preacher and writer came to America and acted the part of the Camille Desmoulins of the American Revolution.

Had not this preacher turned deist and written "The Age of Reason," he would today wear the halo of one of our saints of liberty, for he was as efficient in his day as Greeley was from 1860 to 1865 in strengthening the cause of the American army and providing material aid for its support.

But everybody was religious in those days according to a printed code of faith. Everybody believed that God wrote the Bible, and then attached the codicil of the New Testament to it. Whoso did not believe was surely damned, and Tom Paine was no exception.

I should say that Volney, rather than the Encyclopedists or Tom Paine, was in at the real birth of the liberty of thought that we enjoy today. In the "Ruins of Empires" is outlined the precise Parliament of Religion that long-bearded Brother Bonney, to the astonishment of mankind, assembled at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. And as if they were reading out of Volney, day after day, each high priest — Confucian, Buddhist, Brahmin, Mohammedan, Shintoist, Shamanist, Hebrew, Christian—what not?—each set forth the reasons which led him to know that he alone knew all about the universe. I should except the Confucian, for the illustrious Pung Quang Yu expressly stipulated that the ethical systems of Confucius were not offered as a religion, and that the word "religion" does not exist in the Chinese language.

"The gift gains by the giver." The gift of liberty, or the gift of magnificent



MORSE'S BUST OF THOMAS PAINE

Placed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, September 11, 1905

Sketched for the National Magazine by M. L. Blumenthal

"For the centennial of 1876 the Boston Index raised a fund to present to Philadelphia a bust of Thomas Paine, to be placed in Independence Hall. Sydney H. Morse, a free-thinker, was the sculptor, and among the contributers were Rev. Edward Everett Hale, now chaplain to the Senate, George W. Julian, then a congressman, and the Revs. O. B. Frothingham and Robert Collyer. But even these names would not save Paine's at that time. The bust was refused a niche "because Paine was an infidel," and since then the bust has been in the custody of Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, a lawyer of Philadelphia. She has finally persuaded the city to accept the bust, and it was placed, with simple ceremonies, in the historic building, in company with the figures of other noted men of Revolutionary days."

— *From "The Truth Seeker."*

services in the cause of liberty, by Tom Paine, went for absolutely nothing as soon as "The Age of Reason" was read. The preachers and the Federalists set hard on his trail, and the preachers, at least, having probably never heard of Volney, pursued Tom Paine into retirement and haunted the plague-stricken man to his dying hour, listening with Christian resignation to the cries of torture that issued continually from his sick chamber, and misrepresenting those utterances with as much holy prevarication as does the nun in "The Two Orphans."

In these latter days of successful Hamiltonian propaganda, with the cognate respectability of graft, it may cheer honest men, patriots and freemen to read out of Jefferson's (the 277th) letter to Tom Paine, dated after the complete downfall of Hamiltonism and triumph of Jefferson. "I am in hopes," says Jefferson to Paine, "you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living. That you may long live to continue your useful labors, and to reap their reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment." Thomas Jefferson loved both Dr. Franklin and Tom Paine, and was himself as well loved by people to the west of the Potomac as any man who has ever lived. He was a doctor of liberty and a good judge of men and gods.

In Colonel Ingersoll's works will be found nearly all that is known of the facts of Tom Paine's latter days and dying hours. Both Paine and Franklin had it hard at the end. Probably I should say Tom Paine drank a good deal, and possibly to relieve his pains. In those days almost any housewife and all preachers believed that it was far better to die than to drink. Maybe it was, but it seems to me the sick man is the best judge. Certainly it is far better and easier to die without taking a drink of "whiskey" such as is sold in prohibition states. The prohibitionist, after mixing his "whiskey" in the cellar, vending it to the stranger within his gates and viewing the swift destruction wrought on the stranger by his potion, most logically strengthens his previous conviction that strong drink is raging.

Tom Paine is one of the Revolutionary Fathers. In Paris he was moderate, and voted to save the king's life and give him honorable exile. After all, as Liberty is a million times more important than Religion, the time must come when what Tom Paine thought about King George, and not what he thought about Christianity, will be the main question. I should like to live in that age, because I do not enjoy invading or hurting other people's religious feelings.

But Justice is the highest ideal.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ❧ By George Birdseye

IT was his little namesake said:
"I'm glad George Washington is dead!"
"O, George," the mother cried in sorrow,
"How can a boy of mine speak so?"
"Because we have no school tomorrow,"
Said George; "perhaps you didn't know."

The MULATTO NEGRO

THE YELLOW PERIL OF THE NORTH

By Annie Riley Hale

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ILLUSTRATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHILE there have been sporadic periods of agitation in the press and in congress over the "yellow peril" on the Pacific slope, and the discussion of the negro peril of the South, like the brook, "goes on forever," few have seemed to realize that to the Caucasian dweller in the northern half of this country there is a deeper and graver racial menace than either of these two, in that it involves the most horrible possibilities of both.

President Eliot of Harvard University, in a speech before the Lincoln Dinner Club some months ago, declared: "Northern opinion and Southern opinion are identical with regard to shielding the two races from admixture one with the other. We frankly recognize that the feeling of northern whites against personal contact with the negro is even stronger than that of southern whites."

But let us see how far even this high authority is supported by the facts and figures in the case. Statutory law is significant as an index to public opinion, and over against President Eliot's pronunciamento we are forced to place the telling and insurmountable fact that but two, Maine and Delaware, of all the northeastern states, and but four, Oregon, Idaho, Nebraska and Indiana, of all the northwestern states, prohibit marriage between whites and blacks.

A glance at the latest census statistics may enlighten even while it astonishes those who have been accustomed to think and to charge that the admixture of white with negro blood is "the Southern crime." On page sixteen of Census Bulletin No. 8, tables are given showing the per cent. of mulattoes in total negro population for the various states and groups of states in 1890, 1870, 1860 and 1850. The figure which stands against New England in the computation for 1890 is 32.7 per cent.; against the North Atlantic division 23.2.; against the most northerly group in the South Atlantic division, including Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia and West Virginia, 19.2; while for the southerly group, comprising the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, it is only 11 per cent. Opposite the North Central division, embracing Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, stands 31 per cent. mulatto in the total negro population; whereas the South Central group, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas, shows only 14 per cent. of its large negro contingent with an infusion of white blood.

> **"The figures warrant the belief that between one-ninth and one-sixth of the negro population of continental United States have been regarded by four groups of enumerators as bearing evidence of an admixture of white blood. The figures also indicate that this admixture was found by the enumerators to be most prevalent in sections where the proportion of negoes to whites is smallest, and least prevalent where the proportion is largest."**—*Census Bulletin No. 8, p. 16.*

For instance, Maine, whose negro population in 1890 was one-fifth of one per cent. of the total, shows 57.4 of the negroes to be mulattoes; while South Carolina, for the same decade having 59.9 per cent. of all her people negroes, shows only 9.7 per cent. of them mulattoes. Massachusetts, with one per cent. of her popular strength negroes, exhibits 36.3 per cent. of these with a Caucasian strain; while Mississippi, with a negro population more than half—57.6—shows only 11.5 per cent. of them thus marked.

Allowing for all possible errors and inaccuracies in this mongrel enumeration, we cannot escape the plain, statistical fact, that as one passes from the great cotton-growing states between South Carolina and Texas toward the North, there is a marked increase of racial fusion. The presumption that this is due solely or chiefly to immigration from the South is precluded by noting the same ratio between the figures for the two sections in 1850-60, when the only immigrants of this color from the South were the runaway slaves. A comparison of northern and southern cities for the earlier periods tells the same story: the percentage of mulattoes among negroes in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1860 was 38.3; that of Savannah, Georgia, for the same period was 18.1. That of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1860 was 54.9 per cent., while that of Charleston, South Carolina, was 25.2 per cent. Chicago had 49.3, and Philadelphia 32.6 per cent. mulattoes as against 21.8 for Louisville, Kentucky, and 21.4 for Richmond, Virginia.

If we hold that the only sin in the commingling of these two is the sin of of illegality, perhaps the chief onus of miscegenation still rests upon the South; but if it be conceded that any such amalgamation is in itself a crime, the South stands approved as the champion of Anglo-Saxon purity, not only for exhibiting the smallest percentage of admixture in the midst of the greatest opportunity for it, but also for entering her protest uniformly against it on her statute books. In this view of it also, it seems a poor defence to say that the strong Caucasian instinct of the North is sufficient protection against miscegenation, and that it is useless to legislate against an evil which does not exist. Unless the census statistics greatly lie, the evil does exist and in much greater proportion than in the South.

II

The question naturally arises: If such large percentage of admixture stands against the North with few negroes, what might it not be with more? And more negroes is the proposition which confronts the North today; as an imminent and radical change in the South's industrial system may ultimately deliver into northern hands both the negro and his problem. Every breeze from the South blows tidings of this change. Mr. William Garrott Brown of Harvard University, in a recent tour of the southern states, observed it going forward through two movements of population — exodus and immigration: "There is," he wrote, "a steady and widespread movement of negroes from the countrysides into the towns, and out of the state into the North; and there is a moderate but fairly steady and apparently increasing inflow of whites. All over the South the complaint is heard that the negro as a laborer, particularly as a farm-hand, is deteriorating. It becomes harder and harder to bind him to the soil or to long terms of service in any line, and he is likely to leave when the farmer needs him most."

All over the South, too, as it happens coincident with this, there is a great industrial renaissance; a full awakening, for the first time in her history, to the complete realization of the hidden potentialties in her vast and comparatively untouched resources. This industrial giant has risen from the lethargy which two centuries of slavery imposed, and shaking off the transient effects of defeat and misrule, he will brook no obstacle and no delay in his high resolve to cause the South to blossom with new wealth and power. There is work to be done in this vast undertaking; the negro refuses to do it. Very well. Then he must make room for someone who will. At the convention of the "Southern Industrial Parliament," held in Washington last May, the chief subject for discussion was the immigration of farm labor. The burden of their cry was "the harvest is plenteous, the laborers are few. The negro as an industrial factor is a failure; he is not dependable; we must have something else."

The vital point in all this for the North is, that *the South is getting something else.* Italian labor is no longer an experiment in the South. Since the first colony at "Sunnyside Plantation" in Arkansas twelve years ago—at first a failure, afterward a signal success—these people have proven more industrious and more thrifty than the negroes. This is illustrated by the saying, "if an Italian earn a dollar and a quarter per day, he will live on the twenty-five cents and save the dollar; but if a negro earn a dollar and a quarter, he will spend a dollar and a half." At least one great railroad system of the South has begun to use Italians instead of negroes for track work; but the most deeply significant fact is their appearance in the sugar, rice and cotton fields.

Better still, the negro's industrial shortcomings are bringing to the front the native white rural and mountain population—"the South's great, unutilized industrial reserves." The whites are gaining in the shops and mills; they are to be found working side by side with the negroes in the tobacco factories, and they have a monopoly in the cotton mills, where the negroes are not found at all. The silk mills near Norfolk, Virginia, employ the native white girls exclusively. "In parts of Virginia and the Carolinas, whence the negroes are migrating northward so steadily," says an eye witness, "white men are doing more and more of the work that was formerly left to negroes. Large planters and land-owners in those quarters now make it a rule to have neither negro laborers nor negro tenants, aiming specially against sudden departures. Once free of their long dependence on the African, these people will hardly go back to it of their own accord."

Aiming at greater efficiency for this white labor is the movement recently inaugurated in Washington entitled "the Southern Industrial-Educational League," for the establishment of more and better training schools in the South for the poor white children. Mr. Brown deposes in this connection: "The white man whom the negro has to fear is no longer the man who would force him to work; it is the white man who would take his work away from him. The immediate danger to the negro is from rivalry rather than oppression."

III

With the industrial failure of his race in the lower grades of service, the educated and professional negroes of the South will be forced into new fields; for it is true of negroes as of whites, that those who do the head work must be suppported by those who work with the hands. What field so alluring to the educated and ambitious negro as the region whence the propaganda is so often heard that only ignorance and poverty separate him from the white man? That once he has educated and enriched himself, the negro should be admitted to full partnership with the Anglo-Saxon. It is not the purpose of this article to quarrel with this propaganda. Let those hold it who will. Only, from henceforth let those who preach it, practice it. We have reached the point where the exponents of this idea should either back it with their example, or back down from it altogether. The educated negro of the North will be satisfied with nothing short of full recognition, and those who are not yet ready to accede to all his demands, would do well to draw the line while there is time. We plead only for honest declaration and purpose. The writer above quoted concludes his remarks with: "The misery of all our debating about the negro is that we cannot honestly pretend to be glad that he is here or to desire that his seed shall increase. Yet surely we can afford the honesty of telling him the truth." This is the only plea that can fairly be made for the negro now. This he has a right to demand, and this is finally the only kindness we can show him at present.

Yet it is precisely this which very few people seem disposed to do. The political complications which envelop him at the North and his entanglement with the industrial system of the South, have hitherto prevented a free expression of opinion in regard to him. He has been deceived and misled by specious theories and glittering generalities until he might well be pardoned for praying: "Lord, save us from our friends; we may be able to take care of our enemies!"

In the autobiography of a northern negress published in the Independent, some months ago, occurs this sentence: "I can but believe that the prejudice that blights and hinders is quite as decided in the North as in the South, but does not manifest itself so openly and brutally." Probably her southern readers thought the northern colored sister's adverb "brutally" might be more justly rendered "frankly,"—but that is immaterial. The important thing is her testimony to the existence of the "blighting prejudice" in the section where she was born and reared, and where she claims her father was an officer in a white church for years and her mother was permitted to teach in a white Sunday school, and young white girls officiated at her own wedding. And still she was not satisfied!

The negro is what the French term "a difficult subject." He is so humble in his lowliness and so perked-up in his arrogance that one fluctuates between indulgent commiseration and an indignant desire to punch his head, in a hopeless effort to adjust one's mental plane to his attitude. His presence in any considerable numbers at the North will force public sentiment there to line up on the issue. Unlike the South, the North does not present a united front on this question; and this will increase her difficulties when her turn comes to wrestle with the "problem."

IV

Largely speaking, there are three classes of northerners in their attitude toward the negro. There is a small, select cult, who preach the doctrine of full political and social equality and boldly advocate miscegenation as the only Christian and rational solution of the situation. There is, of course, no "negro peril" for *this* class anywhere. There is another class, the antipodes of this one, in whom Caucasian exclusiveness is as strongly developed as in the proudest southerner, and who answer to President Eliot's description of being even more averse to personal contact with the negro. This class of northerners are not appeased by the colored man's educational veneering, nor by his acquisition of wealth and official honors, nor yet by his light complexion. They are less impressed by the meretricious show of negro progress than are many southerners, because with more discernment they have thought the thing out for themselves independently of their environment. They hold that the qualities of the blood go deeper than any mere surface-show of book learning or pious phraseology; that "reversion to type" is a scientific principle. They stand by the biological axiom that "the man-history is the race-history," and they know the proper place to study the latter is where the racial tendencies have free play, unrestrained by the presence of a dominant race. Therefore for the real negro characteristics these turn not to the cities of Europe and continental United States, where he is constantly copying and leaning upon the white man; but to the jungles of Africa and to the black republics which he has established for himself, where he may work his own sweet will without let or hindrance from others. And these northern students of the race problem along purely scientific lines find the racial traits therein revealed so little to their liking that they have no mind to take chances on them in their own families — not even for the "eighth remove." These will fight most strenuously the new negro peril at the North, and in so doing they will merit the sympathy of the civilized world, for they are fighting foes from within and without — and as usual the worst are those of their own household.

Between the two extremes of northern opinion on this question there is another and by far the most numerous class at the North, who wish well to the negro in a vague and general sort of way; who would like to "help" him at long range; who are full of beneficent platitudes anent the "man and brother", but whose regard for him rests partly on a misconception of his real nature and partly on a sense of security from him in any event. With the coming of "more negroes" this class will have an opportunity of applying to themselves the theories they have so long believed applicable at the South, with the possible result of a better understanding of their southern neighbors. It is a favorite argument with this class that the South's policy of making the negro subordinate, of drawing the color line as rigidly against the educated and virtuous as against the illiterate and depraved, is not calculated to foster the negro's self respect nor conducive to a very high racial development—allowing that he is capable of such development—and this is indisputably correct. There is absolutely no flaw in our northern friends' reasoning on this point, and if the negro's advancement were the sole thing or the main thing to be considered, the South's "color line" policy should receive unmitigated condemnation.

V

But there is another aspect of the question on which the northern mind does not appear to reason quite so clearly. It fails to see the logical connection between political equality and social equality in a free republic; and particularly the advocates of social equality for the most deserving negroes deny that this is the natural precursor of miscegenation. They take sharp issue with the statement of Professor Smith of Tulane University [New Orleans] in his recent book, "The Color Line: A Brief in Behalf of the Unborn":

> **"If we sit with the negroes at our tables, if we entertain them as our guests and social equals, if we disregard the color line in all other relations, is it possible to maintain it fixedly in the sexual relation, in the marriage of our sons and daughters, in the propagation of our species? Unquestionably, No! It is as certain as the rising of tomorrow's sun that, once the middle wall of social partition is broken down, the mingling of the tides of life would begin instantly and proceed steadily. If the race barrier be removed and the individual standard of personal excellence be established, the twilight of this century will gather upon a nation hopelessly sinking in the mire of mongrelism."**

As everyone knows, "the middle wall of social partition" has never been so solidly maintained in the North as in the South, and the greater mongrelism of the North as set forth in the census records cited in this article, seems to uphold Professor Smith's position rather than that of the negrophiles. However, the final vindication of the one or the other will come with the increase of the negro population at the North, and the opportunity to witness the effect of the different negro policies when something like an equality of numbers obtains between the sections. If it should happen, for instance, that certain counties of Massachusetts instead of Mississippi should register eight negroes to one white citizen, it will be interesting to watch the workings of the "free ballot and fair count" system in the home of its chief apostles.

VI

One fact which is usually ignored by the negro-rights agitators and clamorers for "equality of opportunity" must commend itself to every thoughtful intelligence: wherever the negro exists in sufficient numbers to make his presence felt in a community, in direct proportion as his privileges increase is the racial feeling against him intensified. This is strikingly illustrated in the District of Columbia, where there are more negroes (90,000) than in any single community North or South, and where they are at the same time under fewer restrictions. Barring the self-assertiveness which this policy naturally engenders in them, the Washington negroes are as well-behaved as the most, and yet nowhere in the country is racial antagonism so acute, and this without respect to the sectional leanings of the whites. Nothing is more common than to hear citizens from the Northeast or Northwest, where negroes are scarce, depose: "We thought we had a good deal of sympathy for negroes before we came to Washington;" or to hear them informing new-comers from those regions: "You have only to come to Washington to find out your real sentiments about the negroes."

And racial antagonism is a factor to be reckoned with. Right or wrong, it insists on space to exist as much as the roots of a tree. You cannot reason it away, nor preach it out of countenance, nor annul it by legislative enactment; and any scheme for the amelioration or uplifting of the negro which ignores this as a complication must surely fall to the ground. Few people have the honesty and the fearlessness to tell the negro that only by his consenting to remain the "under dog" in this government can he hope to continue a peaceful residence under it; and yet this is precisely what every honest thinker, white or black, knows to be the case. The colored teachers who have the courage to proclaim this truth have usually paid the penalty of their rashness in the mob vengeance of their irate followers.

VII

The advocates of the elevating process, to be consistent, should also advocate giving the negro a country and a government of his own; but, strange to say, those who are most insistent upon the high qualities and great possibilities of the negro race oppose any colonization scheme upon the ground that the negro cannot be trusted to work out his own salvation. People are continually talking about educating and elevating the negro as the final and amicable solution of the race problem, when they must know, in the light of all past history, that whenever the negro rises to the dignity of rivalry with the Anglo-Saxon his doom is sealed. The measure of consideration which he receives at present is due to the fact that we feel ourselves so immeasurably above him. It is a case of *noblesse oblige*. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in the summary of his conclusions on this subject, says: "There are but two solutions of the negro problem; we must remove him, or we must elevate him." Mr. Page would have put the case more accurately in saying: "If we elevate him we *must* remove him."

VIII

There is yet another phase of this question which holds a darker meaning for the whites than race war or "black supremacy." Every onlooker in northern cities is struck with the number of mulattoes who might easily pass for dark-skinned members of the white race. Again the negro—particularly the mulatto—despises himself. He is ashamed of being a negro, and bends all his energies toward wiping out that fact. No epithet of abuse is quite so offensive to him as his own appropriate racial name. Even the euphemistic appellations, —"colored gentleman," "Afro-American citizen," etc., have become distasteful to him He grows more and more resentful of any kind of differentiation. An important witness to this fact is the statement of the chief statistician of the census bureau that no attempt had been made to obtain the per cent. of mulattoes in total negro population for 1900 because of the growing reluctance of quadroons and octoroons to admitting their racial identity. Said he: "Those who are very light won't admit it at all, and those who find it impossible to deny it altogether confess to it in a less degree than the fact." Instances are on record of this mongrel class perjuring themselves rather than confess to their African inheritance.

Now what is the significance in all this? It must be apparent to every thoughtful observer that the negro's contempt for himself and his kind which prompts him by every possible means to elude identification with his kind, will also lead him to seek admission into white families under an Anglo-Saxon guise, if need be. The successful pose of Hannah Elias in the celebrated Platt case of New York; the well-nigh successful role of B. Sheppard White in Washington a few years ago; the more recent case of a minister from one of the Central American states, whose engagement to a proud society belle was brought to a sudden termination by the discovery of his African descent, all point very ominously to the possibility and feasibility of unwitting and unwilling amalgamation of races in this country.

Granting that this wish of the hybrid negro to lose his identity in the Caucasian stream has its pathetic side; granting also the retributive justice in it for the proud Anglo-Saxon who of his bestial appetites has made whips to scourge not only himself but his race; this article aims only at pointing out the most salient traits of the mulatto and their significance for the white people of the North particularly. In the nature of the case the danger must be greater in those states where miscegenation receives the sanction of law, the conscientious approval of a portion of the whites, and where the freer association and commingling of the two races—coupled with the presence of a large foreign population of varying complexion—enables the masquerading octoroon to pursue his course with more or less impunity.

For the select few who guard with jealous care their own little Anglo-Saxon plot, the peril is not imminent, perhaps. But a great many quite worthy and well-meaning Americans, either from indifference or from a democratic scorn of aristocratic pretensions, do not inquire very closely into the antecedents of persons claiming to be "white and respectable." This applies especially to the North, where the "for a' that" man has always had more show than at the South, where the idea of caste and of family pride has ever been dominant.

It is worthy of note that exposure, in two of the instances cited above, followed upon the gentlemen's proposing marriage to southern women, whose families instituted the customary probing into genealogical backgrounds. It is worthy of note, also, that they met these southern ladies in northern society, for the southern negro, be he black, brown, or lightest tan, is carefully fenced off "in his own back yard." Which fact, joined with the knowledge of swift and certain punishment for any negro masquerading as a Caucasian, lessens the probability of misalliances of this character occurring at the South.

IX

This then appears to be the situation in brief: the North is the natural and preferred home of the mulatto, by common consent, who is to "make the trouble" for the white man. It goes without saying, also, that every untoward aspect of this question for the North will be aggravated by the increase in her negro population. The past five years have witnessed a rapid influx of southern negroes to northern cities, and the next decade will probably augment this beyond all previous records. Any attempt at drastic legislation aimed at the southern states by congress would surely facilitate and precipitate a negro exodus from those states into the North. For the South will wage no more devastating wars over the negro. She has had enough of that, nor is it necessary. There is an easier way out of the difficulty. The South is working out her negro problem along industrial lines, and the negro, all unconsciously to himself, is her most active assistant in it. In the slow working out of racial destinies it becomes practicable to shift the burden she has borne so long onto the shoulders of her quondam critics, and in so doing her temper is neither pugnacious nor controversial. She has put forth her best writers and orators in the past to tell the North and the world what they know about this unfortunate race, and their report has been discredited in the main. One of these writers, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, says apropos of this: "We have the singular example in this country of opinions on this subject being weighed and estimated, not according to the character, intelligence and opportunity to know the facts, but altogether upon the geographical habitat of the persons delivering them. As a rule, it is enough to know that a writer or speaker comes from the South to rob his testimony of half its value."

So that in handing over to the North the negro and his concomitant perplexities, the South's only message is, in parliamentary phrase: "Are you ready for the question? . . . . It is yours."

COWBOY LIFE IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST

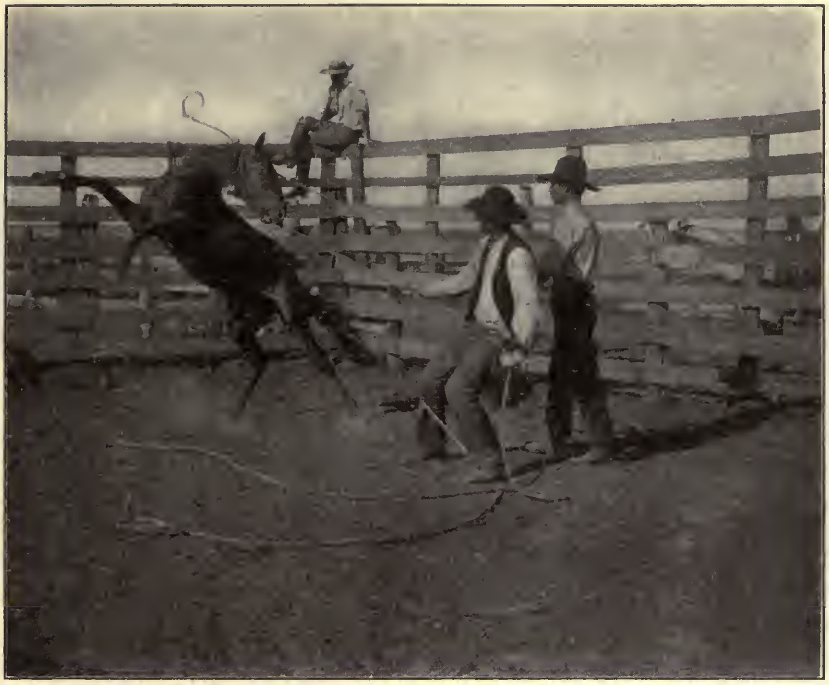
Photographs by Erwin E. Smith

BONHAM, TEXAS

A BAD SIGN: A COW-PONY SILENTLY GRAZING UPON A HILL, WITH A ROPE DRAGGING AND A "DOUBLE HALF-HITCH" AROUND THE POMMEL OF THE SADDLE IS NEARLY A SURE PROOF THAT EVIL HAS BEFALLEN THE RIDER

SOUTHWESTERN LANDSCAPE: COWBOYS ENTERING A VAST, SILENT VALLEY

COWBOY USING HIS SOMBERO AS A DRINKING-CUP

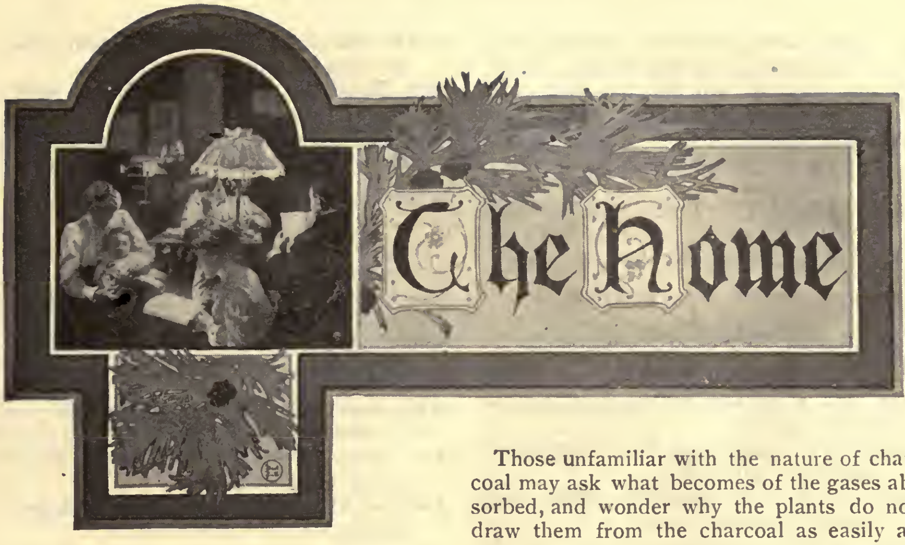


BREAKING A BRONCHO: THE PONY IS FIGHTING WILDLY FOR FREEDOM

BRANDING AT THE ROUNDUP: THE MAN STANDING APPLIES THE HOT IRON

HEIFER TRYING TO DODGE BACK INTO THE MAIN HERD

RIDING AROUND THE CATTLE TO KEEP THEM BUNCHED



BONES AND CHARCOAL IN FLORICULTURE

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

DURING the Winter, when fires must be kept, and more meat is used than during the Summer, a supply of bones should be burned for next year's use as drainage material. Throw every bone into the fire and let it burn until it will break easily when struck, for bones furnish elements absolutely essential to plant growth, aside from serving as drainage material.

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Those who burn wood should save, also, a plentiful supply of charcoal. When there is a good bed of live coals take out all that can be spared and pour water over them until the fire is extinguished. It frequently happens that when the kitchen work is done there will be a fine bed of coals in the stove, or some large embers, and the wise flower-lover will not fail to convert them into charcoal for future use.

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The bones furnish large per cents. of carbon, calcic phosphates and calcic carbonates for the plants to feed on, while the charcoal rapidly absorbs moisture and noxious gases which would make the soil cold and sour, at the same time that it gives out elements which are decidedly helpful to the plants in the way of producing dark, glossy foliage and vividness of color to the blossoms.

Those unfamiliar with the nature of charcoal may ask what becomes of the gases absorbed, and wonder why the plants do not draw them from the charcoal as easily as they would from the soil. The reason is this:—The pores of the charcoal are filled with condensed oxygen and the gases absorbed are decomposed by contact with it. The process of decomposition generates a warmth which is another reason why charcoal is one of the best materials to use around the roots of plants.

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If it is possible to save more than is needed for drainage, powder it and mix with the soil, not only for pot-plants but around those in the garden, also. If there is any to spare, divide with friends who do not burn wood from which to get the charcoal, and let them burn their bones in your fire (if they burn gas) — you will get the benefit of the heat, which is intense, and they will have the burned bones for their plants.

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If a large metal pail, or a stone crock, is kept where it is handy to put both bones and charcoal into it, the trouble of saving them is practically nothing, and if it were considerable the results would amply repay it. Knowing how extensively charcoal is used as a filtering agent in many lines of work, and that it is given to dyspeptics to neutralize the action of gases in the stomach, it is easy to understand that it *must* benefit vegetable life, and that the one who allows it to go to waste is wasting what represents marked improvement in the beauty of all plants grown, either in pots or in the open ground.

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It is well to know that where large lumps of charcoal or bone are used as drainage material they may be purified and made fit for use again by putting them into the fire and letting them get red hot, then throwing water over them to stop the burning. Those who buy charcoal will find this hint worth heeding as it is not always easy to find it for sale, when wanted.

ALL ABOUT THE SANDMAN

By Eleanor W. F. Bates

ROSLINDALE, MASSACHUSETTS

WHERE does the Sandman live, mamma?
He lives with Jacky Horner,
Who took a pie and went with it into the darkest corner:
It's dream-pie and its plums are dreams all settled soft within it;
You have to go to sleep, you know, before you can begin it.

How does the Sandman look, mamma?
O, like a pretty shadow,
Or like the silver fog that slips across the morning meadow.
He's beautifully dressed in silk that never makes a rustle,
And you can't hear him coming if there is the slightest bustle.

What does the Sandman say, mamma?
He doesn't do much talking;
They say he sings a lullaby when he is out a-walking;
And when the darling of my heart is rather cross or weepy,
Sometimes I think that I can hear him say, "I'm very sleepy!"

What does the Sandman do, Mamma?
He finds a little river
And takes the crystal sand that shines where moonbeams gently quiver,
And sprinkles it so silently, his quiet fingers stealing
Over your eyelids — notice now, it's just what you are feeling.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

TO PREVENT A SNEEZE

By A. B.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

My mother taught me this way to shut off a sneeze, and I have been spared embarrassment and mortification by remembering it. When you feel an inclination to sneeze lay the forefinger across the upper lip, close under the nose, and press down hard.

LAUNDRY HINTS

By Elizabeth M. Soule
Appleton, Wisconsin

If you wish your clothes to iron easy and retain that "new" look so desirable, pour one quart of boiled starch into your last rinsing water.

Mix any dry starch with a little water and before pouring on the boiling water shave in a little white soap. No scum will ever form over the top nor will the irons stick to the clothes.

DARNING STOCKINGS

By ELIZABETH ANDERSON
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Take a common mosquito netting and sew on hole. Draw the yarn in the ordinary way through the meshes, skipping every other mesh, so that when you darn crosswise you will have the meshes to darn through. No matter how large the hole, one can always get it into good shape, making darning perfectly even, besides saving time.

TO CLEAN PLAYING CARDS

By MAX A. R. BRUNNER
Chicago, Illinois

Soiled playing cards may be cleaned by rubbing over with a cloth dipped in camphor-spirit. For about thirty to fifty cards scarcely more than a thimbleful of camphor is needed. Another good cleaner is made by mixing burned magnesia, benzol and a little camphor-spirit, forming a jelly which is to be kept in an air-tight tin box and rubbed on the cards to clean them.

WHEN WASHING LETTUCE

By MRS. F. H. BATHEY
Armada, Michigan

When washing lettuce for the table, if the leaves are held up to the light, the presence of those elusive little green bugs can be instantly detected.

SEALING A LETTER

By M. W.
Woodford, New York

Sometimes one wants to be sure that a letter cannot be tampered with. Moisten the flap with the white of an egg and dry thoroughly. It cannot be pulled open and steaming has no effect upon it.

TO SOFTEN DRIED LEMONS

By H. F. HUBBELL
Willow Springs, Missouri

When lemons have become hard from keeping, cover them with boiling water and set on back of range a little while. They will become soft and pliable.

LAMP HINTS

I

By L. F. CHANNON
Washington, D. C.

To increase the light given by a small lamp, place a mirror directly back of it, so that your lamp casts its reflection in the mirror. You can easily see just how much additional light you get from the mirror, by putting a paper between the lamp and the mirror, and suddenly withdrawing it, noticing how much lighter the room is.

II

By MRS. WM. McKELVY
Sulphur Springs, Colorado

A little salt added to the oil of a lamp that gives out a yellow light will whiten and brighten the light.

A FURNACE HINT

By MRS. NANCY COYLE
Smith's Creek, Michigan

When, as often happens, a register refuses to send out a stream of hot air, if a lighted lamp or candle is placed on the register for ten or fifteen minutes the trouble will be remedied. The hot air from the lamp starts a draft that draws the cold air from the pipe.

THE "WHITE" MOP-WRINGER

By C. MACQUARIE
San Diego, California

Some months ago I read an "ad" in your magazine anent the above, offering one free to the first in any town who would ask her dealer for one and, finding he did not keep it, would send his name and address to the White Mop-Wringer Co., Jamaica, Vermont. I found my smooth dealer offering a totally different article as the "White," and wrote to the company, but I didn't quite expect the ad. was genuine, or that I would get the wringer free. It is so easy to write and say, "Sorry, but you weren't the first."

But I did get my mop-wringer free, and the sequel proved it to be quite unique as a labor-saver. You can use boiling water and can clean carpets in a few minutes with a partially wrung mop. Any old kind of a mop will do.

So you see it pays to read and answer "ads." in the National.

NEW USE FOR A SAFETY-PIN

By E. B.
New Nork City

The following device proves satisfactory when closet room is scarce or when hooks are few. Fold a dress-skirt so that it is in four thicknesses, then through the center of the four-fold belt, at right angles, run a large safety-pin, fasten the pin and slip over the hook, which will hold, in good condition, several skirts hung in this manner.

TO HAVE MEALY POTATOES

By MRS. ELLA WOODCOCK
Winchendon, Massachusetts

If potatoes are immediately placed in the oven for a few minutes after taking them from the boiling water in which they have been cooked, they will be much more palatable.

THE CARE OF JEWELRY

By W. UNDERWOOD
Hazelton, Pennsylvania

I

A few drops of ammonia on the under side of a diamond will clean it immediately and make it very brilliant.

II

Jewels are generally wrapped up in cotton and kept in their cases, but they are subject to tarnish from exposure to the air, and require cleaning. This is done by preparing clean soapsuds and using fine toilet soap. Dip any article of gold, silver, gilt or precious stones into this lye, and dry them by brushing with a soft brush, or a fine sponge, afterwards with a piece of fine cloth and lastly with a soft leather. Silver ornaments may be kept in fine arrowroot, and completely covered with it.

TO COOL THE OVEN

By MAY HAMBLIN
Parsonsburg, Maryland

If when you are baking the oven gets too hot, put in a basin of cold water instead of leaving the door open. This cools the oven, and the steam arising from the water prevents the contents burning. When cooking in a gas oven a basin of water should always be kept in the oven.

RAISING RADISHES

By ETTA GOUDY
Walkerville, Michigan

I select a piece of sandy ground in the corner of my garden for this crop. Each Spring before sowing I scatter wood ashes two inches or more in depth, and mix thoroughly with the soil. No manure is required and the radishes are always brittle and free from worms.

FOR SENSITIVE TEETH

By W. A. WHEELER
Montour Falls, New York

For sensitive teeth: Dissolve three lime tablets in a glass of water. Take a mouthful, working it about between the teeth, retaining as long as convenient. Do this about three times a day and the sensitiveness will disappear. Country druggists, as a rule, do not keep the tablets but any city druggist can supply you.

HOW TO CHEAT JACK FROST

By S. L. F.
Readfield, Maine

When a killing frost has struck tomatoes, grapes or other tender plants in the early Fall, sprinkle with cold water early in the morning, before the sun's rays reach the plants, and there will be no damage.

COOKING HINTS

By HELEN HUBBES
Highland Park, Los Angeles, California

I

Let the kettle in which mush has been cooked stand for five minutes before taking up. Then no hard residue will be left sticking to the bottom of the kettle to be soaked off and thrown away.

II

A quarter of an apple cooked with a quart of cranberries takes off the crudeness but does not diminish the tartness.

CLEANING AN OLD CLOCK

By SARAH ISHAM COIT
Roxbury, Connecticut

Have any of the readers of the National a clock they value, that seems to be near the end of its career of usefulness: does it skip a beat now and then, and when it begins to strike seem to be in pain? Let me tell you what to do. Take a bit of cotton batting, the size of a hen's egg, dip it in kerosene, and place it on the floor of the clock, in the corner, shut the door of the clock and wait three or four days. Your clock will be like a new one, skip, no more it will strike as of old, and as you look inside you will find the cotton batting black with dust. The fumes of the oil loosen the particles of dust, and they fall, thus cleaning the clock. I have tried it, with success.

HOW TO BOIL EGGS

By ETHEL HEALD MAC DONALD
Bangor, Maine

Pour *snapping* boiling water over the required number of eggs. Set them on the back part of the stove (where they will simply keep hot) for ten minutes. Cooked in this way, the whites are not tough. We do not care for boiled eggs prepared in any other way.

If you wish hard-boiled eggs, let remain twenty minutes.

But if you wish to use eggs in decorating a salad, or anything of the kind, cook in the old way, as for this purpose, you need to have the whites firm and hard, or you cannot cut them properly.

SLIPPERY NEW SHOES

By MRS. K. E. LAWSON
Fort Lee, New York

To prevent small children slipping when wearing new shoes with smooth soles, rub the soles a few times over sandpaper.

TYING LOW SHOES

By LEE McCRAE
Memphis, Tennessee

To tie the lacings of shoes so that they will not come undone at inopportune times and yet be easily untied when the wearer desires, try the following, which never fails when correctly done:

Tie the strings as for the ordinary bow-knot, but just before drawing down the two loops turn one of them back through the open knot, then draw down securely. It is unfastened like the common bow-knot by merely pulling one string. A little practice makes this an extremely simple process and one is saved the vexation of loose shoes and trailing strings in public places.

TO KEEP EGGS PERFECTLY FRESH

By MRS. E. S.
Albany, New York

There are plenty of rules in cook books and magazines, for preserving eggs but with all due respect to the above authorities I am compelled to say I know of the one best way of keeping them fresh and fit to serve upon the table.

My method is as follows: When strictly, freshly laid, pack them closely, so that one braces the other, into a small bag, made of strong, loosely-woven cotton cloth which has short loops of stout twine sewed firmly at its diagonal ends.

Two dozen in a bag are usufficient to handle easily. When filled, pin or sew the bag carefully together, and hang by one of the loops on a nail driven into a beam midway of a well ventilated cellar where a current of air circulates freely. Every seventh day end the bag and hang by the opposite loop.

Don't forget to make the change every week and with abundance of air circulating the eggs; will keep for months, delicate and appetizing as when freshly laid.

BABY'S SHAMPOO

By A. E. WILLSON
Hanover, Illinois

If you have trouble with the little ones, when giving them a shampoo, don't lose your patience because they object so strenuously to having soapsuds splashed in their eyes. Take a napkin by the opposite corners and roll until the remaining corners are formed into a pad. Pass this around the baby's head and tie with knot at nape of neck, all superfluous water and soap suds will be absorbed by the pad, so formed, and baby will be sweeter and so will you.

MENDING FURS

By MRS. N. N. C.
Craig, Colorado

A good way to mend fur rugs or anything made of fur, is to fasten the edges together with strips of adhesive plaster on the under side.

WHEN BAKING CAKE

By MRS. HARVEY DORSEY
Moro, Illinois

When removing a cake from the oven after it is baked, if it does not come out easily wring a cloth out of cold water, fold, and lay on table: set the hot pan on this for a few moments and the contents can be removed smooth and entire without the slightest difficulty.

TO STRAIGHTEN RUG CORNERS

By MRS. E. E. INSLEE
Hazlehurst, Mississippi

Make stiff flour starch, take your rug to a sunny place on the portico, turn it upside down, apply the starch to the corners, and leave the rug to dry.

Note and Comment

By Frank Putnam

MAYOR DUNNE AND THE PRESS

EARLY in November I read, in certain eastern newspapers, dispatches dated at Chicago, in which it was made to appear that Mayor Dunne had given up hope of municipalizing Chicago's street railways and that he meant to resign his office. These dispatches appeared to be a part of the regular daily service of the Associated Press. There was nothing to indicate that they were not written in good faith, but I doubted their accuracy and wrote to Mayor Dunne, alluding to these items casually as "Associated Press dispatches," and asking him if their statements were correct. His reply was published in the National Magazine for December. You will remember he charged in that letter that there existed in Chicago what amounted to a "league" of the banks, the newspapers, the aldermen and the Associated Press to misrepresent the movement for municipal ownership and finally to defeat the public demand for that reform.

General Manager M. E. Stone in New York and Mr. Harry Beach of the Chicago office of the Associated Press promptly assured me that the dispatches which I read in the eastern newspapers, and which I supposed to be Associated Press dispatches, were not so in fact; that the Associated Press had never sent out any such dispatches. Insofar as Mayor Dunne included the Associated Press in his list of the foes of public ownership upon my testimony, it is my duty to tender apologies to the mayor and the gentlemen of the Associated Press, which I cheerfully do. Except as to his general reputation, I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Stone, but I do know Mr. Beach and when he tells me a thing is so, I know that it is so.

—

So far, so good: the Associated Press is acquitted of sending out inaccurate and injurious reports concerning Mayor Dunne and the Municipal Ownership movement. Can we also acquit the Associated Press of unfairly ignoring the important news features of this movement? Not until we receive a satisfactory explanation of its failure to use any part of the mayor's sensational letter in its news report for the night of Monday, November 20, when the letter was released for general circulation. Obviously, this failure on the part of the

Associated Press might have been due to one of those lapses of judgment of which all are guilty at times, or it might have been due to a design to smother the mayor's charges.

I asked Mr. Stone for light on this point. He replied saying that the associated Press knew nothing about the Dunne letter until after it was published in the Record-Herald. This seems to me to be a palpable evasion, since the news-reporters of the Associated Press have access to the proof-sheets of the papers to which the letter was sent by wire early on the evening of November 20.

Mr. Stone irritably assumes that I made a "charge of partisanship against the Associated Press," in my letter to Mayor Dunne. Therein he errs: I did not charge that the dispatches which I supposed to be the work of the Associated Press were "partisan," or that I believed them to be sent out with deliberate intent to mislead. I merely said that I doubted their accuracy. Mr. Stone's readiness to defend where no attack was made foments the very doubt that it was meant to allay.

I wished Mr. Stone to reply to Mayor Dunne over his own signature, but he believes that it is the duty of the author of an error to correct that error, and in this I quite agree with him. And although his explanation of the failure of the Associated Press to make use of Mayor Dunne's letter will hardly satisfy anyone familiar with the way in which Associated Press news is gathered, yet I am willing, by way of making complete reparation for the wrong that I have innocently done him, to accept even that explanation at its face value, confident that, whatever it may have done or left undone in the past, the Associated Press will not soon hereafter either overlook or suppress any such widely interesting news matter as Mayor Dunne's letter on "Chicago's Street Railway Deadlock."

It may be interesting, remembering the mayor's charge that the Chicago newspapers are leagued against him and his municipal ownership program, to know that whereas I offered his letter to all the morning papers of Chicago — the Chronicle alone excepted — on the evening of November 20, only one, the Record-Herald, ordered it. I excepted the Chronicle because that paper has never been so much a public journal as the organ of a bank; it has openly and bitterly fought public ownership at every step, and was therefore presumptively unwilling to give space to the mayor's complaint and his arguments.

Any man that has ever served newspapers will understand without straining his brain the meaning of this all but unanimous failure by the Chicago morning newspapers to take and print the mayor's letter. It means either that the news editors of the Chicago papers have orders to smother Mayor Dunne and his propaganda, or that those news editors are unable to recognize news when they see it—and that is unbelievable. From this rule the Record-Herald must be excepted, — the Record-Herald printed the mayor's letter entire, and the next day he stated that in the news columns of that paper he had always been treated fairly. Inasmuch as its editorial page can have little or no influence when it argues against the deep convictions of a majority of the voters of Chicago, the mayor can afford to forgive its proprietors for holding opinions contrary to his own.

As for any of the other papers that Mayor Dunne may feel have wronged him and the big majority he represented, he can content himself with the philosophical reflection that insofar as they betray the public by failing in their duty to print the news of the day fairly and fully, they will certainly lose their readers and their advertisers to other more progressive journals.

I know, and Mr. Stone knows, that the

private owners of the Chicago street railways have used, and will continue to use, every agency they can command to defeat the movement for public ownership: precisely what any of us would do were we in their place. Equally with himself I perceive, and the general public will instantly perceive, the utter immorality of any attempt that might be made by these private holders of public property to make an inequitable use of the Associated Press.

For it is of the first importance that we get our news honestly, fairly, impartially set before us. If we do that, and then allow the slick journalistic Hessians of the editorial pages to bamboozle us, it is our own fault and there was no hope for us in the first place. The Associated Press has what amounts to almost a monopoly of the general news service in this country. We could better tolerate a thousand venal editorial writers than to permit the management of the Associated Press to rest for one minute under suspicion of deliberate unfairness in its treatment of any part of the news.

It is possible that Mayor Dunne is not the right man to lead the public ownership fight in Chicago: he is at any rate the man the people chose to lead it, and the more often he is or even appears to be unfairly assailed by the foes of the public ownership movement, the more firmly will the voting majority become convinced that he is the right man in the right place. Certainly none of the several gentlemen of Chicago who have written to me to criticise his letter in the December National has imputed to the mayor impure or unworthy motives. In their opinion he is somewhat too sudden, too hasty. They would have him ponder, and doubt, and delay. Instead, he has offered a fair, square program for carrying out the mandate of the people for "immediate municipal ownership," and a faithless city council majority, diverted from its duty to its constituencies, has advanced from passive to active treason, and is now engaged in an attempt to fasten upon Chicago twenty years more of private ownership, with its black record of graft, greed and boodle, its reckless mismanagement and its total disregard of the public welfare.

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WHAT NEW ENGLAND NEEDS

NEW ENGLAND has two of the factors of wealth—cheap water power and cheap labor. She needs cheap raw material and open markets. Without them, she will see her shoe factories one by one follow her cotton mills into the region of the raw material — West and South. If any man is qualified to testify and be heard respectfully upon this point, that man is Governor William L. Douglas. He has built up and successfully conducts a big business employing an army of contented men and women, he is a conservative, and he says Massachusetts needs freer trade both in raw materials and the finished products of her factories and mills. His successor, Governor-elect Curtis Guild, equally recognizes the gravity of the situation. Either of these men, if he represented Massachusetts in the United States senate, would work and vote for such modifications of our trade relations with Canada as would permit Massachusetts factories profitably to utilize the hides and lumber and coal of the Dominion. Senator Lodge, it is explained by one of his recent interpreters, prides himself upon his "statesmanlike" recognition of the fact that Massachusetts "cannot get what she wants." What Massachusetts needs first and most is a group of representatives in congress who will make a fight for Massachusetts' interests. A statesman is a man who builds a state, not one who, holding great power and large responsibility, sits cynically by and watches the state decline for lack of stout fighting that might save it.

A BOOK OF LOVE-SONGS

CHARLOTTE EATON'S "DESIRE" IS A WORK OF QUITE UNCOMMON ARTISTRY AND POWER, BEAUTIFUL AND ALLURING AND PROVOCATIVE

IT is of no very great importance that one woman — or a hundred of them — should write love-songs—even very good love-songs, since love-songs speak no progress, mark no change in our condition: love-songs were, ere men and women had more speech than amorous growls and gurgles. It *is* of the highest significance that even one woman should prove her ability to grasp a scientific concept and give it articulate utterance.

The more poets the merrier, to be sure; and every wren upon a bough makes this grim world seem kindlier and more desirable. The thrushes in the bushes sing and sway and swell their little hearts — and the hearts of all that hear them — with tender, mystical gladness; and even the shade-seeking whippoorwill's melodious iteration adorns the misty sadness it inspires. How like a saucy wren are many merry singers of cheery little songs — the Father Tabbs, the Aldriches, the Vance Cheneys, the Clinton Scollards? What is Whitcomb Riley but a thrush disguised in human form? I warrant he once wore feathers —naturally, you understand. And none may doubt that in Charlotte Eaton's brain, what while she wrought the book "Desire", a whippoorwill was nested. It is a hundred love-songs in a single key — of desire. Rare fine songs, many of them, in the spirit and the form of the early Greeks, of the ancient Celtic bards, of Whitman. A genuine achievement, these love-songs. But of more importance, in my opinion, though obviously not in the opinion of the author, are the few pieces in which she utters, without doubt or hesitation, profound truths concerning the vaster issues of man's meaning and his destiny. *Men* seem of little worth — nature makes and slays them in myriads, carelessly, even scornfully; *man* appears to have some mission not yet fulfilled, for nature visibly spares his seed, while scourging him ever onward to serener heights.

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"SONNETS TO A WIFE"

ERNEST MCGAFFEY'S CLASSIC SEQUENCE IN A CHARMING NEW EDITION PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY OF ST. LOUIS

THROUGHOUT the West every lover of good poetry knows and admires the work of Ernest McGaffey. He is among the first half-dozen living American poets in the excellence and authority of his poetical writings. Perhaps his most notable achievement is the series of seventy sonnets entitled, "Sonnets to a Wife," now republished in a binding of rare beauty by William Marion Reedy of St. Louis.

This sonnet sequence is a gallery of pictures, stamped every one with sincerity, sympathy and deep love of nature. No breath of impure suggestion mars the strong, sweet, singing lines, nor any lurking cynicism: they are the full-flavored product of a sane man's love in sound maturity. The "Sonnets" will, I venture to believe, be added to the classics of American poetry.

It would be difficult to select a more gracious gift for a friend of gentle mind and bookish tastes, whether man or woman. And we owe something more than posthumous praise to these our native artists, who give so much and ask so little, do we not? But most of all, we, even the hardest driven, owe it to ourselves to take time from the daily grind in which to become acquainted with, to know and love these our Spartan singers, disdaining fortune for the nobler lure of fame.

ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S GIFTS
Photo by L. K. Howe

SHEBOYGAN, CITY OF CHEESE, CHAIRS AND CHILDREN

By Winfred C. Howe

IT is the legendary age, perhaps. A big chief, fresh from a far foray, comes riding up to his wigwam, about which a half-dozen or more dirty-faced pappooses are playing in the mud. The squaw comes out to greet her valiant lord and master, and holds up for his inspection and approval a bundle all compact, but spoils it all by explaining, "She-boy 'gan." This is too much. This greeting is becoming too monotonous. Nine snows have come and gone; and nine returning suns have brought the disappointment with which she-boys in contradistinction to he-boys are calculated to affect the warlike soul. The chief faces his charger about and mournfully passes among the tents, muttering as he goes, "She boy 'gan." He finally arrives before the wigwam where sojourns the French trader. "Ugh," he says, "She-boy 'gan. Firewater." The Frenchman, touched by a human sympathy that knows neither Jew nor Gentile, redskin nor paleface, administers the liquid consolation in fraternal fashion; yet ever after the tearful refrain "She-boy 'gan," seems to reverberate in his brain, and as he tells the tragic tale to fellow voyageurs, our city begins her march to fame.

Sheboygan's reputation should now be secure.

First of all, it should be secure on

account of her noble adherence to her noblest traditions.

In the matter of race suicide, Sheboygan is sounder than ever. While driving along her streets the visitor now not only beholds children falling off the roofs of residences and roosting on telegraph poles; but he finds it humane to walk before the horse and brush the little ones to right and left in order to open a clear path way for the hoofs of the steed. And the glory of it all is that the sexes are now equally represented, thus making marriages possible early and often in each rising generation. One of Sheboygan's most highly appreciated citizens, for example, is crowned with a galaxy of twenty-two hopefuls, almost evenly divided between the scriptural sons and daughters, or in the less discriminating nomenclature of the untutored savage, he-boys and she-boys. Again, when LaSalle and his men, in 1679, were cast up by the angry breakers on the bleak, glacier-marked rocks of North Point, there was here an Indian village of many nations — Pottawatomies, Sacs and Foxes, Chippewas, Winnebagoes, etc. Sheboygan is still a city of many nations. The red man, it is true, now sleeps beneath the dark and stately pines that stretch for miles beyond our beautiful Black river. But the Yankee and the Celt have come, with the

TWO GIANTS OF THE LAKES: COAL BARGE AND DOCK

Photo by H. M. Johnson & Bros.

Teuton on their heels, while the German and the Dutchman have been close pursued by the Viking, and all more recently by Russian Jew and Lithuanian, by Croatian, Slovak and Slovene and all other varieties from Franz Josef's curiosity shop. Last, but best of all, come those whose fathers held the pass at Thermopylae in the brave days of old. Sheboygan is still, beyond all American cities of its size, a Mingling of the Naions, an Epitome of Europe.

Thus supported by the swelling tide of present day immigration, and a pious obedience to the divine commandment that has, on the whole, been best obeyed, —that of the first of Genesis—is it any wonder that Sheboygan thrives and prospers? Is it any wonder that her population has grown from 7,500 in 1880 to over 24,000 in 1905,—a gain of over 200 per cent.—twice that of any other large Wisconsin city, except Superior of mushroom celebrity?

So much for children and other means of increase of population. Now for cheese. The Sheboygan County Dairy Boards of Trade sell annually 8,000,000 pounds of cheese, or almost one-half of all the cheese sold in this great dairying state of Wisconsin. But this is not all. Of the 116 cheese factories in Sheboygan County, only sixty-five sell their product in the county. All elements considered, $1,500,000 is paid annually for Sheboygan County cheese. So enormous is the Sheboygan County output of cheese that a careful mathematical computation, hopefully begun and laboriously concluded, leads us to the astonishing result that Sheboygan County, alone and unaided, could at this rate produce an amount of first class, full cream, American cheese equal to the total volume of the moon in only 11,317,752,611,917,564½ years! Gentlemen writing up other cities would do well to note these figures. We challenge a comparison.

But Sheboygan's most notable glory is her chairs. In regard to children, there is always more or less uncertainty both as to quality and quantity of output. Sheboygan may yet fall into such deplorable conditions concerning children as have subjected so many an effete eastern community to the president's special censure. So also in the matter of cheese. Astronomy teaches that our moon has not always been thus. Why then should Sheboygan County cheese always maintain its world-celebrated standard? But it is different with chairs. Sheboygan is so far ahead on chairs that it is beyond human comprehension to conceive of a time when she will be beaten. Her chairs are as durable as adamant. A man can toss them at his wife in the calm assurance that they will remain uninjured. In chairs, Sheboygan is indeed ahead in every respect. She has the largest single chair factory in the world. She has the largest number of chair factories in the world. She turns out more chairs than any other city in the world. She ships them into all parts of the world, from competing Austria to the Australian antipodes. She sells them for almost $4,000,000 annually.

This, however, does not exhaust Sheboygan's C's. Individuals of facetious instincts have from time to time attempted to add a fourth to the three traditional ones. Churches and clubs, canning and crayfish have all been suggested. But when new industries are coming to Sheboygan at the rate of above one every other month, we cannot find a place for all of them in our catalogue.

We have indeed sought so far to dilute actual truth and other prejudicial matter as much as possible. But justice to the welfare of the reader demands that we should now at once prepare him for the immediate reception of a great mass of information, reliable, well authenticated, encyclopedic and unwelcome, — unless he has an eye for an investment or for a new home. If in quest of fiction, let the reader now turn to the daily press.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND PINES PRIMEVAL
Photo by G. M. Grot & Bro.

Let him not learn:—

That Sheboygan has the largest coal dock on Lake Michigan and the largest salt docks on the Great Lakes.

That Sheboygan has good railway facilities and a harbor perhaps unsurpassed on the lakes, thanks to enormous government appropriations.

That Sheboygan has a leading glove factory and knitting works.

That Sheboygan has a large canning establishment and a seed house that supplies much of Europe with peas and beans.

That Sheboygan has large tanneries and shoe factories.

That Sheboygan has the largest excelsior factory in Wisconsin and extensive wood-working industries.

That Sheboygan has immense malt houses and breweries and bottles a mineral water celebrated throughout the East and South.

That Sheboygan has first class libraries, opera houses and three well edited daily newspapers and five weeklies.

That Sheboygan has a large piano plant.

That Sheboygan has the largest furniture factory in Wisconsin and the largest veneer factory in the world.

That Sheboygan has four banks, none of which failed in the panic of 1893, as did so many banks in many other furniture cities.

That Sheboygan is a city of homes, our Building and Loan Association possessing a widely distributed capital stock of $2,500,000.

That Sheboygan has a massive toy factory to supply its children and whatever other children may happen to be found elsewhere.

In addition to all these advantages, Sheboygan's climate is equable; her scenery is picturesque; her mineral water healthful; Elkhart and Crystal Lakes, unrivalled Summer resorts, within easy reach; fishing good and fish also purchasable at the tugs when they come in; her women are beautiful,—as all women are,—and her citizens not only cosmopolitan but also cultured and classical.

All languages are spoken in Sheboygan, including several varieties of English. Of the latter, this is a specimen overheard this invigorating morning during a walk for a Thanksgiving appetite. A leading alderman and boy loquntur:

The boy: "Will you get into this carriage, now once?"

The alderman: "Nein, must attend to the furnace, yet first."

But in the department of genuine culture with the Bostonian brand blown in the bottle, Sheboygan is likewise sound.

HIGH SCHOOL: WHERE THE CHILDREN ARE PERFECTED
Photo by G. M. Grot & Bro.

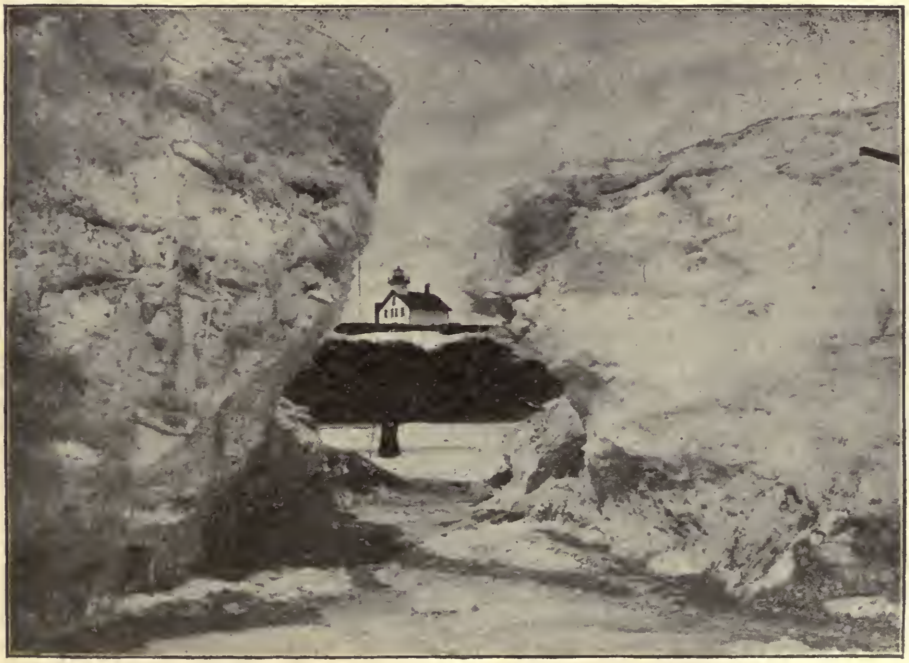
Book houses report this city one of their best fields; Sheboygan's Woman's Club is progressive and in pursuit of the ex-president; her Contemporary Club is profound, philosophical and public spirited; her Euterpean Fraternity is capable of going into hysterics at ragtime, a chromo or any other truly inspiring bit of art.

Sheboygan is also classical. Down on Indiana avenue there are enough signs of Zuthopelieon Ellenikon (Greek Saloon) to give the shade of Themistocles a thirst, and enough signs of Koreion Ellenikon (Greek Barber Shop) to remind the shade of Socrates to extend the palm of his hand to the crown of his head with a view of determining whether the latest elixir has taken effect. It does a student of the classics good to walk on Indiana avenue, Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Thus Sheboygan is booming and keeping up the race neck and neck with her old rival, Chicago, the other great city on the lakes. If Chicago has a population of a million or two more people than Sheboygan, Sheboygan has more of the earth's first true nobility in whose veins flows the blood of Aristophanes and Euripides. If Chicago produces more beer, Sheboygan produces more mineral water, capable truly of assuaging thirst and that headache that comes the morning after. Then why should Sheboygan feel discouraged at continuing the contest with Chicago?

All in all, what Sheboygander cannot echo from the depths of his heart the sentiment recently uttered before the Contemporary Club by Sheboygan's best loved patriarch, the Honorable Thomas M. Blackstock, for the last fifty-five years identified with the upbuilding of the city's manufacturing interests:

"I have never seen the day, the hour, nor the minute, since I came here, when the thought entered my mind for one single passing moment that I had any desire to leave Sheboygan and make my home elsewhere; for the simple reason that, for me at least, there never was, and probably never will be, any 'elsewhere' quite as good."



NORTH POINT: WORK OF THE WAVES IN WINTER
Photo by L. K. Howe

TYPICAL SECTION OF ELMIRA'S BUSY BUSINESS QUARTER

Photos by C. F. Fudge

ELMIRA, NEW YORK

The Story of a Successful City

By Roy S. Smith, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce

BEAUTIFULLY located in the picturesque Chemung Valley, the center of a hustling, thriving community not alone confined to the limits of the prosperous city itself, its streets lined with successful business houses and handsome homes, and including within its boundaries many busy factories, Elmira, New York, presents to the prospective resident a most attractive view and deserves its title—"The Queen City of the Southern Tier."

With its political parties united in a common choice and cause, with one of its leading citizens as a fusion mayor, with an active, aggressive chamber of commerce, a hustling business men's association and a united, harmonious population working with the one aim in view—a progressive, successful city — the community presents a most interesting study to the student of municipal affairs!

Elmira is the county seat of Chemung County, rich in Indian lore and tradition of the early days. It was in 1788 that Captain John Hendy, wending his way over the wooded hills, gazed down for the first time upon the peaceful Chemung Valley, selected an attractive little spot near what is now West Water street, felled trees in the massive woods and erected his little log cabin,—the first in the settlement. That cabin stands today, a relic of the past, marking in its comparison with the mansions of the residential district, the era of progress of the city. From that little crook in the pathway from Wilkesbarre to Canada, in which Captain Hendy settled, Elmira has grown through successive stages in history to its present position, one of the leading cities between New York and Chicago.

The Indians early discovered the importance of the location, and at one time seven different tribes or villages were within the boundaries of what is now the city. Many a fierce Indian conflict was waged and hundreds of bronzed warriors and brave soldiers went to the "happy hunting ground" during the battles, skirmishes and massacres that occurred in the vicinity.

The city is located on a level plain in the centre of a great natural highway from the lakes to the coal fields. The valley of the Chemung river, which waterway bisects the city proper, wends its way through the hills so that railroads can be constructed running in any direction from Elmira. The shipping facilities are such that a merchant is fortunate to have his business within Elmira's limits, situated as it is 265 miles from New York City, 147 miles from Buffalo and 725 miles from Chicago by direct route. The city is convenient to both anthracite and bituminous coal fields and connected with pipe line with abundant natural gas fields, so that present and prospective manufacturers are assured of cheap fuel.

Almost like spokes of a wheel, run the railroad lines from the city. The four trunk roads, — the Erie, Lackawanna, Pennsylvania and Lehigh extend north and south, east and west while the Tioga Division of the Erie makes its way directly into the soft coal fields of Pennsylvania bringing the products of these mines to the city within a few hours. In addition these roads make direct and quick connections with the New York Central; Buffalo & Susquehanna; Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern; Deleware & Hudson, Philadelphia & Reading; Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg and other roads. Statistics show that no less than two hundred and twenty-five freight trains either pass through the city or are made up in the local yards every day and shippers enjoy the same freight rates to the south as New York and Philadelphia. Freight schedules call for delivery the following morning in New York City, Buffalo, Harrisburg,

LOOKING EASTWARD DOWN THE CHEMUNG VALLEY — WESTERN SUBURBS IN THE BACKGROUND

ELMIRA'S ARTISTIC CITY HALL

Syracuse and Scranton; the second morning in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Albany and Toronto, the third morning in Chicago, Cincinnati, and Boston.

Elmira is an exchange and reshipping center for the Wells-Fargo, the United States and Adams express companies. No city has a more complete system of express deliveries to all parts of the country. Twenty-seven miles of trackage make up the city's street car lines, with twenty-one miles of surburban roads, and the uniform transfer system prevails. The city is connected by high speed electric road with beautiful Seneca Lake twenty-one miles away to the north. At the terminal of the line at the lake is located Watkins with its famous glen which contains scenery unsurpassed in this country. An hour's ride through a beautiful country brings the Elmiran to this strikingly handsome resort with a choice of glen or lake to visit. Companies have been organized to construct in the spring, trolly lines to Waverly, eighteen miles southeast of the city on the Pennsylvania state line and to Corning, sixteen miles westward. This belt of electric lines will bring Elmira in immediate touch with every section of one of the richest farming communities in the east. These roads will carry freight and passengers. Residents of the farming districts will be able to reach Elmira with their products quickly and the merchants can at the same time ship their wares to every section of the surrounding territory. These roads will likewise bring Corning and Waverly people into one hour's communicaton with the city, making Elmira the purchasing center of a population of 150,000 people located within a radius of twenty-five miles.

Con-e-wa-wah, or "head on a pole," was the first Indian name applied to the settlement because of the fact that the head of an Indian chief was found thus mounted at one time. For some time after its founding the town struggled along under the name of Newton, but one Moses De Witt happened along in 1791, made the first survey for the settlement and erecting the first frame house, calmly dubbed the future city DeWittsburg.

The first stage of marked progress came with the construction of the Chemung canal in 1832. That early waterway connected the city with Seneca lake and opened up shipping. It was the predecessor of the first railroads and the opening up of these arteries of commerce has been chiefly responsible for the sturdy growth of Elmira.

It was not long ago that a score of the principal business men of the city met by chance. It was suggested that, while the city was progressive, it was not advancing in the degree that its transportation facilities, power plants, healthful conditions and natural beauties warranted. It was decided that a Chamber of Commerce should be organized. The movement grew, enthusiasm spread and the Chamber of Commerce soon became a hustling reality. A large fund was raised by subscription to aid in advancing the city's interests and to let manufacturers of the whole world know of its advantages, at the same time offering inducements to bring them to Elmira.

The city had long been a hotbed of political activity, and the leading members of the newly organized chamber of commerce realized that factional political strife was detrimental to the best interests of the city. Accordingly the

THE NOTED PARK CHURCH (CONGREGATIONAL)

POST OFFICE AND FEDERAL COURT HOUSE

leaders of the respective parties were brought together and after conference a fusion was brought about. The leaders of the movement selected as their joint candidate for Mayor, Mr. Z. R. Brockway, one of the most noted penologists in the country. For years Mr. Brockway was general superintendent of the Elmira reformatory. He was its first chief executive officer and established in this institution a system for the reformation of young criminals that became noted the world over and brought prison officials from many foreign countries to study its methods. Several years ago Mr. Brockway retired and will enter upon his mayoralty duties the first of the year untrammeled by political affiliations or business cares. He will make a business of being mayor and the city is promised one of the most remarkable administrations any municipality of the state has known. A great student of political economy, Mr. Brockway will have the entire moral and physical support of the best citizenship. Under his guidance municipal affairs can only progress satisfactorily. The city today is slightly under forty thousand in population. "Fifty thousand in 1910," is the slogan of the progressive movement. The consummation of this plan will raise Elmira from a city of the third class to one of the second class.

The records of the state board of health show that it leads as a healthy community, its death rate being remarkably low. This is due in a large measure to the excellent water system, with a reservoir capacity of 113,000,000 gallons and 46 miles of iron mains. The city has never known a scarcity of water during any season. The community is 857 feet above sea level.

The people of the city are particularly loyal. That they are of a social nature is shown by the existence of about 200 social organizations including attractive clubs for men and women. For outdoor recreation there is a fine country club with excellent equipment for golf and all open air sports. The park system is elaborate, Eldridge park and Rorick's glen being famous throughout the country as pleasure resorts.

The city enjoys civic prestige. A fine city hall, the great stone postoffice, the Federal court house, the State armory, are among the buildings of city pride. A total of 157 miles of street, many of them paved with asphalt, brick and stone, and all well lighted and kept beautifully clean make riding and driving a pleasure. In the city departments this excellent housekeeping also prevails. The fire department, a model of its kind, includes four fire stations fully equipped wtih apparatus and a paid department. The police department, feared by crooks the country over, is headed by Chief F. J. Cassada, prominent among the police chiefs of the country, an officer of their organization and president of the state association of chiefs.

The school system is one in which the city takes great pride. Elmira is the home of famous Elmira college, the most historic woman's educational institution in the country. This grand old college, from which have graduated many noted women was the first to grant to women a degree similar to those conferred by men's colleges. There are thirty educational institutions in the city, including a splendid high school, graded schools and commercial and railroad training schools.

THE MAIN BUILDING OF HISTORIC ELMIRA COLLEGE

The banking facilities are unsurpassed. Two national banks and one trust company have a combined capital, surplus and profits of $1,700,000, with deposits of $7,253,502; loans and discounts of $3,745,671; bonds and securities of $3,673,510. In addition to these there is a savings bank and four building and loan associations; also one building company, with a combined capital of over $2,500,000.

To summarize the manufacturing situation it is only necessary to state that in the 400 establishments of the city over 5,000 wage earners are employed and the total capital thus invested is about $7,500,000 while the annual wages aggregate $2,000,000. With this a product estimated at $8,500,000 is turned out.

The manufacturing business covers a wide field and many concerns realizing the advantages of the city, are negotiating for locations. A mammoth fire engine plant, bridge works, steel and iron rolling mills, silk and cotton mills, wood pipe factory, large railroad shops, furniture plant and lumber mills of all kinds, immense tobacco warehouses, large marble and granite cutting establishments, sash and door factory, cut glass factory and carriage makers are among the leading hives of industry in the city.

One of the potent factors in Elmira's commercial success is the entire lack of labor troubles. The employer and employe live at peace and there is no cloud on the industrial horizon. This is due in a measure to the diversified character of the industries of the city.

Elmira has given to the state two governors, the late Honorable Lucius Robinson and the Honorable David Bennett Hill. The latter started his career in Elmira as a lawyer. The Honorable J. Sloan Fassett and the Honorable John B. Stanchfield, leaders respectively of the Republican and Democratic organizations and both gubernatorial candidates in elections of the past, are men much in the lime light of today. The Arnot family, whose name has been most prominently identified with the history of Elmira from its inception, as the wealthiest and most influential, is represented today by Mathias H. Arnot, president of the Chemung Canal Trust company, formerly the old Chemung Canal bank. Rents are moderate, the tax rate is low, natural gas lessens the cost of fuel and light and contributes to comfort and ease and the necessities of life are relatively cheap, because of the surrounding farming section. Splendid schools, many parks, high class theatrical attractions for both winter and summer at moderate cost, an excellent city government, and a loyal people all serve to make Elmira an ideal home city. No manufacturer will lose valuable help through locating in this city. The hotel accomodations are first class. Three hospitals are splendidly equipped. Forty-five religious institutions embracing every denomination and faith have property including some of the handsomest churches in the state. Three daily and one Sunday newspapers and about ten other publications of various sorts keep residents posted on current events. The New York State reformatory, located in Elmira, is in itself a subject of such interest that an entire publication could be devoted to it.

THE COURT BUILDINGS AND SUPREME COURT LIBRARY

Prominent business men, leaders in the various lines of activity, are at the head of the chamber of commerce. They are working with an industrial fund to secure additional manufacturies. Every proposition of merit will be received with interest and given every consideration. Many available sites are ready for the erection of factories. The conditions already reviewed warrant the claim that no city in the country can offer better inducements to manufacturers than can Elmira. John M. Connelly, is president; Howard E. Baker, first vice president; Samuel E. Thorp, second vice president; Andrew F. Werdenberg, third vice president; Jervis Langdon, treasurer; trustees — John Brand, Roy Tompkins, D. M. Pratt, N. J. Thompson, Elmer Dean.

All Elmirans BELIEVE in Elmira and "50,000 in 1910."

KEYS ON THE FLORIDA COAST

THE RAILROAD OVER THE OCEAN SURF

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

NEXT to the building of the Panama canal, one of the most remarkable and important transportation enterprises under way is the extension of the Florida East Coast railroad from Miami, Florida, to the tip of the gulf at Key West. A glance at the map shows a long string of islands leading off the southern point of Florida. Along these "keys" (or islands) Henry M. Flagler is now constructing a railway which will bring New York and Key West into direct rail communication. From Key West a car ferry will transport a train of thirty cars to Havana, and the gulf and straits will be made a veritable harbor of commerce. The spirit of expansion has blazed the path, and the project is going rapidly onward.

* * *

It was inspiring to hear Mr. Flagler, in his New York office, speak in his simple, concise way, of this great undertaking.

"The practicability of the project has been proven, the surveys made, — work begun, and New York and Key West will be connected by rail."

These words were uttered by a man who has been prominently identified with the development of the Southeast and of Florida in particular; probably no name is more revered in that state than the name of Henry M. Flagler, on account of the constructive work and effort which he has lavished on that territory. Less than a quarter of a century ago he pinned his faith on the land of Ponce de Leon, when the famous hotel of that name was built, converting Florida from a struggling sanatarium rendezvous into a great and popular pleasure resort. To give in detail what he has done in this state would be to write the recent history of Florida; for to the vigor and energy of this one man may be traced the development of rich agricultural tracts from the vast wastes formerly familiar to the traveler. The courses of rivers have been changed, or obstructions removed, large areas have been drained, and every obstacle to the full development of the country has been, so far as possible, removed; and now, as the climax of a great career, the famous Keys of the Gulf Coast are to be conquered. For one man to fearlessly expend $20,000,000 in developing a state is an action without parallel in the history of a nation.

I listened enwrapt to one whose life is a chronicle of constructive force which reads like a romance. Mr. Flagler is a genuine captain of industry, and he led the way to the Peninsula state. His palatial hotels have made the east coast of Florida the American Riviera, and their construction was a bold stroke in the battle of development, but it conquered. The keen eye of the projector saw what might be done with the natural resources of the state, and he did it. Now, at the age of seventy-six this master mind is undertaking a project which at first seemed to present insurmountable obstacles, because of engineering difficulties, but Mr. Flagler said when the Panama canal was decided on he determined to put the Key West problem to the test, and learn the facts as to the feasibility of the railroad. There were all manner of drawbacks to encounter, such as tides, currents, winds; but once the practicability was proven it was promptly decided that the road would be built.

* * *

Mr. Flagler turned in his office chair and handed me the memoranda of the work, and I saw that the distance from Miami to Key West is 154 miles; the railroad already extending twenty-eight miles of this distance to Homestead. Sixty miles of this road is on solid rock embankments through the water of the ocean, separating the mainland from Key West. Of the entire distance only sixty-five miles of road will be on the islands, the rest of the distance the rails will be laid thirty-one feet above salt water. Four concrete viaducts aggregate nearly six miles, with fifty feet spans resting upon concrete piers set in the solid rock and strengthened by piles. There are seven water openings, each twenty-five feet, and three drawbridges which aggregate 410 feet.

Largo is the largest of the keys and is

A DAY'S FISHING ON THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA forty miles in length, but the railroad only traverses fifteen miles of its area. Next comes Plantation Key, and so on down a long list of keys to Stock Island and Key West. In addition to the keys which the road actually passes over, there are a number of others in sight, many of them covered with groves of trees furnishing the traveler with a panoramic view of the wealth of the tropics. To look from a train, upon these strategic keys covered with cocoanut and pineapple trees, is to enjoy a view not to be seen from any other railway line in the world.

CHARLIE TOMMY, THE SEMINOLE

* * *

The islands are rich hammock lands, and the railroad will develop a vast traffic in fruit and vegetables such as has made Dade County notable. The growers will supply the markets of the North and the world, and on every table will be found the fruits of the tropics at all seasons of the year.

It is difficult to comprehend all that this road will mean in the annihilation of time and space in getting products to the markets. And in addition to this the value of land in the south will be enhanced as the products of the soil have a new outlet, while the markets of the world will be supplied with a greater variety than ever before, and at a lower price. In the improvement of this section some thirty-five miles of rivers were cleaned out and deepened, twenty miles of ditches were dug, and the effects of all this is seen in the oranges, mangoes, grape fruit, pineapples, cocoanuts and great variety of other fruits and vegetables found in Dade county and shipped by express freight trains to the Northern markets.

* * *

The water between the islands is shallow, being from ten to thirty feet deep, with a bottom of limestone. The best engineering talent of the country has been employed to overcome all obstacles.

Mr. J. C. Meredith is the constructive engineer in charge of the work at Miami. A large fleet of tugs and barges are employed constantly. At Key West extensive docks and terminals will be built, as well as dry docks and wharves, each 800 feet long and 100 feet wide. The trip of ninety nautical miles from Key West to Havana will be made in from four and a half to five hours.

But most important of all is the fact that this will furnish the shortest and quickest route to the Pacific. The construction of this railroad is certainly going to be the crowning achievement of Mr. Flagler's wonderful and successful career in Florida. It may well be termed the "Oceanic Route," and will be the most unique scenic line in the world, for "Ocean travel by land" is a novelty that

THE KING PALM, MIAMI

will be warmly welcomed by the victims of mal de mer.

* * *

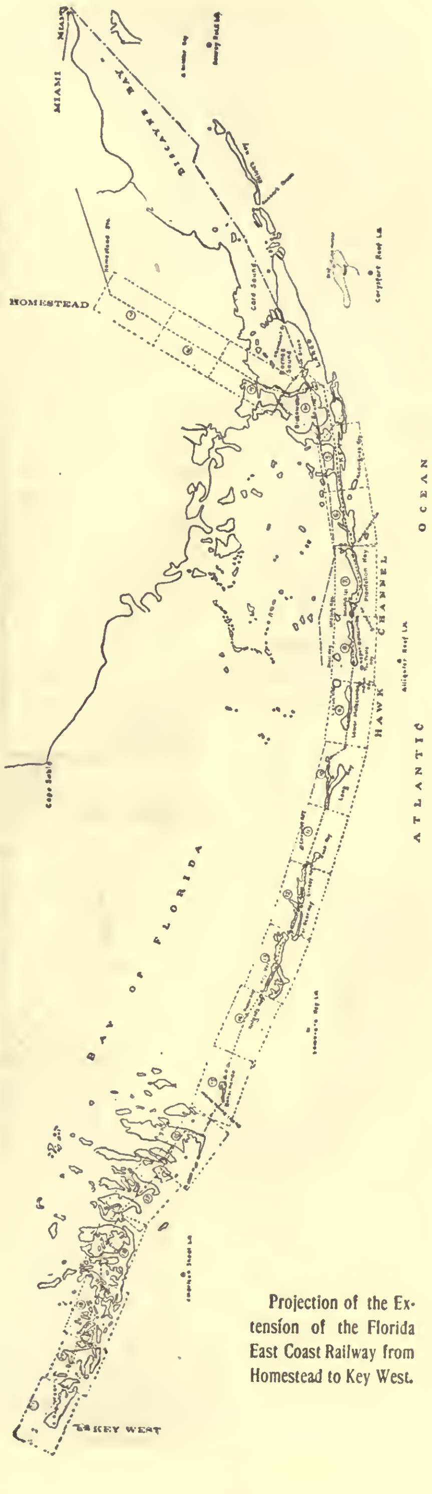
The president's office is on Broadway, just at the bend of that famous thoroughfare, and is on the twelfth floor of number twenty-six. It is a large room overlooking the harbor. In the office was the quiet air of concentrated business. Several gentlemen were assembled in the outer room, waiting to take up the routine of buy and sell. In Mr. Flagler's room I noticed that a number of books lay about the desk and on the walls were blue prints showing the plans for the railway extension.

He has a gray moustache and kindly blue eyes, and evidently takes a deep interest in all things progressive. Alert today as when a youth of fourteen he began his notable life career of "making his way." If the genius of the age is business, I should without hesitation say that Henry M. Flagler is the personification of this age.

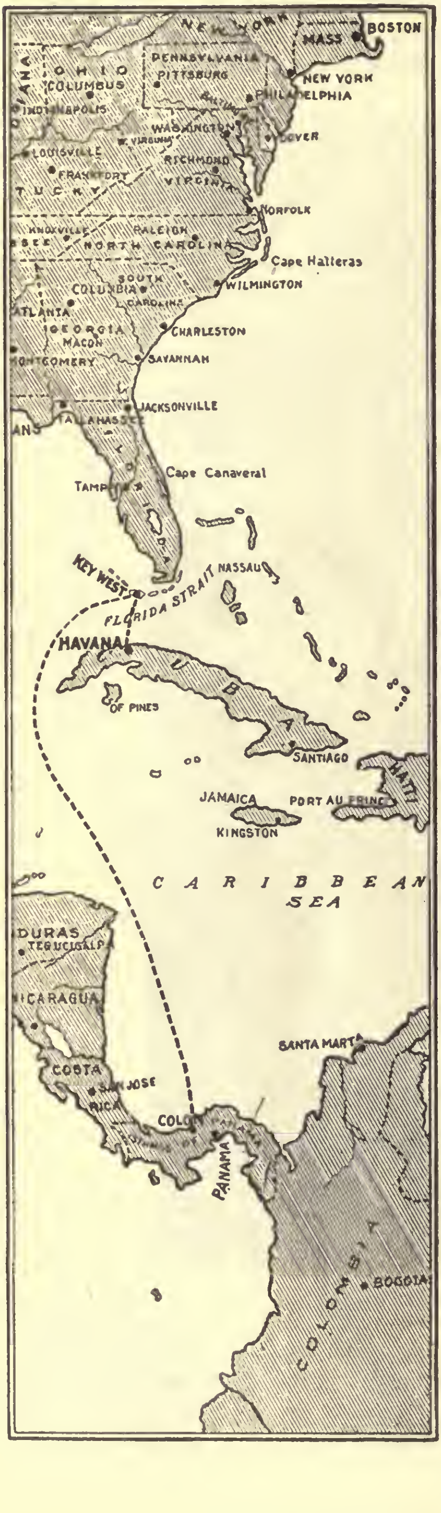
I like best to describe him as a man with the courage of his convictions, a staunch upholder of the new South, who has opened up its resources not by words but by works. His keen and kindly interest in men and in new enterprises expresses the true American spirit, and it occurred to me that this might be the secret of the amazing success of all his business undertakings.

Despite the numerous projects which he has on hand, I noticed that Mr. Flagler keeps abreast of the literature of the day. On his desk were several new books, and while I sat there a fresh volume was brought to him with the leaves all cut ready for his perusal.

Mr. Flagler impressed me as being a man capable of succeeding in any line he might take up. I believe he would have made an ideal president of a college, and certainly would have been as consummate a success as he has been in business, for I never heard from anyone more sound, sensible and healthy opin-



Projection of the Extension of the Florida East Coast Railway from Homestead to Key West.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LOUISVILLE
RICHMOND
FRANKFORT
VIRGINIA
NORFOLK
KNOXVILLE
RALEIGH
NORTH CAROLINA
Cape Halteras
SOUTH CAROLINA
COLUMBIA
WILMINGTON
ATLANTA
GEORGIA
MACON
CHARLESTON
MONTGOMERY
SAVANNAH
JACKSONVILLE
TALLAHASSEE
Cape Canaveral
TAMPA
KEY WEST
NASSAU
FLORIDA STRAIT
HAVANA
CUBA
OF PINES
SANTIAGO
HAITI
JAMAICA
PORT AU PRINCE
KINGSTON
CARIBBEAN SEA
DURAS
TEGUCIGALPA
ICARAGUA
COSTA RICA
SAN JOSE
COLON
PANAMA
SANTA MARTA
BOGOTA

ions regarding the everyday problems of life. Summed up, his conclusion was that the man who believes unreservedly in his country and does his duty will come out all right.

This doctrine was splendidly exemplified by Mr. Flagler after the great freeze of '95, when many of the orange growers were broken by their heavy losses. The manner in which he opened his purse at that time in order that the people should have money on such terms as they needed, and encouraging them to go on with their work, certainly showed no disposition to make money out of other people's misfortunes. He insisted that these sufferers by the frost were not objects of charity, but were honestly entitled to every consideration possible.

Like all men of his caliber, Mr. Flagler takes a universal view of matters, and this attitude enables him to see another side of events than that which merely concerns his own interests.

* * *

I was much interested in learning that early in his career this master mind met with overwhelming obstacles, and at one time lost his entire fortune in an enterprise at Saginaw, Michigan, but, nothing daunted, he went to work again and made a new start. He told me how difficult it was for him to realize that, although he observed the old standards of industry, frugality, temperance and perseverance,—he did not seem to make progress, but later he saw that these years of slow growth were but the training school for later achievements. He also remarked that many successful men had told him that no one was more surprised than they themselves when they found success crowning their efforts, beyond their wildest dreams.

* * *

In the course of our conversation Mr. Flagler remarked that he would like to reach the young men of today and give them the results of his own life experience, but he seemed to feel that he could not do this without appearing egotistical and possibly being misunderstood. Mr. Flagler is a philosopher, a man who thinks deeply, and has clear and decided views. He is an inspiration to younger men with whom he comes into contact. There is in him that same broad, keen, sympathetic interest that made Marcus A. Hanna one of the greatest men of his time, although no man, perhaps, was more maligned and misunderstood.

It has been my good fortune to be intimately acquainted with many elderly men, and my best friends are those who have met obstacles and mastered them. They have come to the evening of life, they have reached the heights above the clouds and mists, and are looking back on those who are still struggling up the side of the mountain. They gaze back through the vista of years and see just where they might have done better, where the mistakes were made, as no younger man can do.

* * *

One never knows a country until he has been there. There is something in the inflection of the names, something in the way a man talks about a place which shows at once whether or no he has been there, and distinguishes him from one who has never seen it. This is precisely the difference between the young man and the man of mature years. These latter have had experience, and it is not so much what they say as how they say it. This is often apparent in the work of newspaper men, who, as they grow experienced, will see what younger men miss—the instinctive twinkle of the eye, the little wrinkle of the mouth, the glance that tells the whole story without a spoken word. Or they hear an inflection in the voice that is unheard by others. Thus it was in my meeting with Mr. Flagler, the presence of the projector himself gave a new interest to the Florida East Coast Extension. There he sat in his modest office and calmly announced his definite decision to complete the work, as quietly as though he had been commenting on the beautiful Autumn day outside. I went to see him just as I might go to visit any other public man, and about the first thing he said to me was,

"I cannot see why a magazine like the National should want to get information about a mere prosaic enterprise like a railroad."

I told him I thought the enterprise involved something much more than the construction of rails and ties and bridges —it meant much to the nation in extending and knitting together the relationships which were to be opened up in view of the building of the Panama canal. His eyes twinkled, and he said,

"Well, possibly that has had something to do with the construction of our line."

No man ever made a success of anything who could not read and see into the future. Pre-vision is the basis of success. My reason for going to see Mr. Flagler was not so much to gain information regarding the railway, but that I desired to see in person the projector of so vast an undertaking. My interview with him was indeed an inspiration and I came away with the hope of taking a a trip on the keys of Florida by rail, the Oceanic route, over the foaming surf of the Gulf in the dashing "Iron Horse," which has not only made its conquest of earth, but now will soon ride the very waves over the sea.

THE HOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IT is rather a delicate question to bring up just now — that question of life insurance, but in New York the other day I thought I would just drop round to "see the folks." In a tall, red-gabled building on Broadway is the Home Life Insurance Company, one of the strongest and most conservative institutions of its kind in the country—and there are many.

When I paid my year's premium on my Home Life Insurance policy, I called in to pay my respects to the president. As I sat in his office overlooking the city hall in New York, where the Armstrong Insurance investigation is being carried on, I thought to myself if every policyholder in this company could know what I realized that day, they would congratulate themselves upon the fact that they belonged in the Home Life Insurance Company. In Mr. George E. Ide our Home Life Insurance policyholders have a man of the times, a man who at first, in many ways, impresses one as being of the Rooseveltian type. Modest, direct, simple, yet nobody can press his hand without feeling that here indeed is a real man, honest and square. Devoted to his policyholders, George E. Ide to me stands out conspicuously in the straightforwardness of his efforts in building up the Home Life Insurance Company. If ever there was a man who had the unqualified devotion of those associated with him, it is President Ide. His whole personality impresses one with the purpose he has in working for the company, and he is just the sort of man one can trust. I do not wonder now at the enthusiasm that prevails among all the representatives of the Home Life Insurance Company concerning the president. Mr. Ide is a New Yorker by birth, but a man with a most democratic, emphatic and broad taste, and here again the Rooseveltian stamp was indicated.

GEORGE E. IDE, PRESIDENT

In the office of Mr. Frederick A. Wallis, manager of the Greater New York department, the agents and solicitors were assembled and there was an atmosphere of intelligent appreciation of what the people need along the lines of life insurance. On a blackboard on the wall were written inspiring and wholesome sentiments. A bit of verse, a well known saying, an epigram hung here and there about the room. Everything was indicative of the wholesome and healthy home spirit, for the company is most appropriately named. Perhaps no president could have been found to represent it who would have been more in agreement with this home spirit than Mr. George E. Ide.

The accounts are so accurately and concisely kept that every policyholder can know at any hour the actual amount of money he has due to him, and when I went to the book keeping and actuarial department I saw there on a card my own individual account, and at a single glance I knew exactly how much it had earned during the past year. This is nothing less than a guarantee of annual personal participation in profits, as well as an assurance of an annual statement of these profits. This is in sharp contrast to the general method of conducting business of this kind heretofore, by means of deferred dividends, of which it may be said that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." It is believed, however, that by and by the whole insurance situation will adjust itself equitably and in the interests of all policyholders as well as of all companies.

Now I am relating the satisfaction that resulted from my visit to the Home Life Insurance Company and not indulging in criticism or comparison. In the first place there was a spirit of homelikeness about the headquarters of this company which stands out in sharp contrast to the busy, rushing maelstrom of business activities in New York City. Ninety per cent. of the insurance of the United States has been hitherto written on the plan of deferring the dividends for a period of years, and it is just here that the Home Life Insurance Company have made a great change, obviating the accumulation of great surpluses that has occasioned a large part of the trouble and dissatisfaction which has arisen. In the ordinary annual dividend policy there is what has been termed microscopic earnings, but in the policy which the Home Life Insurance Company offers the full benefit of the dividend is given, with the information always obtainable of just how much your policy is earning and how much credit you have in the bank—so to speak. In other words, it seems as though the Home Life Insurance Company conducted their business on much the same principle as a savings bank. There is no "blind pool" because you know how much is coming to you, and if you leave it there it accumulates for you all the benefits of a long deferred dividend policy of the regular kind. It seems to me as though the public are ready for just this sort of company, and for my part I know I never paid any money with more satisfaction than when I handed in my annual premium in

THE HOME LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING BY SUNLIGHT the Home Life Insurance Company.

This was the first insurance organization to adopt the plan of ascertaining the exact surplus accruing on accumulation policies, and to declare dividends due to policyholders, and to actually credit what was due every year. This has been why, in all these years of strenuous life insurance education, the policyholders in this company have been carrying a surplus to their credit instead of the credit of the company. The Home Life Insurance Company means something concrete in its statements for the policyholders.

The history of the company from its inception nearly half a century ago, has been a record unparalleled for conservative management in the direct, mutual interests of policyholders.

THE HOME LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING BY SEARCH LIGHT

Well do I remember my first visit to the headquarters, when I was examined for life insurance. It was a solemn occasion, and I felt very seriously impressed as I sat and was thumped and rethumped to see whether or not I was a "good risk." An application blank was made out on which it seemed desirable that I should chronicle the genealogy of my family from the time of William the Conqueror. The medical examination over, the good, jovial doctor sent me out with the feeling that not only was I a "good risk" physically, but that before me were many years in which to carry out the vigorous activities of the career which lay mapped out for me. Some doctors have the faculty of inspiring their patients with a belief in their own power to achieve, which proves more effective than gallons of medicine. As I went out I looked upon the old clock in the tower of the City Hall park, and found it had been just one hour and thirty-two minutes that I had spent in the ordeal of examination and arranging for insurance on my life. I now felt that I could go forth to do and to conquer, in the knowledge that whatever might befall me the loved ones at home would be cared for.

Despite the startling revelations of the past few months, the confidence of the American people will never be shaken in the absolute necessity and wisdom of life insurance, especially when conducted along such conservative lines as those of the old Home Life. The impulse of some Americans is a subtle inclination to worship magnitude in all its phases, and this impulse while undoubtedly in many ways an excellent and uplifting one, is not always to be trusted. It often happens that better work and more careful consideration is given by a more conservative concern or corporation, and it was my experience of service of this kind that made me feel that I would be better off as a member of the family circle in the Home Life Insurance Company, than if I were insured with the million and multi-millions, where I should be but as a drop in the ocean.

When I look at my card in the Home Life, I really feel of some consequence. So every time I pass by Broadway and look upon the red-gabled front of the

Old Home Life Insurance Company's dwelling, I feel that I have an investment there that means a great deal to me. I think with satisfaction of my policy put away in the strong box, which means protection during the storm and stress of life, and the outcry of investigators means nothing to me, because I feel that I am cared for with that generous blanket policy of the Home Life Insurance Company.

Later: — Since the above was written and in type Mr. Ide has appeared before the Hughes Insurance Investigation in New York City. There is always a thrill of pleasure in realizing one's personal opinions and impressions confirmed by the rigid test of concrete and legal fact. The great searchlight was turned on the Home Life Insurance Company with Mr. Ide in the witness chair on the dias. He told in a simple direct way the story of the Home Life Insurance Company, armed with facts and a clean, clear cut business record, that becomes a matter of personal congratulation to every policy holder and one that won the admiration of the lynx-eyed legislative inquisitors. Since Mr. Ide's testimony the Home Life Insurance Company has been showered with praise and congratulations by the people and public press, in finding this refreshing record under the calcium light. The old-fashioned glass chandilier overhead, the painting of Jefferson, quill in hand from the rear — with Andrew Jackson at the right and Monroe at the left, with Fillmore and Tyler at either side of the red curtained alcove of the speaker, somehow made a picturesque setting for the scene in which Diogenes Hughes found an honest insurance president with his swinging lantern of cross examination.

The cynics must cease their wailing—there are honest men and honest corporations and it is such that holds fast the auction of public confidence. Telegrams of congratulations pour in upon this unassuming man and yet in the blaze of triumph for his conservative square deal policy of management --- he remains just the same modest, earnest man, whose testimony has thrown a sharp contrast on the scene that means much at this psychological moment, for the entire cause of Square-deal life insurance to which he has devoted his life and career.

THE HOME LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING BY MOONLIGHT

VIEW OF MIAMI RIVER

NEW POINTS OF INTEREST IN FLORIDA

By Professor L. T. Townsend

FLORIDA, though boasting of the oldest existing city in the United States, St. Augustine, and not many hours distant by rail from our largest eastern and middle western cities, seems to be, by the great majority of our people only imperfectly understood; it is thought to be of small area, quite a good deal of it supposed to be swampy and malarial. But as a matter of fact it is the largest state east of the Mississippi; it is larger than New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware taken together and by government statistics is reported as one of the healthiest states of the Union.

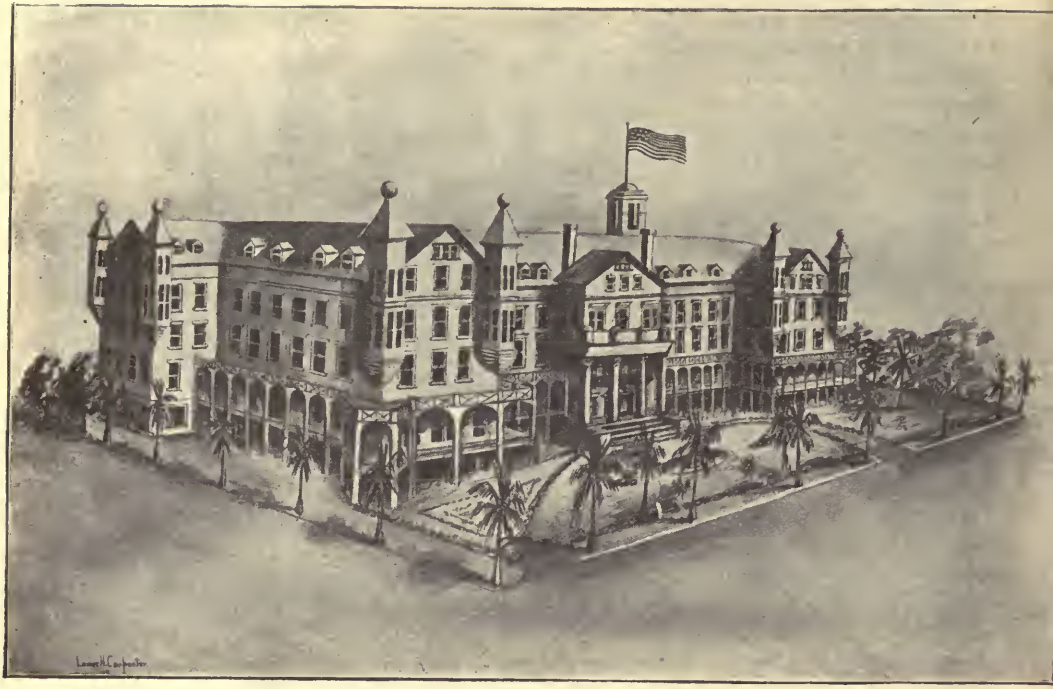
Florida is a peninsula, extending north and south four hundred miles or more, having a mean breadth of ninety miles with over a thousand miles of water front. There are thirty-nine counties in the state, twenty-two of which have either a gulf or an ocean front, resembling in this respect the peninsulas of Greece, Italy, Spain and southern California. While the scenery of Florida takes a most indifferent rank as compared with that of other places, yet its climate is equal to theirs and, especially in its southern portions, is in many respects superior. That one finds very marked differences in Florida when passing from its northern to the southern counties, is what would be expected. A distance of several hundred miles, north and south, in the temperate zone, especially during the Winter months, as all travelers know, show surprising variations of temperature. From repeated personal experience we know that one may need heavy flannels and an overcoat in Jacksonville, or St. Augustine and on reaching Palm Beach or Miami the next morning can safely doff all clothing except what one needs in the mildest mid-Summer weather. Often there are cold storms in northern Florida, which have done much to damage the reputation of the whole state as a Winter resort; but on the same days mild and general sunshine prevail in the southern portions of the state. For the larger part of the time during nine months of the year, beginning the latter part of October, fog, rain and dewfall in southern Florida are almost entirely unknown. The record of two years ago is that three hundred and nine days out of the three hundred and sixty-five were fair. The record of last Winter is that from October to April there were no storms and but three or four showers, mostly at night-time.

TARPON FISHING IN FLORIDA

South-eastern Florida, including the larger keys from Angell island to Key West are already taking rank among the most noted Winter, health and pleasure resorts of America, if not of the world. Here are a low altitude, a remarkably dry atmosphere, almost continuous breezes from the Gulf stream, that are free from disease producing microbes and packed with antiseptic ozone, with a temperature exceptionally equitable and so mild that out-door sports and sea bathing are enjoyed during all the Winter months; invalids, without risk, are able to live in the open air day and night the year through. The writer has taken a surf bath the first of March while a blizzard was raging over New England, in water at seventy-two degrees and with an atmosphere at seventy.

The present metropolis of this part of

CARRYING THE MAIL IN SOUTHEASTERN FLORIDA



MIAMI'S NEW HOTEL, "HALCYON HALL"

Florida is the so called "magic city," Miami.

It is three hundred and sixty-six miles south of Jacksonville, sixty south of Palm Beach and is on the shores of Biscayne bay, a beautiful sheet of salt water.

Within three miles of the entrance of Miami harbor is the course taken by sailing vessels and steamers bound for Key West, Havana, Pensacola, Galveston and other Gulf and South American ports. Through the south part of the city, where soon will be its center, flows the clear waters of Miami river.

In 1896, with the exception of a few acres cultivated by two or three enterprising early settlers, the whole territory, now embraced in the city of Miami, was a tropical wilderness. Giant live oaks and other hardwood trees, together with pines, shrubs and tangled vines, rendered this region almost impassable. On these shores up to that time, the Seminole Indians, who have been warred upon by English, Spanish and American troops, without having yet been conquered by any of them, had their camping grounds. To these shores out from the almost unexplored fastness of the Everglades, only six miles distant, at the nearest point from Miami, though having an area of hundreds of miles, came these Indians year after year, with their alligator skins, furs and great variety of bird plumes to get in exchange their few groceries, their gaudy colored calicoes, powder and various trinkets from the one store, that of Mr. William B. Brickell, who still lives upon his most attractive estate.

On the waters of the bay the Seminoles fished and on its shores held their annual corn dance.

The interior of this part of Florida at that time, and the untouched lands along the shores of the bay were largely impassable, not having even an Indian trail.

The mail for the few pioneer settlers

A MIAMI STREET NINE YEARS AGO

was conveyed a part of the way by boat and then on the back of the mail carrier, who followed for thirty miles or so along the shores of the keys on the opposite side of Biscayne bay. The voting population of that entire district then numbered only eleven persons. Such were the conditions of this part of Florida ten years ago. But when the East Coast railroad, in 1896, reached Miami river there began an era of most remarkable growth and prosperity. People of all occupations and professions, people in health and invalids from southern, western and northern states came there in large numbers, living at first in tents, shacks, or under roofs of palmetto leaves where now are palatial homes with lawns unsurpassed in this or any other country.

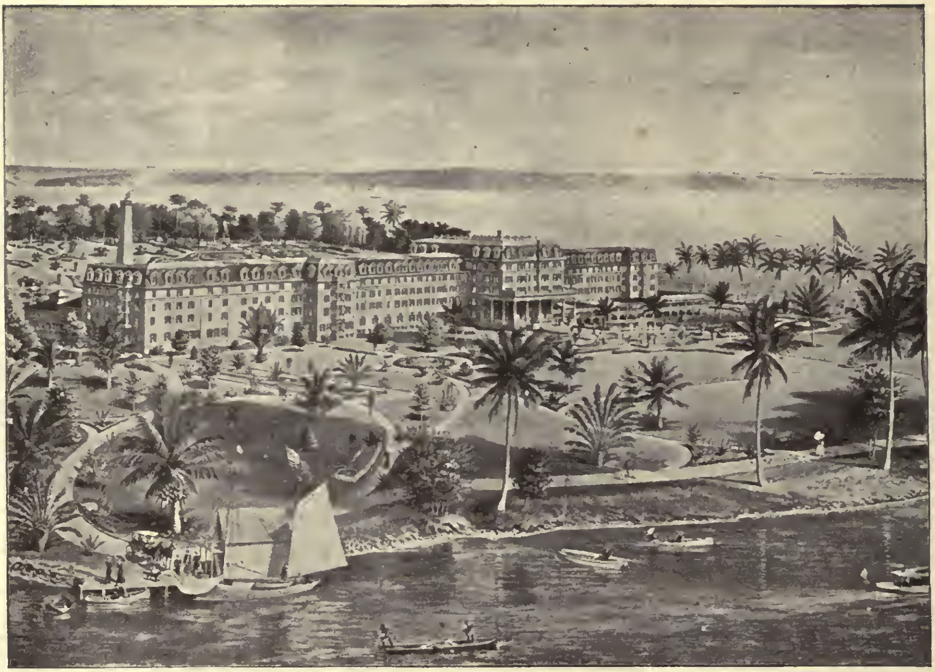
The tax assessment for 1897 was $98,336; that for 1905 was $1,024,330.

In June, 1897, Miami held its first election, having a population of three hundred and forty-three. There are now between five and six thousand all-the-year-round inhabitants with many more, two thousand, perhaps, who are regular Winter residents.

On the boarding house and hotel registers of last Winter a hundred and twenty-nine thousand names were entered. Nor need one be surprised at this, for here are tennis and golf grounds as good as can be found anywhere and here too the sportsman can find game of many kinds and fish of greater variety and in larger quantities than perhaps anywhere else in the United States.

There are in this part of Florida no mud, no sleet, no snow, no tedious Winter months, no scorching Summer heat, nor hardly a hot and sultry night the Summer through. Here too, it should be remembered are nearly the same climatic and other conditions, excepting

THE SAME STREET TO-DAY



"THE ROYAL PALM HOTEL" — ONE OF THE FLAGLER SYSTEM

mountain ranges, as those of Athens, Alexandria, Crete, Genoa, Naples, and Venice, which is evidence that the snow banks of Russia, the bleak winds and frosts of New England and the zero weather of Minnesota and Manitoba are not absolutely essential to the highest development in art, literature and oratory. Phidias and the builders of the Parthenon, Homer and Dante, Demosthenes and Cicero did not need the exhilaration and stimulous of an occasional blizzard with the themometer below zero, but were in a climate not essentially different from that of southern Florida. And should the time come when the Florida people can leave their gardens and groves long enough to cultivate letters, she, too, may have a literature.

The city of Miami has its telegraph, electric light and sewage services as up-to-date and efficient as those of any city in our country.

There are three daily and three weekly papers and two monthly magazines.

The most important hotels of the city are the Royal Palm and the Halcyon. The first of these, most attractively located, fronting south on Miami river and east on Biscyne bay, is one of the Flagler group of spacious hostelries, which is all the commendation it needs; it has accomodation for eight hundred or a thousand guests. The Halcyon, with every modern improvement, built of stone and steel, is one of the finest buildings in the southern states. It has accomodations for three hundred and fifty guests, opens November 1, closes May 1, and is under the management of Mr. Salem Graham, an experienced and very successful hotel proprietor.

The streets of Miami and the roads in the country about, are made of crushed coral, which for hardness, smoothness and for automobile touring purposes are unsurpassed by those of any country in the world, not excepting the state roads of Massachusetts. These roads now extend west of the city into the grape fruit and orange groves, now rapidly multiplying, and into the truck farm districts with their marvelously profitable crops which can be planted so as to be harvested any month of the year. These roads extend south of Miama to Cutler, fifteen miles distant and north to Palm Beach, with the exception of a gap between Landerville and Delray which is already under way of construction.

South of Miami are Cocoanut Grove, Larkin, Cutler and other towns, some of which have received their names within one or two years, located along the line of the railroad, in what is known as the Homestead country. The present terminus of the railroad having the name, Homestead, is on the border of the Everglades and not far from where the road leaves the main land for the keys on its romantic route to Key West.

People are moving rapidly into this section, the incoming population being a good deal cosmopolitan; in the same neighborhoods are people from Maine and Michigan, Kansas and Kentucky, Connecticut and the Carolinas, England, France, Sweden and Germany.

No part of the Atlantic coast is said to be freer from mosquitoes and other like pests than this part of Florida.

Throat and lung diseases, including diphtheria and consumption have never been known to develop in this section of the state.

The lands of the Homestead country are not very diversified, but include a small amount of hammock, much pine, and large tracts of what are called prairie lands, that give some evidence of becomming the greatest vegetable and fruit producing territory of the United States; the promise of this may be gathered from the fact that during the past season there were shipped from the lower East Coast country more than one and one-half million crates of vegetables to Northern markets.

Last Spring we visited one of the plantations on Key Largo, where are essentially the same conditions as those of the southeastern part of the mainland, and found growing there bananas, blackberries, cocoanuts, dates, English walnuts, grapes, grape fruit, quavas, two varieties of apples, the Jamaica and sugar; two varieties of lemon, the native and the Cicily, limes, several varieties of oranges, peaches, pineapples, sappadillos, shaddocks, tamarinds and several other varieties of fruit that we confess never before to have heard of.

In fact almost everything in vegetable and fruit productions found in the temperate, sub-tropical and tropical zones are easily grown on these keys and in southeastern Florida.

The climate there is almost as remarkable as its varied productions. Though ten degrees nearer the equator than southern Italy, its average temperature is not as high.

In mid-Summer there is no such heat as is found in other sections of the south, or even in our northern and western states. Sunstroke and heat prostrations are unknown. These immense prairies opening out to the Atlantic ocean, fanned by almost continuous Gulf Stream breezes can be worked, so those who live there tell us, with no discomfort such as is experienced in our New England hay and western corn fields. The reports of the weather bureau at Washington show that the thermometer rarely registers in southeastern Florida above ninety degrees, while the average Summer heat is sixty-five to seventy.

From statistics of the Washington weather bureau we take the following reading for a Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter months of a year ago.

	Max.	Min.	Mean.
March:	86°	59°	75.2°
May:	88°	57°	76.2°
October:	89°	54°	76.2°
February:	86°	45°	73.3°

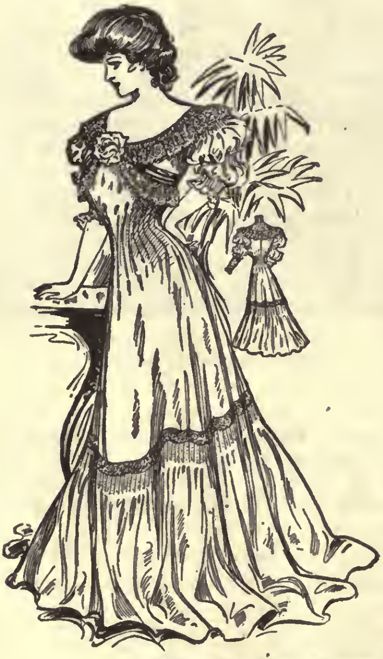
"The Health Resorts" with its many beautiful descriptive engravings to which we are indebted for the illustrations in this article, fill one with a longing for that land of flowers.

In view of all these facts it is hardly possible that farmers who are becoming tired of biting frosts in the Northeast and Northwest United States will allow the Homestead country and the larger Florida keys to remain unoccupied and untilled much longer.

If one needs more specific information as to these lands he would better communicate with the office of Mr. J. E. Ingraham, St. Augustine.

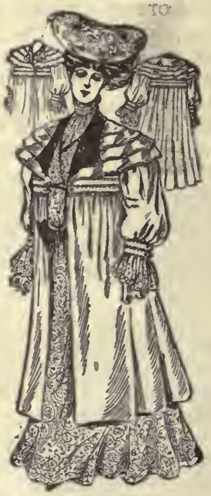
FASHIONS FOR MIDWINTER

THE midwinter season is one of much pleasure, of many entertainments and all sorts of happy times and consequently means a need for costumes of varying sorts. The very pretty princesse evening gown illustrated makes one of the latest and best designs of the season and is so far adaptable that it can be made available for a great many materials and a great many occasions. With the décolleté neck and the elbow sleeves it suits genuine evening wear, while with the yoke and long sleeves can be utilized for afternoon occasions Again, the Empire drapery on the waist can be used or omitted as liked and the skirt can be cut off in walking length, if a still simpler model is needed. In the illustration messaline satin is trimmed with velvet and lace. Material required for the medium size is 13 yards 21, 10 yards 27 or 6½ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard of bias velvet and 1 yard of all-over lace for the yoke and cuffs when used.



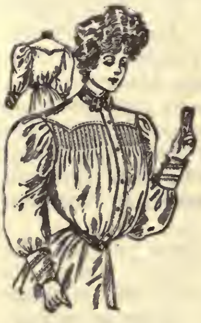
Design By May Manton.
Tucked Princesse Gown 5179.

Empire coats are greatly in vogue this season and are particularly attractive for evening and carriage wear. The one illustrated (5217) is among the most graceful shown and appropriately can be made from cloth, velvet, *drap 'd ete* or any seasonable cloaking material. For the medium size will be required 8¾ yards 27 or 5 yards 52 inches wide with ⅜ yard of satin for the vest, ⅜ yard of velvet for the collar and 2 yards of lace for frills.

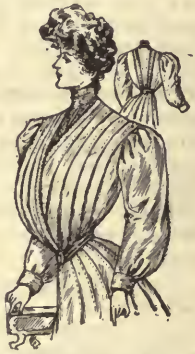


5217 Empire Coat, 32 to 42 bust.

No matter how many the fancy waists, however, the simple one in shirt waist style makes the real essential to comfort. Nos. 5218 and 5203 serve to illustrate two recent and altogether desirable models that can be made available both for immediate wear and for the making of the cotton and linen waists of the coming season, which work is so apt to be done in January and February. The yoke model is made with quite novel cuffs that are tucked on diagonal lines, while the surplice waist includes an entirely separate chemisette that is adjusted under it and closed at the back. To make the yoke waist for the medium size will be required 4 yards of material 21, 3¼ yards 27; to make the surplice waist 3¾ yards 21 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard any width for the chemisette.



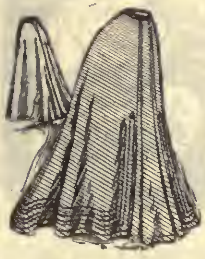
5218 Tucked Shirt Waist, 32 to 40 bust.



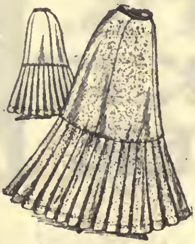
5203 Surplice Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 bust.

All variations of the circular skirt are greatly in vogue this season and are all exceedingly graceful and attractive. None, however, is better than No. 5213. As illustrated it is

The May Manton Patterns illustrated in this article may be obtained for 10 cents each. Address Fashion Department National Magazine, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.



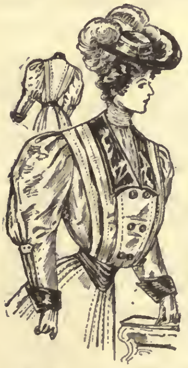
5213 Three Piece Circular Skirt. 22 to 30 waist.



5200 Five Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

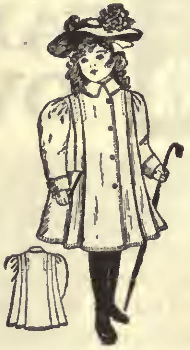
made of cloth with trimming of bands of the material but it is quite suited to all the seasonable fabrics and can be trimmed in almost any way that may please the fancy, while again it may be cut off in walking length if desired. The front gore gives the effect of a double box plait while the sides fall in ripples below the hips. For the medium size will be required 7 yards of material 27 or 4¼ yards 52 inches wide.

The skirt with the kilted flounce is, on the other hand, designed only for walking length but is eminently graceful and attractive when put to either use. There is a five gored upper portion which is perfectly smooth and which renders the model particularly desirable for the fashionable long coats, although its usefulness is not confined within any fixed limits. For the medium size will be required 8 yards of material 27 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide. The short coat is the favorite one of the Winter for all dressy costumes in spite of the effort to introduce the longer ones. In the model shown (5204) is to be found one of the best as well as simplest for mid-winter wear. As illustrated cloth is trimmed with velvet and handsome buttons. For the medium size will be required 4 ¼ yards of material 21 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of velvet.

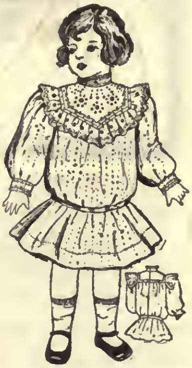


5204 Blouse Eton, 32 to 40 bust.

The long coat is the only really desirable one for little girls to wear and this one (5198) will be found desirable for every material used for the purpose. In the illustration it is made of kersey, dark red in color, but it also suits the lighter weight materials that will be in demand for the coming of spring. For a girl of eight will be required 2½ yards of material 44 or 2½ yards 52 inches wide.



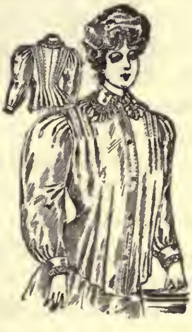
5198 Girl's Tucked Coat, 4 to 10 years.



5069 Child's Dress. 2 to 8 years.

Simple children's frocks are those which are always the greatest pleasure to make and in No. (5069) is to be found a model so attractive as to be sure to commend itself to every mother. Appropriately it can be made of either cashmere or veiling or any similar wool material as well as of the various washable ones that are used for children's dresses. For a girl of six will be required 3 yards of material 32 or 2 ⅛ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 18 inches wide for the yoke collar and 1 ¾ yards of edging.

The day of the wrapper is, happily, in the past and tasteful breakfast jackets, made either with skirts to match or worn with those in contrast, have come to take its place. In No. 5117 is shown an exceptional graceful and attractive model that is suited both to the morning gown and to the separate jacket and both to wool and to washable materials, so that it becomes available for the future as well as for immediate use. For the medium size will be required 4 yards of material 27, 3 ½ yards 32 or 2 ½ yards 44 inches wide with 1½ yards of insertion.



5117 Breakfast Jacket, 32 to 44 bust.

The May Manton Patterns illustrated in this article may be obtained for 10 cents each. Address, Fashion Department, National Magazine, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

YES, I have taken down the old calendar and put up the new—a signal for 1906. As I hung it upon the nail, it seemed as though I was hanging up high hopes and expectations for the new year. While the division between the years is more or less an arbitrary matter of man's making, somehow it impells a retrospective glance, as well as a look into the future.

The best resolution any of us can make is to determine that 1906 shall witness the doing of something for others. The doing of some little act of kindness, the getting away from the idea that no progress is made except by what is done for oneself alone.

I tell you it is on shipboard that you get a good perspective for a look at your self. When I had sailed miles and miles out to sea, it seemed to me I could look back and realize my short comings during the past years. How petty seemed so many of those all-absorbing questions with which I had been occupied a few months ago. The range of vision seemed to change the picture entirely, and the clearer view gave an added importance to those things that had not been done for self, but inspired by at least the hope of helping others. It occurred to me how insignificant a great many of these everyday duties are, in which we struggle for our own selves, and how, on the other hand, the spontaneous impulse to help others stands out as a brilliant achievement as the days and the years pass in rapid procession.

OF course I assume that everyone has renewed his or her subscription and has purchased a copy of the Heart Throb Book. Quite naturally, these are two things which we think important at the beginning of the new year — important, but not all-important. The older I grow the more tolerant I feel toward all human kind and their varying convictions. I entertain a greater respect for other views than my own cherished habits of thought. If we only knew each other better and understood that human nature is built much on the same keel, there would be less rancour and bitterness in our thoughts of others. From this standpoint I am an irredeemable and irreclaimable optimist and there is hope for the coming years, even in the desire for tearing down old structure and erecting new.

* * *

Hail to 1906! There is something in that figure six that suggests evenness—it is always divisible, odd or even, either by three or two. It seems to have a gentleness all its own, and there is a grace in the very curves of the figure that indicates the character we would wish the new year to have. It contains the circle which should be emblematic of unity and harmony. I have been thinking about this figure six for several weeks, and when the midnight hour is past and I look out upon the new year I shall be ready to realize that the five is put away on the shelf for another ten years and mark the "6" at the end of the date line as I write you hearty New Year's greetings, with a strong and steady stroke.

◆

IT is human nature to like to discover people for ourselves. In a dim, hazy way the name of Edmund Vance Cooke as a contributor to magazines and as a poet had long been familiar to me, but one day I ran upon a bit of verse entitled, "How Did You Die?" It opened with the lines:

"Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?

This appealed to me at once, just as it has to thousands of other readers, and I studied the three verses through carefully. Now I often find in reading verses of this sort that one is not merely interested in the poem —which soon becomes a part of our very selves — but we feel a sort of personal frendship for the author. Though I felt acquainted with Mr. Cooke, it was not until the days at the St. Louis Exposition that I had the pleasure of meeting him, at a gathering of the National Editorial Association where he recited a number of his poems, and there was not a man there I believe, who would not cheerfully have sacrificed his own opportunity to air his views in order to hear Mr. Cooke recite "just one more selection."

Edmund Vance Cooke is one of the younger poet-philosophers who have made a prominent name in American literature. He has a pleasing personality, both in the social circle and on the platform as a lecturer. In this latter capacity his work as an entertainer has been most satisfactory, for he is an inimitable actor. Who can ever forget his recitation of the experience of putting the baby to sleep. It goes right to the heart's core of every father and mother who hears it. Mr. Cooke is now president of the International Lecturers' Association and it is gratifying to know that lyceum and platform work are well represented by this organization and its worthy president. Mr. Cooke's lecture, "Pot Luck with the Poet," is one of the most popular in lyceum courses, and his books of verse have won a place in the homes of the people, well deserved by one of our happiest and healthiest poets. Though Mr. Cooke is a poet, he cannot be accused of adopting any of the mannerisms of the tuneful brethren, and he certainly does not wear long hair, as the accompanying portrait proves. Here the brow of the philosopher is plainly seen. His mobile mouth and sparkling eyes reveal the mirth of minstrelsy and the flash of thought, while the firm chin tells of the thoroughness and accuracy that are his characteristics.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

* * *

Edmund Vance Cooke is nothing if not original, and has won the friendship and admiration of all who have ever come into contact with him. It was Bill Nye who paid him the tribute of saying that Mr. Cooke had touched his old heart and made him a better man. What more glorious mission could be found for a philosopher? Who is more beloved than the man who makes us feel better and more in tune with our best selves? We value the friends who have always an inspiring word far more than those who try to scold us into the right path.

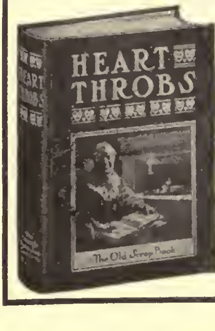
The contributions of this writer have appeared in nearly every periodical in the country, and Mr. Cooke's volumes are becoming increasingly popular. "The Chronicles of the Little Tot" reached its fourth edition in three months, while his other volumes have been equally successful. It is probable that such poems as "The Little Boy Who Left Us" have done more than many sermons for the elevation of the people.

* * *

Born in Canada thirty-eight years ago, Mr. Cooke has become thoroughly Yankeeized, according to his own statement. His literary career began at the early age of fourteen, when, Eddy Cooke was his name, and the Golden Days received his first contribution, which in due time brought in his first check. Mr. Cooke has always preserved his kindly, thoughtful ways. He is not inoculated with any "isms" of the day, but has a frank, genial belief in the best that is in human nature. His creed is just to make people feel better. Hail to Edmund Cooke!

IT has been a busy month in the National office, publishing the "Heart Throb Book" We have been working night and day, and it would have delighted you all, I think, if you could have been here and seen the big presses running full speed night after night, under the brilliant gleam of the electric light. It was understood that it was necessary to have the book ready for Christmas, and every hour of overtime was a pleasure. In fact, we have all done our best to get the book ready for the holidays so as to avoid any dissapointment to the many subscribers who are sending it to friends as a Christmas gift, and what handsomer and more suggestive remembrance can you find for a dear one?

The advance orders have been pouring in upon us, and the first edition is likely to be exhausted within the month. The book is a rare one indeed, the first of its kind ever published. I am pleased to be able to say that all the advance orders were sent out in ample time for the holidays. I am quite sure that if every reader of these lines could have in his hands a copy of this unique book, he would not hesitate to place his order for certainly one copy, and perhaps as several of our subscribers have done, for nine or ten copies. I feel so confident that you will like the book that I do not hesitate to ask you to sign the coupon affixed below and send it on to us, and I believe you will thank me later for having urged you to do this. Sit right down now and fill out the coupon and mail it to us. It is the book of the year.



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NATIONAL MAGAZINE.
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OFF FOR EUROPE ON THE "AMERIKA"

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

MY heart had long been set upon it — a voyage on the maiden trip of the good ship Amerika. Whether the name of the ship, or the desire for a rest and to get away from myself for awhile had most to do with it, I cannot say. At the massive piers of the Hamburg-American dock the great queen of the seas was the center of a gala scene. The docks and piers were thronged with people. The hour of three approached, and at five minutes, precisely, before that hour struck I arrived breathless from the Hoboken ferry, playing the part of that traditional inevitable unfortunate among Trans-Atlantic voyageurs,—"the man who lost his trunk." When this person arrives the ship sails. There was some hesitation for the moment about sailing without having the trunk but the plans had been made, so up the gang plank we marched, the last of the long procession, amid the chorus of goodbyes.

Herr Albert Ballin, the distinguished Director General of the line, and Mr. J. P. Meyer, assistant to the General Manager, Mr. E. L. Boas, were there to see the ship back away from the pier. Herr Ballin had come to America on the maiden voyage of the new ship, and a proud moment it must have been for him to hear the spontaneous greeting given the vessel which had been named in honor of the Western continent. But if there ever was an institution that comprehends and includes all continents, it is none other than the Hamburg-American Line.

Then we began to look around us and to realize the grandeur of our ocean dwelling. I feared I might later awaken from complacent dreams to the agonizing reality, — "I dre-hempt I dwe-helt in mar-har-ble 'alls,"—an English version. There was not, as yet as much vibration as in a sewing machine on that Winter voyage, not one of the thousands aboard were seen at the rail, — paying a tribute.

Eight decks make the Amerika a veritable marine skyscraper of the high seas.

No possible convenience was lacking, even the rapid transit elevator was there to give a "lift." Below were the two lower holds and steerage decks, then came the "Franklin Deck," a tribute to the great American philosopher, and over this the "Cleveland Deck," upon which was the grand dining salon, furnished in pearl grey and luxuriously finished; as beautiful a dining room as could ever be conceived. On the next deck, stateroom number 131 was located; and it was Mr. Barnbrock, head of the cabin department returning to Hamburg, who saw us comfortably settled in our mid-ocean home. We resided on the Roosevelt deck and the deck, like the man whose name it bears, was so popular that it was difficult to provide for all the Americans who sought quarters here. It is conceded that the Hamburg-American Line is the one for truly travel-wise Americans.

Behind a very imposing counter stood Chief Scholz, the "obersteward" — you see how my German improves—with a gorgeous diagram showing the seats at the table; everything was spacious. The first impression that one has of the ship is her immensity, and the next the cheerful homeliness and comfort of her handsome, artistic furnishings. Well, we did not worry about our places at the table, but went still higher to the "Washington Deck," in which a bronze bas-relief of the "father of his country" looked from an alcove upon the diners; and it was facetiously observed that every day at "nine" bells the statue winked, whether electrically or sympathetically was not stated.

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Still higher is located the delightful promenade deck, which is known as the "Kaiser Deck," either side of which looks like a street at a fair, or a fashionable thoroughfare. Amidships was an alcove filled with theatrical looking steamer chairs, which we soon named the orchestra circle.

From this vantage ground we viewed the cliffs of Manhattan and the sky-scraper cañons of New York, with the afternoon sun touching the green and brown lawns of Staten Island and shining on the myriad docks — what harbor the whole world over is equal to New York? And yet there the piers always seem to be lacking in the quaint and picturesque features which we look for in marine pictures. There is an air of business, a rush of transit, which seems to eliminate the fine picturesque effects which lend a charm even to the sordid sea wall and wharves of European havens. Here are no rugged piles or antique masonry; no element of careless seafaring content or picturesque slovenliness; simply the ceaseless rush of business activity. The statue of Liberty, wrapped in sunshine, faded from our sight as we glided down the Narrows and looked upon the castles of deserted Coney Island and "Dreamland," and Luna Park, standing silhouetted against the blue sky recalled memories of "good old Summer time." Here was Sandy Hook with its cluster of light houses and the swaying, red light ship, where the pilot is to leave with the mail bag.

The great rush of thronging tourists up to this time was in the beautiful writing room, decorated in lavender brocade. Everything seemed to be perfected and especially provided for writing that "last letter," to send back by the pilot to the loved ones at home. Now we began to experience the swells off Sandy Hook, and real swells they were, but even when we got out upon long ocean waves, "off soundings" the ship was as steady as a ferry boat though as handsome as the St. Regis of New York.

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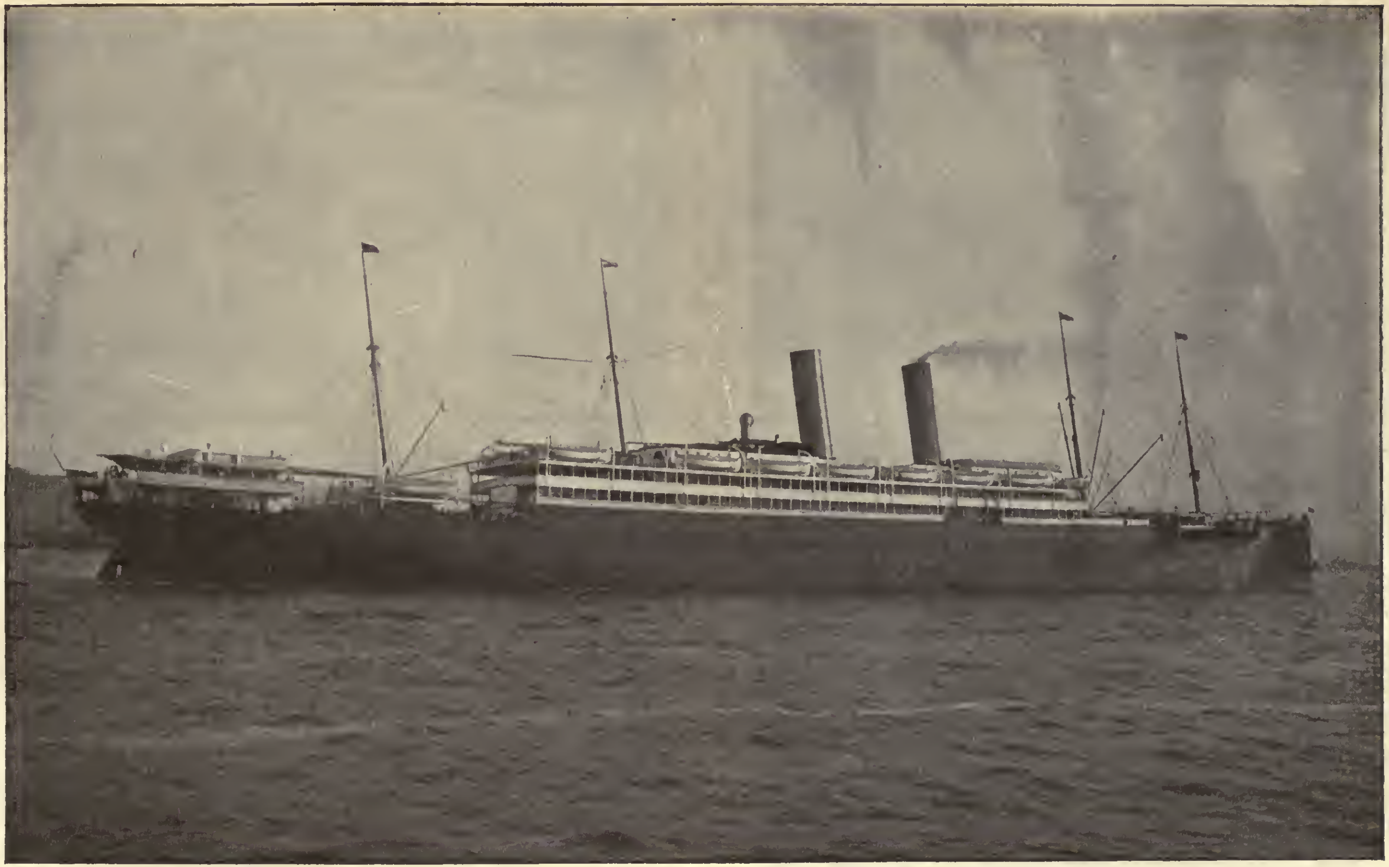
Just then it occurred to the practical member of the party that it would be a good thing to look up and see if we had our trunks on board. Down into the baggage room in the hold I passed—but no trunk was there. The good baggage master shook his head, and the prospect was not altogether cheerful when we considered the possibility of going on an extended journey with only the diminutive satchels with which we had been equipped on coming on board. Well there was nothing to do but make the best of it, so we sought the inviting languor of steamer chairs, wherein, soothed by the soft breezes of the Gulf Stream, we gave ourselves up to rest and the gratification of laudable curiosity studying the seascape — instead of the landscape.

It seemed hardly possible to realize that only a few hours before the decision had been made to take a trip across "the pond." I was startled out of my reflective mood by an awakening not so gentle as that of the Pullman porter. A steward gripped me by the shoulders, grimacing and talking in the purest German. I knew not what awful thing had befallen us, but I hastily followed his white coat down to the steerage, where



THE "AMERIKA," BUILT BY MESSRS. HARLAND & WOLFF, OF BELFAST, IRELAND, LEAVING NEW YORK ON HER FIRST EAST-BOUND TRIP, SHE IS 687 FEET LONG, WITH A BEAM OF 74½ FEET, AND HAS A DISPLACEMENT OF 42,000 TONS, MAKING HER THE LARGEST SHIP EVER BUILT. HER TWIN SCREW ENGINES DEVELOP 16,000 H. P.—SPEED 18 KNOTS

I beheld a welcome sight—none other than the lost trunk; that little, old steamer trunk, with it's checker of labels, Well; Richter just took that trunk up on broad shoulders, like a long lost child, and carried it off to 131, where we became once more a united and happy family.

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Now that we were thoroughly domesticated and settled down, I ventured aft to the smoking room. An attempt to describe that smoking room is vain. Imagine a reproduction of the interior of a historic Irish inn, with massive rafters and cozy nooks and luxurious furniture. At the stairway landing is a realistic picture of a bear hunting scene in which both bears and mountains were portrayed to the life. A balcony runs around the room, affording many cozy seats and the spacious room favored both sociablity or a quiet nook alone.

No sooner had we sat down to smoke than the recital of bear stories began, and I listened to some that would have made the Colorado and Texas adventures of President Roosevelt seem very tame in comparison. Long into the night we heard bear stories, until the lights began to twinkle, for the steward considerately gives three flashes when it is time to adjourn. This awakened the nodders at the fireplace seated on opposite sides, where the two had reveled in volumes of the rare old Irish tales of Sam'l Lover.

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Just outside the smoking room, on the kaiser and sun deck above are two other cozy nooks with tables. It is always necessary to have tables in a cozy nook—of course I am not inquiring the reason why or wherefor. Curious it was to see the ladies and gentlemen saunter to the smoking room for coffee after dinner, because it is not quite the proper thing in Europe to drink your coffee at the dinner table. Outside the smoking room was the most generous display of deck room that I ever saw on board a ship. It seemed more like a fair sized race track than the deck of a ship, but it was soon covered with shuffle board and quoits, and the shuffle board players shuffled and the quoiters quoited until there was not an idler to be found in all those days of luxurious leisure—an extra hour every day, and not a clock "struck" on the east-bound journey, although it is the one instance where the watch works "overtime."

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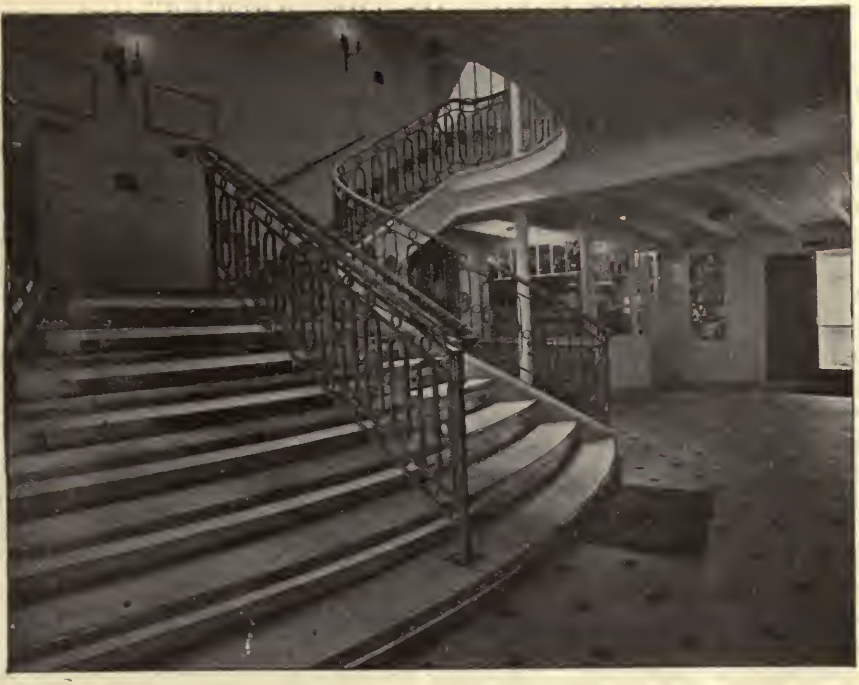
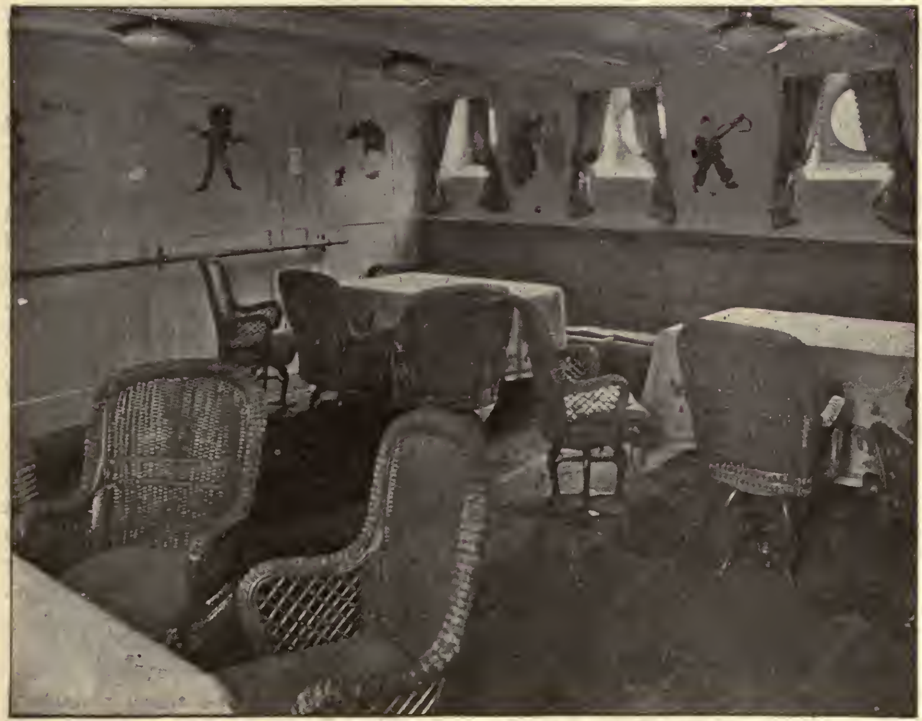
Throughout the trip there was plenty to do. There was a finely appointed gymnasium with electric motors propelling all sorts of apparatus, the visitor could ride a trotting horse, or stride a camel and be reminded of the Streets of Cairo, and furnished with a most thrilling and realistic idea of the peculiar sway and shamble of the "ship of the desert." The only thing that the ladies questioned was why it was not made clear to them "what the men did on an evening when they went to 'ride the goat.'"

There were electric baths and luxurious salt water baths; the florist's shop provided fresh flowers every morning, and you could almost fancy the dew was on the violets when they were brought to the table. The only failure to provide all modern diversions, remarked upon by the young man making his first voyage, was the absence of billiards and a bowling alley. He said that both these games could have been played well enough because "the ship was so steady —just like Philadelphia."

As I had made up my mind to read two books a day I made a desperate march away from these attractions to the library and ladies' drawing room. What a scene this room presented; decorated in salmon silk, the walls studded with cameos, upon a corner dais a great square piano in a light wood case, handsome chairs and tables, pictures and mirrors, the



"WASHINGTON" DECK COMPANIONWAY. THE FLOWER SHOP CAN BE SEEN IN BACKGROUND



ON THE WALLS OF THE NURSERY ARE HANDSOME PAINTINGS FROM QUAINT OLD GERMAN FAIRY TALES room seemed like a chamber in some fairy castle, and I was again reminded of the St. Regis. A handsome painting of the Kaiser looks down every evening upon a brilliant company where well gowned ladies and courtly gentlemen meet in a social way. Well I found the library steward and secured my book.

Now what a feast it is to look upon a library of good books, and realize that you can not read them all, but are at liberty to select the book you wish. I thought of the generous hours I had before me in which to revel in books, and came to the conclusion that I would first get acquainted with Maarten Maartens, so 'Dorothea' was my first book. I returned to the upper deck, and wrapped in a steamer rug, I snuggled down for a good chat with Mr. Maartens, and was soon transported far beyond the seas to Holland and the Riviera.

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After an hour or so as I looked out upon the sea, with the white caps just showing, I forgot my book and dreamed that the great deep had put on his Winter ermine; I understand that ermine is very popular just now with the ladies. I pinched myself, for this came near to being poetry, so up I got and walked the deck with the idea of making the man with the tassel understand that there were others who could walk as well as he.

Those first delightful days of getting acquainted had all the charm of reading a new and wonderful book. The dramatis personnæ was complete; all the temperaments were represented, the bilious, the choleric, the sanguine, the lymphatic, all were there. With the first bugle call in the morning, we became acquainted with the sweet strains of a German ballad, in Beethoven's "Fidelo" and how gently the notes stole forth up and down the corridors; but the later call was imperative, — it said as plainly as any words, "get up! get up!" On Sunday morning the call was "Nearer, My God, to Thee." and to me that sweet sad strain always awakens thoughts of our martyred president, whose name will ever recall the words of that beautiful hymn. Later the band played the old Prussian battle songs. revived by the German emperor, and the refrain of trumpeters, on whose instruments dainty pennoucellas bore the German double eagle, was something to remember as thrilling; but most beautiful of all was the Sunday morning hymn, played so gently that it had all the rich harmony of the cathedral organ and at last died away into soundless harmonies, drawing tears to our eyes — a Sabbath awakening as tender as a mother's kiss.

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On the Kaiser deck was located the great feature of the Queen of the Seas, the latest innovation of sea going luxury; the Ritz-Carlton restaurant. If you ever travel on the Amerika you will soon know Captain Keller, sometimes called by the unregenerate Captain Ginger, who had charge of the restaurant. When once inside the restaurant, you will think you are in Paris or in London. The decorations are on the same scale as those throughout the ship, but it is hard to convince oneself that this is indeed shipboard, and when the curtains are pulled down over the square windows, the delusion is so complete that it is told that it actually deluded the "captain" himself, so that at one time he whistled for a four wheeler to take home a departing group of guests. The tables in the restaurant are round like those in London and Paris; a silver service is used at breakfast and lunch, and a gold equipage at dinner. This gold service is specially prized because it was used by the Emperor William on his trip to the Mediterranian.

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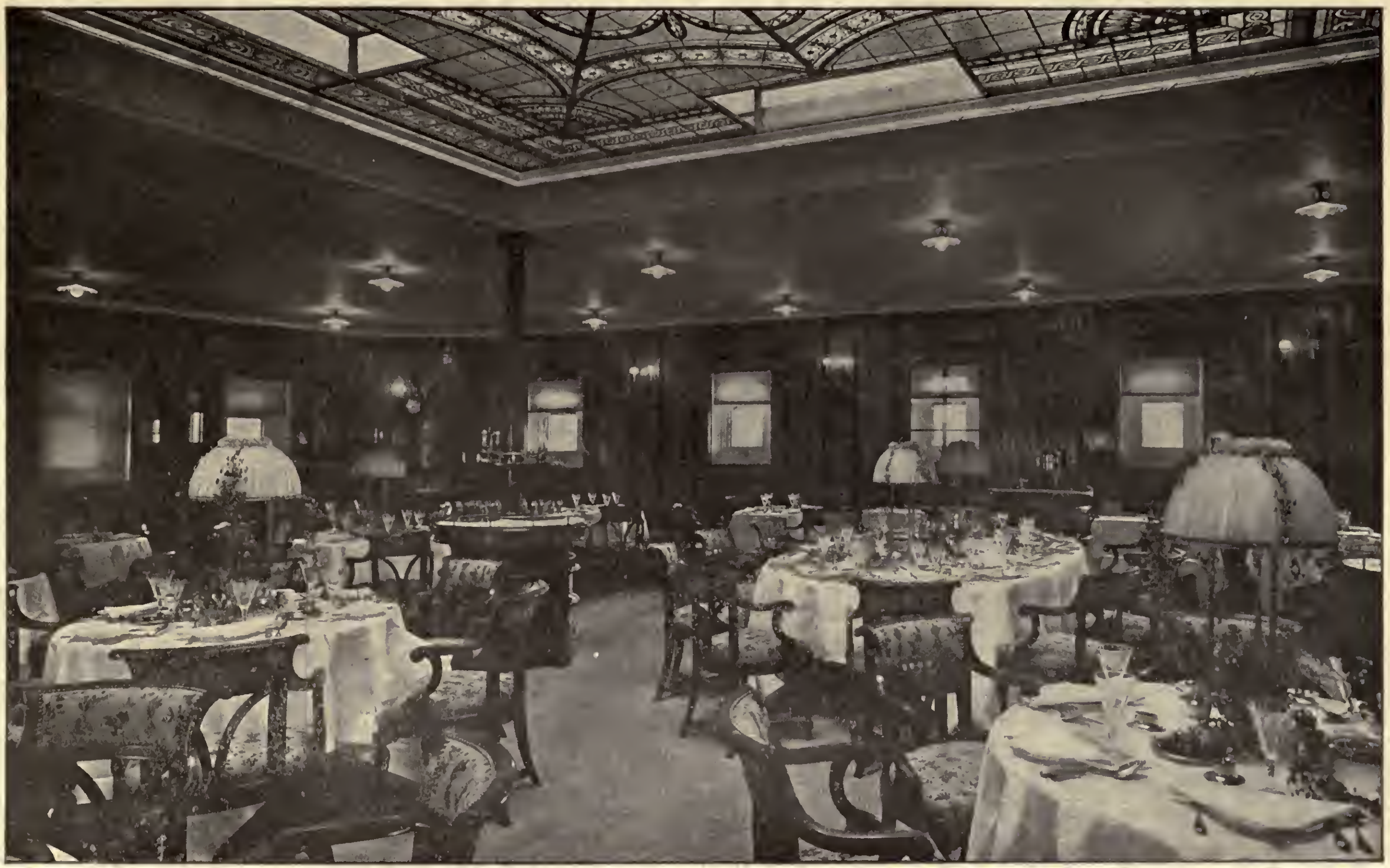
It was in the Ritz-Carlton restaurant that Herr Pepper and his red uniformed



A VIEW OF THE RITZ-CARLTON RESTAURANT ON THE "AMERIKA" WHERE WE ATE FROM GOLDEN SPOONS

Vienna orchestra played. As the doors swung to and fro, it seemed like catching glimpses of some German play, the opening and shutting of the doors giving the music a crescendo and pianissimo that were unique. In the Ritz-Carlton you are served a la carte, and nearly every day the tables were all secured ahead. When you dine here the head steward gives you a rebate in consideration of the dinner you might have consumed in the main dining room.

There was no amusement, it seemed, and no comfort of modern life that was not represented, and the man who could not find something to suit his taste on board the Amerika must indeed be peculiar. The time passed too swiftly. The acquaintanceships of a few days ripened into friendships—forever and aye. It seemed as though people were only just beginning to know each other well when the Scilly Islands were sighted, and then came that delightful sail about Land's End and the romantic coast of Cornwall, where, if we could not actually locate Tintagil and the other historic spots, we at least thought we could. Early in the afternoon the great breakwater, the moss covered buttress of the red cliffs, was sighted. An English landscape is always beautiful, with a church spired picture at every turn. Then we came to Plymouth Hoe, where the old captains of Plymouth awaited the coming of the Spanish Armada, and where finally fragments of that "invincible navy," ships battered and bannerless, were brought in by Howard, Hawkins, Grenville and Drake. The Hoe stands high over the water, and catches the eye of every visitor to the city or harbor. Well, we landed at Plymouth Docks—not Plymouth Rock like our ancestors of 1620—from the tender which came alongside and conveyed us in safety to the quaint docks.

As we went aboard the ship in New York, the band was playing a farewell song, and as we landed at Plymouth the band once more struck up, while the British naval vessels belched forth a salute, bringing to mind the stage setting of Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," or the opera of "Pinafore."

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The Great Western Railway "Ocean Special" was waiting and we traversed 247 miles in 267 minutes. No matter how many times I visit a foreign land, I always feel like a stranger, and no matter how many times I see an English shilling I find it difficult to recognize it again, nor can I even understand the good English tongue as it is spoken by the natives. The little squeaky toot of the engine was a signal that startled me as we flew off through picturesque England and soon arrived in Paddington station. Then came the confusion of once more hunting up that trunk; but it was apprehended, I whistled for a hansom, cabby got the trunk atop and off we jogged for the Savoy, down wet streets whose pavements glistened in the light.

How strange it seemed to be in London, that great, throbbing mart of cosmopolitan humanity. Go where you will, there are people, people, and still people. "Motor busses" whizzed by at twelve miles an hour, but the old, reliable horse omnibusses snailed along close to the pavement, crowded with people sitting aloft like crows on a tree, regardless of whether it rained or not. The London fog gave everything a yellow glare, and the electric lights have a yellow shade quite different to the white electric lights which we use here. London without fog and gas would not be London. What a spectacle it is driving about in a hansom cab to see the great city. It calls to mind all the English romances wherein a cab and cabman of some sort invariably figure, and you can almost see the conventional hero or heorine in evening dress as you sit behind one of the 12,000 London cabbies who have become such familiar figures in fiction.

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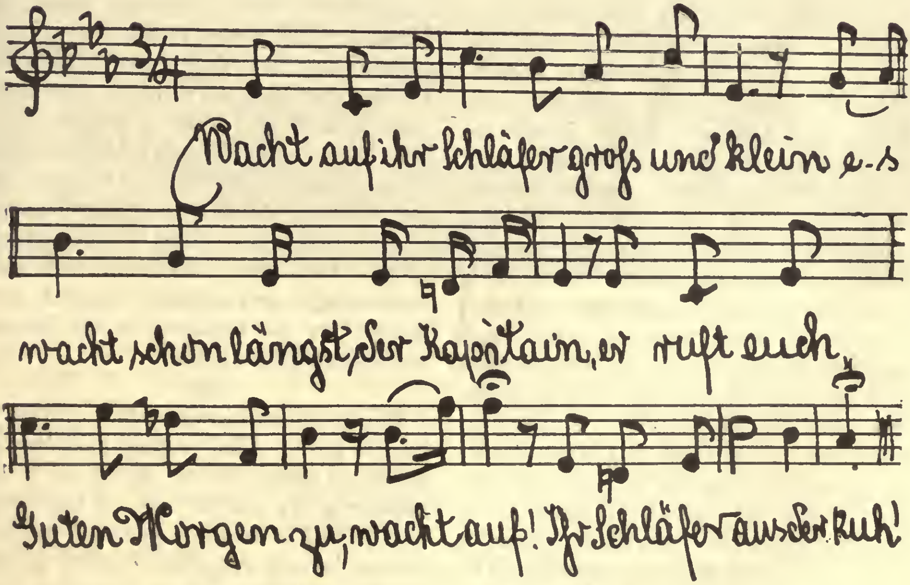
Just off the Strand and into the spacious court of the Savoy we drove, and a "Savoyard" bade us welcome. We whirled around, the trunk was lowered amid the chorus of whistles, calling other cabs. Once inside we found a home indeed in 406, and beneath a liberal sized down quilt sought slumber. Although in the very center of London, the room was as quiet as though we had landed in some peaceful country town. The atmosphere was dense with real yellow fog, and yet how all that great throng of moving vehicles managed to get around is one of the incomparable puzzles that vexes every foreigner in London.

All the touches of English history and romance seemed to be surging in the dreams of tomorrow—the dawn of which lingers far into noontime — because of the fog—of course. If anything unusual happens, why — there's the fog.

H. A.
P.
A. G.


Wacht auf ihr Schläfer groß und klein es
wacht schon längst der Kapitain, er ruft euch,
Guten Morgen zu, wacht auf! Ihr Schläfer aus der Ruh!

MORNING BUGLE CALL ON ALL THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE BOATS

A WINTER WEEK IN LONDON

THE party of Americans coming up on the Ocean Special had voted the Savoy the best hotel in London, and when an American is abroad he means to have the best — it is an irresistible impulse. The Savoy is an old entailed estate redolent of the history and romance of England's early centuries. Located on the Strand not far from Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross, it is certainly the key to the hotel situation in London. Its site is more commonly known as Embankment Gardens. The large dining room, overlooking the Thames and down the river to the House of Parliament, is a noted rendezvous of London society, where after the theater the throngs begin to assemble in the foyer and restaurant amid music and laughter for the midnight fashionable and somewhat hearty English dinners.

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The New Savoy has been open only eighteen months, and a remarkable transformation was certainly accomplished in this historic hostelry when the present hotel was built. It was rebuilt on modern plans, providing rooms with baths complete, elevator service swift enough to satisfy even the strenuous hurry of the American tourists, for whom this hotel is a popular rendezvous. There is something about the quiet dignity of the place which is restful and reminds the tourist that he is in London and yet not disassociated with the little Americanisms which he now appreciates more than ever when away from home. A glance over the list of guests reveals that it is "the" hotel of London; as has been remarked, "not the cheapest but the best." The hotel is cosmopolitan. The French cafe is Parisian to the slightest detail, and the grill room is as English as can be desired. It may not be necessary to mention that the American bar is also conveniently located. When you say you have been at the Savoy, you declare that you have been at the best hotel in London. What more could be said of the superlative character of this hostelry? We found a pleasant home for a fortnight, looking out on the beautiful gardens which revel in history, and it just seems like one of those honeymoon dreams to look back upon.

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Near here, at Adelphi Terrace, resides George Bernard Shaw, who informed me he was busy with a new play but had little to say concerning "Mrs. Warren's Profession," for Mr. Shaw has arrived an acknowledged prophet in his own country—if not quite—in New York.

A note from Andrew Lang was most welcome, but my time was too limited for me to go to St. Andrews. Down at Dorchester was Thomas Hardy, from whom I received a kind note. He has declined to write anything since he finished "Judith the Obscure," so the master pen of this fiction writer lies idle. I could not help but think of him as I rode through the west of England and looked across the Wessex counties which he has made memorable. Over among the hills was Wooten-under-the-Edge, a characteristic name and a picturesque spot. The west of England remains everlastingly and eternally English, untouched by the influence of the Danish and Norman conquests.

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George Meredith was suffering from a broken knee. I had written him, but he could not make out the signature, so in answering my note he cut out the name and pasted it on the outside of the envelope, leaving the mystery to be solved by the postoffice. After receiving this among my first lot of mail matter, I almost decided to use a rubber stamp for the future, but a friend remarked to me that if I had merely signed myself "Joe Chapple" it would have been all right; "it was the middle barrel in the name that was confusing."

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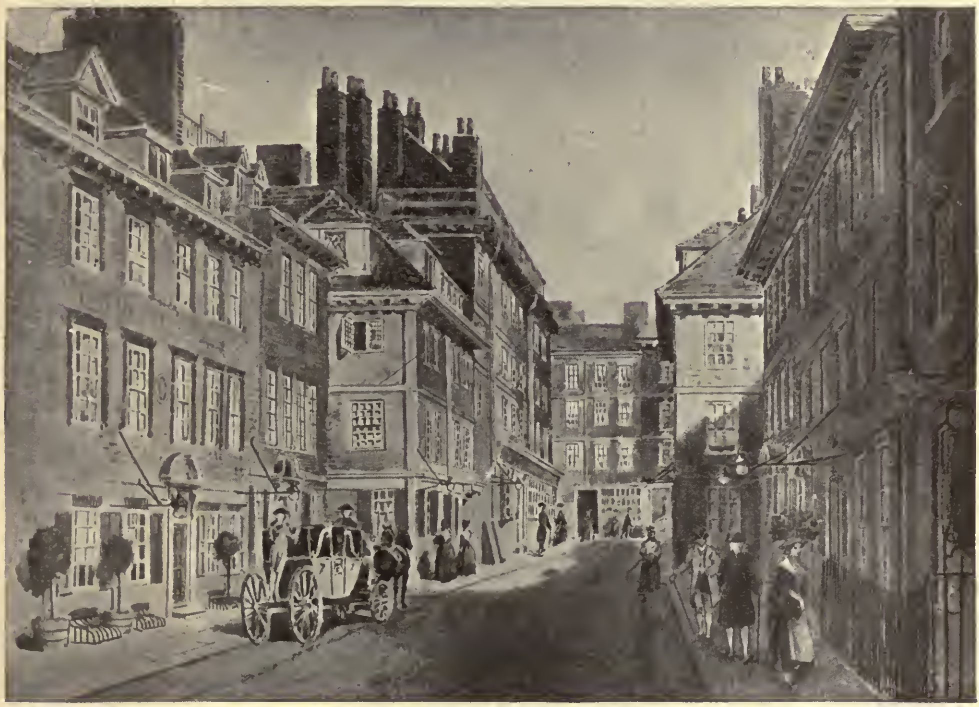
A hundred small peculiarities strike the stranger in London; one that somewhat surprised me was that at the average midday lunch resorts the checker or "draught" board and dominoes were brought out, and I could not but fancy how such a procedure would be looked upon in the "quick lunch" dyspepsia factories of America. The clerks—"clarks" the word is pronounced in England — laying aside their silk hat to have a leisurely game of "draughts' during the noon hour, was indeed a novelty to one accustomed to the strenuous life of America.



A GLIMPSE OF THE OLD SAVOY IN THE CENTURIES OF LONG AGO

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I had Blurton, near Norfolk street, make me a suit of clothes. He put on a wide collar and knows just how to satisfy Americans. If you want a suit of souvenier English clothes wearable in America, just look in on Blurton and tell him you know Joe Chapple and you will be surprised to see how nicely you will be treated. See Blurton himself. He appreciates American ways. Blurton puts buttons on all the pockets—pickpocket proof.

We were there for Guy Fawkes Day, and as I walked along one of the streets I happened to take up my stand behind an Irishman who was meditating before a window in which was exhibited a suit marked sixteen shillings.

"That's certainly a bargain," I said.

"Be jabers," said he, "you would not dare to walk out in the like of that tonight!"

This was the first intimation that on this day the small boys are on the lookout for suitable ill-fitting and shoddy clothing in which to dress the effigy of the wicked Guy. This is the day, November 5, that Englishmen utilize the fireworks and rockets left over from the 4th of July — perhaps.

I went down through Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, across St. James Park to Victoria street and called upon Ambassador Reid. The door was opened by a boy in buttons and I was shown into the reception room. On the walls I noticed the portrait of John Quincy Adams and paintings of others who had represented our country at the court of St. James. A massive bookcase containing the consular reports from the time of 1776 lined the walls of the room. On the table was a register and in an adjoining room were accumulated masses of letters and mail matter which had been sent to American travelers care of the ambassador.

LORD BURNHAM, PUBLISHER LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH

By a cosy grate fire, I found the distinguished gentleman who had just returned from a week-end excursion having been invited to join the king's shooting party at Sandringham. Mr. Reid enjoys the close friendship of his majesty, having become acquainted with him over twenty-five years ago, when he was Prince of Wales.

On the walls of that inner room were photographs of all the ministers and ambassadors, and over the mantel was a picture of Robert T. Lincoln, the card bearing his inscription "the last," meaning that Mr. Lincoln was the last minister of the U. S. at the court of St. James, as the station was after raised to an ambassadorship.

Mr. Reid is peculiarly fitted for this post, having known every minister and ambassador for the past fifty years. It was here in this room that Secretary Hay served his country so well during the trying days of the Spanish war.

American methods of doing business were plainly visible in the conducting of this office. There was the click of the typewriter, and it was evident that prompt dispatch of all correspondence was the rule.

What a jolly chat I had with Mr. Reid, for if there ever was a type of true blue Americanism it is Whitelaw Reid. This gentleman was born in Ohio and later made his way East, leading the way for the noted Ohio contingent. It is now related how Secretary Hay sent to Ambassador Reid a portrait, writing his signature and inscription with his own hand, which kindly remembrance only reached the embassy after the death of the sender.

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Near the American embassy are are those owned by the various countries which they represent. Leaving the embassy, we turned toward Westminster Abbey, and what memories were awakened by that grand old pile! I thought of the day of the coronation, as I passed through the Abbey and now walked over places where the guard had been so strict on that day that it was a difficult matter for anyone to pass. Shrouded in the mist arising from the Thames was the statue of Beaconsfield. I heard again the old bell of Westminster tower pealing forth as it did on the day of the king's coronation. Under soft showers of rain I trudged on, trousers tucked up, and enjoying every moment of our stroll in London. I had a glimpse of the War office and the Home office at Downing street. It was only a glimpse but in the very atmosphere of the place there was a suggestion of unusual change in the ministry which has since occurred.

Little did I think when dining at the National Liberal Club that there would soon come into power a Liberal cabinet. We talked far into the morning. There was Allison of Australia, Jones of Wales, Grenshaw of South Africa and Finley of India. Sir Edward Grey is easily the most popular young liberal of today in England and that night there was an air of anticipation, of "something doing," at the National Liberal Club. The portraits of Gladstone and Bright looked upon us as we lingered until the small hours. The Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain is not right popular here—and Campbell-Bannerman was then predicted as the future premier of England, for the troubles at Downing street were dark and threatening. Mr. Allison is with Mr. Spottiswoode, the royal printer, whom I afterward met and congratulated upon the fact that one of his distinguished ancestors was the first governor of Virginia. Mr. Spottiswoode is the real type of an English gentleman whom it is always a pleasure and honor to meet.

HON H. L. W. LAWSON, M. P., DAILY TELEGRAPH

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And now it is a peerage Sir Alfred Harmsworth possesses, and he's a real viscount, too. When I was at his office

SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH AND HIS FAVORITE PET to fill my appointment before leaving for Germany, I felt that if there is one Englishman who deserves all the honors of American appreciation, it is this young man, whose career reads like a romance and who has never been found wanting in "Answers" for any proposition—great or small. The projector and executor of great and daring projects in publishing, he has certainly left an impress on his times as a force and an inspiration, emphasizing the possibilities and opportunities of his day and generation.

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As I walked along Waterloo Place, I saw a familiar sign—it was the American Express. In early days I was in the employ of this company, and whenever I see the shield and name, I feel as if I had found an old friend. The home feeling was enhanced by a pleasant visit with Mr. Flagg, the London manager. The American Express Company is now carrying packages for the English Parcel Post department in the Royal Mail service; they have a happy faculty of adjusting themselves and their methods to any conditions, domestic or foreign.

PAUL E. DERRICK

The American Advertising Man, who has Popularized the American Ideas in England

The outer office was thronged with with Americans, obtaining or cashing money orders. In an office register you find the address of almost every American in London. The usual custom of travelers having no permanent address is to have all mail sent to Number 3, Waterloo Place, care of the American Express Company, and here they can always find their welcome home letters.

It was at this office that I made a record for speedy communication with Boston. At one o'clock I cabled for some money, and at eight the following morning it was being paid to me at Number 3, Waterloo Place. The American Express Company is really entitled to the credit of being the world's popular bankers, and they were the first to introduce and successfully handle money orders by the system now in common use.

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Walking up the Strand that same day I met Hon. John Morley, since made the foreign secretary for India, who was returning from the unveiling of Gladstone's monument, which stands in a conspicuous place on the Strand in front of the church of St. Clement Danes. It is a colossal bronze statue, showing the statesman in his robes as chancellor of the exchequer, on a pedestal of Portland stone, with four bronze allegorical groups in Renaissance style representing "Brotherhood," "Education," "Aspiration" and "Courage." A large tent was erected for the exercises, for London weather at this time of the year is not to be trusted.

Near the Law Courts large blocks of buildings are being erected, the leases of which are to be given out by the county council. It was interesting to see the old-fashioned scaffolding, constructed by tying timbers together with ropes; modes of American construction not being as yet in full favor.

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Every time I go about London it seems as if page after page of Dickens is revealed to me, from Cheapside to Golden Cross, and I even imagine that I can see across the street dear old Pickwick himself. It is doubtful if any man ever portrayed London as Dickens, and there is another Dickens revival imminent — now that Beerbohm Tree believes he can unfold the great dramatic possibilities of Dickens' works to the extent of a popular box office success.

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From Norfolk street across to the Law Courts one can view the most picturesque scene in London. On this corner stands the Westinghouse building, the interior of which is modelled on American ideas, and it looks as though the whole neighborhood might in time become Americanized. I soon learned that the Westinghouse manager, Mr. Carleton, had just succeeded William I. Buchanan, who was director-general of the Pan-American Exposition. He was then busy translating a London hotel bill, concerning which he remarked that he had been "charged with everything except improper conduct."

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The day that I met Mr. R. C. Lee, advertising manager of the Telegraph, I experienced something new in driving about the city with him to call on his customers in a dog-cart and gather up copy by the armful. Jogging from one end of London to the other, this advertising man, connected with one of the largest papers in England, derives his inspiration. I had long been led to believe from the reading of "fiction"— this is not a joke—that the Old Thunderer was the paper of England, but a few days on the ground convinced me that the great newspaper of England is

SAVOY HOTEL, EMBANKMENTS GARDEN, LONDON.

"The Telegraph." It was my good fortune to go through this mammoth plant on Fleet street, at the site of historic Cheshire cheese made famous by Dr. Johnson. In the wide space below is the printing equipment. Such an immense printing equipment I have never looked upon, and it is said to be one of the largest in the world. Everything is absolutely complete, from the "miil" department to the editorial offices behind the large clock on which are the words "The Telegraph" instead of the usual twelve numerals. Inside the court yard are stabled horses for the use of the establishment, and these animals occupy ground which is worth $100 a foot. Lord Burnham and his son Harry P. Lawson, M.P., are at the head of the paper, which is one of the supporters of the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain in his tariff campaign.

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A vast difference of terms on the English and American side was apparent and it entertained me to hear them talk about "blocks" meaning electrotypes and of "series" of ads indicating continuous service as. All the advertisements in the large papers go by the inch, rather than by the agate line, as with us, and it is noticeable that the American method of advertising is gradually forcing itself into the English papers, though the brilliant, dizzy and elastic expressions of American "advertects" would now hardly be effective in England, though they are coming to it slowly. In fact, after being there for a few days one grows accustomed to and admires the stately and dignified manner in which the English newspapers do their work. The international edition of Profitable Advertising made a profound sensation in advertising circles in England on its arrival while I was there and there were many fine compliments for the undertaking.

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At 34 Norfolk street the Paul E. Derrick Advertising Agency is located. Here you have the real swing of business, and it was plain to see that Mr. Derrick, who has been identified with the Quaker Oats advertising for so long, has made a notable conquest. He represents some of the largest American firms in England and also serves a great number of English customers. Here there was just enough of the flavor of American methods to make it seem homelike, and yet no one better understands the conditions and adaptations necessary for English trade. Mr. Derrick has two efficient assistants in Mr. Pelot and Mr. Sofia. This agency has imported to England the alert activity characteristic of American advertising.

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The first Sunday of my arrival I spent at Walton-on-Thames, where I visited the graves of my grandmother and grandfather in a drizzling rain. What memories were awakened as I looked on the old church, built in the eleventh century, with its rugged Norman tower. Inside were inscriptions dating back hundreds of years. I looked upon the deep and narrow Thames in which the swans were moving about, and thought of the dear father at home in America who had often spoken of watching the swans from the banks of the Thames in the days of his boyhood. The chimes rang out in the tower and brought to mind the time when I heard Sir Arthur Sullivan play the accompaniment of "The Lost Chord" on the old organ in this church famous in the time of Elizabeth and located near the Manor House which figured conspicuously in Cornwall's time.

⁂

On the narrow, winding street I found my friend Mr. Wheatley the hair dresser—barbers we call them—whom I discovered was now using a Gillette safety razor on his customers, and here was instanced the power of advertising in American magazines, for Mr. Wheatley assured me he never should have heard of a new fangled razor if it had not been recommended by such a publication as The National Magazine.

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At Queens Hall on Sunday evening we attended an orchestral concert given under the auspices of the National Sunday League. This work has been continued successfully since 1855 and expresses a conscientious religious belief in brightening the lives of the people on Sunday. The purpose is to make the day more beneficial and not to abrogate it as a day of rest. Queens Hall somewhat resembles Boston Symphony hall, and is controlled by Chappell & Company, music publishers. At first I felt like claiming relationship when I heard the handsome grand piano they manufacture. The program was a feast of music including Weber's "Oberon," Mendelssohn's Bee Song, Massenet's "Le Cid" march, Gounod's "St. Celia" and concluding with Sullivan's stirring "Di Ballo" overture. But it was the young leader, W. H. Squire, who was the star of the evening. He is a celloist and gathered together an incomparable orchestra, wielding the baton in public for the first time. Modest and gracious, he responded to repeated encores when the orchestra played his own charming "The Yoemanry Patrol." Mr. Squire is a coming man as an orchestra leader. We had a chat after the concert, and when I told him he resembled Senator Beveridge he bowed graciously.

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Ambassador Reid resides at Dorchester House, which stands alone in Park Lane facing the park, near the famed marble arch. It is a square, massive building with pillared portico, approached by a red graveled drive. The property is owned by Captain Holford, probably the wealthiest commoner in England. The building is so large that it was a sort of "white elephant" and no tenant could be found to undertake the expense of keeping up such an establishment. However, it is especially suited to its present use as the home of the American ambassador; the numbers of Americans visiting London have never before been comfortably accommodated at the receptions given by the American ambassador.

The interior of Dorchester House is very handsome. A variety of light colored marbles are used in the hall and grand staircase, and the tesselated floor is very handsome. A broad gallery with open arcades and mural paintings invites the visitor to enter the suite of drawing rooms where may be found one of the best collections of paintings in London. There is a portrait of Philip Fourth by Velasquez and a rare painting by Cuyp which represents his own Dutch seaport home. There are landscapes by Claude and both the Poussins, as well as celebrated works by Murillo, and Van Dyck, Taniers, Greuze and two exquisite sketches by Rubens. I was interested to learn that an elevator had been added to the equipment, giving a distinctively American finish to Dorchester House.

We lunched in the breakfast room, and it is in the state dining room that the much admired marble mantelpiece may be seen. The figures at either side of this mantel are almost life-size, and are exquisite specimens of Italian sculpture.

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Leaving London at noon on the Midland from St. Pancras station, I enjoyed the luxury of a "restaurant car," and the roast beef was the real article. Our American roads will have to begin to look ahead for new ideas, as the English serice seems to be improving every year and the "restaurant car" is one of the charms of the picturesque Midland route; a trip on which must be included in any itinerary of an English tour that is to be at all complete.

In Manchester I was reminded that I was in the model city of the world, where municipal ownership has proved a success. It was here I could not resist the impulse to call on Messrs. Jewesbury & Brown on Ardwick Green, a place of historic interest. This institution manufactures mineral waters for all quarters of the globe, to say nothing of the Oriental Tooth Paste, which has had such popularity in both England and America during the past century. It was indeed a delight to meet Mr. Stones, the proprietor, his two sturdy sons, and Mr. John Bardsley and Mr. Bardsley Senior.

Manchester is certainly a center of evolution. My time was short and three hours was all I could permit myself in this wonderful, old business city. Then off for Birmingham, where on leaving the train I wandered up Corporation street during a heavy fog. There were more empty stores in Birmingham than I had ever seen in any English city, and it is no wonder that the agitation of Mr. Chamblerain for a protective tariff finds favor, in his own home, for the situation seems to demand heroic action.

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The drive up to Highbury to Moor Green was indeed a rare treat. Through the gate we passed and were soon viewing the home of one who is perhaps the most characteristic and remarkable Englishman of the day, the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain. He consistently refuses all interviews, but I was pleased to have this opportunity to visit his home.

The trunks of the trees on the spacious grounds were encased in iron as a protection, an indication of the protection the owner of the lodge would like to throw around British industries, and the house had a touch of homelike comfort which somehow indicted that the American chatelaine brought to her English home all the spirit of the Endicotts of Salem, Massachusetts. The house is of red brick and has a handsome terra cotta frieze emblematic of the wonderful career of the owner.

Sturdy and self reliant is the little man with the monocle and though it is not expected that he will win at the next general election in February, it is confidently believed that finally his views will be adopted in the country and that some effort will be made to protect English manufacturers from the avalanche of foreign imports which is overpowering the workers of England.

In England when information is to be given out by a noted statesman, it is promulgated in a speech, well thought out, and then the speaker stands by what he has said. It is declared by many that when a public man has a popular nickname, such as has "Joe" Chamberlain, he becomes a power in English public life.

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When Mr. Chamberlain was on the continent and was registered from Princess' Gardens his London home, his secretary, Mr. Wilson, was confronted with a generously inflated hotel bill and protested.

"Oh, well if His Highness objects—"

It's not His Highness, it's Honorable Joseph Chamberlain."

"Now see here, if His Highness desires to travel incognito he ought not to register from Princess Gardens. You cannot deceive me — he is a real nub of royalty."

So much for living in a town house with a royal scent. Its plain "Joe" with the people—but the residence "Princess Gardens" was too strong a clew to royalty for the French landlord to overlook.

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And did you by any chance ever know that Washington Irving wrote Rip Van Winkle in a little cottage in the suburbs of Birmingham? And here too lived Sir Rowland Hill the father of penny postage, Dr. Priestly the discoverer of oxygen and the noble friend of America, John Bright.

From Birmingham I went to Bristol, where I looked upon a seaport of busy, active modern life. The Bristol tramway system is unexcelled and everything else seems to be in keeping with it. The city reminded me of America, and a great deal of American trade is transacted in this seaport. In St. Augustine's Park or Tramway center one has a picturesque view of the quaint old city with modern ways. In an old part of the city is located the establishment of Fry's Cocoa, which has been known to the trade since 1720. An express train flies across England in a few hours, from London to Bristol, over the Great Western which railroad now operates the largest mileage in Great Britain. On our return journey to London, we stopped at Bath and looked upon the remains of the baths of olden times, recently rediscovered. These, with the modern baths, are making the old city as popular as a relief for rheumatism and kindred diseases as it was in the days of Queen Anne.

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Returning to London I enjoyed a day with Mr. Joseph Fels at Bickley, Kent. Mr. Fels has as a near neighbor Prince Kropatkin, the Russian Nihilist, a literary gentleman whose genial face seems to contradict all the traditions of Nihilism. Strange as it may seem, England is the only country in which this noted Russian is permitted to reside, even our own America declining to give him a home.

Mr. Fels is deeply interested in the Poplar Labor Colony, which is doing so much to alleviate the distress of the times in England, and no man has done more practical work in the line of procuring employment for the unemployed than has this energetic business man, who is never too busy to give thought and time and consideration as well as money to the great problem of the hour in England.

⁂

Right in line with this thought I had a talk with George Lansbury, one of the prominent labor leaders at Bow street in the East End. While the solution of this grave problem must come necessarily by process of evolution, and will not be pre-eminently aided by lamentations, the situation is so grave that immediate steps must be taken. The labor leader in Parliament is Mr. J. Keir Hardie, a hard-headed Scotchman who was once a miner, and is counted as one of the best speakers in parliament. He is a man of strong convictions and will make his own way; though he acknowledged that he made a mistake in being introduced to parliament in his working clothes, having refused to wear the regulation dress of the members, because it looked to him like a desertion of the cause of the workingmen whom he represented. He thinks that he injured his cause by this bit of obstinacy; as his philosophy is not of that rabid kind that wants to hurl down everyone who is above him, but is based on the fundamental good intentions of men, if they can be reached and reasoned with and have their hearts touched with human sympathy.

⁂

In Shoe Lane I was entertained by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, editor of the Standard and Pearson's long list of interesting publications. If there is an English publisher whom Americans feel that they have adopted it is Mr. Pearson. His close relations with Chamberlain identify him with the tariff reform movement. Few men have a more potential following in England than has this young man with the gold rimmed spectacles and dark moustache.

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One day at Charing Cross I paused at a souvenir postal stand and began to think I would purchase some cards to mail home, but found that nothing short of including every name on the entire subscription list of the National could satisfy me, so I concluded I had better not

C. ARTHUR PEARSON

commence on so large an enterprise.

It was upon the yellow-sanded streets leading from Buckingham palace that I once more looked upon King Edward. It was during the visit of King George of Greece, and all business was suspended while the royal procession passed. There were flags and decorations and the escort of soldiery was very inspiriting. It rained — but what matter — the loyal Britisher must have a look now and then at the kind and genial face of their sovereign. Lord Mayor's day also "happened" while we were there. This pageant is passing from the gilded glory of former days. The scene on the Strand on that day was one to be remembered. The people were packed in on either side and no ropes were required to keep the crowd back. The wave of a London "Bobbie's" hand is sufficient.

"Here they come!" is whispered down the line, and in a few moments had passed what the people waited hours to behold. There is some talk of doing away with the parade. There was the stately soldiery, the representation from Dr. Bernardo's industrial schools--then the floats representing the entente cordiale between England and France and another the Peace of Portsmouth, where broken cannon lie between a representative Russian and Japanese—best of all was the stars and stripes with which the rear was draped — and how the Americans on that surging strand did yell as it passed. At the end of the procession came the stately gilded coach containing the new Lord Mayor. The banquet at Guild Hall, the Lord Mayor's mansion, was the crowning event of the day and here was where Ambassador Reid made an impromptu response that was replete with good feeling and fellowship and sparkled with nimble American wit.

Through the "two-penny tube" I made a trip with Mr. Henshall, the English representative of the National Magazine, to call upon Alice and Claude Askew, a young gentleman and his wife who are well known in literary circles. They collaborate on their novels, and "The Shunamite" has rapidly made a name for them. They are home-loving pair and have inaugurated their literary career in a most unpretentious way, and although they describe many places which they have never visited, persons familiar with the scenes written of declare that the descriptions are absolutely accurate, and this power of telling of the unseen is ascribed by Mrs. Askew to clairvoyance. She has produced a series of New England stories which have the verisimilitude of well known facts. She dictates a large part of her work, and the moment a scene occurs to her she at once gets it down before it escapes. While conversing, she often excuses herself, remarking to her husband:

"I have a splendid love scene."

And the scene soon comes hot off the typewriter grill—ready for reading.

They had just entered the name of their five-year-old son for Eton, as it necessary to have entries made ten years ahead in order to get a promising lad into this famous old school.

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Now it was time to leave London. A visit to one of Mr. Frohman's conquering theatrical productions, a chat with Beerbohm Tree in the green room during his great production of "Oliver Twist,"— a real touch of Dicken's London — and I had looked upon the genial and gracious countenance of King Edward with a feeling that your loyal Englishman's confidence is not misplaced in his great sovereign. But there is yet the Kaiser — and Berlin — and in a few days the good ship sails! So I let out the jib spanker and mainsail for the homestretch—fog or no fog.

ON TO THE GERMAN CAPITAL

TWENTY-FOUR hours from England to Germany! How it startles an American to find the distances so short on the Continent! At eight o'clock one dark, threatening night I started out to take passage on a Great Eastern steamer for Flushing in Holland. It was a raging billowy tempest, such as is only found in the English Channel, and my mind was filled with visions of the sturdy Norsemen, who successfully sailed over these seas in their rude ships. It means something to live and conquer such a turbulent stretch of water as the North Sea, and these old sailors and warriors were certainly entitled to their laurels. At five o'clock next morning, long before sunrise, we were in the Netherlands, steaming across the country,—as barren and flat a tract as I have ever looked upon. There was frost on the ground; I saw many indications of the struggle for existence which the sturdy Dutch are making. A land reclaimed from the sea, Holland is not inviting except to the natives themselves. When the train crossed the great river I was looking down toward Bussum; I was in the speisel wagon taking my morning cup of cocoa, and, sure enough, it was Bensdorp's own Royal Dutch cocoa which has now become so popular throughout America. The improvement in the landscape and houses was noticeable immediately we touched the German frontier. It seemed as though the character of the kaiser was imbued. I observed, however, that the goods trains did not seem to be heavily freighted, and we only met two or three of them, though several passenger trains went by. It seems that the traffic on this side is exactly the opposite of that in America, where freight traffic preponderates, while the passenger trains are more frequent in Europe. The railroads here are owned by the government, and it must be admitted that if the Prussian lines are examples of government ownership, it is safe to aver that Americans would not tolerate such conditions. Not that they are so very bad, but there is nothing to equal the modernity which is enjoyed by the average American when he travels.

* *

It was an interesting day that I spent swinging along through Northern Prussia. We reached Hamburg in the evening; to me there is no more entertaining city on the continent of Europe. One of the three free cities of Germany, it today maintains its independence and is absolutely free of all German tariff laws. Of the famous "Hansetown" only Bremen, Hamburg and Lubeck remain — the three principal ports of Germany— but in the last two decades Hamburg has swept on to unparalleled prosperity and now is a city of half a million population. This metropolis owes its origin to a blockhouse, for in 808 this was an outpost against the Savonians, and from that nucleus the city grew. Hamburg has made Germany the emporium of northern European commerce. It possesses fine streets and squares and has two lakes, formed by the expansion of the Elbe. These two inland lakes are joined by Lombards Bridge. What a picturesque sight it was to look upon that forest of masts and those inland lakes in which the swans were so gracefully floating!

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On the banks of Alster Lake is a handsome building of three or four stories — the home of the Hamburg-American Line. Into the spacious office with its domed ceiling, I entered with a feeling that here was one of the chief factors of the great expansion of German trade throughout the world. The Hamburg-American Line, with its fleet of 163 screw steamers, reaches almost every port in the world. The sturdy German crews go to all parts of the world, from Mexico to Patagonia, from Europe to Madagascar and the Orient, and in fact almost every part of the earth that has a seaport. It may be said that the Germans are the great trading people of the times. If there is any one institution in Hamburg in which the citizens take a just pride, it is the Hamburg-American Line, which is the great main artery of commerce for their city and the empire.

I took a night train to Berlin, across the flat, sandy country, and arrived at the metropolis of Germany inhabited by over two millions of people. There is an air of bustle and stir that reminds one of the breeziness of Chicago streets. Wide, spacious thoroughfares and handsome buildings are characteristic of the city, and the visitor is especially attracted to the Unter-der-Linden, with its handsome rows of trees. Along that street you see very few glass shop fronts, the business establishments having more the appearance of offices. At one end is the statue of Victory and at the other the famous gate topped with a chariot and horses. It is in Berlin that the Kaiser has placed the statues of the Hohenzollerns. The statues front about in regular file on a semi-circle of marble for pedestals and have a military appearance. At the back is a Grecian bench, and there is also a representation of two famous contemporaries of each sovereign. There are thirty-two of these statues, beginning with Albert and ending with William the First.

* * *

The Berlin people invariably enjoy their noonday nap; many banks and stores are closed between twelve and one but are kept open an hour later in the evening. On the corners of the great streets are round columns, perhaps two feet in diameter, on which all public announcements are posted; unsightly daubs are not seen on every corner and wall, but all advertising is collected in these specially prepared places. Another thing noticed was that cab drivers are provided with a cash register, so that the passenger sees exactly the amount due as the wheels go round. At the commencement of the journey the fee is fifty pfennig, and at certain intervals the fare rises ten pfennigs more, until one finds the cab fare mounting up as distance is covered.

MISS ELEANOR KESSLER, THE YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA WHO HAS MADE A GREAT SUCCESS IN GERMANY, AS PAMINA IN THE "MAGIC FLUTE"

* * *

Berlin is recognized as the great musical center of Europe, although the singers complain of the climate. If the approval of Berlin audiences is gained, a performer feels he has nothing to fear elsewhere. Here in the city of music I had the pleasure of hearing two young prima donnas, Miss Kessler and Miss Howard, who sang before Herr Ernst Catenhusen in his studio, at the suggestion of Lila Lehmann.

Miss Eleanor Kessler sang last season in royal opera at Lubeck and won merited laurels in an extended repertoire. Her "Pamina" in the "Magic Flute" is pronounced one of the best creations by a debutante in recent years. She will sing in oratorio at Amherst and at other New England festivals in the Spring, and has just closed a contract to appear at the Stadt theater Wursburg, Germany, next September. In matters musical the standard of this theater is little short of Bayreuth and Munich. She will be the first singer in her role, and the triumph and success of this young Philadelphia prima donna is a matter of great interest to the American colony in Berlin, who predict a great triumph for her when she makes her appearance in grand opera in America.

* * *

The house of the Imperial Diet is known as the Reichstag. We drove around the great square to see the new statue of Von Moltke which has been recently unveiled. It is unique, being the only statue in Germany where he is permitted to wear his cap. Opposite this statue is one of Bismarck in heroic size. Diagonally from that is a representation of Roon, and a fourth statue in the square is one of the famous Wilhelm. I

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On the Unter-der-Linden the largest plate glass window in the city reveals the palatial new offices of the Hamburg-American Line. When I say it is the handsomest office in the world I am modestly stating a fact. Behind this massive window is a spacious room, finished in solid mahogany and brass. On the left is the passenger department, with comfortable and artistic rest and reading rooms, and ladies' rooms finished in rare woods. On the right is the tourist department of the old established Stangin firm recently amalgamated with the Hamburg-American Line, an agency which has built up a large business. On the wall I noticed several dispatches from America. The whole scheme of decoration, the furnishing and equipment throughout speak of comfort and pleasure for those who cross the threshold. I observed on a rack an assortment of blazing American railway folders, showing in red, white and blue what the attractions of the various roads were. Here were passengers booking for the Orient and for tours encircling the globe as complacently as if they were purchasing a Nantasket excursion ticket.

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In the rear of the building are the private offices where the Berlin officials meet daily, among whom are Mr. Louis and Carl. S. Stangin, and Mr. Grongoff. The directors' room is finished in oak, dark and massive, which had been under water for over 100 years, resulting in the rich color which it now possesses. The equipment of this office speaks volumes for the determination of this line to please and accommodate its patrons. Under General Director Ballin they have certainly given careful thought and consideration to making their line the best in the world. And it would indeed be difficult to compute the great world traffic which this Company is building up from the headquarters at Hamburg and Berlin.

* * *

The tendency of the times toward concentration is illustrated in the policy of the Hamburg-American line in having their own exclusive offices in various cities. Among those "booked" was Herr Von Schroeder, who is to have charge of the Boston office. It is unnecessary to say we were soon acquainted, and few men are more thoroughly acquainted with the needs of world-wide travel. He has looked after travelers upon nearly every sea on the earth's surface, and his experience is especially valuable in connection with the extensive world-tourist department recently inaugurated by the company.

In following this policy, Aldrich Court on Broadway in New York City, the site of their present offices, was purchased for $1,200,000, and the Hamburg-American is the first steamship company to own its own offices in New York. The New York general offices will be on the same palatial scale as the home offices in Hamburg and Berlin. There will also be offices in Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco and St. Louis, all in charge of their own men, who have served at Hamburg and grown up with the company. They can tell patrons of a personal knowledge of the cruises to Norway and the Land of the Midnight Sun, or the trip to Iceland. They know from experience of the conveniences of the Princess Victoria or Meteor, two vessels built exclusively for pleasure parties and cruising, thus placing within the reach of those of moderate means all the luxury of sailing an ocean-going pleasure yacht without the strain of handling a millionaire's revenue,—a fine example of cooperation. Then there are Winter Mediterranean cruises, in which the large steamers participate, the West Indies, the Orient and South American. No wonder that the Kaiser has decorated Herr Albert Ballin, the master genius of this great world-embracing corporation, for not only has he rendered an incomparable service to the empire, but to every country and clime where the compass of his captains may direct.

AUGUST SCHERL ONE OF THE LARGEST PERIODICAL PUBLISHERS IN GERMANY

* * *

At Hotel Savoy, Berlin, on Frederich Strasse, I found Mr. Brown, the genial Boniface who was so kind and courteous to me in years gone by. Mr. Brown, who is an American, has built up one of the most popular hostelries for Americans in Berlin.

At the American embassy there was a throng of Americans. The consul-general, Mr. Thackera, is located in the "Equitable Building," which is termed the storm center of American trade invasion. I received a most cordial welcome from Mr. Dreher of the Associated Press. He is accounted one of the ablest foreign correspondents and is a close student of men and affairs.

Mr. Valentine Williams, in charge of the Reuter Agency, is a young man thoroughly equipped for his work, and nobody seems to study and understand Berlin and Germany more thoroughly. It was a rare privilege to drive with him about the city, which, by the way, was filled with Russian refugees, who were waiting for the turmoil to subside in their native land before recrossing the frontier. On the train from Flushing I met a young English journalist, A. R. Reynolds, going to Russia for the London Daily News. Of course I engaged him for an article for the National. He has resided in Russia for years, wore a fur coat and astrakan cap and talked Russian like a native. Happily I met him again at the the Berlin railway station, where he was detained owing to the embargo on all St. Petersburg railway traffic occasioned by the uprisings in Russia.

* * *

The climax of the visit to Berlin was the night spent in the office of the Local Zeitung and the establishment of August Scherl, who is accounted the great publisher of Germany. He has a large number of publications similar to those of Pearson and Harmsworth in England. A night spent in this busy establishment was indeed a great pleasure and of keen interest. We have much to learn in America about doing work thoroughly; we may do it quicker, but the exact military precision with which the vast number of periodicals were turned out in this establishment amazed me. They may not utilize as much labor saving machinery as in American establishments, but there is no such thing as missing a mail or getting out a publication late. In Germany magazines and papers are subscribed for through the postmasters from day to day, who order in the same way as newsdealers in this country.

* * *

The schedule was completed and the keen, crisp air of Berlin made me sigh for e'en more sights to see. Now that I had had a glimpse of the three great rulers of the world, Emperor William, King Edward and President Roosevelt, and had visited the three great world capitals in three weeks, thoughts of the return ticket came upon me, and — well, it seemed so good to hear melodious, nasal American twang again, and to dream of real "Johnny" cake and ice water. No — not exactly homesick—but just a desire to be moving in that direction. Ticket stamped and sealed in my pocket — well, I had pleasant dreams.

JUST A SNUG CORNER AND THE SPACIOUS MUSIC ROOM
FURNISHED IN SALMON PINK BROCADE

ON THE HOMEWARD WAY TO WASHINGTON

ONCE more homeward bound, toward the setting sun and on to the witchery of our own Washington !

At six o'clock in the morning in Berlin it was interesting to watch the workmen going to their day's toil, but more important than all else to me was the fact that the Hamburg-American train was to leave at 6:20. I scrambled on board and on we swept toward Harburg, where we saw the German emperor and his imperial special train, which was strikingly painted royal blue. Wilhelm is called the "traveling emperor" and like President Roosevelt, is at home on a special train. He was then en route to Keil, where a disaster had occurred to one of the torpedo boats. Coming into quaint Cuxhaven we saw the good ship Amerika and what a welcome sight it was. As we arrived the band played that same Prussian martial air, as when we left home. That was an anxious night for the captain on the North Sea, for that great body of water is full of shoals, and in the run of 281 miles the narrow channel of less than five miles off the English coast must not be miscalculated.

* * *

The towering, frowning coast brought to mind that thrilling scene in King Lear, where the white cliffs of Dover are made so vividly real. Here the first stop was made and the passengers from London arrived on the pier in a special train.

Another landing at Cherbourg was made that night, and strange to say we were in that vicinity at the time the dreadful wreck at St. Malo occurred, news of which we received by wireless telegraph. One of the passengers who came aboard at Cherbourg, said he never saw a more beautiful sight than the great ship Amerika standing like some argus-eyed giant of the deep, all brilliantly lit up from stem to stern. The band seemed to keep time to the waves, as the tender swayed with the regular motion. It was here that we parted company with Mr. Barnbrock and his genial company of Hamburg agents, who had come aboard to become personally acquainted with the beauties of the new ship so that they might speak more positively to their patrons concerning the peerless vessel.

* * *

No sooner were we fairly out on the ocean than it was decided to publish a newspaper, the Atlantic Daily News, in which the wireless messages were to be printed every day on board. It was to be printed both in English and German. Never can I forget that first message received by wireless. Everything seemed to have been so abbreviated as to be difficult to grasp by the ordinary mind. It concerned matters of which we had little information, but Hermann Suter secured a large atlas, and by diligently looking up places referred to, we obtained the correct spelling of the names and the Marconigraph was translated into a liberal and loquacious narrative. The printers aboard were German and were all right until they came to the English in my handwriting. But rapid progress was made despite such difficulties. The splendid tenacity with which those Germans held to the work, was indeed an inspiration.

* * *

We had our desk in the room of the chief steward, where the pigeon holes were called "the hollow tree." Here all contributions for the paper were placed, and the sea poets began their lays. As a specimen, the first poem received was as follows:

There was a young man from New York
Who sipped up his soup with his fork,
But now he is wise, and always shies
When he hears the pop of a cork.

We were soon in the throes of editorial work, and Samuel R. Merwin, author

A GLIMPSE OF THE LIBRARY IN ITS BRILLIANT SALMON PINK BROCADE

IN THE LAVENDER BROCADE WRITING ROOM

of "Calumet K," was pressed into the service. There was much seeking for quietude that we might write out the brilliant things seething in our active minds, but when working in our "office" we were sometimes disturbed by heads being poked in at the window. From this arose the mystery of "The Boo-Boo Girl." One day some young lady put her head in at the window and shouted "Boo," and vanished before we could identify her. Of course, we tried to trace her but Sherlock Holmes was not aboard.

* * *

The little paper may not have carried the weight of the Thunderer or have scintilated with the wit of the New York Sun, but it was gratifying to see how eagerly it was looked for and appreciated. Every day we went on the Sun Deck among the life boats where the Marconi messages were received. The wires stretched from foremast to mainmast and clear to the "stern mast," of which I dare not risk the nautical name. Here they forked out into three wires and the messages came to the operating room, where the operator told us the sounds were as faint as the tapping of a pin upon a window pane. It was amazing to realize the amount of business done. Forty or fifty messages were sent to passing boats and a like number received, the range of sending being about 150 miles, but the range of receiving was from the English shore at first and afterward from the American shore as we neared the other side. This is the first time that messages have been received every day from land. The Marconi chart looks like a spider's web, the lines crossing and recrossing, showing the various locations of the ocean liners, and when they will be in range with each other.

* * *

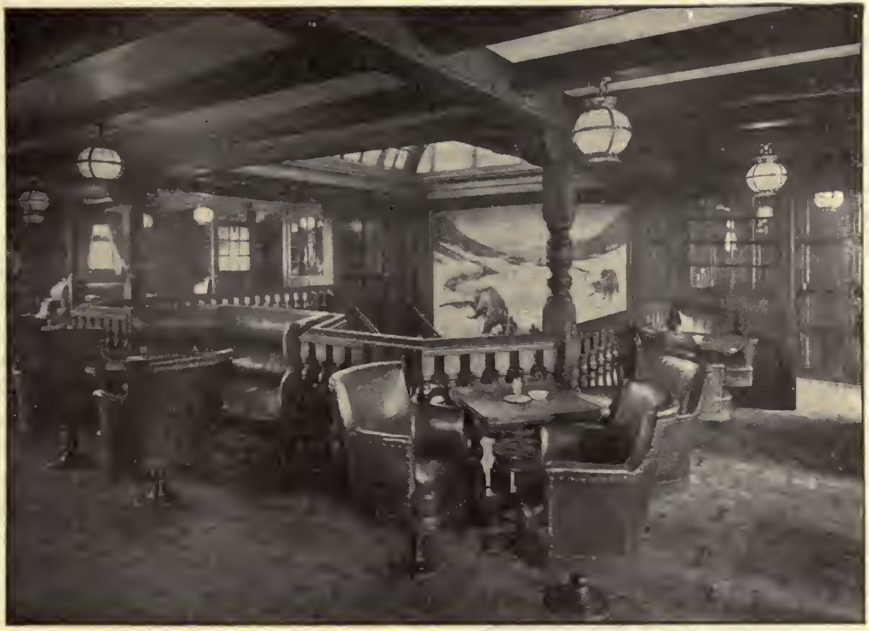
In the steward's room I was writing a "local' concerning the pretty custom of commemorating wedding and birthday anniversaries with flowers—fresh from the florists. A lady at my side reminded me shyly that "tomorrow was our anniversary." We worked late that night and in the morning I concluded, after a cold salt water plunge, to remain in bed deaf to the bugle blasts. In the midst of my beauty nap the steward burst into the room with a note.

"Come at once to the dining room—don't stop to shave!"

I hastened forth, even forgetting my brindle necktie, thinking something serious had occurred. There stood the stewards grinning. Two chairs were bedecked with oak leaves and acorns; flowers were strewn upon the table. It brought back vivid memories when I saw in one of the bedecked chairs a blushing bride of years ago. Before us was a huge cake dated with gorgeous pink letters wishing "Many happy returns." The fellow passengers smiled and stopped to offer congratulations and lilies of the valley, orchids and chrysanthemums were showered upon us. I tried to look as brave as a bridegroom, but there was the consciousness that even that brindle calcium necktie might have helped me out.

* * *

It was on the bridge with Captain Sauerman that I comprehended the real majesty of the "Queen of the Seas." His quarters on the Sun Deck are finished in light oak with inlaid work. Stepping out of his cabin, we entered the navigating room, where we looked upon the charts of the great deep, on which were shown all the derelicts and dangers; the sailing routes of the various vessels from September to January are shown, where the northern route is taken and a distance of 200 miles is maintained between vessels going east and vessels going west. We were at that time just at the point where the ships cross. In the Summer time a lower and more southern route is taken to avoid the icebergs. It was really marvelous to note how from that



UPPER GALLERY, FIRST-CLASS SMOKING ROOM—"HERE IS WHERE WE LOOKED UPON 'THE BIRDS'"

THE SMOKING ROOM IS IN SOLID OAK, OF ROUGHLY FASHIONED SIXTEENTH CENTURY TYPE; A REPLICA OF AN OLD IRISH INN room this sturdy young German captain controlled the fate of the great vessel and its 4,000 lives. Inside a booth he could put his ear to the 'phone and hear the swishing of the waves on the bottom of the boat, and on the approach to a light ship in dense fog he could locate it by the tinkle of the bell under the light ship long before it was visible, by the Maconi wireless submarine telephone. Speaking through telephone trumpets no wind or weather can interfere with the issuing of orders from the captain's quarters to any part of the ship. Captain Sauerman is a man of wide experience, having served eleven years on a sailing vessel, but something much more than even a knowledge of navigation is needed to command such a ship as the Amerika. He must needs be conversant with every detail of construction, and Captain Sauerman was at the yards in Belfast the greater part of the time that the great leviathan was being built.

* * *

Yes, I stood on the bridge at night, the darkness seemed like the "black darkness" of Egypt, but as the eyes became accustomed to it, the man in the crow's nest and the man forward could be discerned. The ship's bell seemed to ring out with unusual clearness, chiming with the whistling of the wind against the canvas and through the rigging, and the roar of the surging sea far below. The signal lights at the mast head twinkled across the waste of waters, but it seemed as though we were plunging into the unknown and must go on forever. In foggy weather the horn sounded ten seconds each minute, automatically. The silent steersman with his single light, throwing its rays on the compass, seemed like the arbiter of our fate.

A peep into the engine room and a glance down a depth of eighty feet show those massive cylinders with the four pistons going up and down, reminding one of hogsheads with live bungholes. A glance at the electrical equipment demonstrated why the lights were so dazzlingly bright, and not an imperfect one on board. Then I looked into the firing hole to see the great boilers and the firemen in the glow of the furnaces heaving coal up onto the grates.

* * *

Kubelik was aboard and the residents on the Roosevelt Deck were mightily entertained by his rehearsals on his practice violin, his "Strad" being put away in a sealed case to escape the damp of the ocean. Nothing would do but he must give us a concert, and always gracious, he very kindly consented to do so with the assistance of Miss Gardner-Eyre. It was the opening of his "Amerika" season and the audience resembled a fashionable Symphony assemblage.

Aimé Dupont Co.

KUBELIK, THE VIOLIN KING

It is customary on the last night out to have a "captain's dinner," and a brilliantly bedecked throng gathered around the festive board on the Amerika, on the final evening of the return voyage. After the poultry course, the toast of the evening was presented by one whose name it is not necessary to mention. Then came a surprise. While the speech was in progress I noticed that the stewards disappeared, but thought they might have seized the opportunity to escape the flood of eloquence, when, suddenly, the lights were all lowered, we suspected that something unusual was in preparation and in a few minutes a procession appeared carrying little houses in which were candles, while other stewards carried Japanese lanterns. It was the ice cream course in all sorts of fantastic shapes. In the darkened salon it all made up a most striking tableau. In the rear of the line were a number of grotesque characters, including the tall man with the electric nose. Every time he made an effort to blow his nose the light burst forth. It was a delightful occasion and the words "au revoir" flashed out in the center of the room when friends touched glasses and pledged a health to the dear ones at home.

* * *

We were beginning to feel as though we could enjoy living on board ship forever when, lo! the twin flash lights of Nantucket began alternately winking at us, giving us a welcome greeting through the night. Then came the first glimpse of Fire Island. The next morning the people began to doff their steamer garb and don their "shore clothes," so that we could hardly recognize the good fellows whom we had known in caps and ulsters all the way across. The ladies traveling wraps were exchanged for garments of fur and silk with Parisian "creations" on their heads, until they seemed like butterflies emerging from the crysalis state. Soon we were in sight of the Hook, sentinel of the Jersey coast, reaching out like a huge hand to bring us into port. Then came the quarantine ship with a yellow flag; then the United States mail ship was alongside and we shot the mail out upon its deck. After that the custom house officers hailed us and with them the time of "declaration" came for the young people who had sat about in the sheltered nooks and corners. They insisted that they had already made declarations, and now it occurred to them that a diamond ring will pass the custom officers—if it is worn — not otherwise. We came up the harbor to "little old New York" that looked so good to us. The passengers stood by the rail and gazed at the skyscrapers and anxiously waited for news of the folks at home.

* * *

We neared the wharf, the band playing and the flowers and flags were conspicuous. Passengers hung over the rails, the battalion of rope-tipped tugs lined up at the stern. Slowly we came to the pier; a brother's fog horn voice hailed from the dock. I don't know when I ever heard anything that sounded so melodious to me, for I recognized—not the words—but caught in the inflection of the greeting and the expression on the face, the good news:

"All's well—and welcome home!"

VIEW OF CORNING FROM HILL

Photos by Hewitt, Corning, N. Y.

CORNING, THE "CRYSTAL CITY"

By John Furman Rolfe

TRAVELING east or west on the Erie or the Lackawanna railroads, one passes through a strip in southern New York that is in truth "God's country." And situated in the heart of this broad and fertile valley of the Chemung, where are exposed all the beauties of lavish nature, is Corning, termed "The Crystal City" on account of the prominence of its glass industries. Not more than two generations ago the town nestled at the foot of a noble hill deriving its nourishment from the bosom of the Chemung, then a thoroughfare wide and deep which passed along twenty-five millions of feet of dressed lumber to the canal every year. Today the city has invaded the wooded hill, stately and costly piles of brick and stone identify it as a beautiful residence section, huge dykes have reclaimed the broad lands once caressed by spring floods, and with ample room to expand, Corning is rapidly growing in all possible directions under the influence of big mills and factories that give lucrative employment to hundreds of workmen daily.

Free from labor troubles, located within forty miles from the rich Pennslyvania field of bituminous coal, the only mines existing near the line of the Empire state; within fifty miles of the famous Potter County Pennsylvania woods and oil fields; possessed of natural gas service ample enough for all use and the cheapest fuel on record; and intersected by three great railroads, the New York Central, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and the Erie, Corning offers to the manufacturer seeking a location an ideal site. With these roads entering the city from different directions and uniting in immense yards in the heart of the city one outlying district is as good as another for trackage facilities and the interchange of freight is greatly facilitated. Corning is located on the main lines of the Erie and Lacka-

TWO MODERN CHURCHES

wanna and is the principal city and division headquarters of the Pennslyvania division of the New York Central, the largest division on the great Central system. It is also the end of the Rochester division of the Erie railroad, the division terminal of the projected Corning, Lake Keuka and Ontario road and of the Corning-Waverly electric road soon to be constructed, and already connected by trolley with its nearest suburb, Painted Post, two miles distant, it affords transportation facilities and freight rates second to none in the East. New York City is 283 miles away, Buffalo 129, and Chicago 707. Freight goes to New York from Corning in thirteen hours, Buffalo in seven hours and Chicago in sixty-eight hours, while the express service is unrivalled. Goods ordered in New York in the afternoon are delivered early the following morning.

While industrially Corning owes its first sustained growth to the institution of the Corning Glass Works, now the largest factory of its kind in the world, and the allied industry, that of glass cutting and engraving, the thirteen factories of which turn out the rarest and most beautiful work of this class, making the name Corning famous, there are at the present time other large industries of so varied a nature that depression of business in any one field does not make itself so manifest that the town at large suffers to any great extent. Approximately 2,000 people are afforded employment in the glass industries. Employes in this line of work are intelligent and highly paid and rank with the best skilled labor. Other large employers of labor are railroad car shops, iron founders and manufacturers of air compressors, car journal boxes, railway specialties, furnaces, steel wheelbarrows, agricultural implements, brick, terra cotta and tile work of all descriptions, cement building blocks, bicycle coaster brakes, cutlery, glass cutters' supplies, gum and confectionery, ornamental iron work, papier mache, sashes, doors and blinds, sheet metal work, art glassware, etc.

Corning is the metropolis of the Southern Tier. Its population increased over thirty per cent. from 1890 to 1900 and over twenty-two per cent. from 1900 to 1905, when, according to the state census recently completed, it showed a city population of 13,525 and with its immediate suburbs, connected by trolley, over 16,000. It is the natural center of trade for a population of over 75,000 people.

Situated in the heart of the famous Big Flats tobacco region, this industry is, with the farmers in the summer, and city workers in the winter, a most important one. The four counties, Steuben and Chemung in New York and Tioga and Potter in Pennsylvania, which belong to this district have produced 28,000 cases of extra fine binders in a single season. So great was the demand the present year that practically every crop was sold before it was housed at prices averaging eleven and one-half cents. As all above six cents is regarded as profit by the farmers, it will be seen that the business, taken in connection with the regular farming, affords the farmer more than a living chance. Large tobacco warehouses are located in Corning and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of the weed are annually handled here.

The city is located 935 feet above the sea and is one of the healthiest localities in the state. It is a city of churches,

THE CITY CLUB BUILDING

societies and homes. Public building operations have been conducted on a large scale for the past five years and the close of 1905 sees the completion during the year of over 200 dwelling houses, six out of ten of which were erected for occupancy by the owners. New streets are being opened and the city government, headed by a non-partisan mayor and made up of an able council and a most efficient board of public works, representing the brains and wealth of the city, make for excellent pavements, and public improvements along the most practical lines.

The water works system is owned by the people and the supply is abundant and of fine quality. The fire department is both paid and volunteer, equipped in the most up-to-date manner and with two stations. The police force is vigilant and efficient. The city has fine banking facilities, the private institution of Q. W. Wellington & Company and the First National of which James A. Drake is president. It has a building and loan association known all over the United States as a model for its system and excellent management. It has an unequalled school system, two business schools and a conservatory of music with over 200 students. It has a free public library and a beautiful and modernly equipped hospital, just completed.

Corning Club and the Golf Club afford to the business men pleasant relief from daily cares. The cusine of the Corning Club is famous for its original dishes and its membership is representative of the professional and business world. Corning has few idle coupon clippers. While it is home to a large number of men of wealth who have erected beautiful mansions on the hill, each morning sees the valley below filled with smoke from the myriad industries that represent their capital.

The Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Columbus and volunteer firemen each have luxuriously appointed club rooms, and the Young Men's Christian Association, installed in its own building, offers all the usual inducements to young men. Corning has a fine opera house

EXTENSIVE RAILROAD YARD

THE WORLD FOR CH

AUDIENCE AND CHOIR AT THE INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION, HELD LAST JULY AT BALTIMORE

(See Miss Crawford's article, "The World for Christ," page 473.)

CARMACK (TENNESSEE)
KEAN (NEW JERSEY)
CULLOM (ILLINOIS)
CHAIRMAN ELKINS (WEST VIRGINIA)
COMMITTEE CLERK
CLAPP (MINNESOTA)
DOLLIVER (IOWA)
FOSTER (LOUISIANA)
PRESS REPORTER
NEWLANDS (NEVADA)

THE SENATE'S INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMITTEE DISCUSSING PLANS TO REGULATE RAILWAY RATES

Photograph copyright 1905 by the National Press Association, Washington

NATIONAL MAGAZINE
COLUMBIA
The AMERICAN FAMILY

VOLUME XXIII. FEBRUARY, 1906 NUMBER FIVE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

A MERRY month it has been in Washington. "If all the world loves a lover," national interest at this time includes the lass and the lover. Many important measures are pending before congress for the month and vital questions are being discussed, but public attention has been focussed on the marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt, to occur at the White House on February 17. Following the Taft campaign in the Philippines and the date of Saint Valentine's conquest, the coming nuptials have simply submerged all other questions of the hour.

This is more than mere idle curiosity concerning the personality of the president's daughter. The White House is a domicile that always holds public interest. Within these walls have gathered lights and shadows of the large national home interest. Here the simple epochs of life are celebrated with a feeling of a federal family interest; christenings and marriages and the dark messenger of death have gathered about the executive hearthstone.

The first marriage ever solemnized here was during the administration of President Monroe, when Miss Todd, a relative of Mrs. Monroe, was married in the romantic fashion of the stately colonial days of Virginia. The East Room was used for the nuptials of Elizabeth Tyler, (January 31, 1842,) then nineteen and a belle; the bride left the White House for a simple Virginian home.

President Tyler was married in the White House, choosing as his second wife Miss Julia Gardner of New York. John Adams, Junior, was wedded during the time of his father's administration, and it is reported that President Adams—the grave, the stately and sedate—rattled his heels at the wedding in a gay Virginia reel.

⁂

Two nieces of General Jackson had the honor of being married at the White House, but the event which will be remembered by Americans yet living was the wedding of Nellie Grant, the daughter who was the delight of her father's heart, to Captain Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris. A niece of President Hayes also became a bride in the

East Room. The bells of Washington pealed forth at the time Grover Cleveland was married to Miss Frances Folsom, and now to this historic list is added the marriage of Miss Alice Lee Roosevelt to Congressman Nicholas Longworth of Ohio. You see Ohio will still insist on having a representative in the presidential family. The public feels an interest in this event because the bride is an American girl who has budded into womanhood under the affectionate gaze of the public eye. Firm and self-reliant, she has proved herself worthy to be the daughter of one who is a high type of American manhood; the history of the Roosevelt administration will have no brighter pages than those which chronicle the doings of the piquant, vivacious daughter of the White House, who passes from its portals as a February bride.

⁂

Secretary Taft is now known as a fairy Prince Cupid, because he is supposed to have a peculiar talent for bringing young people together, as witnessed in the fact that two engagements have resulted from the trip recently conducted by him. It seems that Miss Roosevelt is not the only lady who felt the influence of the southern climate and moonlight nights. The engagement of her friend, Miss Critten of New York, is also announced, and she will be married to Congressman Swager Sherley, of Louisville, Kentucky, early in the Spring of the new year. Mr. Sherley has made his mark as a cool, courteous debater and thoroughly well read man and is now entering on his second term in congress.

⁂

Mr. Longworth has introduced a bill which, if enacted into law, will be far-reaching in its effect; it appropriates $5,000,000 for the purchase of suitable homes for diplomatic representatives of Uncle Sam in other parts of the world. This is a measure that especially appeals to Americans who travel, —the need proposed to be met in this measure. It may require some time to pass it, but it will have to come, and meantime the commercial and industrial interests of the country, as well as the dignity of the nation, are suffering. In political circles this measure is facetiously spoken of as "Nick Longworth's 'Home Bill,'" for it is believed that the young politician has developed an interest in the domestic arts and "home-building" that is very keen.

⁂

THE visit of the Taft party to the Philippines this Summer accomplished more than the mere change of sentiment on the part of some members. It has been the means of substituting facts for hearsay. Chairman Cooper of the insular affairs committee has decided that the Filipinos will turn their attention more to the growing of hemp rather than of tobacco and sugar and that hereafter hemp will be their chief export to the United States market. Mr. Cooper was at one time a teacher, and was greatly impressed with the work accomplished by the American schools in the island; he insists that the necessity for manual training and agricultural instruction is of preeminent importance. He is advocating the setting aside of forty per cent. of the receipts of all land sales in the islands for primary schools and twenty per cent. for higher schools.

The usual experience of not knowing a country, no matter how much one reads, until it is actually visited, has shown that the nation has made a good investment in having the congressmen —who, by the way, paid their own expenses — investigate personally, at first hand, the propositions on which they are to act. If Daniel Webster had visited Oregon before he made his famous harangue against "the wild wastes of the West," he would have escaped making

JUSTICES PECKHAM AND WHITE

Photograph by Clinedinst

a grave blunder. As American citizens become travel-wise it is essential that their law-makers shall at least be equally well informed. The fabric of legislation built on theoretical hypothesis is always weak in the final test.

⁂

THE initial official reception at the White House was the most brilliant function which has taken place within recent years. Nearly everyone who received the neatly engraved card, with the individual name engrossed upon it, attended. These gatherings are now so thoroughly systematized that there is little or no transference of cards, as in former years. After the visitor has successfully run the gauntlet of the long cloak room, he is ushered at once into a scene which is of lively interest. The long double file of people move slowly up the stairs through the main corridors into the state dining-room, to the Blue Room, where Mrs. Roosevelt and the president and his

SIR CHENTUNG LIANG-CHENG, CHINESE MINISTER, AND ONE OF HIS AIDES

Photograph copyright 1905 by Clinedinst

cabinet officers receive. A few guests lingered in the Red Room adjoining, where Miss Roosevelt and her fiance were the center of a throng of admirers.

It might be interesting to the women readers of the National to know just what Miss Alice wore that night, but I am blessed if I can tell, so I must refer you to the society papers—but I do know that she was happy and handsome. Out of this room I passed to the East Room, where the conversation strikes all keys and all tempos, and where one sees the faces familiar in public life.

In one corner of this room is a handsome Steinway grand piano which was in the New York building at the St. Louis Exposition, but had no chance that night.

Very few of the guests were seated, and the reception had the regulation appearance of a church social—without the oysters. There were greetings, meetings and hand-shakings, some private story-telling and perhaps a furtive glance now and then at the different gowns, with an occasional hop and skip over the long trains. At ten o'clock the president and party march out through the East Room and down through the corridor to the private living-rooms, and the reception is at an end. Taps are sounded.

There was a piquancy, a sparkle about the presidential reception this year that was refreshing, and an absence of mere perfunctory ceremony. We passed out into the starry night, alive with the rumble of carriages waiting to carry away the superlative dignitaries; but the street cars democratically transported most of the guests from the function.

⁂

Now the long routine of dinners begins, and night after night familiar faces are met at the festive board. One of the staid justices was heard to remark that it was a task far above the research in leather-covered law books for him to keep up a stock of new stories for table gossip, and that he had gone back in despair to Aesop's Fables, from which he draws freely, giving a local coloring and supplying copious remarks. Properly labelled, he says he finds they sound as fresh as some of Senator Depew's latest. The Gridiron Club is well under way with its campaign of dinners. There is a sparkle and "go" about these festivities which causes them to stand unrivalled. The guests include many prominent public men, not overlooking the president himself, who seems to enjoy the jolly, rollicking tone about as well as anyone. The dinners are radiant with wit and humor, and there is "something doing" from oysters to coffee, the eating being more or less incidental.

⁂

AT the New Willard the other evening, I had an entertaining chat with a man fresh from the diamond fields of the De Beers Company in South Africa. He declared that this had been the greatest diamond year ever known in the United States, and that nearly sixty-five per cent. of their product was sold to American buyers. The diamond mines in Brazil, he said, have languished in recent years, and the few diamonds found in California and the

SENOR FELIPE PARDO, MINISTER OF PERU TO THE UNITED STATES
Photograph by Noel News Service

SENORA TERESA BARREDA DE PARDO, BRIDE OF THE MINISTER FROM PERU
Photograph by Noel News Service

Ural mountains and in India were in all less than fifteen per cent. of the total output of the world. It was rather startling to learn from him — a diamond expert—that diamonds are not the most precious stones, but are in the greatest demand not only for their beauty but on account of their hardness and enduring qualities. While we were sitting there watching the senators, representatives and visitors lounging about smoking and chatting in the lobby, he ventured the prediction that there was not a man in the room who was not wearing a diamond of some kind. "And yet," said he, "we speak slightingly of the vanity of women." In order to verify his prediction, we strolled around, and I was amazed to find that there really was not a man there who was not wearing a diamond, either in the form of studs, ring or sleeve links — to say nothing of the "searchlights" radiating from the clerks at the desks. I should not like to vouch for it that they were all De Beers diamonds, or of the first water, but in future I am quite prepared to believe that there are more individuals in America possessing or claiming to possess diamonds than in any other country. In a commonwealth the jewel wealth is not so likely to concentrate in the crowns of kings and nobles. It is a very modest American who does not feel that some day or other he will be able to wear diamonds—the real thing.

SENATOR McENERY, LOUISIANA
Photograph by Clinedinst.

⁂

THE second session of the fifty-ninth congress is well under way. Ninety-three new members are on the pay-roll. Payments usually are made on the fourth of the month and the members draw checks on the sergeant-at-arms. No sooner have they assumed their seats than they are compelled to keep an eye on the election which takes place next Fall. It requires a year or more before the voice of the people as expressed in congressional elections can be heard in Washington.

A glimpse at the calendar on the house side shows that the statehood bill was one of the first on the list. Then there is the Philippine tariff, on which the committee has been wrestling with the problems of sugar and tobacco; and the rate bill, with Messrs. Esch and Townsend hard at it, trying to compress congressional will in a measure which may withstand attack and be safely granted with constitutional block-signals.

REPRESENTATIVE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH OF CINCINNATI, WHO HAS WON THE HAND OF MISS ALICE LEE ROOSEVELT

Mr. Longworth was born in Cincinnati November 5, 1869; he is a graduate of Harvard University and Cincinnati Law School, 1894; has been a member of the Cincinnati school board and of both houses of the Ohio legislature; was elected to the fifty-eighth congress and reelected to the fifty-ninth.

Photograph by Clinedinst

Congressman McCleary on ways and means, with house bill number 9,752, brings forward an act to give the secretary of the treasury the same power to retaliate for any discriminations made against the United States that foreign governments exercise upon us, at least to the extent of twenty-five per cent. This bill gives the power to make needful regulations for those emergencies which in other countries are met by the royal will. The bill will checkmate the impulsive practice of other countries by providing for retaliation that compels the real spirit of reciprocity—"*quid pro quo*"—so to speak.

Of course there will be a deficiency bill. What would the life of a congress be without a deficiency! This is a feature of legislation with which I am always in sympathy. I begin to meditate on deficiency bills about the time I am ready to return to Boston and find myself fairly short of fare. The present deficiency estimate is of healthy proportions, but small compared with previous years; it will necessitate an urgent rush of appropriations at the end of the session. The old method of rushing through deficiency appropriations left the money entirely in the hands of heads of departments, instead of being under the direct orders of congress, but the fifty-ninth congress is zealous in protecting all of its rights and privileges implied in the constitution, and the appropriation committee is already provided with good-sized hammers to knock.

⁂

THE opening session of the fifty-ninth congress was something like a preliminary faculty reception — to get acquainted. The well seasoned leaders and members put down the lid when they found that the effervescence of younger men was certain to result in a flood of oratory. Fred W. Landis made a striking speech, but some of the older members shook their heads when he lingered around some of the sensational headline phrases; like his brother, C. W. Landis, Fred Landis has won his spurs as a congressional orator. F. J. Garrett of Tennessee has started well on his career, and promises to go to the front as one of the energetic young southern members.

A keen parliamentarian in the house is Phillip P. Campbell of Pittsburg, Kansas. There is a touch of reminiscent history in finding the name of J. Sloan Fassett of New York on the roll-call. Still young in looks, he is in reality an "old stager" of the Empire state. Well read and a strong man, he comes to the arena alert for action.

⁂

THERE is no Private John Allen, with ready anecdote, but Joseph Fordney of Saginaw, Michigan, has a strong inclination in that direction, and after he had related several stories in the cloak room he was gravely promised a career as professional story-relater—and a red necktie — if he would only keep on as he had begun and not repeat his stories more than twice at the same session.

One meets an old friend going to congress now and then. Everis A. Hayes of California, long years ago, was an acquaintance whom it was a delight to greet. In those early days he was a modest mining man in control of the Germania mine on the Gogebic Range; then, as now, the same democratic, sterling citizen, who, although a millionaire, knows the real value of labor and pluck. One of the members from Chicago is Martin B. Madden, who undertakes his work in the vigorous and decisive manner in which he is wont to handle a large contract. His political reputation was made in the Chicago city council, which he dominated for several years.

The senate is being recruited from the house and there still are other members who expect to walk across through the corridors at the Capitol and take seats in the senate.

⁂

DURING the afternoon lull at the executive office I met General Robert A. Maxwell, who was fourth assistant postmaster-general under President Cleveland. This wholesome-looking gentleman was the "axe-man" of the Cleveland administration. His blue eyes sparkled as he told of "his boys," and well he may be proud of them, for among them are numbered Hon. George B. Cortelyou, postmaster-general; Mr. Barnes, assistant secretary to the president; Mr. Merritt Chance, chief clerk in the postoffice department, and Mr. Elmer E. Paine, representing the Associated Press. Each of these gentlemen expressed toward the ex-assistant postmaster-general an appre-

SENATOR CLARK, THE MONTANA COPPER CROESUS, BUYS A MORNING PAPER

Photograph by Clinedinst

ciation it was delightful to witness. They had come to him as strangers in the glare of Washington life, but they found in General Maxwell a friend as well as chief.

"They were good boys, and I knew

they had the stuff in them," said the general. "From the very start I was fortunate in having about me the material of which men are made, and I have proved my judgment of them was right, despite their politics and the change in the administrations. There never were hours too long if there was anything to do, and there never was a courtesy too slight for them to extend."

The tribute paid this veteran of Cleveland days—now living a peaceful and contented life in Batavia—by Mr. Elmer Paine, was another illustration of how much good is done by helping along younger men and aiding them to succeed by kindly encouragement. It means a great deal to develop all the latent and hidden strength of the recruits.

There was a hearty greeting between General Maxwell and his boys, and it was a refreshing change from the formality of official calls, for the general has come to Washington to "see his boys."

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Mr. Paine represented an Ohio newspaper at the time Senator Hanna first came to Washington, and had his close confidence. During the busy days of '98 he found it difficult to obtain an audience concerning important state matters. Finally he reached Senator Hanna, and he still possesses a card which reads as follows:

> "*The bearer of this is Mr. Elmer E. Paine, and he is to see me at any time.*" *M. A. HANNA.*

Even this perpetual passport had a limit. At one time an important matter came up and Mr. Paine went directly to the house on Lafayette Square. He presented the card and gained admittance to the waiting-room. It carried him still farther: first to the office and then to the inner office. Finally it was explained to him that the senator was taking a bath. Mr. Paine replied that his business was of vital importance, and the card was sent direct to the bathroom. Very soon the senator emerged, attired hastily in his bathrobe, which might well have suggested the flowing togas of the legislators of ancient Rome. This was the occasion of one of the most important interviews ever made public, one that was vital in changing the route of the Isthmian Canal from Nicaragua to Panama.

Those who remember something of the life of Senator Hanna will recall how he was deluged with callers and letters and will understand how much this card must have meant to Mr. Paine.

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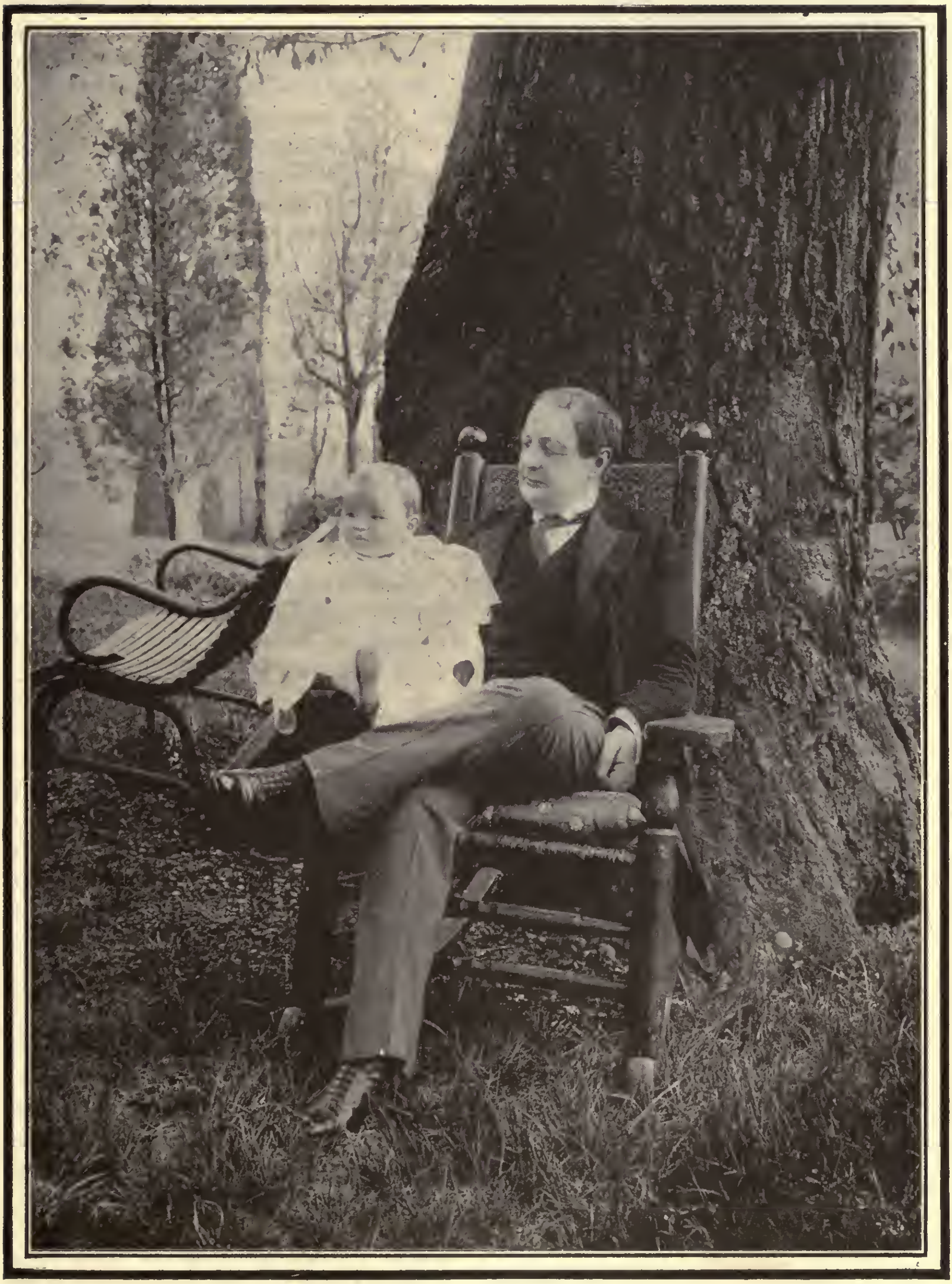
ASSISTANT Secretary of the Navy Truman H. Newberry is now installed in the office once occupied by President Roosevelt. Mr. Newberry is a genial gentleman who hails from Detroit, and for many years has been active in the naval reserve service on the Great Lakes. It is not surprising that many of the most earnest supporters of naval growth have come from the cities which border on the lakes or the seacoast.

Mr. Newberry is a man of wealth and has taken up this work with the appreciation and enthusiasm of one who loves his task. He is making rapid progress in following out the plans which he has initiated for popularizing naval development and a policy of "preparedness."

The naval appropriation bill is trembling in the balance for fear Uncle Joe Cannon's pruning-knife will come along and cut it down $20,000,000 or so, to make it an even $100,000,000. When it is realized that $60,000 worth of gunpowder is required by a single ship for naval practice for one year, it can be understood how much money is "blown in," or blown up, to insure the skill of the men behind the guns, that has given the American navy the prestige which it now enjoys.



SENATOR FRANCIS GRIFFITH NEWLANDS OF NEVADA, AT HIS EASE

Photograph copyright 1905 by Clinedinst

Admiral Dewey, in a recent Chicago speech, stimulated the interest of the middle West in the navy and his tribute to the inland state recruits was a revela-

REAR-ADMIRAL BAIRD

tion. The admiral has a delightful way of pointing straight at a fact—he does not desire to beat around the bush. Possibly his opinion of "hazing" at Annapolis may have some effect in changing customs there. The admiral pronounces this practice to be "downright cowardice." Just like the blunt old salt.

In Berlin I heard a tribute paid to Admiral Dewey by an old Annapolis comrade, Consul-General Thackera. Mr. Thackara insisted that it was plain to see in the early days that something great was in store for the modest and genial George. Another of Admiral Dewey's comrades is Rear-Admiral G. W. Baird. Rear-Admiral Baird was born in Washington and is a son of the man who built the first passenger locomotive that ever turned a wheel on the American continent. He entered the navy in 1862, and served on the famous old Mississippi, Admiral Dewey being then executive officer. Nineteen years of active service at sea did not prevent him from making various inventions, such as the vibrative stearing gear, the motograph and other machines which bear his name.

He installed the first electric lighting plant ever used on board a government ship of any nation. The rear-admiral was once superintending engineer for the United States fish commission. It is interesting to sit for half an hour in his office and hear him relate some of the stirring events of his long years of active service.

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THE Oklahoma statehood delegation was one hundred and fifty strong — a typical body of western hustlers. No, they did not bring bronchos; they were there for business and remained ten days. They were as enthusiastic as a college football team. Like a team, they must have a mascot to insure "luck," and this was nothing more nor less than a razor-backed Ozark pig, acquired without purchase and secured after a hot chase in Missouri by the delegation. Mr. Bewildered Pig was taken on board the train, scrubbed and bedecked with ribbons, served with a light collation in the dining car, and now enjoys the distinction of bearing the name of "Statehood." The motto of the delegation from that time forth was included in those four words which have had so much to do in all history of achievement and the solution of difficult problems:

"Root Hog or Die."

The hog, of course, rooted. With this slogan the Oklahoma delegation believe they are to receive just and equitable treatment as citizens of the United States of America, and have a full five-pointed star to add to the galaxy.

If favorable action is taken on the statehood bill, there will have to be more seats added to the senate chamber, as there will then be four more stars to shine in the field of blue. As it is, all the seats are occupied, and many of the republican members on the right have to seek desk-room on the democratic left. A visit to the United States senate always presents a picture of interest; looking from the gallery above into the arena below, one sees the faces of the men who have long served the nation. It is not to be wondered at that senators come to Washington with decided differences as to public policy, and eventually are welded into a close circle of warm friends. The senate seems to me to exercise a judicial as well as legislative function, for whatever else may be said, there is no way of stampeding the senate with any wild impulse that may move the people. Several times this deliberative body has stood in the breach and prevented the enactment of a law calling for free coinage of silver. After the measure had swept through the house, there stood the senate like a bulwark.

The calm and conservative judgment of history will show how many crises in the development of the nation have been successfully tided over by means of the steadfast action of the senate, — saving the house many a time from its own rashness. Nearly all the actual legislation of the senate is transacted in the committee rooms, and the room most in the public eye at present is that of the interstate commerce committee. The information collected by this committee ought to serve as a very thorough digest of facts, — free from the coloring of prejudice or passion.

REPRESENTATIVE CHAMP CLARK OF MISSOURI

Photograph by Clinedinst

WHAT is more charming than a chat with those senators who have seen years of service? Not only are they in touch with affairs of today but they have also a personal experience of bygone times which has the quaint touch and reminiscent glow. Whenever I meet Senator Proctor, there is always a droll glint in his eye. The statesman from Vermont has had a long and useful career and is much endeared to the dwellers in the Green Mountain state. Today no one is looked upon as a higher authority on Cuban affairs, with which he had so much to do in the critical days of '98, and he is now regarded by Cubans as a foster-father. His career reaches far back into the stirring seventies — a long time in this swift era; despite the many changes that have occurred, no one is a more keen observer of the flying events of the day than Senator Proctor. He keeps up a lively interest in the naval department, of which he was at one time secretary. The growth of the navy since that time has furnished one of the romantic phases of our national history. On Christmas eve a greeting was sent by wireless relay from Washington to Guantanamo, the naval station in Cuba, and a reply received. In fact, every naval officer in all parts of the world received a Christmas greeting by telegraph from the naval department.

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IF seeing the Capitol were a play in three acts, the house would furnish the first act, the supreme court the second, and the final act would be in the sedate senate. More stately than ever it has been since Vice-President Fairbanks took that historic bit of ivory between his thumb and first finger and rapped on his desk for order, and he insists on having it, too. There is an air of dignity which is befitting a distinguished, deliberative, law-making body. The routine business goes through with the regularity of the lines spoken in a play. There are always the same answers and the same responses, given with that particular inflection and formality peculiar to various moments of the session,—and never is there a cue lacking. These formalities soon pass, as the more exciting propositions come up, and the senate prepares for a tilt of words.

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IT is William Alden Smith of Michigan who has his ear close to the ground awaiting a senatorial calling. He spent the Summer in Europe, like many another member of the house — utilized vacation days in travel. The Congressional Record this session ought to be filled with interesting reminiscences of "What I Saw This Summer," with full reports from the Orient and the Occident. Mr. Smith talks entertainingly of meeting Kaiser Wilhelm on September 2, 1905. The emperor expressed his appreciation of the work of President Roosevelt in reference to the treaty of Portsmouth, and insisted that all credit for this achievement was due to the president of the United States. The emperor is keenly interested in things American, and discussed in fluent English the prosperity of our republic. The imperial presence seems to have been very impressive to Mr. Smith, and all throughout the German empire the popularity of the emperor was the one fact that especially attracted his attention.

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THIS seems to be a season for engagements and the introduction of brides to Washington society. One of the most charming and beautiful ladies presented in Washington recently is the bride of Senor Felipe Pardo, the new Peruvian minister, who was married November 5 and arrived on December 21 in Washington; Senor Pardo is a brother of the president of Peru and belongs to the "civil party." He is the son of a former president, the late Don Manuel Pardo, and was educated at the Institute de Lima, which was founded by his father. He possesses a B. A. degree from the University of San Marco at Lima. He took an active part in the Peru-Chili war, and at the close of the contest devoted himself to the cultivation of a large sugar estate owned by his family. He is a man of marked executive ability and has traveled extensively, is regarded as an excellent judge of horses and is interested in out-door sports. It is understood that he desires to turn some of our American capital and energy into the development of the remarkable natural resources of Peru. His bride is the daughter of Don Enrique Barreda, a capitalist of Lima. She is about eighteen years of age, and even in a land of beautiful women was regarded as a great beauty. She is already a social favorite in Washington, and Senor and Senora Pardo are regarded as a decided addition to the society of diplomatic circles.

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SENATOR Hale of recently related an incident in the cloak room of the senate which indicates that he has not experienced a change of heart in reference to the Philippine question. He was at the White House on that eventful night when the memorable message was sent to Admiral Dewey which read: "Proceed to Manila, and destroy the Spanish fleet,"— no further orders were given or implied. The senator laments that four words were not added, thus: "Destroy the Spanish fleet, *then return to Hongkong.*" He declares the addition of these words to that despatch would have saved the nation a great deal of money and relieved it of the serious problems which have since grown out of the insular question. Senator Hale "is of the same opinion still," as when he took his place with Senator Hoar at that critical time of protest against insular expansion.

Senator Hale has been put forward as the leader of the dominant group in the senate, relieving Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. The old Pine Tree state always has a high place in the councils of congress — Blaine, Reed, Dingley are recent examples of the masterful quality of "State of Maine" men.

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ONE of the most charming tributes I have ever heard to friends of boyhood was paid by Senator Allison the other evening, when he recalled his youthful days in Ohio with the Studebaker boys. It was a stern struggle for a livelihood in those times, and the senator remarked that it was apparent even in early boyhood that the Studebaker brothers would become a power in anything they might undertake. Each brother seemed to back up the other, whether the occupation was gathering walnuts, picking up old tin kettles or working in the blacksmith shop.

"They were sturdy fellows," said the senator, "but the wonderful success

REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH BABCOCK OF WISCONSIN

Photograph by Clinedinst

achieved by them in after years in building up the great Studebaker establishment at South Bend, Indiana, surpassed even the wildest dream of those days.''

The fundamental reason for the success of this great institution may be stated in one word—thoroughness. Even in the early days Studebaker stood for that word in all its meaning. When one of the boys undertook a task he felt that not only his own honor was involved, but also that of his brothers and father and mother, to whom they were devotedly attached. In after life they met some great problems, but were equal to every emergency, and the history of wagon-making in America will not be complete unless a prominent place is given to the Studebaker establishment.

SPEAKER "JOE" CANNON AT THIRTY-SIX

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During the later years it was a great pleasure for the senator to meet these friends of early youth and look upon what had been accomplished through the sturdy self-reliance and perseverance of the boys who never shirked a responsibility and never betrayed a trust. Today this great establishment is a monument to the memory of the brothers who remained to the end of their lives not only brothers in name, but brothers in business and in spirit and in the fulfillment of their life mission, inspired by a mother's love and confidence. The visitor traversing the continent and looking out from his car window on this great wagon manufactory, will remember that from this center wagons are sent to all parts of the world. These wagons have crossed the American plains and trekked across the veldt of Africa. Here are also manufactured automobiles and the latest designs in phaetons and other vehicles. Thousands of carriages bear the name of Studebaker, synonymous with thorough workmanship, whether it be the farmer's wagon or my lady's brougham. The carriage in which President Lincoln rode to his inauguration was made by the Studebakers and is still well preserved.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his poem of "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," possibly he had in mind the quality of the manufacture put forth from year to year and sent all over the world by the brothers who took counsel with Senator Allison, the Grand Old Man of Iowa, as to the best way to make a "go-cart" that would seem "really and truly" a wagon,—the wheels went 'round

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IT was a gloomy day in Washington when Secretary Root came to his decision in reference to the fate of the Isle Pines; as one gentleman who had lived there remarked: —"It will take something more than the repressive influence of a state document to make Cubans out of the Americans who feel that they have occupied the island with the understanding that it was not included as a part of Cuba in the treaty of Paris."

TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY OF DETROIT, THE NEW ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

The question may yet be pretty thoroughly discussed and agitated during the present session of congress, for it is difficult to quench the spirit of annexation when it has been permitted to get aglow. This agitation has cost Mr. Squiers his position as the United States' minister to Cuba; and, if the general gossip amounts to anything, this is not the end of the talk about the Isle of Pines and Cuba. The feeling seems to be that Cuba will have to demonstrate her rights in the premises, for the United States has as yet utilized but two of the four naval stations which were provided for in the treaty. It is not altogether a wild prediction to suggest that we may soon see a naval station located on the Isle of Pines, and the general feeling is that this would be almost equivalent to annexation,—in fact if not in name.

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SOME people make a hobby of butterflies, but I thought I would devote my attention for a while to presidential bees. There are some in Washington. In the state department there were indications of a Root buzzer; at the treasury department there seems to be a whole hive of the Shaw variety, while there is a buzz in the senate chamber which indicates that something is under way in the shape of Fairbanks bees. Then back again to the war department, where, behind the frowning rampart of cannons and crossed sabers, the Taft species of bee is to be found. Altogether it seems as though a very alert apiary of presidential bees is collecting, and the curious thing is that the most of them are hiving right in the presidential cabinet. It is quite apparent to even a casual observer that the example of the busy bee "that gathers honey all the day, from every opening flower," is not entirely overlooked.

Although the opening overture of the presidential campaign of 1908 is still afar off, yet there is a busy-ness and and a buzziness about Washington which indicates that there will be some good presidential honey stored away before the delegates are hived.

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WHILE the executive office may be the great reservoir of important news of the day from Washington, there are few departments in which the importance of the work of the newspapermen is more felt—though they may linger about the corridors waiting, like Macawber, for "something to turn up"—than in the treasury department and the department of justice. There is not always a heavy budget of news from these centers, but when it does come it is often of vital import. Every move in the machinery of these great departments is of importance to the business and industrial interests of the country. It was remarked by a well-known business man recently that the steadiness and stability of the business world today was largely due to the intelligent and keen comprehension of American commercial conditions at the treasury department in Washington.

Over in the superseded brownstone residence which has been transformed into a department of justice, Attorney-General Moody is spending busy days. This is Uncle Sam's law office, and it has not been necessary to hang out a shingle—so to speak—to indicate where the attorney-general resides. A simple flag floats over the house, and in the corner room, at a broad, flat desk, with a dimple in his cheek and a wrinkle in his brow, the attorney-general is deeply engrossed in the great mass of evidence which is pouring in upon him from all directions. I was surprised to learn that the attorney-general has failed to put up the familiar sign current at New England grocery stores, "No Trust Here." This sign goes up bravely on January 1, but is lost and forgotten by July.

While the office may not have the quaint picturesqueness of the old Law Courts in London, where the wheels of Great Britain's justice revolve, yet the visitor cannot mount the steps and enter the dark corridor without feeling that he is in a place where, in the classic phrase of the times, there is "something doing"—or going to be done.

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A feature in a visit to the Austrian embassy was a pleasant chat with a secretary who called attention to the fact that the distinction between Washington and the European capitals is the almost entire absence of precedent in the first, and the absolute rule of precedent in the latter. The American craves something new, something which suggests change, if not innovation. Even some of the old, prized customs are gradually fading away and official etiquette is becoming more and more a matter of common sense or individual impulse, rather than a matter of form handed down to us by tradition or official functionaries.

"THE WORLD FOR CHRIST"

MISS CRAWFORD TRACES THE REMARKABLE GROWTH OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, SINCE ITS BIRTH IN PORTLAND, MAINE, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By Mary Caroline Crawford

CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

REVEREND F. E. CLARK, D. D., FOUNDER OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION

THE old adage about great oaks and little acorns was never more interestingly illustrated than in the case of the Christian Endeavor movement, which celebrates its first quarter-century of existence early in February. From a little band of young people, come together for tea and a talk afterward, at the home of their pastor in Portland, Maine, has sprung a strong but flexible organization embracing more than three millions of people and formed into more than sixty-six thousand societies. Almost fifty thousand of these societies are in the United States and Canada, over ten thousand in Great Britain and Ireland. But if it is impressive to think that sixty thousand Christian Endeavor societies now assemble weekly in English-speaking lands as a result of that modest beginning in Portland, Maine, it is even more interesting, it seems to me, to note that in Africa there are 225 societies, in Brazil sixty-two, in Bulgaria fifteen, in China 350, in Finland nineteen, in Hungary thirteen, in Russia ten, in Sweden 148, in Hawaii fifty-four and in Indian 567, which gladly acknowledge similar origin.

There must have been something quite uncommon in a little gathering that could bear such fruits as that. Much more than ordinary zeal for good works must have inspired the pastor who could plan a charter society of such promise and potency! As a matter of fact both these things are true. The soil was rich and the sower of the seed a man of remarkable endowment. Dr. Father Endeavor Clark—as he is lovingly called through a pun on his initials F. E.—possesses such magnetism, such moral integrity and such sweet spiritual insight as, through all the world's history, has marked the leaders of great onward movements. The fact that he was the pastor of the church sufficiently accounts, perhaps, for the quality of that initial band of Christian endeavorers. In his own account of the first meeting he says quite distinctly that the company which gathered in his parsonage parlor February 2, 1881, consisted of average young people, as bashful, as timid and as retiring as any similar company probably. Not one among them was unpleasantly precocious. The whole room did not contain a prig imbued with the smug consciousness that he was "not as other men." They were just such active, energetic, fun-loving young people as can be gathered in any church today. Nor was there anything about them to indicate that they, more readily than any other youthful group, would subscribe to the rather rigid document Dr. Clark soon presented to them. In truth, a considerable and painful silence fell upon the meeting when the constitution, with its serious provisions, was proposed. But the pastor was not on this account disposed to strike out those provisions. From long and earnest thought he had decided that what the church needed was not more pink teas and oyster suppers, with which to allure young people, but a higher ideal for organized work, a nobler conception of what Christian manhood and Christian womanhood should mean, a translation into twentieth century life and activity of that impulse by means of which Peter the Hermit long ago organized the Crusades—and so changed the geography of Europe.

The document which the young minister of the Williston church at Portland, Maine, brought down from his study to be signed that evening proposed that a society be formed "to promote an earnest Christian life among its members, to increase their mutual acquaintance and to make them more useful in the service of God." In the constitution it was specified that there should be a president, vice-president and secretary; also a prayer meeting committee, lookout committee, social committee, missionary committee, Sunday school committee and flower committee, each consisting of five members. These committees were then, as now, to be important agencies of service. But at the beginning, as now, the pivotal clause of the constitution was that which stated, "It is expected that all the active members of this society will be present at every meeting unless detained by some absolute necessity *and that each one will take some part, however slight, in every meeting.*" This was the clause which gave the young people pause. These strict provisions were more than they had bargained for. Yet before they went home that frosty evening they had one and all signed the pledge, thus justifying their pastor's deep conviction that it is in the appeal to higher rather than lower ideals that true success lies.

Cotton Mather, it is interesting to note, was stirred two centuries ago by precisely this same conviction. In a very rare pamphlet, published in 1724, and entitled "Proposals for the Revival of Dying Religion by Ordered Societies for that Purpose," there is outlined very much the same scheme as that which Dr. Clark set forth to his Williston church friends. "If the churches had then been ready," Dr. Clark himself comments, "to welcome and foster such an agency, who knows but the Endeavor movement might have been begun five generations before it did." The church was not ready in Cotton Mather's day, however. Moreover, such a movement as Christian Endeavor could not have flourished with a Mather instead of a Clark guiding it. Cheery belief in the young and in their inherent wholesomeness is an intrinsic part of Dr. Clark's personality. It has availed to make him a man fit to father a sanely spiritual movement around which young people eagerly rally.

Born of New England parentage (September 12, 1851,) and early orphaned, the founder of Christian Endeavor was adopted as a lad by his uncle, Reverend E. W. Clark, who took him to Claremont, New Hampshire, to live. The boy's education was gained at a typical New England academy and at Dartmouth, that sturdiest of New England colleges. While a theological student at Andover Seminary, young Clark married Harriet E. Abbott of that town and hence proceeding, as soon as he had been graduated, to the pastorate of the church in Portland already alluded to. Dr. Clark, it is significant to observe, was only thirty years old when he founded the society which now binds together millions of enthusiastic young people. The only other pulpit Dr. Clark has ever filled regularly was that of the Phillips church, South Boston, a charge which he held between 1883-7. Since then he has devoted all his time to the Christian Endeavor movement. Fittingly is it proposed that this quarter-century anniversary be celebrated by the erection of an international headquarters building which, beside providing offices for the society and its publications, shall serve as a memorial to Francis Edward Clark, its founder and best friend.

PARLOR WHERE THE FIRST C. E. U. WAS ORGANIZED

To the manly charm of Dr. Clark's personality is undoubtedly due in large measure the dignity and efficiency which has become the distinguishing charac-

A GROUP OF JAPANESE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS teristic of the Christian Endeavor movement. Sentimentalism is almost entirely absent from the meetings and the men connected with this work. The Christ ideal of the Endeavorer is not the pale and emasculated model of the early Italian painter, but the ruddy, virile Christ of modern German art, a Christ who could make a scourge of fine cords and, when occasion demanded, use it vigorously. Thus, life-saving men accustomed to the hardships of the sea and to its storms; sailors who know as few others can the gilded temptations of the great city; New York policemen who are daily brought face to face with the dry-rot of graft and the deadliness of vice in its every form, all these no less than the college graduate, burning with young desire to make the world better, find in Christian Endeavor exactly that which suits their needs. With its three societies, Junior, Intermediate and Young People's, all of which are interdenominational and may be of any size from five to five hundred, Christian Endeavor offers an organizing opportunity such as the church has never before known. That it truly fills a great need, one has only to examine its manifestations and read a few of the testimonials volunteered by leaders in the world of thought to believe. Lord Curzon, when viceroy of India, once told a friend that he was much interested in Christian Endeavor and felt that it had a large mission in that empire. That good man, William McKinley, said of it, "I like Christian Endeavor because Christian Endeavor makes character. I like it because it makes Christian character, and there is no currency in this world that passes at such a premium anywhere as good Christian character." As for President Roosevelt, his opinion of Christian Endeavor during the quarter-century of its existence is that it has been "far-reaching in its effect for good. To make better citizens, to lift up the standard of American manhood and womanhood," he continues, "is to do the greatest service to the country. The stability of this goverment depends upon the individual character of its citizens. No more important work can be done—important to the cause of Christianity as well as to our national life and greatness."

In the future, very likely, the societies will turn their attention even more than they have done in the past to the Christian-citizenship phase of their work. At the convention of twenty thousand Christian Endeavorers, held in Baltimore last Summer, one of the leading addresses was that made by Honorable Charles J. Bonaparte, now secretary of the navy, on "Politics and Religion." This paper was a careful exposition to those thousands of young people, of the truth that good government in America is essentially a moral question and therefore a religious one. When we speak of "pure politics," Mr. Bonaparte urged, we mean politics guided and controlled by sincere, scrupulous and unselfish men. The politics of any community can be "purified" only by leading such men to engage in them and driving other men out of them; and each of us aids in the "purifying" process when he tries to render a political career attractive to our best citizens and does what he can to make the worst gain a living otherwise. The number of citizenship classes already in existence has increased appreciably since that address was delivered.

But however the energy generated by Christian Endeavor may express itself, the central idea of the movement is and must always remain a spiritual one. Flower committees, social committees, hospital committees, citizenship committees and many more there may be, but a weekly gathering of a religious nature there *must* be. Let us drop in at one of these to see the thing exactly as it is, no one knowing that we are there to "write an article," every-

UTE INDIANS ON THE WAY TO A COLORADO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION CONVENTION

body therefore quite simple, natural and unconscious.

The place was the vestry of the Park street church on Boston's Brimstone corner; that church in which "America" was first sung; to which Adirondack Murray once drew enormous crowds; the church, too, whose beautiful Sir Christopher Wren steeple makes the vista from the long mall of Boston Common a delight to every eye and for whose preservation every modern Athenian of us clamored long and loud when it was proposed, a few years ago, to sell the property, raze the edifice and erect in its place a mammoth building devoted to commercial uses. This, then, was the church whose Christian Endeavor society—because it makes no claims to size or attractiveness, because it is in the heart of a great city and, from its very situation, should afford variety of membership—was selected for observation.

The meeting was at half-past six Sunday evening, the favorite time for Christian Endeavor gatherings the country over, and the room the church vestry, also the usual gathering place. I slipped into a seat near the door, thinking to remain unnoticed, but immediately a young man handed me a hymn-book open to the selection then being sung. I decided afterward that he must belong to the lookout committee, whose business it is to see that the finest kind of hospitality is exercised toward all who happen in at meetings.

At first the large, low room struck me as rather cheerless, but after I had taken into account the impressions made upon other than the sense of sight, I decided

ENDEAVORERS ON THE UNITED STATES CRUISER CHICAGO

that, far from having a dreary effect, this place was one in which it was very good to be. For the singing was hearty, the faces of the men and women present bright with hope and brotherly love, and the tone of their remarks, when the time came for discussion, stimulating and uplifting. The special topic of the evening was Thanksgiving, because of the proximity of that great national festival.

The good-looking young man who had handed me a hymn-book was the first to contribute his share to the meeting. (Every Christian Endeavorer does something, you remember, to make the hour of interest and profit to all.) He began by pointing out the significance of the festival at hand. "The Puritans were not an effusive people," he said, "and that they had little, from our point of view, for which to be thankful, we well know. Yet they appointed this day and we cannot do better than observe it in the spirit they brought to it. I myself like Benjamin Franklin's way of passing on good. When anybody returned to him a loan he had made, he promptly sought another opportunity to do good with the money. Let us bring down, next Tuesday night, something the year has brought to us, that our missionary may have an abundance to distribute among the poor of Boston on Thanksgiving Day."

Scarcely had he taken his seat when a pretty girl arose and declared, with much feeling, that she was very thankful for the Christian Endeavor meetings of that church. Two years before she had chanced to come there at a time when she greatly needed such help as these meetings give. It had all meant very much to her, she said. Now, to a conservative Episcopalian, the note of personality in this last was a bit jarring. But who was I to say that such testimony does not do good? Moreover, there was much less of talk *about* religion than of appeal to translate religion into service.

"I, for one, am thankful for my country," an alert, handsome young man now sprang up to say. "During this past week, as I have been reading of the state of affairs in Russia, I am more and more grateful that I am an Amercian. There may be things wrong with our country, but we young people intend to hammer away at them until we make them right. Shall we not all rise and sing 'America?' "

When the stirring strains of our national anthem had died away, a lusty old man with an ingratiating Scotch accent got on his feet to draw a lesson from the discovery of the engineers at Panama that it is first of all necessary to "stem the tide." "We, too," he said, "must 'stem the tide' of wickedness in our country. The Society of Christian Endeavor is a drill ground," he declared, "where thousands are learning the importance of active service. Let us learn also how to stop things that are wrong."

The last speaker was a fair-haired boy with the face of a dreamer, who talked, with such vehemence as brought a hectic flush to his pale cheek, of the thankfulness we all should feel that America has, during the past year, contributed so markedly to the cause of peace; that the Christian gentleman who is at the head of our government saw and so happily siezed the psychological moment for intervention between Russia and Japan.

And now, the hour having drawn to a close, all the members rose and repeated together the pledge of loyalty with which every Christian Endeavor meeting concludes. I looked eagerly into their faces as they passed out. There was almost an equal number of men and of women, and the countenances of each and every one of them reflected

> "The light that never was on sea or land;
> The consecration and the Poet's dream."

More than once as I had listened to the John Wesley hymns sung during the evening and followed the Bible reading of the leader, (who also carried the singing with her sweet soprano voice) my mind reverted to those interdicted meetings over which John Bunyan used to preside and from which he was dragged forth to write "Pilgrim's Progress." Yet these young people are emphatically of the twentieth century. One or two of them had bulky Sunday newspapers protruding from their overcoat pockets!

Undoubtedly the popularity of Christian Endeavor comes largely from the fact that it is a movement within the church. Professor Amos R. Wells, the genial editor of the Christian Endeavor World, and the author of a number of manuals dealing directly with this movement and its activities, recently interviewed eighteen hundred ministers of thirty-nine denominations as to the efficacy of Christian Endeavor and the degree of success with which it is fulfilling its mission as a training school for church membership. These clergymen testified almost as one man that the Christian Endeavor movement marks a decided advance in Christian work among young people, that its meetings are well attended, enthusiastic and spiritually uplifting, and that the training it gives in church activities is of inestimable value.

But though the primary object of this movment is spiritual, it has many good works to its credit. A group of Endeavorers in Indiana recently raised in ten minutes $103 with which to buy a horse for a missionary in Cuba whose faithful animal had died, thus forcing him to make his long journeys on foot. Here in Boston some Endeavorers circulated a petition requesting a large new department store to cease selling liquor; the request was granted as soon as the store heard of the petition. Camp Christian Endeavor on Staten Island has for twelve years now provided ten days of country each Summer for over three hundred poor children. Very many societies maintain coffee rooms; others have endowed ice-water tanks, still others place good literature where it may divert and uplift — in stations, in barber shops and in small boxes attached to park benches. Still another practical service lies behind the report, "Bought a quarter-acre of land adjoining public school; graded and improved it for the children." Perhaps the most touching service to be recorded is, however, that of Endeavorers in Marash, Turkey, who painfully saved enough money to send a blind member to Ooraf, there to be taught to read in order that he might come back and teach the blind children of Marash a way out of the darkness that engulfs them.

This mention of Christian Endeavor in far-off lands brings us to a fascinating branch of the subject, that which has to do with what may well enough be called world-wide Christian Endeavor. Space is lacking to go into this, but readers who are interested cannot do better than to send to the society's headquarters in Tremont Temple, Boston, for the entertaining little volume in which Dr. Clark has recorded his experiences while journeying around the globe in the interests of this wonderful work. His trip covered about thirty-nine thousand miles, and more than twelve nations were visited. Addresses were made, largely through interpreters, to the number of three hundred and fifty, in more than twenty different languages. The result of all

HINDOO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS

HOLDING AN OPEN-AIR MEETING ON THE FAMOUS DINDIGUL ROCK IN SOUTH INDIA this was the rousing to a high pitch of enthusiasm and activity Christian Endeavor forces in all the foreign countries visited, and proof that just as Christian Endeavor is applicable to all denominations so also is it applicable to all nations and races of man.

In India, whose first society is now eleven years old, aggressive work for the cause is being constantly done by native Endeavorers, who preach in the noisy streets by means of a megaphone, visit the hospitals regularly and advance in all possible ways this movement which is so dear to them. Two Christian Endeavor papers are now published in the native language of India! No wonder Lord Curzon recognizes in this society an important agency of civilization. At the last South India Christian Endeavor convention an open-air meeting was held on Dindigal Rock, so named from a legend that long ago, when a huge serpent was menacing the city, there came a great giant called Dindi, who, at the request of the people hurled this rock at the serpent and killed it.

In Japan there have been Christian Endeavor conventions for fourteen years now. The work there is under the direction of a samurai who was educated in this country and in England. A very bright Christian Endeavor magazine is published in the native language, and the empress is so interested in the organization that she recently sent a generous gift to aid in its work for the soldiers and sailors injured in the late war.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HEADQUARTERS, AT BOSTON

In whatever country and under whatever conditions these Christian Endeavor conventions are held, they are inspiring occasions. Their size is astounding.

Here in Boston we still remember with awe that convention which brought almost fifty-seven thousand registered delegates to the city to hold meetings that crowded Mechanics Hall and overflowed into two immense tents pitched upon Boston Common. In Berlin, last Summer, the attendance reached more than six thousand, delegates being present from all parts of Europe. For the next all-European convention, to be held in Geneva, Switzerland, next July, in connection with the World's Christian Endeavor convention, thousands of Americans will for the first time cross the ocean.

AMOS R. WELLS, MANAGING EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD

For the benefit of those among us who may not be at Geneva, however, I want to show Christian Endeavor as it looked to one impressionable and sympathetic journalist during last Summer's Baltimore convention: "Christian hosts flocked to the opening session with hearts attuned to the melody of the moment and souls alive to the greatness of their cause. The huge hall, beautiful and gay with its graceful drapery of many hues; its fluttering flags and waving banners, its gleaming emblems of city, state and nation; its inspiring, all-embracing motto, 'The World For Christ,' in bright white letters high above the throng, was a fitting frame for the great gathering within.

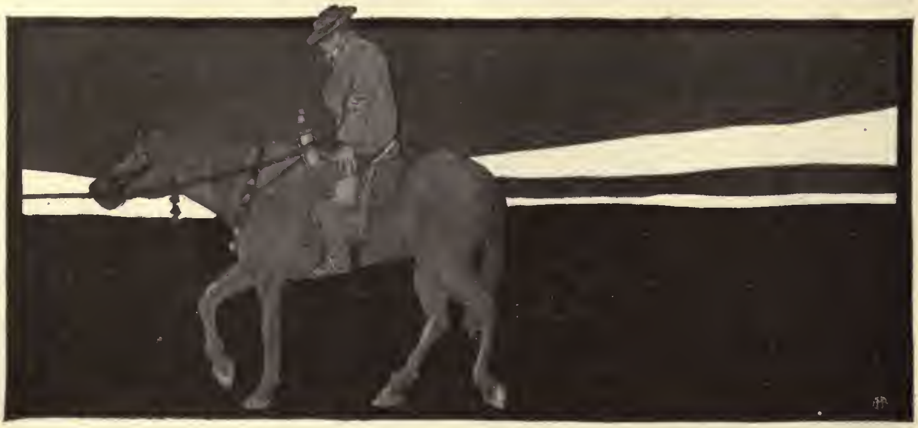
"Men and women and children of all nations sat on the stage and in the big body of the hall. Young and old, grave and gay, the strong and weak, mingled together, sitting on the rough chairs, singing shoulder to shoulder, cheering with the vim of soldiers on the firing line and simultaneously bowing their heads in silent prayer. Permeating the whole assembly was the wonderful Christian Endeavor spirit which has caused the influence of that small band of earnest young men and women who formed the nucleus of the present organization to spread the whole world round, until there is not now a civilized country where the work and the the meaning of the society are not known."

The wonderful Christian Endeavor spirit! That, after all, is the secret and the explanation of this whole movement.

I RESPECT Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the Hebrews;
I adopt each theory, myth, god, and demi-god;
I see that the old accounts, bibles, genealogies, are true, without exception;
I assert that all past days were what they should have been,
And that today is what it should be — and that America is.

— *Walt Whitman ("With Antecedents" 1860.)*

A MISADVENTURE IN THE CAMPAGNA



By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "For the Pleasure of His Company," etc

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

WE were seven. We had been diligently breaking the Sabbath — or rather Sunday; you know Christians can't break the Sabbath, which is the seventh day of the week — "and the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God"—see the third commandment in the Tables of the Law—so we had had a glorious time in the Alban Hills on Sunday, and our consciences were as free as air.

We had done the lakes to a turn—Albano and Neme—and the castles and the palaces and monasteries and churches and the vineyards where the laborers, dressed like satyrs with hairy, goat-skin trunks, were treading the wine press with bare feet that fairly danced among the bursting grapes.

Once we had come upon a troupe of strolling tumblers and we went within the canvas enclosure that was open to to the sky and were beguiled for an hour by the antics of an acrobatic family whose chief attraction was evidently not that of gravitation, for they would suddenly leap upon one another's heads and shoulders and there stay while they seemed to be holding each other down to earth, lest the airier one should float up into the clouds and be ultimately lost to view. As it was, the curious crowd in the dusty highway saw half the show for nothing—the upper half of it that went on above the top of the canvas screen. All the windows that commanded that small arena were stuffed with deadheads; and the slender, black-gowned novices in the seminary garden hung among the branches of the fruit trees and were lost in admiration, fig leaves and wonderment.

O! the joy of life, of living, in that seductive Italy, where all Holy Days are Holidays and the cares of the world go begging!

We were seven, and we were each of us seven times as happy as if we had been only one. Over the vine-clad hills we cantered like cavaliers, clear into the heart of Frascati. There we dined as sumptuously as love and money and a wolfish appetite combined could dream of, hope for and accomplish. Now four of us, having finished the day in good form, retired like Christians and were seen no more of men.

Then followed one of those delightful, not to say delicious, Italian twilights, the very memory of which makes one homesick and heartsick for the past beyond recall. There was music in the piazza, and such music; everybody was humming it and swaying to the rhythm of it, and sometimes someone would forget himself and all the world beside and let loose such a tenor note as went soaring to the skies and was lost in a spontaneous ripple of sympathetic applause. Children of nature were we in those dear, dead days; and you know it is written "except ye become as little children"—and all the rest of it, that must make thoughtful grown-ups think twice and shudder.

Somehow we all drifted down, as if swayed by a still, small voice, and, like all voices that are still enough and small enough, it was irresistible and swept us toward the grand terrace that like a hanging garden commanded the rose-tinted prospect—the whole wide Campagna, even to the uttermost sea. There was Rome, the eternal, nestling in the the middle distance, and the dome of St. Peter's, floating, a huge bubble, over the city and looking ready to rise at any moment, like an eclipsed moon, and take its everlasting place among the heavenly constellations.

Four from seven leaves three! There were three of us left who could not sleep for the joy of living. It was a "joy past joy" for us that day and no mistake. There was Romeo, the dramatic Italian who was engaged to his Juliet, and of course the stern parents objected to the match, that the words of the prophet might be fulfilled. She, alas! was not of our caravan. There was Alfredo, he of the countess-wife; she was rusticating at one of their villas and so he was alone with us. These worthies, who had more than once proved the fidelity of their friendship for me, and I, their guest, constituted a trio bent on fair adventure. They were bankers and money changers and their presence was necessary in Rome at an unseasonable hour of the morning following. It is all too true that we might have slept until the dawn broke in splendor upon the gilded turrets of Frascati and then been whisked back to the City of the Cæsars in no time by the first passenger train. This was quite too commonplace to be thought of for a moment. We returned to the piazza to deliberate over egg-shell cups of black coffee. The air was still vibrant with music; some fantastic feet were rhythmically marking the time — how could one possibly sleep at such an hour and place? When the last number of the concert had ended in a flourish of trumpets, we sprang suddenly from our seats and with one voice solemnly vowed that we would order our steeds and cross the Campagna at midnight, through fever and humidity unparalleled, in spite of brigands and the gnashing teeth of wolfish sheep-dogs, and the undiscovered black-holes that are scattered along the solitary road to Rome. This bit of bravado we thought an inspiration. No one we had ever known had cared to adventure in this wise. It would be something uncommon to tell of; something to think of as, in our declining years, we recalled the days of our youth; something perhaps to write of when the pen was poised in deliberation and the ink in the ink-well was low. We put the question gravely, one to another, and it was carried unanimously.

There was a promise of starlight, the wonderful starlight of the soft Italian Summer nights, when the globulous planets hang in space at different altitudes like lamps in the Mosque of the Universe. There was a guide who proved to be not much of a philosopher and no friend at all, but who knew the trail with his eyes shut, and who was to relieve us of all further responsibility until he had safely landed us at the Lateran Gate of Rome. Everything was so easily arranged that it seemed all must go well with us. No premonition of evil caused us to hesitate a moment. We were about to finish the most delightful of outings with the most romantic of night-rides in the Campagna and to enter the City of the Soul radiant in the drapery of the dawn.

It was twelve, midnight, when we mounted. The bell in the campanile of some monastery in the hills was calling the friars from their pillows to prayer; the piazza was deserted by those who had been sipping sherbet at the little tables scattered about its edges; a few new-found friends who had supped with us stood by us to the last and we turned from them as they paused in the warm light of the cafe, the only light visible at that hour, and took our departure under a brisk shower of benedictions. The long road wound down the hill between high walls and terraced gardens. From time to time we passed the wayside shrines so common in Catholic countries; broad bars of light fell across our path, for there was ever a lamp lit by some faithful hand burning brightly at the feet of the Madonna. The way grew lonely. We set forth with songs, but our voices were lost in the immense, the eternal silence of that vast and vacant land, and we were soon hushed with awe.

We lighted our cigars and rode onward, making feeble efforts to enliven the hour with humor, but soon we relapsed into a more becoming mood and road onward like a quartet of mutes, listening to the clatter of hoofs upon the well-beaten road and the occasional snort of the horses as they sniffed the damp and chilly air that now ascended to us as from an open grave. We began to miss the welcome glow of the shrines, for in the almost measureless solitude of the Campagna, that prairie land of central Italy, there are few souls to set up their lamps; and it is not safe for one to be caught alone on the road after nightfall, even though bent on so gracious a duty as kindling a flame on the altar of divine love. By this time clouds covered the heavens from horizon to horizon; the air was heavy and black. We could not see our hands when we held them close before our eyes. The live coals at the end of our cigars were like so many fireflies floating in the air.

No one said anything now. We were all listening to the muffled hoofs of the horses as they fell lightly on the earth and to the champing of bits, and the jingling of the ornaments that dangled from the bridles; but we were listening for something beside these familiar sounds—something which we all dreaded and no one dared to speak of, for fear in the face or the voice of another increases one's own fear a hundred-fold. It came at last—that which we had all been secretly dreading; we recognized it the moment we heard it; it was unmistakable—a long, low growl afar off in the blackness of darkness — a long, low, wolfish growl that ended in a sharp and vicious yelp, followed by a chorus of howls and barks that chilled the very marrow in our bones. "Avanti!" cried our guide, as he plunged the spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed forward into the night. We followed as best we could, followed wildly, knowing not whither we went, but seeking to keep within sound of the hoofs that now thundered upon the road like hail.

The wolf-dogs were upon us! The wolf-dogs — monsters that guard the flocks in the Campagna and are the terror of all pedestrians; for in their case escape is impossible and more than one mangled corpse has been found by the wayside of a morning, the partially devoured remains of some belated pilgrim whose only memorial is one of the small black crosses that are so frequent in some parts of Italy and which mark the spot where blood has been accidentally or unlawfully shed. I thought of the poor wretch who was overtaken by night and storm, alone in the Campagna, and who fled in terror before the wolf-dogs until he fell exhausted on the pedestal of a solitary shrine of the Madonna and was miraculously saved. It was a prayer and an intercession that preserved him, say some; it was the light that sparkled upon the tinsel decorations of the shrine and frightened the beasts, say others; at all events, that man was saved and at daybreak he went his way rejoicing, to spread the glad news of his deliverance.

We had no shrine in sight, no haven of refuge; there was no hope for us but in flight—we must fly like the wind and distance our pursuers. The air was filled with the hideous yelping of the infuriated pack, and the whole Campagna seemed alive with ravening monsters clamoring for blood. We plunged blindly into the darkness, relying upon the instinct of our horses to keep the road; once off it, we must have fallen into one of the ditches that follow it at intervals, or have driven full speed against the low walls that border some of the meadow lands, and in either case our destruction was inevitable.

Meanwhile another pack of dogs, awakened by the clamor, bore down upon our quarter and we were in danger of being intercepted; but with desperate haste we passed them just as they leaped the wayside wall and struck into the road, gnashing their teeth with rage at the very heels of our horses. It was a mighty narrow escape. One desperate fellow was struck by the flying hoofs of my horse and knocked endwise, and then we saw, dimly, the gray, shadowy forms slacking their pace. Gradually the whole tribe retreated, the noise subsided and there came the most grateful season of silence that ever crept into my life. Oddly enough, even in the midst of our greatest peril, I was charmed with the extraordinary scene; it was fascinatingly mysterious; those gaunt, gray forms leaping in the dark were like the white foam-crests that are always visible in a tempestuous sea, and which at night, being faintly phosphorescent, appear and disappear like apparitions. They are the wolf-dogs of Neptune, insatiate devils, snatching at their prey.

It was after we had regained our composure, and were rather pleased at having had so narrow an escape, that the climax came upon us unexpectedly. We were riding slowly in Indian file, treading in one another's footsteps, as it were; I was in the rear of the procession, for my beast of burden was slow-footed and it was with difficulty that I could keep up with the cavalcade. All at once, without a moment's warning, everything went from under me, and with no time for a distinct sensation I found myself grovelling among loose stones, with my horse vainly striving to regain his feet at my side. The whole earth seemed to have sunk at that instant and out of the chaos that succeeded came fearful voices asking if I was hurt. I thought not, but before I could render this verdict a two-edged agony went corkscrew-fashion through my arm from the shoulder to the wrist and then returned to the elbow, where it shot out a thousand red-hot tendrils and struck root forever and forever.

We had no torch; fortunately we were well furnished with matches; a slow train of these feebly disclosed the humiliating fact that the beast that bore me in triumph from the jaws of death and the mouths of the wolf-dogs had stepped off the edge of a low bridge, dropped about four feet into the bed of a dry creek, was skinned alive on his nigh side and pretty badly shaken all over. As for me, not being able to float in mid-air and dirigibly waft myself through space, I had followed my leader, struck out instinctively with my left arm—my right hand still firmly clutching the bridle-rein, which of course it should never have done—and promptly landed on the palm of my hand, a drop of perhaps eight or nine feet; the consequence was that the bones of the forearm snapped like pipe-stems, and I telescoped at the elbow in a highly original manner. You could have hung your hat on the end of something that stuck out of my elbow joint like a peg.

I have only a faint remembrance of what followed; it was like a horrible nightmare out of which it seemed as if I should never waken. I was tenderly assisted out of that valley of the shadow, a broken and a helpless thing; two handkerchiefs knotted about my neck did service as a sling — the arm could not be bent at the elbow, it must hang and sway at every step like a worthless and lifeless member. In pain unspeakable and with a sickening faintness, I was lifted into the saddle and we solemnly went our way.

O! the long, slow tramp over that lonely road; my horse led by the guide, I supported on his back by Alfredo and Romeo, reeling where I sat; it seemed as if at every step — though he went never faster than a snail's pace — my forearm must slip from the elbow socket, for it was hanging by a nerve only; and all the while I was consumed by a fiery thirst that was almost past endurance. Every moment was an hour, and each hour a day for me.

I remember we came to a wayside inn far out on the Campagna; that is, it served the purpose of a wayside inn by daylight, but it was walled like a fortress and grated to the very eaves. By day its ponderous gates were opened wide and within its well-shaded court one was served with black bread and goat's-milk cheese and the small, ripe olives as black as sloes, and generous flagons of the good wine that needs no bush, for the fame of it was as broad as the Campagna. Had it been bad wine the cup-bearer would have been stilettoed on the spot. It was closed now, the *ostaria,* as welcome to the sight of the pilgrim as the khan in the desert; a flaming lamp swung before an image of the Madonna set high in a niche on the outer wall. We rapped upon the huge doors and awaited an answer; my heart leaped up in the hope of temporary succor. No answer came. Again and again we beat upon the doors of that inhospitable house and besought the master, for the love of God, to open to us and give us wine — and he would not. At last he spoke from behind the heavy shutters that only a catapult could shatter — they were bolted in his window far above our heads — and from his impregnable stronghold he bade us "go to" and leave him to his dreams. Alfredo and Romeo, in very choice Italian, had sworn by all the saints that we were friends, that ill fortune had befallen us, that one of us was crippled badly and that we were perishing for the refreshing draught of wine, and he should have gold for the price of it! Not another word could we drag from him for love or money. Poor wretch! no doubt he thought we were dissembling brigands and even feared to look out upon us, huddling there in the light that fell from the lamp of the Madonna; so we went creeping down the endless road with hearts that were fainting within us.

I know not what would have happened next had not someone given that cry of joy —"Listen!" We listened with all our ears. Far, far away, up the road toward the Alban Hills, we heard the faintest chime of tiny, jangling bells, and we saw a light twinkling like a low-hanging star; the light drew nearer and nearer, the chimes grew louder and louder—it was as if a thousand little bells were dancing in the air. Then we knew that we were saved. There was the lantern swinging under the high wheels of the wine-cart on its lazy way to Rome.

How very slowly it approached, that delectable wine-cart; the driver was fast asleep, high up in his hammock-like seat over the wine casks; the old horse — he was a perfect carnival of bells — was scarcely dragging one foot after another; he stopped once in a while, having fallen asleep himself, but whenever he stopped the bells were silenced, and it was the silence and not the sound of them that wakened the driver, whereupon he would straightway crack his whip and roll out a volley of musical Italian oaths that sounded like "Gems" from Dante. We literally held up that defenceless driver and peremptorily demanded wine. He was frightened half out of his wits, but he was wide awake in a moment and rolled down to us from his lofty pile one of those slender casks that can be carried in the arms—and the contents sometimes in the interior of a man. Without more ado, I fastened my lips upon the bunghole of that cask and drank rivers of delicious life. I drank until there was not a nook nor a corner in my shattered frame but thrilled to the ecstacy of budding hope; and then I was tied together again and hoisted into the saddle and towed gently on to the daybreak gates of Rome.

At the Lateran Gate our guide, who had been about as entertaining as a guide-post, was seized with a nervous tremor which apparently made it necessary for him to speed back to Frascati on the wings of the morning. We could not detain him even for a cup of refreshment; we did not care to. Somehow he had not won our love or confidence. With his herd in hand and his wage in a pouch at his waist, he dropped out of sight and mind while Alfredo and I stood in the chill of the dawn awaiting the return of Romeo, who had gone in search of a coach that was to bear me to my chamber of torture.

It had been decided that I was to be taken to Alfredo's apartment, adjoining the bank; his countess would not return to his bosom for some weeks, meanwhile I could rest there and be cared for while I listened to the murmur of the money-changers in the next room and philosophized upon the love of filthy lucre and the curse of gold.

It was five hours before the surgeons arrived to look upon the wreck of a once beautiful youth — or is my mind still wandering? Upon arriving at Alfredo's chamber — you might have seen at a glance that nothing short of a countess, with a banker to back her, could have transformed four Roman walls into such a bower of beauty — upon arriving, I repeat, my body was prepared for burial in that bed of pain. It was then discovered that my coat could not be removed in one piece; the sleeve had to be slit from wrist to shoulder; the process was not unlike that of popping a collossal pea-pod; shirt sleeves were likewise rent in twain and there lay the arm, the cause of all our woe; in size and shape and color it resembled a ripe watermelon. It was placed between cushions of pulverized ice to reduce the inflammation; twice daily it was twisted in its socket to increase the inflammation and keep the broken bones from knitting in the wrong place. In a fortnight the inflammation had been frozen out and it was possible to make a careful examination and thereby discover that the bones in the immediate vicinity of the elbow were as mutable as a bag of beans. It was decided that the elbow should be unjointed twice daily until such time as the combined wisdom of many medicos should decide that the arm was ripe for setting. I died daily, twice daily. I have read in both prose and verse of the pleasures of anticipation. No doubt there is something in it—the poet surely should be well informed—but much depends. For hours I lay in dread of the approaching footsteps of my executioners; I then cried to heaven for mercy; I was left in a fainting condition which, however, was not without its consolation, for I didn't seem to care what happened after that—until it was time to begin to watch the clock with fear and trembling and to hear the surgeons drawing near in the hallway with dismay.

How good the friends were to me! They sent their family physicians to examine me; out of the fullness of their hearts they fondly multiplied my pains. What were the horrors of the Inquisition to martyrdom like mine? All this was but the overture to the real tragedy—or let us call it melodrama—that was to follow.

The time came when I was carried to the operating-room and stretched upon the rack. It was a moment of intense interest when six medical men deluged me with chloroform and I sank into the bottomless abyss of unconsciousness and was held there for an hour and three-quarters while they tried to repair the damages that had well-nigh destroyed this image of their Maker. I don't know what they did, because the moment I came to I had forgotten all about it. I believe I was conscious of what they were doing while they were doing it, because I always yelled at the right time, when they were hurting me most. This has been the case in many operations which have come under my notice. In the administration of mandragora we but pilot the anguished spirit to another world where it must endure in silence that which wrung from it the cry of despair in this. Even the waters of Lethe cannot quench the flames that consume a fevered heart.

As I gradually regained consciousness and saw figures hovering like shadows about me, there seemed a great silence in the place and I said feebly, "Are you not going to do something?" With one accord they turned upon me scornfully and cried: "Look out of that window!" I was assisted to the window and looked down upon the pavement. The narrow street for the space of many yards on each side of me was packed thick with an excited mob; a thousand eyes were turned toward me, eyes wide with wonder and inquiry. "You have been shrieking 'Murder' for an hour or more," added one of the attendants; and thus was I butchered to make a Roman holiday.

When I came fully to my senses I discovered that the fractured arm had been buried alive in a plaster of paris tomb, and there it was to lie until the judgment day, when the surgeons would resurrect it and I should find it as good as new, if not even better than ever. It is not pleasant for one of a nervous and imaginative temperament to find any member of his body stuck fast in a tunnel for an indefinite period. What added to my discomfiture was the fear that something might crawl in there out of reach and tickle me to death. I was never for a moment quite at ease lest this should happen and I have always wondered why it did not. It is true that my corps of surgeons, having dwindled to two or three Italians, now did what they could to make life once more worth living; they would trip lightly into my chamber, as if they were so many ballet dancers, and chirp in a kind of medicated falsetto—"Be gay! be gay!" I could not even think of being gay upon compulsion. Their affectation of gaiety, though kindly meant and a cheerful enough example, I found depressing. They had even assured me with what little English they had at their command that I could now "take a small walk in a carriage."

And this I did, driving with Alfredo and Romeo to the noble Basilica of San Giovanni in Laterano by the Lateran Gate, there on my knees to give thanks for what was left of me, for I could not forget how Alfredo had come to me, casually it seemed, and looking carefully at the arm while it was still a mass of bruises, said to me, "What is that?" I assured him it was a mole, my birthright; that by it I was to be identified the world over; that I was the celebrated long-lost brother, of whom he must have heard and whose trade-mark was that imperishable blemish. He kindly laughed and joined the surgeons who were in the next room engaged in a spirited argument. Later, when the worst was over and all danger passed, he recalled the incident to my mind and then confessed that he had by the merest chance overheard the Italians, who were talking excitedly in their own tongue, and that they had resolved upon the discovery of this mole that mortification had set in and that the arm must be amputated immediately. They were upon the point of procuring their instruments when he revealed to them the secret of my lost-brotherhood.

When the arm was taken out of its plaster case I was supposed to have been healed. Then all that was necessary was to make the natural movements of the arm, and I was advised to do so at once. I tried and failed miserably; the fingers alone were capable of any movement whatever. As for the elbow — it might as well have been a knot in the branch of a tree. I was assured that naturally the arm had stiffened and that a little force would be necessary, and some patience and perseverance in the gradual manipulation of the unruly member. The force they applied at once, in an unexpected moment, and the wonder is that I live to tell the tale.

They argued that their reputation was at stake and that the Italian movement cure was their only hope and my salvation. They would kindly come daily and help me to limber up; there seemed to be no other way for them or me. The arm, which was nearly straight and would not bend any more than a marlinspike, was held out in front of me and then, in an effort to bring my hand in under my chin, one man would hold fast to the upper arm while the other two threw themselves bodily upon the lower arm, as if it were a horizontal bar and they were presently to do a double giant swing or perish in the attempt. I shrieked and fell. In two or three days I was a nervous wreck and had returned to my sleepless pillow.

That the Italian surgeon of that day was deeply interested in the study of anatomy I don't for one moment question. One of my surgeons was from the respected Hospital of the Holy Ghost. It was his pleasure to drop in on me at intervals with a little body of enthusiastic students. They gathered about my bed as if they were holding a post-mortem. The surgeon would draw from a case the articulated arm and finger bones of a skeleton. Poising this in a professional manner before my eyes, he would call the attention of his class to the beautiful specimen he held in his hand and compare it with my unruly member lying helpless on a pillow at my side, and I must confess that it was very greatly to the advantage of that portion of the late lamented that dangled before us.

He called a halt at last. The surgeons in a body—I was assured that I had had five of the best in Italy in 1874 —were invited to go in peace. They went, by no means pleased with the obstinacy of their patient; and at parting, to show that they left me more in sorrow than in anger, they advised me to visit the slaughter-house and bathe in bullock's blood, believing that I might possibly receive some benefit from this gentle if not appetizing treament. Let me add here that the application of the X-ray has proved beyond a doubt that there was no possible help for me from the very first.

Aside from these haunting memories were there no roses strewed along my steep and thorny way through convalescence? Indeed, yes. Did I not lie within hearing of that quaint, babbling fountain in the Piazza di Spagna at the foot of the Spanish steps? and on the side of these steps was there not the house and the chamber in which the infinitely pathetic Keats breathed his poetic soul away? and were not friends new and old forever greeting me with floral and with fruit offerings and touching me to the heart with words of sympathy? and did not Alfredo's countess, overflowing with sweetness and broken English, return in haste and gaily punch the tired pillows and roll the infatuating cigarette and fill my temporary prison-house with the aroma of good fellowship? Was I not read to and sung to and played to from hour to hour? Did not the mechanical pianoforte wheel under my window day by day and render its repertoire of old Italian arias and languorous waltzes and the fantastic tarantella? Did not Michele, good and faithful servant, strum the guitar and pirouette in the most sprightly manner to his own music when I was sleepless in the small hours of the night, until I was dying of laughter and crying with pain? And were there not parlor fireworks set off in the most reckless fashion, for they were smokeless and noiseless and harmless? and were there not heaps of letters of congratulation, to say nothing of a sonnet written in my honor by a nameless admirer? and little gifts, besides, for it was the last day of my imprisonment and on the morrow I was to go forth with my arm in a sling, an object of interest, and no mistake.

Then there was so much to be thankful for; I might have been dead of a broken neck, or living with a broken back, but I was not; it was fortunately my left arm, and not my right arm that was retired on half pay; it was my arm, which is after all easily carried about, and not my leg, which would have to be dragged after me and make me lop-sided for life. O! I was the luckiest of all men, it seemed to me then, and so it seems to me now. Nor did I ever before — or since — awaken so much interest in the eye of the public, the eye that is usually indifferent to the affairs of others in general. The lame, the halt and the blind, knowing that I had not the heart to refuse their importunities so long as I had a centissimo to my name, flocked to me like flies to a honey-pot. My sling, which I was compelled to wear for six months, was a badge of suffering honored by everyone who had ever suffered or who had ever loved a sufferer, and the limpid eyes of the young and fair grew misty as they were bent upon me and seemed to be whispering messages that lips might fear to utter.

O! there were compensations unspeakable and I had much to be grateful for.

One day Alfredo and Romeo and I drove over to Frascati to dine. We had been planning to do so for some time and had selected a twilight of ineffable beauty and an evening of moonlight such as ravishes the soul. We looked with straining eyes for the scene of my downfall; surely there must be a dent there somewhere, but we failed to identify it. There was the hospice of the inhospitable — formidable, forbidding as ever. The lamp still burned before the statue of the Blessed Virgin and we saluted as we passed. Over all the vast and echoless Campagna glimmered a golden haze of fireflies.

We were presented with the freedom of Frascati the moment our identity was discovered. It seemed I had a kind of unenviable fame there as having been the victim of a misadventure as inglorious as it was inexcusable. The town gathered about us as we dined in the piazza. Many were the words of pity and condolence uttered within my hearing; many the imprecations hurled upon the devoted head of the poor fellow who was our guide on that memorable night. Where was he, we asked. O! he was incarcerated and serving time for having sacrificed another equestrian on the altar of that fatal saddle. And where was the horse? O! he had been relieved from active duty, but we could inspect him if it was our wish. Anon he was led into our presence.

"Strange," said Alfredo, with an air of perplexity, "strange that he should have been an accomplice in two similar fatalities. A horse can usually see well enough in the dark to keep from stumbling. Our animals certainly did."

"He must be blind," muttered Romeo, and then he exclaimed wildly, "Look at his eyes!"

I looked—

That beast had eyes like a couple of hard-boiled eggs!

THE BATTLE

By A. A. B. Cavaness

BALDWIN, KANSAS

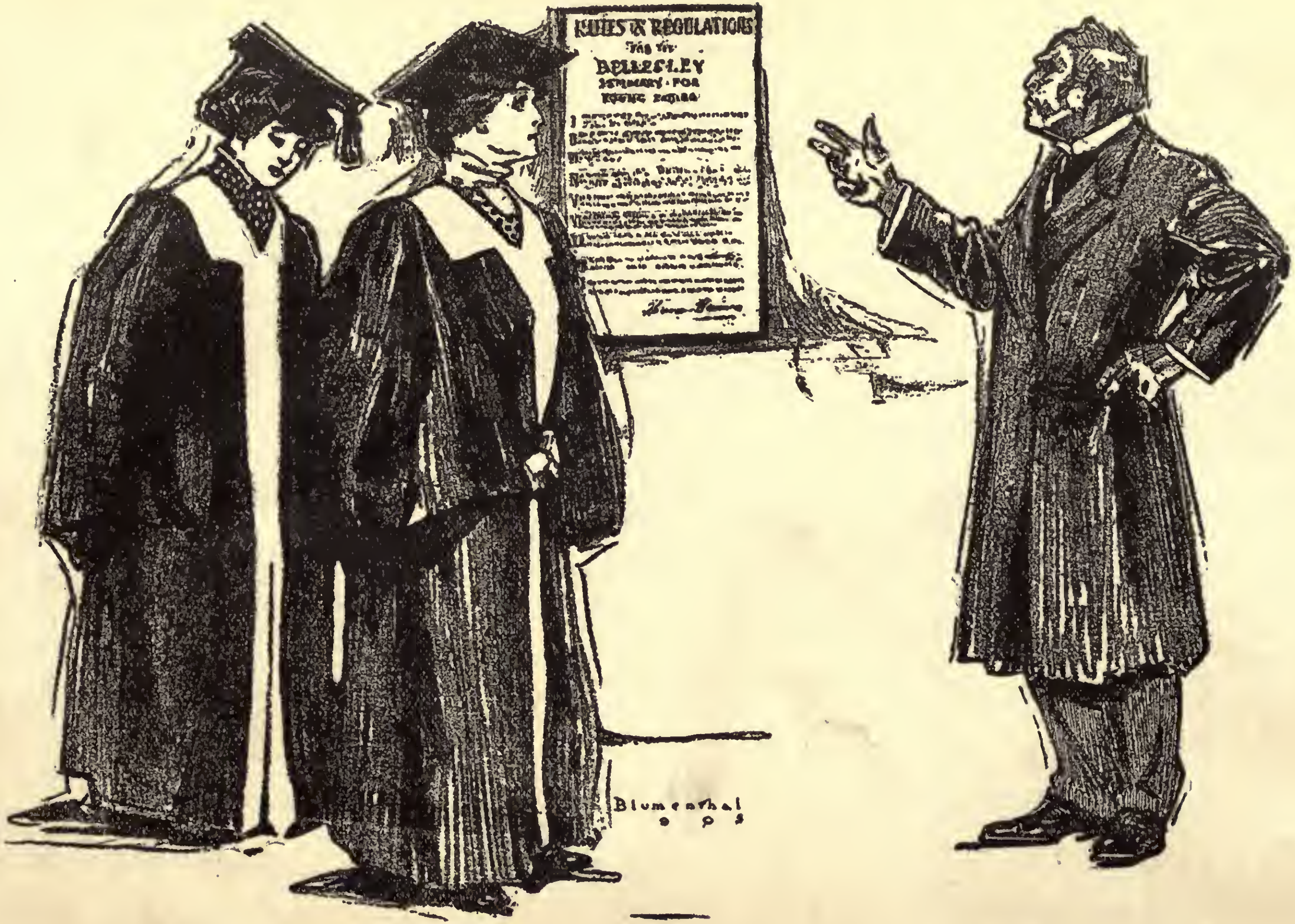
NOW what was in the battle,
The sword, the bayonet,
The bugle-waking morning,
And after sun was set
Still throbbing out the surges
Of foot and cavalry!—
Ah, what was in the battle
That men had right to die?

Now what was in the battle
That brothers eye to eye
Flashed fiercer, deadlier lightnings
Than swept the darkened sky?
And who stood on a mountain
And saw the battle's light,
And read the cannon's thunder
And solved the bloody fight?

And was one banner guilty,
And one God's minister,
Was one of hell the emblem,
One heaven's interpreter?
Did justice win the laurel,
Did right fall in the scale—
What meant it to be victor,
What did it mean to fail?

Over the million sleepers
That breast to bullet fell;
Over the darkened hearth-stones
Of North and South, as well,
Who stands upon a mountain
And looks with certain eye,
And reads the sleepers' riddle:
"Which had the *right* to die?"

Nor yea nor nay forever!—
The mountain voice is dumb!
But aye the crimson river
That was the battle's sum,
And ever the battle's shadow
That piled against the sky,
Appeals to voiceless heaven:
"Why did the brothers die?"


RULES & REGULATIONS
For the
BELLESLEY
SEMINARY · FOR
YOUNG LADIES
Blumenthal

"Sometimes, the pity of it is, these rules are unreasonable."

WHEN JILL GOES TO BOARDING-SCHOOL

By W. F. Melton

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

BOARDING schools with strict regulations serve a good purpose in restraining the young (and occasionally indiscreet) and in holding their attention to the work that prepares for after-life. Sometimes, the pity is, these rules are unreasonable, or, if they are just, become so tightly drawn as to render Jill a dull girl; and, to be truthful, sometimes the real, natural longings of her imprisoned heart for liberty and love cause her to be mischievous.

It is not strange that a maiden, fresh from a home of mild restraint, and deprived of the soul-nurturing phrases of family tongue and neighboring pen, will resort to little tricks to get and to send messages which, to her, seem to be the most important affairs in the world.

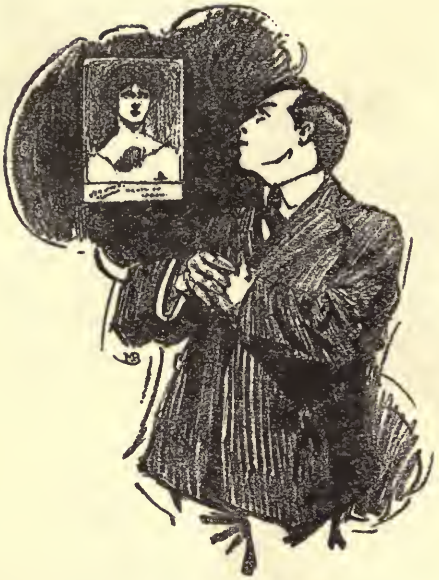
Who is to be blamed for all this? The girl alone? Surely not. If Jill will thrust her hand through a candle-flame to receive a letter from Jack, he would risk it with the three Hebrew children in order to grasp a fragment of the reverse side of an envelope on which is penned or penciled or pin-stuck in that familiar hand, "S. W. A. K." (Sealed with a kiss.)

Without a doubt Jack will rise earlier, go farther and sit up later to make a fool of himself when Jill is away at boarding-school than Jill could ever dream of. And if after some daring prank he can learn that she says he is "cute," he immediately remembers that he was born under a lucky star, and swears by the sun, moon and lotus blossom that there is no power in heaven, earth or boarding-school that can prevent his seeing her, or at least corresponding with her. And Jack is an honorable man!

These love-sick fellows, in the full possession of their God-given faculties, often worry the presidents and teachers so much that they beg for municipal and state enactments, hoping therein to find relief. In a certain Alabama town in the "City Code," page 167, section 408, is found:

> "Any person who, without legal cause or excuse, enters upon or goes sufficiently near the premises of any college or school, within or adjoining this city, . . . who loiters or passes continually along the streets connected herewith and adjoining hereto . . . and disturbs the peace, quiet or tranquility of the occupants thereof, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Since this law does not specify schools for *females,* we may suppose that the authorities had in mind the protection of the boys of a near-by institution, in



"THE LOVE-SICK FELLOWS"

the event that the girls attempted to vex, worry or impose upon them.

In 1897, in the state of Tennessee, the solons really gave the matter much serious consideration. While the bill was passing the readings, many of the leading papers of the state discussed the matter playfully, referring to it as "The Johnnie Bill," but the act was passed March 17, and two days later signed by the governor, Honorable Robert L. Taylor.

The statute is on pages forty-four and forty-five of the "Public School Laws of Tennessee," and is, in part, as follows:

ACT FOR PROTECTION OF FEMALE BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

> *An Act* for the protection of boarding schools and colleges for females, and the principals and *inmates* thereof. (Italics mine. In the South an *inmate* almost invariably means an occupant of a hospital, asylum, or prison.)
>
> *Be it enacted,* etc., That hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person, or persons, to wilfully and unnecessarily interfere with, disturb, or in any way disquiet the pupils of any school or college for females in this state; . . nor shall any communication be had, for such purposes, with such pupils, or any of them, either orally or in writing, or by signs or otherwise; and it shall also be unlawful for any person to enter upon any such school or college premises, except on business, without first having obtained permission of the principal of the same, etc.
>
> *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be unlawful for any person, or persons, to loiter, wander, stand or sit upon the public roads, streets, alleys, sidewalks, or other places, or to frequently and unnecessarily pass along the same in such manner, or with intent, to annoy, vex or disturb . . and harrass the teachers, principal or pupils, or any of them, etc.

The law-makers might have left out "pupils," for the passing, loitering, wandering, standing or sitting boys do not annoy, vex or disturb the girls. Those who are not interested pay no attention to the passer-by. The boy who lingers near does so, more than likely, because he is encouraged by the sad, smiling face of imprisoned Jill pressed close against the window pane.

It may not be a secret that some principals and teachers are too easily vexed. The average boy, knowing this, desires to see Jill all the more.

In a certain town two young men, who were strangers in the place, were passing in front of a boarding-school. One of them discovered that he had lost his glove. Looking back, he saw it some distance away. While he went for it the other waited. The president of the school, seeing the young man standing there alone, rushed out, watch in hand,

and confronting the astonished fellow, exclaimed:

"Sir, I will give you just one minute in which to leave these premises!"

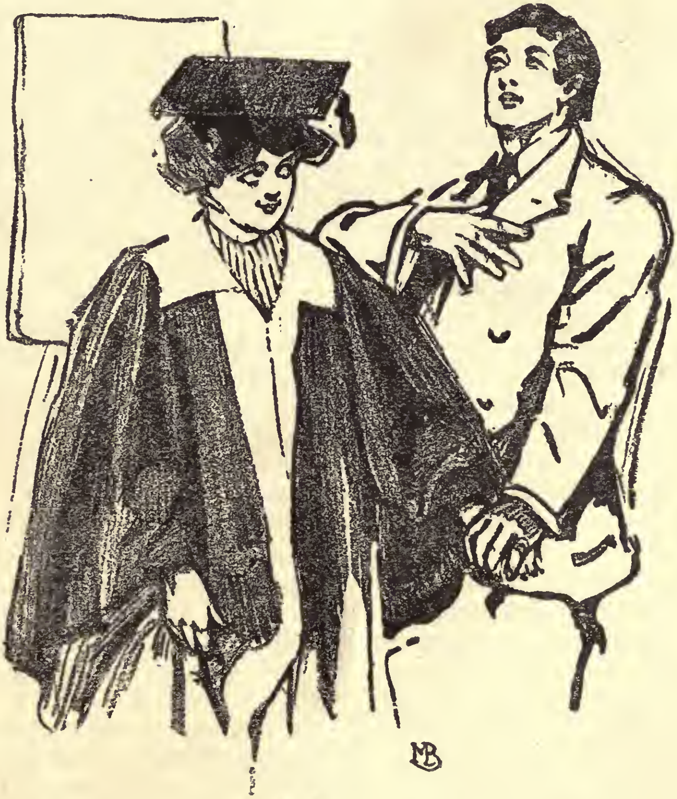
The stranger took out his watch also and when the minute was up said calmly to the president:

"Sir, the time is up; what are you going to do about it?"

He had evidently discovered his mistake, for he smiled and replied:

"Why, I'm going back into the house, of course."

It is interesting to note some of the methods resorted to by the swains who feel that they are obliged to see or get letters to their bonnie lassies.



"FOR THE BOYS * * * DO NOT ANNOY, DISTURB OR VEX THE GIRLS"

Green, fresh, new principals usually allow grandfathers, uncles, brothers and first cousins to visit the girls without a written request from the parents. When such is the case, the number of relatives some girls have would astound an old-time Utahite.

A boy has been known to closely imitate the handwriting of a girl's father and to say:

"Please let our little Susie see an old playmate, between whose family and ours has long existed a friendly intimacy."

One shrewd young man borrowed an expressman's suit, and went to the school with a small, valuable package, which, he told the bell-girl, he was instructed by the agent to deliver to the young lady in person. Thus he placed in her own hands their engagement ring and received from her own lips the words which preserved his life till Commencement.

He was a daring fellow who, every Friday afternoon, blacked his face, dressed as a laundress and carried a basket of "clothes" to the room occupied by his sweetheart and two of her confidential friends. Her laundry list always tallied exactly with the contents of the basket: "One pair of Huyler's, a dozen oranges, a box of cakes, chewing gum, peanut brittle," and to represent the soap, starch and blueing left over, "a bottle of pickles, a bottle of olives, and a package of snowflake crackers."

An ingenious youngster manipulated his kite so as to have the string pass near a third-story window. His skill was probably due to the reward offered. Jill grasped the situation and the string—and thereby hangs a note.

Somewhere there is a young lawyer who would fight if you were to say "Bluebird" to him. The college is located in the suburbs of a little city. On the left, and not far away, is an old peach orchard, through which the school girls pass on their afternoon walks, the vigilant teacher-in-charge leading the line. In exactly the right place stands a half-dead tree with a small hollow which served as a private postoffice box, in which Jill found and left a semi-weekly epistle.

One beautiful Spring morning, the president arose from his desk and paced restlessly up and down the room, trying to decide which of two special friends to invite to preach the Commencement sermon. He could not make up his mind. Through the open door of his office the fresh air brought him the odor of blooming violets. He would walk on the front porch awhile. The first time he reached the end farthest from his office, and just as he was turning, his attention was attracted by the fluttering and crying of a couple of bluebirds around the hole in the old peach tree.

"Ha! some cruel snake interferes with the innocent things!"

Arming himself with a cane, he hurried to the rescue.

"Heavens! what is this? Ah!—a letter! and—I'll declare,—some little speckled eggs!"

Poor, poor Jack! The letter said, in imitation of Schiller to Laura, "Thou art the native home of my heart! Away from you I am a scattered fragment! You have stolen my heart and left me a breathless statue! Mine ears are wild for the silvery notes which leave thy lips reluctantly!" But if Jill ever read it, it was in the second edition.

One afternoon some leaflets, advertising a coming circus, were thrown over a college gate. It was the hour for the front-yard promenade. The boy who carried the papers was one of those little fellows, common in all small cities, who knows everybody, but whose name is known by few.

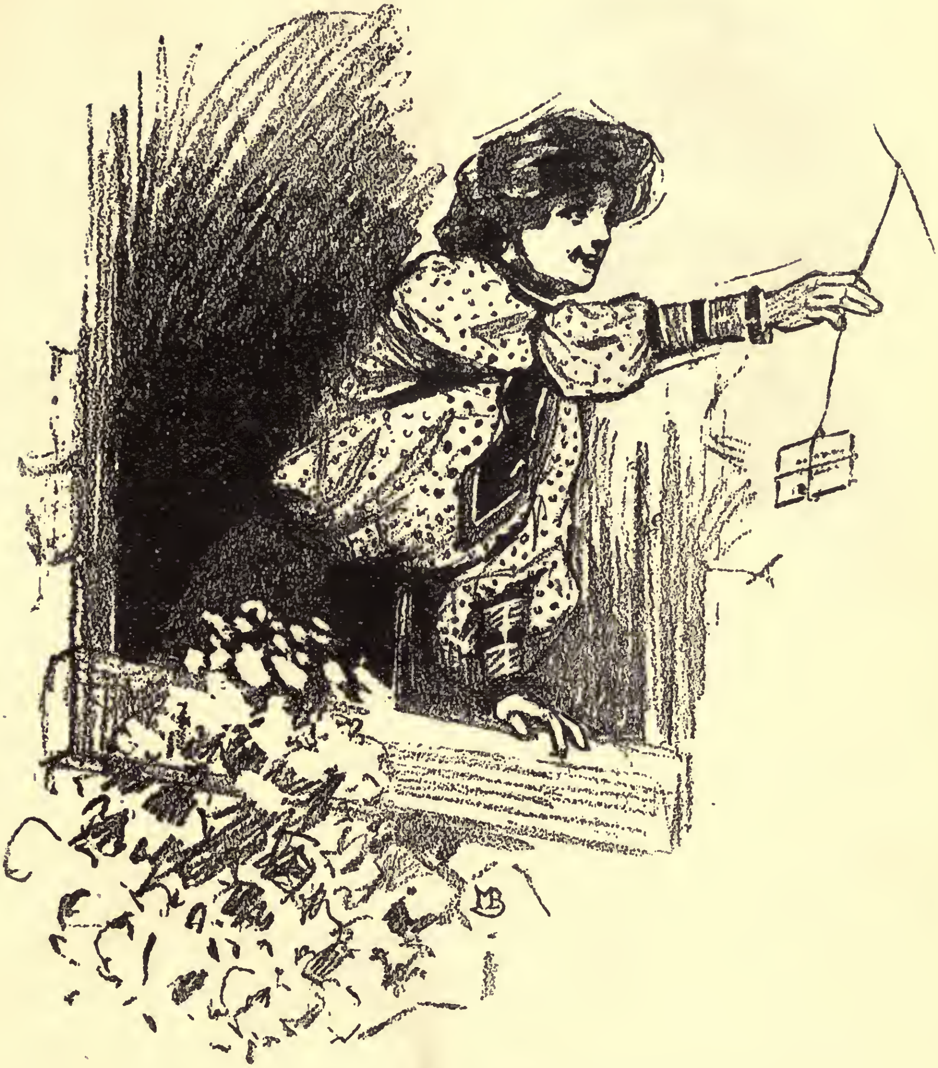
A young man, who was not at all interested in the circus, had paid the lad a half-dollar to throw the papers over, on condition that he give a wink or a knowing look to a certain young lady. The boy declared, "I know her as well as I do you. She is the one that has such purty big brown eyes."

It chanced that she was sitting on the steps and caught the expression on the boy's face. She ran ahead of the other girls, picked up the papers and began distributing them, for they were allowed to read circulars and almanacs thus publicly distributed.

On the upper left corner of the big yellow circular that she retained, she noticed the dimly penciled words, "Wyksembict.—previous." Then along down the page, between the lines, she saw other strange combinations, in letters so small as to be scarcely noticeable.

The other girls were reading about the animals, the freaks and the chariot race.

She remarked, as though disgusted,



"THE GIRL GRASPED THE SITUATION — ALSO THE STRING."

"I care nothing about cheap shows," and crumpled the paper as if she would cast it at a passing dog, but slyly slipped it into her sleeve.

As soon as she could go to her room without feeling that she would arouse suspicion, she spread the sheet before her and worried for an hour trying to get some sense out of the letters, but all she could make out was plain enough already, "previous" and "set." She was about to throw it aside as some piece of foolishness, when she fancied that the Qs were like Charlie's.

She tried again.

"Wyksembict.—previous.

"N-ffuw,—

"U biruxw rg-r tiy ok-xw tiye g-bsjwexguwda ub rgw qubsiq ri set. Ud tiy kicw nw twr, okw-aw ok-xw rgeww rgwew rinieeiq: - k-xw ibw vwrqwwb rqi ok-ub ibwa. U kicw tiy

"THE ONE THAT HAS SUCH PURTY, BIG BROWN EYES."

vwrrwe rg-b wcwe. Xg-ekuw."

After supper she recited her lesson in stenography and then went for the usual half-hour's practice on the typewriter.

The book of instructions for the manipulation of the machine lay open before her. Like a flash of unexpected lightning, it came into her mind that "Wyksembict" means Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, and her soul exclaimed, for another girl was in the room, "O, that means Remington typewriter!"

By some process which seems impossible to one who has never been a loved girl in a boarding-school, she divined the "previous" to mean that the writer had used each time the letter just before the right one. She feigned a headache, hurried to her room, placed the plan of the keyboard before her and traced it out.

Q W E R T Y U I O P
A S D F G H J K L
Z X C V B N M

Translated thus:

> "Maggie:—I notice that you place your handkerchiefs in the window to dry. If you love me yet, please place three there tomorrow: a lace one between two plain ones. I love you better than ever. Charlie."

Next afternoon, three snowy handkerchiefs clung tenaciously to the window glass of Maggie's room, in such order as to make one young man feel as if he owned the entire world and held a thirty-days' option on the kingdom of heaven.

To be sure, it is sometimes mere love of adventure that causes a boy to appear so eager. A case is called to mind in which a young man met a girl of the boarding-school at a church festival early in the session. Every Saturday afternoon during the following seven months, when he was permitted by the military regulations of his school, he came to town and passed, going and coming, by Jill's school, just to get a bird's-eye view of her.

The commencement of the girls' school was a month earlier than the other. Jill came back, ostensibly to visit a schoolmate, and notwithstanding the fact that she was absolutely free, she spent the festive week of a military school commencement without seeing Jack,—and he knew she was there. This example, however, is one among ten thousand and altogether deplorable.

When grown-up people recall the days of youth, or deliberately and seriously reflect upon the affairs of young life, they make allowance for a world of incidents which are not sufficient to vex, disturb, annoy and harrass a teacher or a principal.

The struggle to attain the desirable and to escape the unpleasant is no more real in age than it is in youth.

Would it be too much to declare that Love and Hate are the two elements, Vishvamitra and the rejecting gods, which keep this world, Trishanka-like, in equilibrium?

Love is the thought that sweetens life and paves the streets of heaven with gold. Let the school-boy strive after it! Hate withers the leaves of existence and rattles the chains of darkness. Let him who has the power avoid it!

The sour teacher, the Setebos, molds one form into beauty and calls it good; that which would only seem to interfere is cast out as bad.

Good Mister Shakespeare, teach the old the happy art of grouping the little pictures of youthful life before a background of ripe experience!

> "O love! when womanhood is in the flush,
> And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
> His first-breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
> Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in Spring."

BALLADE OF THE MIDNIGHT LAMPS

By Ernest McGaffey

Author of "Poems," "Sonnets to a Wife," etc.
LEWISTON, ILLINOIS

LIGHTS that shine on the dusky stone,
Bright through the town's unwholesome air,
Some from the top of towers lone
Some from the iron columns glare,
And others out from the windows flare
To rise and follow and fade again,
Or wander and waver here and there
Like will-o-the-wisps to the sons of men.

Shadows down from the buildings thrown
Bask on the sallow pavements bare,
Winds from the soaring spaces blown
Dip and pass over street and square,
And midnight ruffians homeward fare
As panthers slink to a distant den,
While twinkling lamps through the darkness stare
Like will-o-the-wisps to the sons of men.

Outlaws here that the creeds disown
These who the half-world's tumult share,
Those in the gutters lying prone
Rough of feature and gray of hair,
And white the moon as the ghost of care
While pale as gleams from a pathless fen,
The lamps go beckoning far and fair
Like will-o-the-wisps to the sons of men.

Envoy

Prince of the realms of Black Despair
Souls you seek by these lures I ken;
For who but the Devil sets this snare
Like will-o-the-wisps to the sons of men?

PROSELYTES

By Arnold M. Anderson

NEW YORK CITY

MR. PROFFET labored along the dusty highway under the boiling sun; he carried his coat under his arm and every hundred yards he stopped under a shade tree to mop his expansive face and catch his breath — walking was no light task for one of his avoirdupois. He was bound for the Nickerson place, where he sometimes spent his Sundays; his host had failed to meet him at the station with the two-seater, as was his custom, and Proffet had rashly undertaken to walk. The distance was scarcely a mile, yet to him that mile was torture. At length he arrived at the familiar gate and puffed up the driveway to the house, floundered up the steps and plumped down into a comfortable wicker chair on the veranda to recuperate before announcing himself. He was fanning his flushed face desperately when Mrs. Nickerson came out to him bearing a large glass of amber-colored refreshment with a chunk of ice tinkling in it.

"I saw you coming—and you walked!" she said in astonishment.

Proffet took the glass mechanically. "Thank you! Yes, I walked—but what—what has happened to you?" He was staring wonderingly at his hostess, who stood before him with a bandage around her head and her left arm in a sling.

"Not much to me — only a sprained arm and a bruise on the head. Oh, Proff! It was dreadful! Dreadful!"

"What on earth—"

"Dimple ran away with us! Tipped us out! Oh, it was dreadful!"

"Old Dimple ran away? No, no—and Nick? Was Nick hurt?"

"He's in bed. Two ribs and a collar-bone broken, and no telling what else. Oh, just to think that Dimple would do this after our driving her for twenty years without an accident! It is too dreadful!"

Proffet gulped down his drink to fortify his nerves; he had forgotten all about his sweltering discomfort. "When did this happen?"

"Last night. That is why there was nobody at the station to meet you. Why did you walk? Johnson, the livery man, could have brought you up."

"Tut, I'm fond of walking — it is a little hotter than I thought, that's all. Let me go to see Nick. How is he doing?"

"He's cheerful, but I don't know—there may be internal injuries — I fell right on top of him! Oh Proffet, you know how I have always wished that I were a small woman—"

"As if that was your fault! Hadn't you better tell him I'm here?"

A few minutes later Proffet was seated at the bedside of his friend. "You look pretty badly shaken up, old man," he greeted him, solemnly.

"Bosh! What are a few broken bones?"

"It might have been—"

"To be sure it might, but it isn't, so what's the sense of crying about something that didn't happen. Cheer up, and for heaven's sake don't give me any of your mush!"

"All right. Do you suffer much?"

"I'm not exactly easy—clavicle broken — collar-bone, you know, and two ribs, and a few ligatures, or ligaments, I think they're called, were torn and the sternum — breast-bone, you know — was smashed in. I can't lie down flat — got to stay propped up for a while, doctor said, so that the bones won't press too hard on the thorax — that's the chest — I'm learning a pile about my body—it's mighty interesting, too, Proff! You don't begin to realize what a number of wonderful cords and tendons and bones and muscles and organs you have until you have something the matter with you! Lucky about Lucy, eh? Flopped down on me — ha, ha! — all the matter with her is a bump on the occipital—back of the head—and a sprained ulna—one of the bones of the forearm. Doctor said it was fortunate we were both stout people or something really serious might have resulted."

"How did this thing happen? I can't understand how old Dimple could take a notion to go on the rampage!"

"Automobile!"

"Ah, I see!"

"The old girl was jogging along all right — we were coming home from the station—it was very dark—I was delayed at the office and had to take the eight-twenty, you see — it was foggy out, too, besides Dimple is getting pretty deaf—well, first thing you know one of those mad-house thrashing machines came tearing by and shaved us so close that we could smell their breath! Then another one shot past on the other side of us—Dimple just lost her head completely and away she went. Really, I didn't think she had so much speed in her—she traveled a mighty fast clip for such an old horse and I could no more stop her than I could fly. She just whooped it up, and when we came to the turn in the road she ran the rig into a boulder and over and out we went!"

"Outrage! Isn't there any law to regulate automobiles in this state?"

"Law? What do these automobile fiends care about the law? Why, that's the sport of it — breaking the law — exceeding the speed limit and tooting their crazy horns and scaring old reliable family horses into fits! I say we need to organize a vigilance committee! Lynching might help some."

"I heartily agree with you!"

"As it is now, what chance has a person to get back at them? None! None whatever! It's chugg, chugg, chugg, honk, honk! then biff — bang! Somebody killed, perhaps, but do you suppose they stop to find out? Not very often! They're out of sight in short order while the victim endangers his soul cursing them with his dying breath! And in the night-time they're just as reckless, mind you. As for taking note of their number, why, there are so many of the infernal engines on the roads nowadays that the numbers run up into five figures! Who can remember such a number after just one quick glance, I'd like to know, I can't, even if it is possible to make out the figures, which it isn't half the time!"

"A person should have a right to shoot in such cases!"

"It would be only self-protection. I mean to go armed, myself, after this — if I ever get on my feet again—and I'll shoot, too! It's a howling shame that such methods should be necessary in a civilized country!"

"We're reverting to barbarism, is my opinion."

"Mechanical barbarism, yes! It was animal barbarism before! We're worse off now because we know better. The barbarism is downright deliberate. This age is machinery-wild; everything we eat and drink and wear is made by machinery; it's machine politics, machine religion, and I've even heard of a love affair being conducted by means of the phonograph! We're getting farther and farther away from nature, and pretty soon we'll be nothing but machines ourselves, — mere automatons that can do only what they're wound up to do. It's all wrong, I say. Here I will be laid up for two or three months, like as not—there'll be a big doctor's bill to pay; Dimple is ruined forever — Lucy vows she'll never ride behind her again —we'll have to buy a new horse: all on account of a senseless machine, an automobile! Yet it wouldn't be so bad if those that run the unearthly engines would keep sober, but they won't! I suppose it's impossible to see the sport of automobiling unless you're drunk!"

"I never had any use for automobiles. Give me the horse every time."

"Ah, Proff, the horse! There's the animal. There's God's best gift to man. You can love a horse; he's flesh and blood and he eats and drinks and sleeps; he's alive. Then look at the automobile! What is it! Nothing but noise and smell! Think of loving a combination of steam engine and oil refinery! It's disgusting! I long for the days of splendid horses. Only a few years ago you could see any number of fine turnouts right around here, even. What finer sight is there than a span of high-stepping thoroughbreds, sleek, mettlesome, graceful in every curve of their bodies? There's poetry in a horse. See them prancing, see them step out, hear the clatter of their hoofs. Ah, life! There's life for you! There's breeding! There's style! There's sport! None of your vile-smelling devil-wagons for me, thank you! A man can feel like a king holding the reins and controlling flesh and blood bred up to perfection; the vibrations of the reins thrill your whole body; you are the master; those two royal-blooded beasts are yours to command; they obey every touch of the lines; they respond with precision to every tone of your voice; they know you; they are sensitive to high emotion; they're not mechanical toys! A horse has a soul! Has an automobile a soul? Can it tremble with excitement? Can it rub a silken nose against your cheek and look at you with eyes full of tenderness? Yet people are going crazy over these ugly, emotionless machines! Just think of it — making stokers of themselves and railroads of the public highways!"

"It may be only a fad, Nick. Fads don't last long. They will come to their senses again."

"That time is far distant, old man, I would say; still, blood is thicker than water, or gasoline, and perhaps there is some hope."

❧

In two months the Nickersons were fully recovered from their injuries and had bought a new horse. Dimple, no longer considered trustworthy, was let out to pasture to end her days in idleness. The new horse was a large, stocky animal of even, gentle temper and warranted to keep within bounds upon all possible occasions. He was a city-bred horse and trolleys, locomotives or automobiles had no terrors for him; he was a horse without nerves, apparently, one that inspired confidence. All went well until one day when he was being driven through a peaceful farming district up in the back country. They came upon a stupid-looking cow with a crumpled horn, grazing by the roadside. The new horse stopped abruptly and the cow looked up and mooed; just then, unfortunately, an old sow with a litter of squealing pigs following her appeared from around the corner of a shed. This was too much for the city-bred horse and he shied, quivering with fright.

"Go away, bossie! Go away, pigs!" shrieked Mrs. Nickerson. The innocent farm animals, had they understood, might possibly have been obliging enough to withdraw, but as it was, they threatened to draw nearer instead. The horse reared up, bolted to one side and darted ahead down the stony country road. It wasn't a runaway, exactly, for Mr. Nickerson managed to keep the frightened animal to the road until he winded and slowed down of his own accord, yet it was enough of a scare to induce them to sell the horse. Thereafter, for a month, Mr. Nickerson walked to and from the station every day; then an automobile agent began to cultivate his acquaintance and the outcome was that he bought an automobile. On another Sunday morning when Mr. Proffet, bent upon a visit to the Nickersons, alighted from the train, he was disappointed at not finding the two-seater awaiting him. He began pacing the platform—Nickerson might be late—he would wait a few minutes. In the spot where the two-seater usually stood was a large yellow touring car with two grimly garbed and begoggled figures in it. Proffet scorned a second glance at these despised creatures.

"We're waiting for you, Proff."

Proffet looked up with a start. It was the voice of his beloved friend, and the sounds issued from one of those devil's disciples.

"Jump in, old man!"

"Proffet stood as one transfixed, gaping stupidly, unbelievingly. Perplexity was written all over his face.

"It's all right, jump in!" urged Nickerson, laughing, and raising his goggles to prove his identity.

Without a word, Proffet climbed aboard and took the seat beside his host. Mr. Nickerson turned to the operating apparatus — there was a sputtering sound; he pulled a lever at his side and the vehicle moved forward as easily as a baby carriage; another pull at the lever and the car swung into a rhythmic glide and whirred down the hard, smooth turnpike without a jerk or jar. Proffet sat rigid; his expression was one of firm, relentless disapproval. A press on a foot lever and the automobile danced ahead a little faster. "Honk! Honk! Swish!" A vision of a horse and buggy swept by. The operator leaned intently forward, head straight front, eyes fixed on the ribbon of road that reeled up under them, his feet poised on heel, ever ready to press lightly for speed or jam down hard on the brake; his hands grasped the steering wheel and coaxed and guided the flying car on the course—the one hand never removed from the wheel, the other but for a moment at times to squeeze the bulb of the horn or to pull a side lever; the whole man was attention, concentration. Whirr — whirr — zimm — zimm — zimm — lightly, swiftly flew the car. "Honk! Honk!" Gracefully they swerved round a corner and went spinning along a grassy lane. The machine danced and hummed and droned—it was music — and not a jerk or jar.

Proffet had unconsciously relaxed and was reposing luxuriously in the soft, springy leather-covered seat, yet suspicion lurked in his eyes. Without a sign of hesitation they climbed a short hill, then—whizz — down a long stretch of gently-sloping road they shot. The swift, cool breeze fanned the broad cheeks of Proffet and he sighed contentedly. "Honk! Honk!" the car gently careened around another corner and they were on the turnpike again. "Honk! Honk!" a huge red tonneau flashed past.

"Now I'm going to let her out a little," announced Nickerson, without turning his head. He pulled the speed lever — he gave it a second pull — he pressed his foot upon the accelerator—whish!—they had been crawling before! The car rocked in a fine, dizzy frenzy, and in long, sweeping bounds, seeming scarcely to touch earth at all, it skimmed the surface with meteoric speed; the noise of the jump-spark was quickened into one even, prolonged, metallic note, while the beat of the wind was like the affrighted flutter of myriads of wings. Not a jerk, not a jar — just soft, billowy, intoxicating motion; not a rattle, not a squeak or a strain—just one long, dull, singing roar of speed.

Proffet's eyes were half closed and his hands lay folded dreamily in his lap; not a trace of scorn, not a shade of doubt was in his face, it was sublimely serene. Time was passing — he knew it not; distance was made sport of — he was oblivious.

"Now for a long climb," said the driver. A pull at a lever and the gear was changed; the speed slackened; the up-grade was before them. The gait was steady and strong and easy; the tires gripped the road-bed deliberately and surely. Up, up without a slip or a hitch; up and up, there was no effort, no reluctance, no impatience; with resolute assurance the car pulled up the steep, winding road until it rolled leisurely on the summit of the ridge. Then, as they lazily followed a meandering driveway, they could see far below them a beautiful stretch of country with hills and valleys, wood and fields, and in the vague distance the sea meeting the sky. The car wheeled around and stopped.

"Ah!" ejaculated Proffet involuntarily.

Nickerson looked at his watch and then glanced at the odometer. "Proff, we've been going an hour and fifteen minutes, how many miles do you suppose we have traveled?"

"I can't imagine; I can't imagine!"

"Forty-seven miles! Up and down hill, forty-seven miles! How's that?"

"Marvelous! Marvelous!"

"Now we'll have luncheon," proclaimed Mrs. Nickerson from the rear seat.

"Luncheon!" gasped Proffet.

They alighted; the hampers were opened; a square of linen was spread on the ground and, as if by magic, a feast fit for a king was before them.

"Marvelous!" cried Proffet as he sat down before the tempting repast.

"Look at that machine, Proff, look at her! Forty-seven miles in an hour and fifteen minutes and able to keep it up all day! Look at her! Is she wind-broken? Is she ready to drop from fatigue? There's no use talking, old man, the automobile is here and it's here to stay. Horses are all right—so were oxen all right—but I tell you, this is an advanced age, an age of humanity that relieves man and beast of the strain of labor by means of machinery. Look at that car! Isn't she a beauty! Look at her curves—and did you ever have a more glorious ride in your life?"

"Never!"

"Talk about poetry—there's poetry for you! Would you ever have believed it?"

"Never!"

"We've been old fogies; we've been way behind the times; we've been kicking in the face of Providence; we've—"

"Hold on, Nick, how about it? Isn't there some danger of this thing's blowing up?" interrupted Proffet, half-heartedly.

"Why, Proff," interposed Mrs. Nickerson, "with all the experience we've had with horses, it would be a positive relief to be blown up for a change!"

WHEN I PERUSE THE CONQUER'D FAME

WHEN I peruse the conquer'd fame of heroes, and the victories of mighty generals, I do not envy the generals,
Nor the President in his Presidency, nor the rich in his great house;
But when I hear of the brotherhood of lovers, how it was with them,
How through life, through dangers, odium, unchanging, long and long,
Through youth, and through middle and old age, how unfaltering, how affectionate and faithful they were,
Then I am pensive—I hastily walk away, filled with the bitterest envy.

—*Walt Whitman ("Leaves of Grass," 1860)*

MAN IN PERSPECTIVE

VI.—BIRTH AND DEATH OF THE HUMAN RACE

By Michael A. Lane

Author of "The Level of Social Motion," "New Dawns of Knowledge," etc.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

IN looking for the beginning of the human race we turn to the imperishable records of the earth's geological history. Mere traditions and mere written records are worthless here, because tradition, in the course of time, becomes changed beyond recognition, or is wholly lost; and we know that the art of writing is a thing of yesterday. Men inhabited the earth ages beyond the reach of oral or written history, and the evidences of this fact are found in the things which early man left behind him, and which are preserved in the depths of the earth's crust.

For the sake of convenience, geologists divide the earth's crust into four periods—primary, secondary, tertiary and quaternary. The last named period is the most superficial of these four great systems of deposits, and is estimated, roughly, to be about one million years old.

In virtually all parts of the globe—especially in Europe and Asia,—remains of men have been found in the quaternary beds, never in the tertiary beds. It is true, however, that such remains have been found on the border between the quaternary and tertiary; at the place where the tertiary rock merges into the quaternary rock; so that there is good evidence that man existed as long ago as the beginning of the quarternary, which would carry him back to about one million years ago.

Attempts to trace man further back have been made by numerous geologists and anthropologists. Chipped flint instruments, or what seemed to be such, were found in tertiary formations at Thenay and Saint-Prest in France, near Lisbon in Portugal, and in Kent, England. Rudely carved bones were found in the tertiary at Monte Aperto, in Italy. But these finds, while interesting enough, were by no means conclusive. It is not certain that man had anything to do with them. They may or may not be the remains of men; and their value as circumstantial evidence has long since been denied by the majority of those who have carefully considered the claims of the finders.

It is a peculiar fact that flint instruments, and other instruments, have been everywhere found in the quaternary beds, and that human bones, and traces of human bones, have been also found in these beds. A still stranger fact was unearthed, literally, by Dr. Eugene Dubois, who, in 1896, in the Island of Java, discovered, in the uppermost tertiary deposits, a collection of bones of such a suspicious character as to set the whole world of science in an uproar, so to speak.

These bones were a fossil thigh and a fossil skull, so similar to the human, and at the same time so similar to the anthropoid ape, that they could not be strictly classified with either genus.

The discovery was at once seized upon as evidence of the former existence of a being who was neither man nor ape, but a transition between the two. Dubois named his find (or Professor Haeckel named it for him) Pithecanthropus Erectus—"the erect ape-man." The find, it was claimed, supplied the much discussed "missing link" of Darwin The thigh of this strange animal is entirely human; the skull is very like, in its anatomical characters and its cranial capacity, to that of a large longimanus gibbon; while the teeth are intermediate between those of man and the high apes.

All the facts above recited go to show that man, as a tool-using animal, first appeared close to the beginning of the quaternary period. The evidence may be marshaled as follows:

1. No positively human remains have ever been found in the tertiary. There have, however, been found in the tertiary bones of a race of beings partly human, partly anthropoid, which could have been none other than the ancestors of the first tool-using race of animals that appeared upon the earth. The thigh of Dubois' strange animal was human; therefore that animal could walk erect. No ape can walk erect. But here was an animal who not only walked erect but who had the skull of an ape and teeth partly ape and partly human.

2. The quaternary deposits are everywhere marked by undoubted remains of tool-using animals, and bones which undoubtedly are human.

The conclusion from these data is clear. The life of man as a tool-using animal must have begun, soon or late, in the quaternary period. How long a time was required for the development of the art of tool-using, even to the crudest and simplest stage, is, of course, a thing impossible to say. But that the human race, as distinguished from the ape, and from Pithecanthropus Erectus, began to be at a more or less remote stage of the quaternary period there can be no reasonable doubt.

Thus, in the records of the geological history of the earth, it is possible to trace the dawn of human life, and to say with reasonable certainty that the beginning of the human race, as we know it, lay in the peculiar force or stress of environment which sifted out from the anthropoids those individuals who could walk erect; and which sifted again from among these the individuals who could use and, later, could manufacture, tools.

Close beside the bones of Dubois' ape-man were found the bodies of other animals common enough in the tertiary period. The ape-man was already gaining upon his fellows. Subsequently, as a tool-user, he sped far ahead of them and ultimately became what we find him now. The use of tools, which distinguished the man in those ancient times from all the other animals around him, is still his distinguishing trait. To say that man is different from other animals in virtue of his reasoning power,—to say that man is unique because he is rational,— is to utter a falsehood. If man is rational, all other animals are rational also. Some men are by no means as "rational" as are many of the lower animals. A mature dog is much more rational than a very young human child. But the use of tools is preeminently the human characteristic. And that very use of tools has been the cause in man of the very rapid and disproportionate increase of the reasoning power which is common to all animals as far down the scale as one cares to go.

We may say, then, that the human race "began" when Pithecanthropus, or his descendants, discovered the use of tools. The vanishing point of our perspective, when we look behind us, lies at the point where the tool-line and the hand-line intersect—at the point where the hairy ancestor discovered that a club was a better instrument than the hand with which to deal death or destruction to the things around him.

But if such be the vanishing point in the past, where is the vanishing point of human existence when we turn from the past and look before us? Does the perspective broaden or narrow? Is there any perspective to the future at all?

The minds of most men are happily not disturbed by questions of this kind. The senualist, the materialist, the man of the world, the merely human machines who do the work of the world and earn thereby a scant living, are but remotely interested in the end which awaits their race. Most men have a vague belief that the human race will wind up its affairs at some indeterminate time in the future. Positive popular beliefs in this respect are always of a religious nature. Christians believe that the world, and man with it, will be destroyed by fire. Jews believe that the angel Gabriel will blow a blast on a trumpet, a sort of "taps," which will awaken even the dead. Every religion is its own world-ender, and no two religions quite agree as to the precise method by which the human business will be finally and forever wound up, although all men agree that a final winding up there must be. Can science offer a suggestion or two to clear up the difficulty? Geology and anatomy, working together, have done quite well with the interesting question of man's beginning. Can zoology tell anything positive concerning his end?

Precise prediction is not a difficult art could one only be sure of his facts. In the preciseness of prediction, everything depends upon the preciseness of the facts. Given exact data and exact prediction is measurably sure. Now the chief difficulty of our present problem is lack of perfect precision. It is impossible to say just what the races of man are going to do, in the near or remote future, in the matter of intermingling with one another. Could we know, positively, that the various human races would blend into one great race — that European, Asiatic, African, and other races would, in the future, so mix and mingle, as to produce only one type of man, why, then, we could positively say that human affairs on this earth would be wound up in a comparatively short time.

Again, if the races continue distinct from one another, if they do not so mingle, we may be quite certain that the end of human life will come even earlier than in the first case. In either case, the end is only a question of time. The human race will die out, and it will die out ages before the earth itself becomes uninhabitable. The prospects are that numerous races of animals will thrive and be happy upon this earth ages after man has utterly disappeared; just as we know that numerous races lived and died ages before he came. Let us consider the rational bases we have for this apparently bold and striking assertion.

According to the very soundest views based upon indisputable facts the process called life is not a thing unique in existence at all, but is merely a matter of physico-chemical reaction. This is not by any means an assumption. The physiologist, when he makes that assertion, is not contending for a doctrine. He does not desire to disprove the theories or the beliefs of others who are not physiologists. He has no personal interest in the case one way or another. If somebody had been able to prove that life is not a physico-chemical process the physiologist would never have assumed that it was, and could, therefore, never have proved that it was. In trying to find out the facts in the case, physiology has demonstrated the physico-chemical character of life. There are many aspects of this physics-chemistry that are obscure; but their obscurity does not suggest a non-physico-chemical cause. On the contrary, that very obscurity is a proof in itself that physics-chemistry is at the bottom of it. There is obscurity only because there is something which can be obscure. It is precisely the physics-chemistry that is obscure, and nothing else. The entire hubbub about obscurity is made by the physiologist himself. Why? Because he believes that it is due to something other than mere physico-chemical causes? By no means. He calls attention to it only to show that he has found a difficult problem in chemistry and physics, which he forthwith proceeds to attack with fresh vigor.

Granting, however, that life is nothing but the continuous building up and breaking down of certain highly complex molecules, arranged in definite structures which facilitate this process, there would be no good ground for saying that a race of animals could not continue living *ad infinitum.* The question of race life is bound up with the method by which the individuals of the race reproduce themselves. The animal whose body consists of a single cell grows larger until a definite proportion is reached between the content of its body and the superficial area of its body and it then divides into two cells. The content increases faster than the surface. Beginning with one such cell there will soon be produced a numerous race of cells, perhaps millions or billions in number, each individual cell living its own separate life without association with its fellows.

Let us now fancy a race of cells produced in the following fashion: The initial cell divides into two cells, but the young cells remain in close contact with each other. Succeeding divisions follow the same rule, so that, although the race multiplies into the billions, the cell remains not only associated together but bound together by actual ties, such as minute fibers or cement stuff. This race of cells would be an organized community, an organic unity, which would act with the precision of an individual. In this great, organized community of cells the individual cells live and propagate by dividing into two, like the cells of the other race, only that in the second race the cells are dependent upon one another for their food.

Now a man is nothing but such a race of cells, and he propagates compact, organized races of cells like himself.

Here, then is a starting point for our inquiry as to the future life of the human race. We know that a great, bound-together race of cells like a man, or other large animal or plant, dies out. When a man dies we behold the death of a race of cells billions upon billions in number. Nothing more, nothing less. But this race of cells which dies when a man dies has left behind its children-cells in the body of the man's offspring; and thus, although the individual man dies, and with him the parent-cells, the race life of the cell is continued in the new individual who is his child.

These are simple facts. And if we wish to find out whether race life in general has its limits (for we already know that the individual dies) it would be natural to turn to some simple form of race life such as that described above in the race of cells which lead solitary and not associated lives.

This was the thought which inspired the work of the noted French zoologist, M. Maupas, whose beautiful experiments have made possible the scientific prophecy to the effect that the human race is doomed to comparatively early extinction, whether or not there come about a universal mingling of the varieties of man now inhabiting the earth.

Maupas took for his work the classic little animal, paramoecium, which inhabits the water of ponds. Paramoecium is probably one two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch in diameter and is furnished with wonderful little swimming organs like hairs which, when seen in the microscope, remind one of an eyelash. These little hairs are veritable lashes. They lash the water and thus propel paramoecium with considerable swiftness. M. Maupas found that in a few generations this race of cells became senescent: — grew old, degenerated, and would, in a short time, have died out, had not a very strange thing occurred. The worn-out cells were paired; pairs of them were drawn together by chemical affinity, two of them uniting to form one large cell.

The new, large cell was vigorous and strong, and quickly divided into two young animals, and this new race was as healthy and as young as its ancestor-race.

What had happened here to give this little race its new lease of life? It surely would have died had it not been for the pairing of the cells. For Maupus, in order to prove this, isolated some of the paramoecia, so that conjugation could not take place, and these isolated individuals died after a number of generations.

Clearly, what took place was this: The elements in the body of the animal were slowly dissociating from chemical forms which make life possible, and were breaking up into simpler forms or into compounds which, although complex, are not of the peculiar complexity which we know as living matter. This change is going on everywhere in so-called non-living as well as in so-called living matter. Heavy elements are everywhere breaking up into lighter elements—atoms are disintegrating into simpler bodies, called "electrons" or "corpuscles" — and in so-called living matter the change is faster, because of the complex character of its molecules.

In the case of paramoecium the disintegration was stopped by the bringing in of new material which set up again a new cycle of chemistry which, in time, would break down and cease if not renewed afresh.

And now for the application of our very brief and wholly inadequate survey of the chemistry of life. The life of men, as the life of all other animals and all plants, runs in chemical cycles. If there were no conjugation, no rejuvenation, no periodic pairing of individuals, the race would die in one generation. As the living matter in the body of an individual breaks down into the simpler elements of which it is composed, so, in time, must the chemistry of the race itself become simplified, and the race disappear. But a senescent race, a degenerating and dying race of men, can be rejuvenated and made young again by conjugation, or blending, with a different race of men. This newly invigorated race,—this actually new race, will, in its own turn, die, if not freshened by marriage with a still different race. And so on.

But here we find ourselves in a pretty dilemma. Of men there are comparatively few races, and only a small number of these seem willing to mix. The different races of Europe freely mingle. But the European does not mix with the African or Mongolian, and these do not mix among themselves. We can imagine a state of affairs such as this: The races of Europe will one day be reduced, by mingling, into one homogenous race; or let us say the races called Caucasian will one day be blended into one great uniform race. Of the remaining races, the Mongol and the Negro will be the only types, the others being absorbed by these two, or otherwise obliterated.

If now these three races refuse to blend, the one with the other; if each insists upon reproducing itself pure, each must, in a comparatively short time, reach the end of its race life-cycle, and so pass away.

If, on the other hand, these races commingle, man may survive a comparatively long time, during which the new, final world-race is being compounded. But this compounding must one day be finished; and then, when there is no longer another variety with which the human race can refresh or rejuvenate itself, why, then it must run its course—and a rapid one it will be — to complete extinction.

Perhaps it had been better for the perpetuation of the human race had our hairy ancestor never discovered the use of those wonderful tools of which his descendants are so fond of boasting. In that case the human race might not have become as dominant as it now is, but on the other hand it might today have a numerous representation among the species of animals which inhabit the earth. In other words, there might have been developed a larger number of human kinds. It is possible, of course, that, had it not been for his inventiveness and his skill in the manufacture of tools, man would have been wiped out ages ago.

At all events, he has a very short representation in the way of species, and the enormous size of his brain in proportion to the rest of his body may prove only an additional factor of his racial undoing.

If the men of the future are wise they will probably prolong their racial life by deliberately mingling their races together. This method,—especially if it were followed with intelligence and skillful discrimination—would postpone the final extinction of the kind for a long time. But even then the doom of the race would be inevitable. The decrease in human population would be rapid and sure, and racial death would speedily put an end to human activity.

With this thought in mind, we can imagine a world with life in plenty but no man by to say he were lord of it. We can see a world, much as the world of today, with all its brilliant beauty, its returning Spring hailed with joy by bird and beast, its sunshine and showers, its streaming color, its dull, blind mysteries, its infinite waste of energy and its perfectly purposeless existence, and man not even a memory in the mind of its inhabitants.

As with man, so with all living things. And even so with matter itself; for the great poet spoke truth when he said:

> "——The great globe itself,
> And all it doth inherit, shall dissolve,
> And like this insubstantial pageant, faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on."

A GARDEN OF PINKS

"I love everything that's pink in the whole world."—*Our Tiny Gladys*

By Jasper Barnett Cowdin

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

THE Artist too loves pink, my little dear,
And touches with a dainty breath the rose.
How sweet you look in pink He also knows,
And leaves some on your peach-soft cheek and ear.
What would the sunset be without its cheer?
Babies are pink down to the very toes,
And delicate tints of pink the sea-shell shows.
Pink teas will some day be your fad, I fear.
If of propriety you are the pink,
A new white frock you'll get, with bright pink bows-es,
And then you'll be a fairy queen, I think —
A sight to make the pink-eyed bunnies blink.
Now baby-pigs are silky-pink, like roses;
And there are pink — but here the sonnet closes.

THE TEMPTING OF SENATOR GALLOWAY

By Ripley D. Saunders

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

"MISS MARGARET," said Senator Joe Galloway of Boone, greeting his old-time sweetheart at the governor's inaugural reception, "'it is years since last we met,' and the sight of you is like the morning sunshine after an all-night storm. 'Fair nature seems revived, and even my heart sits light and jocund at the day's return!'"

Margaret Dane laughed up into the ruddy face surmounted by its shock of stubborn gray hair, a humorous face that refused to grow old. The new Missouri legislature was beginning its session and Major Joe Galloway returned as one of the veteran senators of that body.

"Senator," she retorted, "you're the same incorrigible flatterer as of old. My earliest recollection is of your saying sweet things to me—that was a long time ago—and here you are at it again!"

"I began telling you the truth, Miss Margaret," replied Senator Galloway, making one of his famous Boone County bows, "when I was just past nine years of age. I recall the occasion perfectly. I was so infatuated with you that I dreamed of you the night before—and I told you my dream during recess at school and formally notified you that you were the object of my youthful affections. 'When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love,' as the poet says."

Again Margaret Dane's mellow laugh rang out, such a laugh as is not often heard from spinster lips, so genuinely and unconsciously girlish it was. She looked with cordial eyes at Senator Joe Galloway—glad to see him once more, yet a bit tremulous and pensive.

"You are incurable, Senator," she said. "You talk very lovely to us women, yet they say you wouldn't marry one of us to save our lives. And I'm willing to wager that your bachelor card parties and little suppers will be the scandal of Jefferson City this Winter, just as I'm told they've always been!"

Senator Galloway's face fell woefully at this.

"Miss Margaret," came his sudden answer, "I regret to say that you would lose your wager—and, anyway, you're responsible for my bachelorhood. But those little consolatory festivals of which you speak are bygone things—'departed, never to return,' as the poet says. For you are now gazing, Miss Margaret, upon an old bachelor who at last thanks fate that you refused to marry him—an old bachelor at the end of his rope, busted higher than Gilderoy's kite, mortgaged up to his neck and serving his last term in the Missouri senate before settling down to save what he may from 'the wreck of fortunes and the crash of worlds.'"

"Senator!" cried Margaret Dane. "You surely don't mean it!"

But Senator Galloway nodded a rueful head. The next moment he smiled apologetically.

"I beg you a thousand pardons," he said quaintly. "Isn't it just like me to blurt out anything that's on my mind to you? And at the governor's reception and our happy meeting! It's a shame, that's what it is!" Self-reproach was in his eyes.

"You run along and have a good time now," he ventured. "'Let joy be unconfined!' I want to read in the St. Louis papers tomorrow that Miss Margaret Dane was the belle of the ball!"

Margaret Dane, old maid, was gazing curiously at the man who had once asked her to be his wife, and who had continued to live a bachelor through all the years thereafter. Then she spoke deliberately.

"Senator," she asked, "who do you think is in Jefferson City for the opening of this session of the legislature? William Harlow, our old-time schoolmate. He is now the general counsel for a big St. Louis railroad, I believe. I met him today."

They stood apart from the reception throng.

"The man I thought you loved," said Senator Joe Galloway. "The man I thought you were going to marry when you refused me."

Margaret Dane smiled a queer little smile.

"That's all in the long ago, Senator," she spoke quietly. "We must not go too deeply into the past."

Senator Galloway ran his hand through his rumpled gray hair in a helpless sort of way. He was wondering what Margaret Dane would say if she knew that he loved her as deeply as in the "long ago" of which she spoke.

And just then a white-haired old lady beckoned to Margaret and the two separated. The senator saw his companion swept onward to where stood the new governor of Missouri and his official party. It was a brilliant state function and Senator Joe Galloway's eyes shone as he noted how clean-cut and thoroughbred his old sweetheart looked among the other women.

"I oughtn't to have told her the fix I was in," he said to himself reproachfully. "Dod zound it! I'd rather she'd think I was prospering and getting rich, like William Harlow!"

But it was the truth that Senator Galloway had blurted out to Margaret Dane concerning his luckless plight.

"Endorsed too much paper for poor old Jesse Hawkins, dad blame it!" he explained to his friends. "He'd ha' done the same for me, but that don't alter the fact that Jess has gone up the flume and I'm left holding the bag. Well, well! It's a world of ups and downs, and a man must take his medicine without whimpering!"

Which the senator bravely did.

"'Laugh and the world laughs with you,' as the poet says," he was wont to remark. "'Weep and you weep alone.' And I don't intend to be any lonelier than I can help."

"Sailing close to the wind," he called it, when he proceeded to dispense with the little bachelor dissipations that for so many years had been his delight at the state capital. He still kept his two modest rooms a short walk distant from the Madison House, but along with his card parties and little suppers, he gave up the span of fast trotters that had been raised on his own farm.

"A man's got no right to play poker if he can't afford to lose," he frankly declared. "And I find I can't tackle late suppers like I used to when I was younger. Those horses of mine? Well, I got such a good offer for 'em from Colonel Bob Sappington, over there in Boone, that it would have been flying in the face of Providence to refuse!"

And there the matter rested.

But the frowns of an unkindly fortune were not entirely equal to the task of utterly destroying Senator Joe Galloway's sunniness of soul. He was almost as full of good humor as ever, his laugh as genuine, his temperamental optimism as prone to make itself evident. Only at rare moments did he seem to lack this brave buoyancy of spirit. And these moments, it might have been noticed, followed his occasional glimpses of Margaret Dane.

More than once did the senator encounter her during this time. Once or twice, too, he saw William Harlow, "the big St. Louis corporation lawyer," but each time in an environment that forbade any renewal of their earlier acquaintance. And once he happened to get a sight of Harlow and Margaret Dane together—Harlow was handing her into a carriage at a shop door, and he noticed how well the railroad attorney's carefully groomed figure seemed to harmonize with Margaret's distinguished personal presence.

Then, one day Senator Galloway experienced a surprise. He received the friendliest of letters from William Harlow—cordial, intimate, yet reproachful after a fashion. "Why the mischief haven't you let me know that you were the Joe Galloway I used to go to school with, you sinner?" the lawyer asked. "I had no idea Senator Galloway and that freckle-faced boy were one and the same! Come and see me, Joe—I want to have a talk with you about those old days!"

Senator Joe Galloway was genuinely touched by the tone of the letter. He read it musingly.

"Well, sir," he said to himself, "blamed if it ain't true, as the poet says—'Oh, friends regretted, scenes forever dear, remembrance hails you with her warmest tear!' And, after all, even though William Harlow did come between me and Margaret, we were boys at school together, and I reckon the memory of those old times is sort o' tugging at his heart-strings."

Strangely enough, their first meeting was at the house where Margaret Dane was a guest, and was brought about by her, the occasion being one of the minor social affairs of the Jefferson City season. The house in question was markedly political, its master one of the captains of his party's state organization, and it was in his own smoking den that Senator Galloway and William Harlow came face to face, their host leaving them alone together for a reminiscent chat. The great St. Louis lawyer was a cold-faced man, with gray eyes that seemed hardened into steel, but he appeared sincerely glad to see the senator, his boyhood friend. Their talk was long and intimate, so intimate, indeed, that it created the opportunity for which the railroad lawyer had hoped.

"Old fellow," he said after a time, placing one hand on the senator's knee, "I'm here in Jefferson City on important business, and you can help me in it, and I want you to help me."

"Anything in the world I can do, Harlow," replied Senator Joe Galloway, "I'll do with the greatest pleasure in life. What is it you want?"

Harlow moved his chair closer to the other's.

"It's this, Joe," he answered. "There's going to be a bill introduced in both houses this session to straighten out an old tangle in my road's affairs—a tangle inherited from the company which we succeeded, the old Missouri-Transcontinental that built the Missouri division of our line. Under a certain construction of the laws as they now stand, we're responsible for that company's bonds held by the state of Missouri; but I know, and every other good lawyer knows, that we're not really liable for those bonds. Well, the bill I'm going to have introduced, while not expressly stating the fact on its face, will in its operation relieve us absolutely of that unjust liability. But there's going to be a fight on the bill, and I want you to help us through."

Senator Galloway's face, until now beaming with a sincere willingness to serve an old friend, suddenly became clouded.

"I'm sorry, Harlow," he said, almost shamefaced. "I' heard something to the effect that such a bill was contemplated, but I didn't know that was what you wanted to speak to me about."

There was a little pause. William Harlow was watching Senator Galloway with coldly intent eyes.

"I'll tell you the plain truth, Harlow," continued the senator. "That bill of yours will be a dangerous measure for me to favor. Old friendship is a big claim on a man—I've just made myself temporarily a poor man by recognizing such a claim—it's asking a good deal just for old friendship's sake!"

A cynical amusement flashed swiftly into William Harlow's evil eyes. By heaven, Senator Galloway was willing to be bribed! There could be no other meaning to his words at such a moment. It was an opportunity to be improved on the spot.

"You've hit the nail on the head, Joe, old fellow," Harlow spoke, his voice sinking. "It would be asking a good deal for old friendship's sake, and I don't mean to do it. I don't want you to make any sacrifice on our account. I'm talking with you in advance about this bill because we've known each other all our lives, and I can talk to you confidentially, as old friend to old friend. What I say to you is this: I am in a position to do you a good turn if you help us in this matter. I want you to understand this plainly, Joe."

An almost pathetic change took place in Senator Joe Galloway's mind. Suddenly the tenderness of his recollection of past days vanished and he remembered the boy, "Bill" Harlow, as he had been in reality, the boy that was father to this evil man. An old scorn that had until this moment been smoothed away by Time's fingers awoke in his soul. But he spoke with unchanged voice.

"Now you're coming to the point, Harlow," he said. "You certainly are in a position to help me out of a bad hole, if I help you and your road out of one. And my nose is right against the grindstone, Harlow—for a year to come, anyway!"

"I know," interrupted the other. "I heard all about it—your endorsing for Jesse Hawkins and having to pay at short notice—and that sort of thing ties a man up for a while. And I heard about it in such a way, too, that, by George, I'm glad I've got a chance, maybe, to put you on your feet again!"

Senator Galloway's jaws were grimly outlined as he set his teeth together on his cigar.

"Then we're talking man to man," he said. "Get right down to business, Harlow."

"Business it is," responded Harlow with an ugly smile. "If you do all you can with your friends in the senate, getting them to vote with you for my bill and helping to pass it, it'll lift the mortgage on your farm."

"The mortgage is for five thousand dollars," remarked Senator Galloway.

"It'll be lifted," said the other. "You'll find yourself able to pay it off and have your farm unencumbered again. This is official—I'm here to see that this bill is passed!"

There was silence for a moment.

"What do you say, Joe?" asked Harlow, still smiling. Can I count on you?"

Senator Galloway moved uneasily.

"There's one thing more," he responded. "A man can't be too careful in the beginning. How did it happen that you got me in your mind for this work? Who was telling you that I was so hard up just at present?"

Harlow chuckled.

"Oh, that part of it's all right!" he said. "There's no danger of anybody putting two and two together. You'd never guess, Joe, but I'll tell you, all the same. It was Margaret Dane. She was bewailing the hard luck that had befallen you — she thinks you're ruined to Kingdom Come—and she told me the story with tears in her eyes. It was Margaret Dane!"

Senator Galloway threw away his cigar.

"You mean, then," he asked, "that you'll pay me a fee of five thousand dollars to work and vote for your bill, getting as many of my friends in the senate to vote for it as I can, and thus helping its passage?"

"That's exactly what I mean, senator," answered William Harlow, giving Senator Galloway his official title with emphasized unction. "A fee of five thousand dollars, cash down."

Senator Joe Galloway rose to his feet. "The thing that I regret most at this exact moment, Harlow," he said, "is that, in a sense, you happen to be Margaret Dane's guest tonight."

Surprise and dismay sprang into the other's face.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean," replied Senator Galloway, "that but for that fact, two out of three damned unpleasant things would happen to you. First and foremost, I'd kick you out of this room and down into the street. Second, I'd expose you and your scoundrelly scheme to the people now in this house, if only to explain why I had kicked you into their view. And third, as it is, I mean to denounce you on the floor of the senate for attempted bribery."

"You fool!" said Harlow. "You can't prove a thing, and you are throwing away five thousand dollars!"

"You scoundrel!" replied Senator Galloway. "You and your kind don't seem to understand that there are some men left in Missouri whom money can't buy. Damned if I don't believe you'd try to bribe old George Graham Vest himself if he was alive and in the Missouri legislature now! But the old state's honest yet, and you fellows are booked to find it out to your cost. I'll help to hasten the good day, by the eternal!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Harlow.

"I'm going to do just what I said," answered Senator Galloway. "I'd send you to the penitentiary, if I could. And as I can't, I'll at least brand that bill of yours so indelibly with the brand of boodle that the biggest legislative crook in all Missouri won't dare vote for it!"

Dead silence followed the words. Then, suddenly, William Harlow laughed, a baffled, malignant laugh.

"You will never have the chance to do any of these fine things!" he sneered. "The bill will not be introduced at this session of the legislature. We can afford to wait, and we will wait —we can afford it. And therefore, all that this foolishness of yours means is that you've lost five thousand dollars, in spite of Margaret Dane's efforts to put the money in your pocket!"

"For shame, William Harlow!" said Margaret Dane herself. "You are not worthy to look an honest man in the face!"

She stood just within the room, pale and tremulous.

"I could not help but hear," she said. And then to Harlow, her words falling like the cut of a whip, "I want you to go away."

When they were alone, Margaret Dane held out both hands to Senator Joe Galloway, her eyes shining, her head high, a look on her face that has but one meaning when a woman looks at a man.

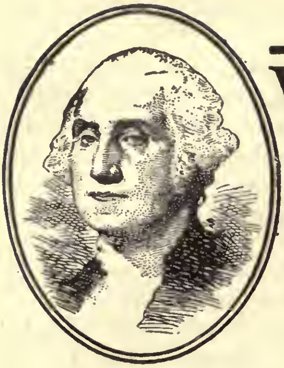
"You don't know how proud I am of you, Senator Galloway!" she cried. The next moment she was sobbing with excitement, her face buried on her arm, her hair brushing the ample sleeve of Senator Galloway's old-fashioned broadcloth coat.

The senator drew her to him softly.

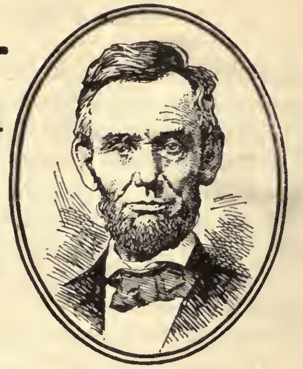
"Margaret," he said, "it wasn't any real temptation that Harlow was holding out to me, but you're tempting me mighty hard now, Margaret. If I could be sure of what I saw in your face just now I'd —I'd ask you just one question — the question I asked you long, long ago."

"I wish you would," said Margaret Dane. "I want to answer it now the way I would have answered it then, if my dear father and mother hadn't persuaded me not to. It's all my fault that life has gone wrong with us, dear heart."

"Margaret," replied Senator Joe Galloway, "you musn't talk like that. Life is going well for us after this day, thank God!"



Washington and Lincoln



By John McGovern

Author of "Poems", "The Fireside University", "The Golden Censer", etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE ANCESTOR

THE instinctive worship of our ancestors, that comes down to us along with a distressing number of worse things, makes us always ready to praise the dead at the expense of the living. At the same time, in excuse, there are periods of decay, as in France from the era in which St. Simon (the duke) begins to write until the smallpox fell on the Lord's annointed and the big Revolution began. Since Grant went into the White House, I have looked on the present age as another one of decay. First, it was gifts—horses and carriages, present of a house and lot by Morgan—then it was graft; now it is "honest graft," with the indignant honest grafters looking us dead in the eyes and asking us if we ourselves know any better way.

Casting about, over the world, is there a really great hero? Yes, Booth of London, although I, as much as any free man living, am annoyed by his terrific assaults on the bass drum and his making of fly-time a religious and perennial question. Dewey must be another hero, to judge by the way our glorious nation killed him off when it got jealous of him. Roosevelt may be another, but he is in a place more difficult than the Russian Witte took, and he is young and venturesome (but all great men are venturesome). The king of England is a fairly great man. The Japanese must have a great man or two on hand. In pure science the age is crowded with giants. I dare not enter on the splendid list. So, although we are morally as bad as they were under Louis XIV and Louis X, we still can point to great men — men whose honor, courage, fortune and genius attract the attention of good and bad alike. Even in the rotten times, there arose Frederick, who kept the whole rotten world at bay after stealing Silesia.

I am thinking all this while of George Washington. Ought I to praise him as an Ancestor, or for what he did actually do? Or, ought I to contrast him with honest grafters?—No, we need not do that. A man named Weems painted the Father of his Country with wings and a gold-leaf halo, but James Parton and other great chroniclers have corrected the personal error of Weems. We may, therefore, look at George Washington nowadays without getting out smoked glass. And for all that, he is truly a gigantic figure in all history.

Last November an English prince came over here with a squadron of battleships, and went down to Mount Vernon. At first they had him laying a wreath on Washington's tomb. I did not like that. Then they corrected the report and had him bring away a branch of ivy. That was all right. About wreaths, let the prince lay one on the grave of Robert Emmett—charity begins at home. And what is his squadron of battleships for? — to knock off the top sixteen stories of the Park Row building in New York, or to blow the stanchions out of Pulitzer's dome. They come around with their battleships and we go out with ours. They say: "Look at this." We say: "See what we've got here." Just as small boys do—one of the crowd says, showing his left arm, bared, "Look-ye here: Six months in the hospital. And here"—the right arm —"sudden death." Then the other champion makes exactly the same maneuver. Now, gentle reader, how far off is the fight? Not very far.

As near as I can learn, a three-million battleship lasts just five minutes. The Henry George lecturers start out by saying that man is a land animal—but is he?

If I mistake not, patriotism is the most instinctive inherent trait of the body politic. Woe to the individual (that is, at swarming-time) who makes sport of that characteristic of the average man. George Washington needs no British praise; the British records have him down as rebel, traitor—which he was—over there. Kaiser Wilhelm was mistaken in establishing a statue of Baron Trenck's Frederick the Great at Washington; Cyrus Field was fatuous in putting up a monument to Major Andre at Tarrytown. Our honest grafting papas have sold large consignments of dizzy or calculating daughters to the highest bidders of the British peerage, but these papas are thereby not to be ancestors here. We daily pay them their honest graft, but we owe them no subscription. We do not like them nor their get.

Owing to George Washington, the United States is free and independent—and owing to him, also, somewhat united. It is not owing to him that our nation is obstreperous. Because of his astonishing patience, nerve and testy temper with subordinates, he is not buried under an English jail — for we must not forget that, in stuttering old King George's time, there were over two hundred crimes that were punishable with death, and George Washington and Sam Adams' crimes led all the rest—"What! What! What! This Colonel Washington, and this Master Adams — what, what, what!"—it was certainly hard on his majesty.

With so many Tories at New York, and so many peace-at-any-price Foxites at Philadelphia, all of them so stingy that they would make war-contributions only at the point of a bayonet—how did George Washington ever free his country? Well, he was a great retreater. Maria Theresa had such a marshal in old Daun. Wellington was cut on the same pattern. If the war had lasted fourteen years instead of seven, Washington might have been found fortified at Fort Dearborn, on the lake front at Chicago. They got tired of chasing him, and didn't believe he'd fight. He swore his big hands warm at Valley Forge; then Franklin, Beaumarchais, Lafayette and D'Estaing gave a little bee for his benefit near the Chesapeake Bay, and down pounced George Washington on Yorktown. Alexander Hamilton fought hard—(I do him honor, and charge it all to Washington, who liked him) — and presto! the colonies were free.

Would to God no honest grafter of the present day might take it to heart if I quote what Washington said at the time he told congress his army was "occuyping a cold, bleak hill and sleeping under frost and snow without clothes or blankets." He wishes he could bring "those murderers of our cause, the monopolizers, forestallers and engrossers to condign punishment. I would to God that some of the most atrocious in each state was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman." "Idleness, dissipation and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of" the people, and "speculation, peculation and an irresistible thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration and almost of every order of men; party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day."

II

How did the Ancestor look? Ackerson tells us: The Ancestor was big—looked six feet and a half—stiff as an Indian — mighty bad temper; eye almost white; face white; nose good and red (very cold weather, then); throat tied up; army boots number thirteen; gloves had to be surveyed and made for him; all bone and muscle and weighed only 200; it took two other men to put his big tent in a camp-wagon; he tossed it in with one hand. He had a great old mouth, that Ackerson thought was painful to look at—it would have been more painful for King George - What - What-What to gaze on. He could hold a musket in one hand and shoot as well as his companions could shoot with a pistol. His finger-joints were wonders. He was a huge eater, and to be hungry set him in a beautiful rage (to be seen, of course, from a distance). He drank a moderate amount of rum.

He was better even than Henry of Navarre. He was one of the world's heroes — primordial, medi-ordial, post-ordial, everlasting — astounding human fabric, woven always but not often "on the loud-sounding loom of time," as Carlyle loves to quote.

When the army became suspicious of congress and Colonel Nicola boldly asked Washington to be dictator, he "viewed the letter with abhorrence," "reprehended it with severity." "If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable."

He stood at the wharf in New York City. "I shall be obliged," he said to his officers, "if each of you will come and take me by the hand." Tears were in his eyes. He said no more, but embraced them one by one, in the fashion of those days. They felt very lonesome and fatherless when he disappeared on the blue waters. He adjusted his accounts at Philadelphia, but charged no salary for all those years. He disbursed about $75,000 in all sorts of ways, and much of this he himself had advanced. He went into congress to read his Farewell. He drew his spectacles, saying, "You see I have grown old in your service." He walked out of the hall a private citizen. But he had left his people far too soon.

III

It had been a strange chapter. A tobacco planter of heroic build, with a noble self-assurance, had stopped fox-hunting to make war. He had tried one thing after another. A man of imperious authority over those near to him, he had exerted but little at a distance, because of his distaste for the distant exercise of power. He had fits of retreating and starts of formidable advancing; he had fought in mid-Winter and lain still in mid-Summer. Some years he had scarcely fought at all. Yet he had made several forays, quick movements, worthy of either Frederick or Napoleon. He had struck at Trenton, Monmouth and Yorktown with the genius of the first of captains.

What kind of a general would Washington have made if he had massed a big army? He did not have Frederick's heritage, opportunity, or dreadful dilemma. He had at heart, I believe, more fire than Wellington. He was at times as cautious as Marshal Daun. He was also a founder of a new public thing—*res publica*—and ranks with Ahmes in Egypt, Moses in Israel, William in England and Peter in Russia. But he was in himself more like the giant-heroes of the Dark and Middle ages, for his armor and his lance were too heavy for his colleagues.

. But perhaps the worst of his troubles remained. He supposed the thirteen colonies had at least courage enough to fight and win the battles of peace, so he went to Ohio to look after his private affairs. Thereupon the communists of Massachusetts set out to divide property, and New England concluded to erect a nation by itself. The best the most of them could figure out was three confederations, or nations, south of Canada.

The colonies passed tariffs against each other that even outdid what England had tried to do to Boston. To the horror of George Washington, the country, in a time of peace with foreign powers, was on the verge of anarchy. Only Virginia paid taxes to the Continental Congress at New York. Rhode Island and New Hampshire were particularly mean. While the big man at Mt. Vernon was seriously ill with the rheumatism, there came a feeble call for a federal convention at Philadelphia to frame a government that would avert the *morcellement* of North America. Chagrined and humiliated that he should be called upon, he traveled wearily to Philadelphia, where, of course, they made him president of the convention—but nearly all of the other delegates waited for him to arrive in Philadelphia first. Rhode Island never came at all. No body of men ever met with less encouragement. The convention sat for four months in perfect secrecy—that would be impossible in this immoral age. Franklin, Madison and Washington were there all the hot Summer. Hamilton got away—didn't help much until election. It looks to me as if Jefferson at Paris furnished the main idea—executive, legislative, judicial—through Madison, his disciple, who in turn received Washington's approval on all he attempted. Jefferson called the convention a convocation of demi-gods, but afterward thought they had given the president too much power and opportunity. Washington, little knowing his personal influence, returned in sorrow to Mt. Vernon, expecting anarchy. His own state developed serious opposition to his work. But all ended well.

Because the ancestor had signed this Constitution, it was adopted. The Constitution had fixed up a big office called the presidency, because Washington was a big man. When the electoral college met there was no vote for anybody else. Every elector, therefore, came away a hero.

Thus Washington saved his country twice. When we read the Constitution of the United States, we must construe it as we would a river and harbor bill. The fact that Delaware or Rhode Island has two senators is just like the paving of a dry creek in Pennsylvania at an expense of $100,000. To avert anarchy, the Constitution was log-rolled, and much to Jefferson's mortification. One should read Washington's letters roasting Rhode Island and New Hampshire. There was a long-headed Virginian named Mason, who foresaw war in state sovereignty. But he said, "We can at least put it off," and they did. Then Mason, queer man, tried to defeat the new Constitution.

IV

I would like to correct a widely prevailing impression that Washington leaned to Hamilton's ideas on government. Not at all. That was the reason Hamilton left the convention. Washington was as good a democrat as Jefferson and Madison. He heartily approved their doctrines and also had the genius and patience and prestige to adjust those doctrines somewhat to weak and selfish human nature.

The first president of the United States, George Washington, entered the harbor of New York as impressively as Cleopatra floated up the river Cyndus. New York was pleased, because it looked as if he were king. But he said: "In our progress toward political happiness my station is new." No, he was not king. Yet he would shake hands with nobody, and he returned no calls. He would have liked to be called "His Highness" because he thought he held a sublime office. He logically appointed Jefferson in the cabinet—Jefferson, pupil of Rousseau and Sam Adams and Patrick Henry. He went to Boston to see Governor Hancock, and made poor, sick Hancock call on him first, dead or alive, — hence the American doctrine that in the United States the president, representing all the people, outranks everybody else.

One of the Jacobin editors, later on, said Washington "maintained the seclusion of a monk and the supercilious distance of a tyrant." And one of the most grotesque things I know of was the advance of the French Citizen Genet, carrying Equality or Death to George Washington!

Toward the end of his two presidencies he concluded to prepare his "mind for the obloquy that disappointment and malice" were collecting to heap on him. So, at the next leave-taking, he was glad to depart from one and all. But they were not merry. They again were lonesome. The hall was nearly emptied when Washington went out; a multitude followed him to his lodgings. And when he saw this once more he turned and bowed very low, and tears were in his eyes.

I almost know I shall be pardoned if I linger to transcribe that most remarkable paragraph of Lawrence Washington, the half-brother, wherein he mirrored George Washington in the front of Mary Washington, the woman who bore the Ancestor: "She awed me in the midst of her kindness. And even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic of the Father of His Country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

THE DICTATOR

THAT terrible question of the equal sovereignty of all sorts of states, which the war-worn fathers of 1787 had decided to leave to the armies of posterity, came to a sharp focus upon the election, as president, of a western pioneer who believed the Union could be maintained and at the same time that new states should prohibit slavery. He believed slavery was a necessary evil, and he had not the slightest notion of disturbing it in the South.

Thereupon the greatest civil war since feudal times broke out, and ended with the temporary subjugation of the South and the liberation and enfranchisement of the Africans. In that awful conflict this western pioneer, Lincoln, was commander-in-chief of the northern states' armies and navy. The suspension of the writ of habeas corpus and the erection of many military districts made him dictator for about four years. He could, and did, send for critics of his policy and put them in prison, just as the czar does.

This Dictator, personally, was one of the "characters" of the whole world's history. He was taller than the Ancestor himself — hardly anybody of the younger generations alive today realize how exceeding tall he was. He had bigger feet and hands than Washington. He, also, like Henry of Navarre and George Washington, was a "strong man." Nobody ever fooled with him. While he was out in the spot-light of history, nobody ever got him fighting mad.

I never saw him. But I felt him plainly — telepathically — so did every other western Union person in the North. I was ten years old, at Lima, a hamlet of northwestern Indiana. He was at Springfield, Illinois, telling stories. Those yarns would reach our town commons in a week's time. The Douglas boys cried: "Hurrah for Lincoln, and a rope to hang him." Then we cried: "Hurrah for Douglas, and a nigger to skin 'im, and a bottle of whiskey to drown him in." We didn't believe Lincoln would be elected — he was too good a fellow—he didn't put on dignity, like the preacher, the doctor, the lawyer, the banker.

We, of course, thought he was more of an Abolitionist than he really was in 1860. We thought that hanging old John Brown ought to make an Abolitionist out of even Douglas—and practically it did.

II

There is a strong likeness between Lincoln leaving Springfield for Washington and George Washington leaving Mt. Vernon for Philadelphia, to see if there would be a constitutional convention. Both men were dreadfully blue — but Lincoln was well, while Washington had his arm in a sling from rheumatism.

Abraham Lincoln was the small boy's idol. But we thought he was too kind. He stood too much from Buell, McClellan, Halleck. We stopped playing sheep-in-the-pen to lament it. Young men would go by, wounded the week before at Shiloh or Stone River, and we would keep on playing, pretending we didn't see it.

Abraham Lincoln had to log-roll, too. He was forced to give cabinet positions to the ever envious Chase; to old Simon Cameron, who was no saint at all; and to Seward, to whom the nomination had naturally belonged, because he was a real emancipator. Lincoln had to keep Horace Greeley in good humor. He had two scorpions in his presidential basket, James Gordon Bennett in the East, Brick Pomeroy in the West. Both exploited the southern theory that Abraham Lincoln was "an anthropoid ape"—a gorilla. That was because Lincoln was not pretty, like Chase, or Sumner. Now Jeff Davis was no prize-taker either, and Abraham Lincoln could give him all sorts of odds on kindness.

III

But, above all, it is totally impossible to sketch Abraham Lincoln without his funny stories — they were frequently parables. For instance, when he arrived at Washington the radicals, of course, thought it was they who were elected. They thought in their hearts, "Now we've got ye," and wanted to know if he were going to ride to the capitol alone, or let Buchanan take him there, which was according to the custom. "That reminds me," said Lincoln, "of the witness in a lawsuit, who looked like a Quaker. When he arose to take the oath he was asked by the judge, who seemed puzzled, whether he wished to swear or affirm. 'I don't care a damn which,' said the witness."

A delegation asked the appointment of a man in delicate health, to go to the balmy latitudes of the Sandwich Islands. "Gentlemen," said Lincoln, "I am sorry that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man."

The office-seekers told Uncle Abe that he had been exposed to the smallpox. "I'm glad of it," he said, "for now I'm going to have something I can give to everybody."

A man wanted a pass into Richmond. "Happy to oblige you. Fact is, though, I've given passes to 250,000 men to go to Richmond, and as yet not one has reached the place."

Fairfax was raided and a brigadier-general and a number of horses were captured. "Well, I'm sorry on account of the horses. I can make a brigadier-general in five minutes, but it isn't an easy matter to replace 110 horses."

He did not like the dress coats and kid gloves of the East. Gentlemen wearing this sort of outfit were hotly insistent that he should "free the negroes." "Where are you going, my son?" he said to Robert, seeing him in a dress suit. The son told him he was to attend a banquet given by Senator Sumner in honor of Professor Longfellow. "Go, my son," the president said, "but if you are able to hold a respectable conversation for fifteen minutes with those gentlemen, you'll do more than your father ever did." This Herndon tells, and I believe it.

III

Gradually everybody could see that it was "a war to free the negroes." There came draft riots in that same old city of New York that had grieved George Washington. There came Butternut and Copperhead conventions. Brick Pomeroy, old Storey at Chicago, and Bennett at New York, (like the newspaper called *Pere Duchesne* at Paris in 1793) were "in a furious passion tonight." The military criticism regarding Grant and Sherman was particularly sharp. Lincoln delivered Mason and Slidell to England, encouraged Juarez in Mexico; set down Vallandigham of Ohio within the Confederate lines; moderated the tone of Seward's documents; made peace as often as war. Finally, when the time was sufficiently ripe, he issued the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation. On September 22, 1862, he informed all regions in rebellion, naming them and excepting certain counties, that their slaves would be free January 1, 1863, unless they ceased to defy the authority of the United States. It was not abolition as a principle—it was a threat of emancipation in rebellious regions as a measure of war. He called the members of the cabinet and, summarizing his thoughts and feelings, he told them this proclamation and no other would be issued. Governor Seward, secretary of state, suggested a slight change, which was adopted; a day or two later he suggested still another, which was likewise adopted. The president asked the governor why he had not mentioned both changes at once, but Governor Seward did not seem to give a satisfactory answer and left the room.

"Seward," said Lincoln, "reminds me of a hired man who came to a farmer and told him that one of a favorite yoke of oxen had fallen down dead. After a pause, the hired man added: 'And the other ox in that team is dead, too.' 'Why didn't you tell me at once that both the oxen were dead?' said the farmer. 'Because I didn't want to hurt you by telling you too much at one time.'"

He was more than pleased with the bravery shown by the colored regiments at Petersburg, for he had been bitterly opposed in commissioning them. He was talking to Grant. "I think, general, we can say of the black boys what a country fellow who was an old-time abolitionist in Illinois said when he went went to a theater in Chicago and saw Forrest playing 'Othello.' He didn't know the tragedian was a white man blacked up for the purpose. After the play was over, the folks who had invited him to go to the show wanted to know what he thought of the actors, and he said: 'Waal, layin' aside all sectional prejudices and any partiality I may have for the race, durned if I don't think the nigger held his own with *any* on 'em.'"

As Abraham Lincoln entered Richmond, the picture of the freed slaves gathering about him and hailing him with sharp cries as their deliverer, would have convinced anybody that freedom is a precious thing in the opinion of those who have been denied it.

IV

They say he never forgot a face. When the soldiers came back after the war, a good many of them went to see Old Abe, and there is a story to show how tall he was. In 1840 he had taken dinner with a Sanagmon County farmer. Now this "embattled farmer" shook hands with the triumphant president.

"Yes," said Lincoln, "I remember you. You used to live on the Danville road. I took dinner with you when I was running for the legislature. I recollect that we stood talking at the barnyard gate while I sharpened my jackknife." "Ya-as," said the old soldier, "so you did. But, say, wherever did ye put that whetstone? I looked for it a dozen times, but I never could find it after the day you used it. We 'lowed as how mebby you took it along with ye." "No," said Lincoln, "I put it on top of that gate-post — that high one." "Well, mebby you did, now. Couldn't nobody else have put it up there, and none of us ever thought to look up there for it." The soldier was soon at home. He wrote at once to his friend Abe Lincoln that he had found the whetstone on top of the tall post, where it had lain untouched for fifteen years, and he did not think it would ever be lost again.

V

I have been witness of the sincere public grief at the times of the death of McKinley, Grant and Garfield, but now let me speak of the effect of Booth's deed. The people had been schooled in blood; the ghastly deeds of war were come to be familiar. But that Father Abraham was no more! — that an assassin, instead of bearing away the aid and consolation of Father Abraham, had slain him! — it surpassed even the infernal realities of war. There settled over the land a period of such gloom as history does not record of other epochs and ages. On the Sunday following, the Wednesday following, through the slow weeks thereafter, men heard the passionate sobbings of their eloquent of speech, and truly were broken-hearted in the general woe. It was like the Last Day is painted. It seemed the air was thick and sulphurous. Men were too sick with sorrow to call for vengeance, or to pronounce the name of the wretched man who had betrayed his race. It was an awful crime against Mercy, Charity, Peace — all the sweet angels.

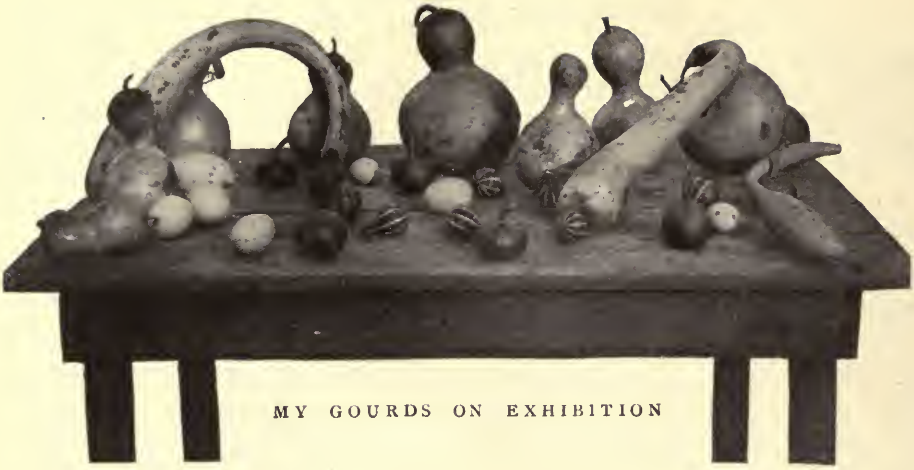
Thus suddenly passed a great moral hero. He, more than any other man of whom the books preserve long narratives, was a living example of the efficacy of gentleness and moral suasion as auxiliaries of force and arms. In all our catalogues of men he stands as the foremost personal example of patience and forebearance. Patriots named him their savior; slaves hailed him their liberator; orphans considered him their father.

Without extinction is Liberty! without retrograde is Equality!
They live in the feelings of young men, and the best women;
Not for nothing have the indomitable heads of the Earth been always ready to fall for
Liberty.

* * * * * *

For the Great Idea!
That, O my brethren, — that is the mission of Poets.

— *Walt Whitman* ("*Marches Now the War is Over.*")



MY GOURDS ON EXHIBITION

GOURDS AND THEIR USES

By Kate Sanborn

Author of "Adopting An Abandoned Farm," etc

"BREEZY MEADOWS," METCALF, MASSACHUSETTS

GOURDS are queer things, and very little has been written about them; indeed I could find but one article in Poole's invaluable Index, and that was by Grant Allen, the English scientist. He devoted several pages to Gourds and Bottles, beginning with a description of his purchase of two gourd-shaped vases at a Moorish shop. At the wine shop next door he discovered a string of gourds which seemed to have been models for the Kabyle vases. He bought two of these and hung them up as a perpetual reminder of the true origin of all bottles known either to barbarous or civilized peoples. He says that even the familiar brown glass receptacle out of which we pour Bass's beer derives its shape ultimately from the Mediterranean gourd; and every other form of bottle in the known world is equally based, in the last report, upon some member of the gourd family.

Gourds have never been properly recognized, for on them, with their close congeners, the tropical calabashes, the entire art and mystery of pottery ultimately depend. Their shapes are manifold; there is the common, double-bulging form, constricted in the middle—the little bulb above and the big one below, usd so frequently as a water bottle; the flask shape and the bowl; egg shapes from the size of a hen's egg to that of an ostrich; some resemble pears, others are close imitations of oranges in size and color; some look like cucumbers and a few aspire to a trombone effect. Besides, gourds, while growing, can be made to assume almost any desired form by tying strings or wire around their rind. Mr. Allen says he has seen gourds treated in this manner which have been twisted into the semblance of powder-horns or wallets, and others which have been induced to ring themselves 'round half a dozen times over till they looked like beads on a necklace. The African calabashes are often six feet long and eighteen inches around.

The gourd is a cucumber by family, belonging to the same great group as the melon, the pumpkin, and the vegetable marrow, all annuals, all with tremendous vegetative energy. Whittier evidently knew this, for in his poem on "The Pumpkin" he says:

"O, greenly fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run."

"Probably man's earliest lesson in the fictile art was accidental; savages putting water to warm in a gourd, over the camp-fire, would smear wet clay on the bottom, to keep it from burning; when the clay was fine enough, it would form a mold, bake hard in shape and be used again and again in the same way, and at last be used more than the original gourd, which would soon be burnt out." So cooking utensils of various shapes easily originated.

At the close of his most interesting article, Grant Allen says: "I believe it would be possible so to arrange all the keramic products of other nations in a great museum, along a series of divergent radial lines from certain fixed centers, that the common origin of all from each special sort of gourd or calabash would become immediately obvious to the most casual observer." It is refreshing to me to get an entirely new idea like that, and I gladly pass it along with my own little experience.

Walking along Broadway one October afternoon, I was attracted by a collection of large gourds dug out for drinking-cups, dippers, vases and bottles and for sale on a little stand by a street vendor. I purchased two, and use one as a hanging basket for vines and the other as a dipper to water the flowers in my tiny conservatory. This set me to looking up gourds, and precious little could I find.

The Bible and Shakespeare each contribute; six verses are devoted to the gourd which protected Jonah, and in Shakespeare's time loaded dice were called gourds. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor," we read:

For gourd and fulham holds
And "high" and "low" beguile the rich and poor.

In Orlando Furioso we learn that gourds were used in the Middle Ages for corks.

Food for the departed is left by New Zealanders in sacred calabashes.

A traveler assures us that there is nothing more exhilarating than the clang of gourds, half a dozen of them, tossing in the air, and being beaten by savage palms in a hula-hula dance.

Alice Morse Earle, in her "Home Life in Colonial Days," says that gourds were plentiful on the farm, and gathered with care, that the hard-shelled fruit might be shaped into simple drinking-cups. In Elizabeth's time silver cups were made in the shape of these gourds. Gourd shells made capital skimmers, dippers and bottles.

Mrs. Clay of Alabama, in her book, "A Belle of the Fifties," says while recounting the hardships endured by southern women during the very uncivil Civil War: "For the making of our toilettes, we discovered the value of certain gourds when used as wash-cloths. Their wearing qualities were wonderful; the more one used them, the softer they became."

Gourds are especially cultivated in China, for they are emblems of happiness and it was the custom of the Empress to offer one with her own white hands to each of the dignitaries who come to pay his court to her, in exchange for the magnificent presents he brought her. So says Pierre Loti in his story of "The Last Days of Pekin."

One curious variety is the Mock Orange, or Chili-Coyote, or the Calabazilla. The rough, ill-smelling foliage of

A PRIZE TO THE GOURD-RAISER WHO BEATS THIS

the Chili-Coyote is a common sight in California, where it is found trailing over many a field; but woe to the negligent farmer who allows the pest to get foothold, for it will cost him a small fortune to eradicate it. It sends down into the earth an enormous root six feet long and often as broad. When the gourds are ripe, these vines look like the dumping ground for numerous poor, discarded oranges.

Notwithstanding its unsavory character, the various parts of this vine are put to use, especially among the Spanish-Californians and Indians. The root is a purgative more powerful than croton-oil; when pounded to a pulp it is used as a soap which cleanses as nothing else can. The leaves are highly valued for medicinal purposes and the pulp of the green fruit, mixed with soap, is said to remove stains from clothing. The Indians eat the seeds when ground and made into a mush. The early Californian women used the gourds as darning balls.

Do you want to raise some gourds? Any florist's catalogue will furnish a long list from which to select. I bought all the varieties, and the result was something amazing. All responded nobly, true to description. Large, very large, small, tiny and medium sizes—the shapes were wonderful and the colors beautiful. I exhibited some of the most curious at a country fair where they received admiring attention, for few knew what they were. I had a lot dug out for dippers, cups, vases, and how pretty vines looked peeping out from the holes in a large specimen which measured nearly a yard in circumference at the largest part, sixteen inches at the neck and seven at the top. Many were given to friends for darning balls; the pear-shaped beauties striped in green, yellow and a white line, I found would take an autograph and a quotation, and so served as souvenirs of a visit to Breezy Meadows; *a la* the Chinese Empress.

I suggest that some money could be made by cultivating gourds; training them in odd or artistic shapes, then removing the pulp from the shells, and so revive the popularity and usefulness of these interesting growths. For two years I have trained the common pumpkin as a running vine on a wire trellis; the blossoms are numerous and brilliantly effective, while the gorgeous pumpkins would hang securely from a slender stalk apparently as content as when on the ground, half buried in leaves. Do try that another Spring; you will be delighted.

I read that the size of a pumpkin ranges from the dimensions of an apple to fifty or seventy pounds in weight. In England, it has been suggested that railway banks might be made productive of a great quantity of human food by planting them with gourds, as pumpkins and cucumbers.

And that's all I know of this subject.

"WE, THE PEOPLE"

By Sarah D. Hobart

FALL RIVER, WISCONSIN

I

FOR our own birthright and the right of those,
Our children's children, who shall fill our place,
To shield the land from rupture and disgrace,
And turn undaunted faces to her foes,—
We claim that freedom which our laws disclose
As meet and best for all the human race.
The primal instinct nothing can efface
That wakes the slave from shamefulest repose.
We will be free! No tyrant's clanking chain
Shall bind and deaden heart and brain and soul.
For each and all the blessing shall remain
Blending discordance in one perfect whole.
And all the hapless, through their loss and pain,
Shall strive with us toward the far-off goal.

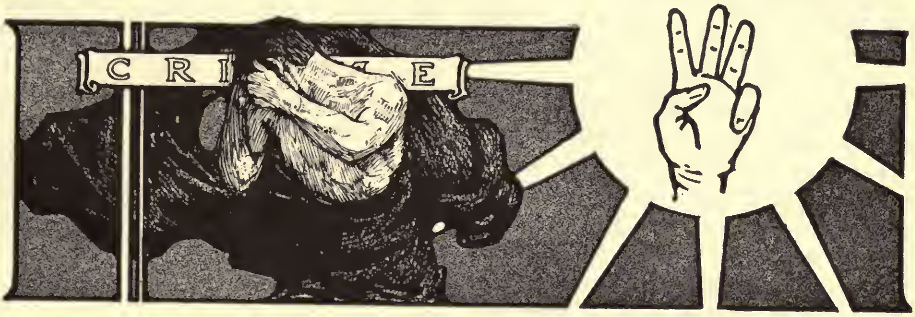
II

Because of all the falsehood and deceit
That mark the records of the ages past,—
The dawning day with darkness overcast,
The hope whose promise only came to fleet,—
We spread a pathway for the nation's feet,
A glorious way that shall forever last.
With ours the common lot of all is cast,
The march is joined and there is no retreat.
We will be true. From farthest sea to sea,
Our word shall stand unchallenged, unforsworn:
On outmost heights the banner of the free
For truth and right shall be forever borne:
Our righteous laws, our ultimate decree,
Shall be the refuge of the most forlorn

III

Because of all the travail and the woe
Through which the race has passed to reach this height,
We will not with our evil cloud the light
That dawned on ruined altars long ago.
Each for the rest, our human tide shall flow
A mighty flood against the walls of night;
And wrong shall perish in its own despite,
And greed lie buried in its overthrow.
We will be just; no soul within our bound
Shall be defrauded of his manly due;
No cringing, goaded slave shall here be found;
No victim for requital vainly sue.
Our widening lands shall all be hallowed ground
Bearing a people holy, brave and true.

The K·K·K



By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

PREFACE

FEW intelligent persons in this country can have failed to note the rapid growth of mob law among us in the last few years. Formerly the punishment of offenders was the business of the courts, and illegal executions in the name of justice were never resorted to except in rare instances when some deed of peculiar atrocity stirred an entire community to frenzy. Now human beings are frequently sent out of the world by hasty assemblages of excited men, not only in open defiance of the authorities but often where the offense charged would not have been punishable with death under the law. In some instances, to our shame as a people be it said, the irresponsible mob has burned helpless captives at the stake, thus introducing to an enlightened country a practice hitherto unknown except among the most cruel savages.

Surely the time has come when serious inquiry should be made into the causes back of this rapidly growing evil, with the view of staying its further progress if possible. Having been for a number of years the judge of a court in my state with criminal jurisdiction, I have become convinced that the only reason why good citizens countenance mob violence is that they have lost faith in the ability of the courts to deal effectually with crime. They weary of the delay attending criminal prosecutions, and the frequent failure of justice in the end exasperates them. If this be true then the remedy for mob law is to substitute for it speedy trial and prompt punishment of all offenders, through our regularly established courts of justice.

In dealing with criminals, we had for the present better err on the side of too much despatch than to pursue further the procrastinating methods that have awakened a protest in the minds of thousands of the soberest men in the country, and brought some portions of our wide republic to the verge of anarchy.

In framing the present story it was my purpose to show on the one hand hand how easily the vengeance of a mob may be misplaced, and on the other how provoking to the patience of those interested in the suppression of crime and the preservation of order must be the progress of a modern criminal trial as it drags its slow length along through the courts. Some of the incidents here narrated are real, others fictitious, and I have endeavored to weave them all into a story that, while carrying a moral with it, would not be without interest to the general reader. The name of the book, I may add, was taken from that of a secret society, which, soon after the close of the Civil War, was organized in my community for the purpose of administering speedy justice to evil-doers at a time when this end could not be attained through the courts. The title, therefore, when chosen, was not without significance to me, though doubtless it will be meaningless to most of those who glance over my pages.

I am aware of the fact that this story lacks the polish it would have possessed had it come from more skillful hands. It was written, however, for the honest purpose of striking at a grave existing evil, and, such as it is, I send it forth without apology, hoping it may find a few friends among the millions of readers in this great country, and be in the end productive of some good.

The Author

I

IN WHICH THE READER IS TAKEN TO A GOODLY LAND AND INTRODUCED TO PLEASANT COMPANY

IF you ever take occasion to descend the Cumberland river by steamer from Nashville, Tennesse, you will observe on the right bank of that picturesque stream, not far from the rapids called Harpeth Shoals, a rolling tract of highlands extending for some distance along your route and stretching as far back into the interior as the eye can reach. This highland territory is known to the dwellers within its borders and the good folk of the region roundabout as "The Marrowbone Hills." It embraces a considerable expanse of country, but as it recedes northwardly narrows some distance out from the river into a long and precipitous neck of upland, which, for some mysterious reason, has been dubbed "Paradise Ridge." I say for some mysterious reason this rugged elevation has been so designated, but the old settlers thereabouts will tell you that the "movers," trekking from Carolina and Virginia, a hundred years ago, and encountering this formidable obstacle in their path, named it "Paradise Ridge" in fine scorn. Lumbering farm wagons, often a dozen or more together, constituted the transportation trains of that early period, and to surmount this frowning barrier with such a vehicle, well laden with wife, children and household goods, was a feat scarcely paralleled by the notable one of Bonaparte's crossing the Alps. In spite of vigorous application of the lash and the liberal use of profanity, the desperate teams often stalled here on the upward climb, and when the summit at last was reached and the descent on the opposite side begun, the situation was found to be changed by no means for the better.

Notwithstanding locked wheels and constant tugging against the breeching on the part of the hindmost mules, the conveyance now went forward at headlong rate, bumping against huge boulders, and scattering the fearful housewife's plunder, with now and then a few of the children, promiscuously along the route. Oftentimes spokes and tires were smashed, axles broken, or tongues shattered, and it took days to mend up and start afresh on the journey to a new home in the wilderness. All this was in the good old times that we dream so fondly about, and which nobody in his senses would like to have restored. The railroad from St. Louis to Nashville now cleaves in twain this exasperating Paradise Ridge, and the sleepy traveler may glide smoothly down from Ridgetop to Baker's, at the foot, without ever being aroused from his nap.

The Marrowbone Hills, however, lie back of the narrow ridge just described, which stretches out from among them like the crooked handle of a gourd. The hill country proper is a pleasant land, where moderate heights and fertile valleys, wooded tracts, cleared fields and running waters greet the eye of the traveler in agreeable diversity. The soil, even on the steep hillsides, yields a fair return to honest labor, and the atmosphere, owing to the general elevation of the country, is bracing and healthy nearly all the year 'round. The plain farmer folk who till the earth and spend their days here seldom achieve, or aspire to, great wealth, but they constitute a manly class who hold their heads up and generally manage — as they themselves frequently boast — to get through life without begging, borrowing or stealing.

Close to the borders of this hill region may be seen a singular succession of high, conical mounds, called knobs; and beyond these stretches a broad, level expanse of country as productive and beautiful to the eye as ever the crow flew over. In this lowland territory the dwellers are more pretentious than on the hills, and the soil for the most part is cultivated by negroes. These, as elsewhere at the South, constitute a class to themselves, and would prove more satisfactory as laborers but for their unfortunate propensity to shift their dwelling places with a frequency that is discouraging to the land-owner, and oftentimes baffling to the would-be collectors of poll tax. As it is, the relation between the two races is by no means unkindly, though the negroes are a little too suspicious of the good intentions of the whites, and the latter, as a rule, too prone to charge up to the inferior race all offenses of whatever description that cannot be immediately traced to some other source.

At the time when my story begins — for I may as well confess now to the gentle reader that it is my purpose to inflict upon him a narrative in which fact is more or less mingled with fiction — there stood within the confines of the hill country, but not far from the border line, the substantial log house of an old woman who had dwelt there in peace and comparative comfort nearly all her days. She owned a snug little farm about her home, or rather, had a life interest in the property, for the fee at her death vested in her granddaughter, a comely girl of some eighteen years, who dwelt with her. The old lady, Mrs. Susan Bascombe, was altogether illiterate, but honest, independent, courageous beyond most of her sex, and possessed of a fund of native good sense which stood her often in hand when mere "book-l'arnin'" would have been of no avail. She was quite an original character—this Widow Bascombe, as she was usually called — decidedly sharp-tongued when she fancied occasion demanded, but as a general thing kindly in her deportment toward others and very popular with her neighbors.

Her granddaughter and namesake was, I make bold to say, as handsome and spirited a damsel as could have been found within the length and breadth of the Marrowbone Hills, or, for that matter, within the whole country far and near, without restriction of territory. The father and mother of the girl had both died when she was a wee thing and left her to the care of the old lady, who had raised her and endeavored to train her up in the way she should go. As she grew to womanhood the neighbors about did not fail to note that she had inherited from her grandmother a tall and shapely person and that she resembled the old widow also in being the possessor of a strong character, of which self-reliance constituted the principal trait. In one particular the girl had decidedly the advantage of the elder female, and that was in the matter of education. She had trotted back and forth as a child to the rough log schoolhouse in her neighborhood — wagging often under a load of books that would have borne her down if she had not been strong for her years — and had so acquired smattering information upon many subjects and genuine knowledge of a few. She was quick-witted, like her grandmother, and very ambitious, so that the pupil who stood above her in her classes was required to rise early and retire late. At this backwoods institution little Sue Bascombe, having no sensational novels to devour, acquired a taste for solid reading which she afterward cultivated at home in the midst of increasing household duties. By the time she had donned long skirts and abandoned her school satchel she was quite a superior sort of young person, mentally as well as physically, and could more justly have been deemed thoroughly accomplished than many a graduate from a famed city academy.

The house where the two women dwelt was a double log structure with an open passageway between the lower rooms, such as are still quite common in that part of the country. It was a storey and a half high and the two contracted apartments above were used, the one as a general lumber room, the other as a snug dormitory, where the grateful wayfarer was allowed to repose in a fat feather-bed, with about six inches of breathing space betwixt his nose and the well-seasoned rafters overhead. The genteel room of the mansion was below and across the open passageway from that occupied by the widow and her granddaughter. This special company room had great brass dog-irons on the hearth, in the well-scrubbed knobs of which one might detect his own countenance dancing about when the fire was briskly ablaze. There was a high-post bed here, with a canopy overhead, which was seldom occupied, and indeed was kept more for ornament than utility. A young man of scholastic attainments and solemn demeanor boarded with the family during the pedagogic months of the year; but though he was permitted to use the company room for chat and study during his sojourn, he was required always to betake himself to the cuddy apartment upstairs when bedtime came. He was now absent upon his Summer vacation, whiling away the time with some distant relatives who had consented to supply him with food and lodging for the benefit of his society.

The schoolmaster being away, the old lady and her granddaughter were left alone in the house, but they were not apprehensive of danger or specially lonely, for they were not timid and had come to derive a good deal of comfort from each other's society. Besides, there were kindly neighbors scattered around them, and visits from one or more of these was an almost daily occurrence. On the widow's farm, about a half-mile from the dwelling, a negro named Sandy Kinchen lived in a single-room cabin with his wife and one child. His closest friend was a little dog of the fox-terrier variety, and the general opinion in regard to them both was that they were no better than they should be. This Kinchen, with his dog at his heels, would tramp the country all night in search of 'coons and 'possums, or on worse business, but could seldom be induced to tread a corn furrow or tobacco row by day with the view of paying his rent or earning a support for his family. He was indeed a worthless fellow, and little thought of by the neighbors, many of whom expressed surprise that the old widow would suffer him to loaf about on her premises. Leaving his laziness out of the question, however, no worse was suspected of him as yet than that he cherished an undue fondness for watermelons not grown in his own patch and chickens that roosted away from his wife's hen-house.

At the time of the year which I write — it was an evening in early June — the leaves on the trees had but recently come to full growth and there was a newness and freshness about the verdure everywhere that presently would be dulled by the scorching heat of Summer and the dust from the roads and fields. The sun had just disappeared behind the crest of a high hill that loomed up immediately back of the old farm-house and a deep shadow had crept across the yard and was now encroaching upon a little piece of meadow land that lay in front beyond the highway. Sue Bascombe had stood for some minutes in the open doorway of the family room, looking down the road toward the level country, as if she expected someone to approach from that direction. Near the center of the room her grandmother sat in a split-bottomed chair smoking a cob pipe. Early as the hour was, the two had supped and all evidences of the evening meal had been cleared away. The girl stood in the open doorway with her arms folded and her head resting carelessly against the framework on her right. She was trim and square-shouldered, with a good suit of black hair and eyes to match. A stranger could not have failed to notice the striking resemblance between herself and grandmother, notwithstanding the great disparity in their ages.

"You needn't look so hard, Sue," remarked the old lady, removing the pipe from her mouth as she spoke. "Looking won't fetch him, child."

"I'm not trying to fetch him," answered the girl with a trace of resentment at the insinuation, "If he doesn't want to come, he can stay away."

The old woman laughed. "Somebody would have a fit of the blues ef he did," she replied, and began sucking at her pipe-stem again.

The girl made no answer. Her grandmother smoked on in silence a while longer. Then she continued between whiffs: "Wal, wal, honey, I ain't a blamin' you for bein' a little anxious: I 'members the time when I'd a been anxious too ef my beau hadn't turned up jest at the very minute he sot. Gals is gals; gals is gals."

"I'm not anxious, Granny," remarked the young lady in the doorway.

"Naw, you ain't, and yit you is. Wal, wal, I used to be a gal myself, and I find fault with no person for bein' a gal. Times has changed, though, sence I was a gal. Laws a mussy, jess to think how times has changed. The Pearsons, they used to be regular high-flyers, and your grandpappy, you know, he was a overseer—"

"I hope he was a good one," interjected Sue, who had family pride of the right sort.

"That's what he was," replied the old woman promptly. "He was giv' up to be the best in all the country. Up and down, far and wide, there wa'n't no better overseer than Lemuel Bascombe, and them that says to the contrary tells what ain't so. Times has changed, though, as I was a sayin'; times has changed. Laws a mussy, jess to think of it! This here world moves round and round; and some goes up while some comes down. That's a true word as ever was spoke. Your grandpappy, Lemuel Bascombe—folks called him Lem for short—used to oversee for Ran Pearson's daddy. That was in the old times, child, the old times. One lived at the big house then and t'other at the quarter. I remember it all as well as if it had been yistiddy. Mighty stuck up, I tell you, was ole Mis Pearson, Ran's mammy; mighty stuck up; mighty stuck up. When she driv by in her carriage she hilt her head high, and was jess as like not to speak to a body as to speak. Proud she was, I tell you, and her ways was ways of grandeur. That was in the long time ago, and now here's her own dear son a hitchin' his hoss at my gate and a comin' in to keep company with my granddarter. Wal, wal; will wonders never cease?"

"He needn't come, I'm sure, unless he wants to," retorted Miss Sue, tossing her head.

"Mighty uppish, mighty uppish;" replied old Mrs. Bascombe, surveying her granddaughter, however, with considerable pride as she spoke. 'Wal, wal; we'll let bygones be bygones—that's the best way. Ran Pearson is a clever fellow, Sue; and it never hurt anybody yit that he come of a good fambly. Even a dog of good breed is better'n a low-down cur. Ran is a gentleman, a gentleman born, and a gentleman in his ways, and them what says to the contrary tells what ain't so. To be sho, to be sho, he's gittin' along now to be considerable of a old bachelor, considerable of a old bachelor, but he can't help that."

"He's not forty yet," replied the girl.

"Ef he ain't," replied the old woman, "he's so nigh thar ain't no fun in it. Lemme see," taking her pipe from her mouth to reflect, "come thirty-nine year next November—or was it thirty-eight? But that's neither here nor thar. Ran is old enough to be stiddy, and yit he ain't hurt with age. That much anybody can say for him and tell no lie. He ain't put on specks yit and he's still supple in his j'ints; but he's gittin' along, gittin' along, Ran is. Ef him and a right spry young chap was sparkin' the same gal, I'm afraid he'd git left; but when it's a race 'twixt him and a poke-easy fellow like the schoolmarster—I'll lay my last dollar on Ran."

"The schoolmaster, fiddlesticks," rejoined the young lady impatiently. "Who's thinking of him?"

"Ah, never mind, never mind," answered the old woman. "I tell you what—"

"What does he care for me, I'd like to know?" interrupted the girl.

"He cares a heap for you," replied her grandmother, "and you know it as well as you know you're standin' thar."

"He wouldn't give a page of his dry Latin and Greek for the best girl in Marrowbone Hills," said Miss Sue.

"He'd put all his books in a pile and burn 'em for Sue Bascombe; and you needn't let on like you don't think he would," replied the old lady.

"He's downright stupid," cried Miss Sue from her place in the doorway. "He's stupid as an owl, for all he's so dreadfully wise."

"He's a fine young fellow," answered old Mrs. Bascombe, "and the best gal in the country might be proud to git him."

"I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for him," said Sue, suiting the action to the word, and snapping her middle finger sharply against her thumb.

"You mout go further and do wuss," retorted the old woman, who never allowed herself to be worsted in debate if she could help it.

What further would have followed between these two high-spirited females must forever remain a matter of conjecture, for at this moment the sound of a horse's feet was heard up the road and the girl abruptly left the doorway. She lit a candle that stood on a little shelf against the wall — it was now growing dark in the room — and taking up a brush and comb began to arrange her hair. She did not need to primp much, for she had been expecting her visitor, but a few touches at the last moment are never out of place. The mirror before which she stood was an old-fashioned looking-glass, with two ships depicted at the top sailing over a singularly blue sea. About half her figure was reflected in this, and she had no reason to be dissatisfied with the hurried inspection she took of her person. After a few moments spent in tidying, she blew out the candle, and, crossing the open passageway into the spare room, lit a lamp that stood on a center table there. The old woman, without invitation, arose and followed her. She was fond of company, and she didn't believe in leaving unmarried people of different sexes to themselves. She took her seat in a large arm-chair by the lamp and began knitting industriously, rocking back and forth as she did so. Sue went to the window curtains and gave them a shake, though there wasn't anything specially the matter with them. She then searched the corners of the room with a keen eye for cobwebs, but none was visible. A step was now heard in the passage, and afterward a rap on the bare floor, made with the heavy end of a riding-whip or the heel of a boot.

"Come in," cried Sue.

The visitor who entered at this invitation looked to be forty years of age, if he wasn't. The hair on the summit of his head was decidedly thin, so much so that his pate glistened through it in places, but it could not be fairly said as yet that he was bald. His face was serious — a good, honest face one would say—and in manner he was rather retiring. Indeed, there was a sort of stiffness about him as he returned their salutation, which indicated that he was not entirely at ease in company; and this perhaps was the highest compliment he could have paid those on whom he had called. It was convincing proof that while the old woman might have considered it a half-condescension on his part to visit them, there was no such idea predominant in his own mind. Randolph Pearson always felt somewhat constrained in the presence of females, for he had never been a society man. His father had been wealthy, but extravagant, and the son at his death inherited from him a comparatively small patrimony. He had added to this materially, however, by frugality, sobriety and strict attention to his business, and by pursuing this course for a number of years had finally won for himself among the good ladies of the vicinity the double reputation of being a desirable catch and a confirmed old bachelor. He had begun casting a wistful eye upon the Bascombe girl while she was yet tramping to and from the country school-house, loaded down with books. When she grew up to be a young lady, and a handsome one to boot, he made bold to call upon her, and as this was a startling step for a man of his habits, his first visit set the tongue of rumor wagging in his neighborhood most industriously.

Between two entertaining females, Mr. Pearson managed on this occasion to while away the time quite agreeably. He discoursed with the old lady about the best method of protecting her fowls from varmints and the safest preventive against the ravages of the potato bug in her garden. He listened politely while she indulged in reminiscences of the days when her husband — Lem Bascombe, folks called him—was overseer for his father.

"Terbacker brought better figgers them times than nowadays. All you had to do was to haul it to the river, and it floated down natural to New Ileens. Now it's got to be loaded on the steam cars, and drug across the country away off to New York, and that costs money. Three acres of terbacker them times was a average crop for a field hand, and he had to tend it or take the consequences. Now, bless your life, niggers is too genteel to sile thar fingers with suckers and horn-worms. 'Stidder puttin' in thar best licks on the farm, they go trapesing about with guns, shootin' rabbits and plottin' all manner of devilment agin the whites."

Miss Sue was a party to much of the above promiscuous talk, occasionally agreeing with her grandmother, sometimes taking issue with her stoutly. Now and then a subject was sprung where the discourse for a time was necessarily between the damsel and her steady-going wooer, but on the whole it would have been difficult to tell from the drift of the talk whether Pearson's visit was to the old lady, the young lady, or the family. He remained until nine o'clock —which is considered honest bedtime in the Marrowbone Hills — and when he took his departure the girl accompanied him out to the stile block. There presumably they had some chat of a nature customary and proper between bachelor and maiden who contemplate establishing between themselves a firmer and more lasting union. Even this confidential confab, however, was of no great duration, and, after the lapse of a further half-hour, the visitor mounted and rode away. The girl stood at the fence till the sound of the horse's feet had died away in the distance. Then she walked slowly back to the house. She fastened the windows down in the spare room, extinguished the light and locked the door. This done, she crossed the passageway to the apartment occupied by herself and grandmother. The old lady had preceded her and was now preparing for bed; but the girl took her stand again in the open doorway, as she had done in the early evening. The night was pleasant, and not very dark. There were stars a-plenty in the blue vault of the sky, but no moon.

II

A MIDNIGHT ALARM

THE girl stood in the doorway and looked up at the sky and out into the dim night for some time. "Somehow, I feel lonesome tonight, Granny," she said, after a while, without turning her head. "I wonder what's the matter with me?"

"Go to bed, go to bed," said the old woman, "and git up early in the mornin', an' let's have breakfast betimes."

The girl made no reply, but continued looking out across the little meadow in front of the house. She could discern dim outlines beyond, but no objects could be distinguished. A screech-owl, from a dead tree in the wood, set up his harrowing cry.

"Heigho," said the girl, after a silence of some minutes, "somehow I feel lonesome tonight."

"Go to bed, go to bed," repeated the old woman. "Thar ain't but two ways to drive off a lonesome feel. One is to drap off to sleep and furgit it; t'other is to lay to and work like the mischief."

"What was that Mr. Pearson said

about the robbers breaking into Lipscombe's house and stealing his watch and money?"

"He said they done it, that's all."

"Tramps?" inquired the girl.

"Niggers," answered the old woman.

"I know in reason they was niggers. In these parts they is gettin' wuss and wuss. They always would take little things when nobody wa'n't lookin'. Now they break in at night and rob and murder, and the Lord knows what. I dunno what the country is a comin' to."

"It was last Saturday night, he said."

"Yes, Sadday night, Sadday night. That's the devil's own night. Low-lived folks makes out to kinder behave theyselves during the week, but let Sadday night come and they loads up on mean whiskey and plays the wild. Whiskey and the devil go together, and have done so sence the world begun."

"This is Saturday night, Granny."

"So 'tis, so 'tis. I clean forgot. Wal, mark my words; the next time you read your paper you'll find whar some devilment's been did tonight. Thar was Abe Standfield, for an insty, a ridin' home on a Sadday night, and shot down dead from a cornder of the fence. Johnny Allbright was tuck up for it and it went pooty hard with him."

"Did they hang him?"

"Naw, naw; naw, naw. They seesawed and seesawed 'twixt courts and courts with him. They drug him here and thar, and lawyers, judges, witnesses and clerks all sot on him more times 'n I've got fingers and toes. They worried him till his head turned gray, and after so long a time 'mongst hands of 'em they got all his money and turned him loose."

"Is he dead now?"

"Dead, child, dead. I seed him atter he was laid away in his coffin, and thar wa'n't none of the trouble in his face that they said the lawyers and judges had writ thar while he was passin' through the deep waters. Dead and gone, dead and gone these many years is Johnny Allbright, like so many more I have know'd in this sorrowful world."

The screech-owl, from the dead tree in the wood, repeated its tremulous, plaintive cry again and again, again and again.

"Come to bed," said the old woman, who had already lain down. "Ye ain't a-goin' to stan' thar all night, be ye, Sue?"

The girl stepped back into the room and closed the door. She undressed in a few minutes, knelt down and said her prayers and retired for the night. There were two beds in the room. Her grandmother occupied one in a corner near the door, she the other on the opposite side of the room. By her bed was a window, which was often left open on sultry Summer nights. The sash was raised now, but the blind was closed. The screech-owl, from the dead tree in the wood, kept repeating its mournful cry. At regular intervals its pitiful plaint broke the stillness of the night, again and again, again and again.

"I wish it would quit," cried the girl after a while, in the darkness. She had been endeavoring in vain to compose herself to sleep.

"Some say the thing sees haunts," replied the old woman. "For my part, I don't believe in no sich. If livin' folks will let me alone I ain't afeerd of the dead ones.

"It makes my flesh creep," said the girl impatiently. "I believe I'll go out and shoo it away.

"Go to sleep, go to sleep," replied the old woman. "Don't be skeered out of your senses by a night bird. Screech owls has been hollerin' around this house for thirty years, and no harm ain't befell us yit."

The old woman dropped into a doze and then into profound slumber. The girl continued restless and wakeful in spite of herself. She counted a hundred backward, fixed her mind on uninteresting subjects, tried all the plans she had ever heard of for wooing sleep, but her faculties remained keenly alive to all that was passing about her. The night bird at last flew away. Its constantly recurring plaint came no more to startle her and banish repose from her pillow. Other sounds familiar to the night succeeded, but these smote not so discordantly upon her ear. An old cow on a neighboring farm bellowed a long time, presumably for her missing calf. So far away was the sound that it was mellowed by distance, and, though vexed a little at first, she was finally soothed by it. Fainter and fainter grew the note, till now it died away entirely. Either the anxious call had ceased to float over field and timberland or the drowsy ear of the maiden had grown too dull to catch it.

It was now past midnight, and the occupants of the old house were both asleep. In the immediate vicinity, and through all the region of the Marrowbone Hills, stillness reigned, broken only by the usual noises of the night. From some lonely farmhouse the hoarse bark of a watchdog arose occasionally to warn unseen intruders away. An old rooster, safely perched among the pullets in his henhouse, awoke, crew drowsily and went to sleep again. A prowling fox near by turned his ear toward the inspiring note, hesitated a while, then trotted off down the deserted road, his stealthy footfall giving back no sound. Through all the region of the Marrowbone Hills almost unbroken stillness reigned. Suddenly penetrating for a long distance the quiet of the night, the shrill cry of a human being arose. It roused in an instant all those upon whose startled ears it fell, for it was unmistakably the cry of a woman in distress. Many of those who heard it left their beds, and in more than one habitation opened their doors to listen. The note of alarm arose the second time, more vehemently than at first, but abruptly ended, as if cut short by some violent agency.

Now the sky above the place from which the wild cry of distress had come began to glow faintly. Soon it became a dull red, then brightened, and all the heaven was lit. Long streaks of light climbed next toward the zenith, and a ruddy blaze leaped high amid a thick volume of ascending smoke. Those who had been called hurriedly from their beds were at no loss to determine the spot from which the flames arose. The old Bascombe house was on fire.

III

SWIFT RETRIBUTION FOLLOWS A FEARFUL CRIME

"HANG him! hang him! hang him!" The captive negro struggled for a while in the midst of the crowd of infuriated white men. Then he paused and gasped for breath; then by a sudden wrench jerked himself loose from the strong hand that had gripped his collar and fled into the darkness. Over the yard fence he leaped like a deer, down the road, then out across the meadow; scarcely touching the earth with his feet, he fled for his life. His wild burst of speed was vain, for the angry mob was at his heels, their determination to avenge as strong as his to escape. He had on no coat, but the foremost among his pursuers seized his loose shirt and snatched him violently backward to the earth.

He was a slim, black fellow, rather undersized, with low forehead, and manifestly of no high order of intelligence. Whatever guilty impulse might have prompted him a few hours before, abject terror alone possessed him now. His teeth chattered, his eyeballs seemed about to start from their sockets, and his hurried glance from side to side showed that he meditated another break, and another desperate rush for liberty, if the slightest opportunity should again be presented.

It is wonderful how quickly news of a startling nature flies in a neighborhood where the means of communication are slight. Scarcely two hours had elapsed since the flames took possession of the Bascombe house, and now dozens of excited men were tramping the earth about the place, and more were coming in every minute. Those who first reached the spot after the alarm was given found the building nearly destroyed and old Mrs. Bascombe at some distance away, unconscious from a fearful wound on her head, but still alive. She had evidently been closer to the flames, for her lower limbs were badly burned and her nightgown had been partially consumed by fire. Hurried search was made about the premises and an ax was picked up with the blade all bloody. This, they made sure, was the weapon with which the fearful gash on the old woman's head had been inflicted.

Sue Bascombe was by her grandmother's side when the first visitors reached the scene of the tragedy, and to these she related with singular calmness the startling incidents of the night. As she lay after midnight in light slumber, she was suddenly awakened by steps on the floor of the open passage between the two lower rooms of the house. The next moment, without preliminary knock or demand for admittance, some heavy object was dashed violently against the door leading from the passage into the room which she and her grandmother occupied. There was a slight interval and then a second blow, more violent if possible than the first, was delivered. Old Mrs. Bascombe, who was uncommonly active for one of her years, arose and made for the door near her bed, which opened into the front yard. As the quickest method of egress for herself, the girl undid the bolt of the window close at hand and leaped through the open space into the back yard just as someone entered the room over the fragments of the shattered door. She saw at a glance the outlines of a man's figure, but it was too dark to distinguish features. Not knowing how many others were behind the intruder, and supposing her grandmother had escaped, she followed the instinct of self-preservation and fled into the thick copse that covered the hillside behind the house. She ran in her bare feet over the rough stones, how far she hardly knew. Then she stopped for breath, and as she did so heard the old widow's uplifted voice that alarmed the neighborhood. Without hesitation she started back to her relief. Then the second outcry arose, which was quickly suppressed, and for a time all about the house was still. The girl stole softly down the hill now, till she almost reached the yard fence. Flames from the burning house lit up the space around; she heard hurrying footsteps, voices and the bark of a dog. Determined, at all hazard, to ascertain her grandmother's fate, she ventured forward and found the old woman lying senseless on the ground, a little way off from the burning dwelling. No one else was near, for the brutal assailants, whoever they were, had fled from the scene of the crime.

This was the tale Sue Bascombe told to those who, roused by the fire and the wild cry in the night, hurried to her ruined home. She was herself barefooted and in her nightgown, but clothing was soon brought for her from the house of the nearest neighbor.

Old Mrs. Bascombe lay out in her yard, unconscious and apparently near death's door. They gave her whiskey, sent off for a doctor and applied such palliatives to her wounds as were at hand. Little else could be done, however, except to stanch the flow of blood from her head by liberal applications of cold water and to lessen temporarily the pain of her burns by the use of wet bandages. Presently, under the influence of the liberal stimulant that had been administered, she began to revive.

"Did they ketch him?" she cried suddenly, opening her eyes wide, and striving to rise. "Whar's Sandy Kinchen?"

They crowded about her and listened for more, but the effort had exhausted her and she sank into a stupor again. A man at her side took her by the arm and shook her rather roughly. She opened her eyes again and stared at him. He stooped down and asked in a loud voice, though his face was close to hers:

"Say, do you hear me?"

"Yes," she answered, staring blankly at him.

"Did you see Sandy Kinchen?"

"Hey?"

He repeated the question and she gazed at him for some moments longer. Then she replied in a low tone, but distinctly:

"Yes, I seen him."

"Was he here? Is he the man that done this devilment?"

She had sunk into a stupor again. He shook her by the arm, but she made no answer. He shook her again more roughly, but she only uttered unintelligible words.

"Let her alone, let her alone," cried those standing around. "Don't worry a dying woman. Hang the man who committed this outrage. Catch him and hang him."

Then another one of the crowd spoke up, addressing Sue Bascombe:

"Did you say you heard the bark of a dog?"

"Yes, I heard that," replied the girl.

"Was it Kinchen's little dog?"

She hesitated and turned a little red in the face. "I—I thought so," she replied, "but I will not say that."

"Hang him! hang him! hang him!" now the cry arose on every hand. "Hang the scoundrel who did this murder!"

In a few minutes dozens of men were scouring the country for the negro tenant whose name the old woman had pronounced, and whose dog was known to be his close attendant upon all occasions. They went at once to the cabin where he dwelt, but he was not there. He had left soon after dark, his wife said, with the little dog, and she had not seen him since. Presently they came upon him hiding behind a tree, not far from the spot where the old woman lay. With blows and curses they dragged him to the scene of his crime. It was with difficulty that some of the more hasty among them were prevented from killing him on the way. The widow Bascombe was still in a stupor when they drew nigh. The doctor, who had just arrived, felt her pulse and said she had but a brief while longer to live. Her breathing could scarcely be detected and there was no speculation in her wide-open eyes. Her ghastly wound and scorched limbs cried aloud for vengeance.

The infuriated crowd pressed about the negro and strove to snatch him from the few having him in custody. "Hang him! hang him! hang him!" cried a dozen voices at once. "Burn him! burn him!" demanded others. "Throw him into the old house and burn him to death!"

"Ho-ho-hole on, gin'lemen!" exclaimed the shaking culprit, as the yells of the mob assailed him. "Ho-ho-hole on; hole on. Ye gwine too fast. Ye is in fack; ye is in fack. Dis here ole lady—dis here—dis here old lady—"

"Tell the truth, damn you," cried an angry man, shaking his clenched fist at the culprit. What are you stuttering about?"

"Yas, sir; yas sir. I is gwy tell de trufe. 'Fo' God, gin'lemen, I is gwy tell de trufe."

"Have you been here before tonight?"

"Has I been here before tonight? Has I been here before tonight? Has I—"

"Can't you hear?" thundered the man who had before accosted him. "Speak quick and tell the truth, or you're a dead nigger."

"Yas, sir; yas, sir, I is gwy tell de true. 'Fo' God, gin'lemen, I is gwy tell de trufe."

"Have you been here before tonight?"

He looked from one to another of those about him. Then he lifted his voice and proclaimed vehemently, so that all might hear:

" 'Fo' God, gin'lemen, I has not."

"The widow Bascombe told a damned lie, then, when she said you had?" cried the exasperated individual who was interrogating.

"Yas, sir; yas sir. Ef she said dat she tole a damn lie. Ef she said dat she tole a damn lie. Sho's yer born, gin'lemen. Sho's yer born."

They dragged him toward the burning house as if to cast him into the fire. It was then he managed to break away and flee for his life. When recaptured, some loudly demanded that he be burned to death, but the less savage among them prevailed. They tied his hands and took him some distance away from the spot where the old woman lay. They found a deep hollow in the wood, known as Gallows Hollow to this day. Some one had procured a strong rope from a neighboring stable, and a noose at one end of his was slipped about the prisoner's neck. He was lifted from the ground by dozens of hands and placed on the back of a gentle horse belonging to one of the party. The animal was brought to a stand directly under a stout limb branching out nearly horizontally from a scrubby tree, and an active fellow cilmbing up to this limb fastened the loose end of the rope to it. The malefactor sat on the horse shivering, grimacing, turning from one to another in the surging mass about him as if he hoped to find a pitying face. More than once he essayed to speak, but the voice of the angry crowd drowned his own. Finally, when he saw they were about to lead the animal from under him, he broke again into wild and incoherent talk.

"Ho-ho-hole on, gin'lemen; ho-ho-hole on. You is fixin' to do the wrong thing. You is, in fack. You is in fack. Now I'm gwy giv you de trufe. I'm gwy give you de Gawd's trufe."

"Tell it, then. Tell it. Tell it," came from a hundred throats.

"Yas, sir; yas, sir; yas, sir. I was dar. I was dar. I drug de ole lady out'n de fire. Dat's de fack. Dat's de fack."

"You told an infernal lie then when you said just now you hadn't seen her, did you?" asked one, sneeringly.

"Yas, sir, I did. Yas, sir, I did. Sho's dar's breff in my body, gin'lemen, I tole a infernal lie. I tole a infernal lie."

At this a great uproar arose. Many were instant with loud voices: "Hang the scoundrel! Hang him, hang him!"

"Ho-ho-hole on, gin'lemen. Ho-ho-hole on, for Gawd's sake."

A young man, apparently fresh from school, had been regarding the prisoner for some moments with painful interest. He seemed to be a stranger, for he had as yet spoken to no one, and was dressed with more care than most of those about him. He looked over the turbulent throng now, and with some hesitation lifted his voice and sought to attract attention to himself.

"Gentlemen," he cried in a loud voice that trembled a little from excitement, "please listen to me a moment. We are about to do a very rash thing here tonight. I'm afraid we are about to do a very rash thing. Would it not be well to make a thorough investigation of this matter before we take a step that cannot be retraced?"

At this there was silence for a moment

or two. Then some one in the crowd propounded the not unnatural inquiry:

"Who are you?"

"My name is Robert Lee Templeton," replied the youth in a tone that showed he derived some satisfaction from imparting the information. "I do not live in your county, but being by accident in this neighborhood tonight, I saw the fire and came to it. Now, gentlemen, I submit to you again that we should do nothing rash here tonight. In so grave a matter as this we should proceed like sober-minded citizens. This negro fellow most probably deserves hanging, and if you'll turn him over to the authorities, at the proper time and in the proper manner, he'll get his dues. If he is the perpetrator of the fearful crime committed tonight, hanging is a mild punishment for him. But it does not follow that he should be hung right up here to this limb without any sort of investigation. For us to take the law in our own hands thus will bring reproach on the entire community. Besides, gentlemen, when you come to think of it, you will see that such a course must encourage all evil-disposed persons in your midst to bad deeds. When you trample the law underfoot, you teach them contempt for the law."

The young gentleman had a persuasive manner, and a clear voice that penetrated a good way. His nervousness added to his earnestness and drew toward him a considerable portion of the crowd. There is always a disposition in a promiscuous and excited assemblage to follow any one who chooses to constitute himself a leader. Most of those present on this occasion were moral, law-abiding people, not inclined, as a rule, to heed rash counsel, but greatly wrought upon now by the shocking crime that had just been committed. These were disposed to listen to the speaker, and a few drew close to him to catch his words more distinctly.

"Why have a law," continued Templeton, earnestly, "and not live up to it? This fellow, I say, may be guilty—"

"Thar ain't no doubt about it," interrupted a voice from the crowd. "Not a bit—not a damned bit," echoed others.

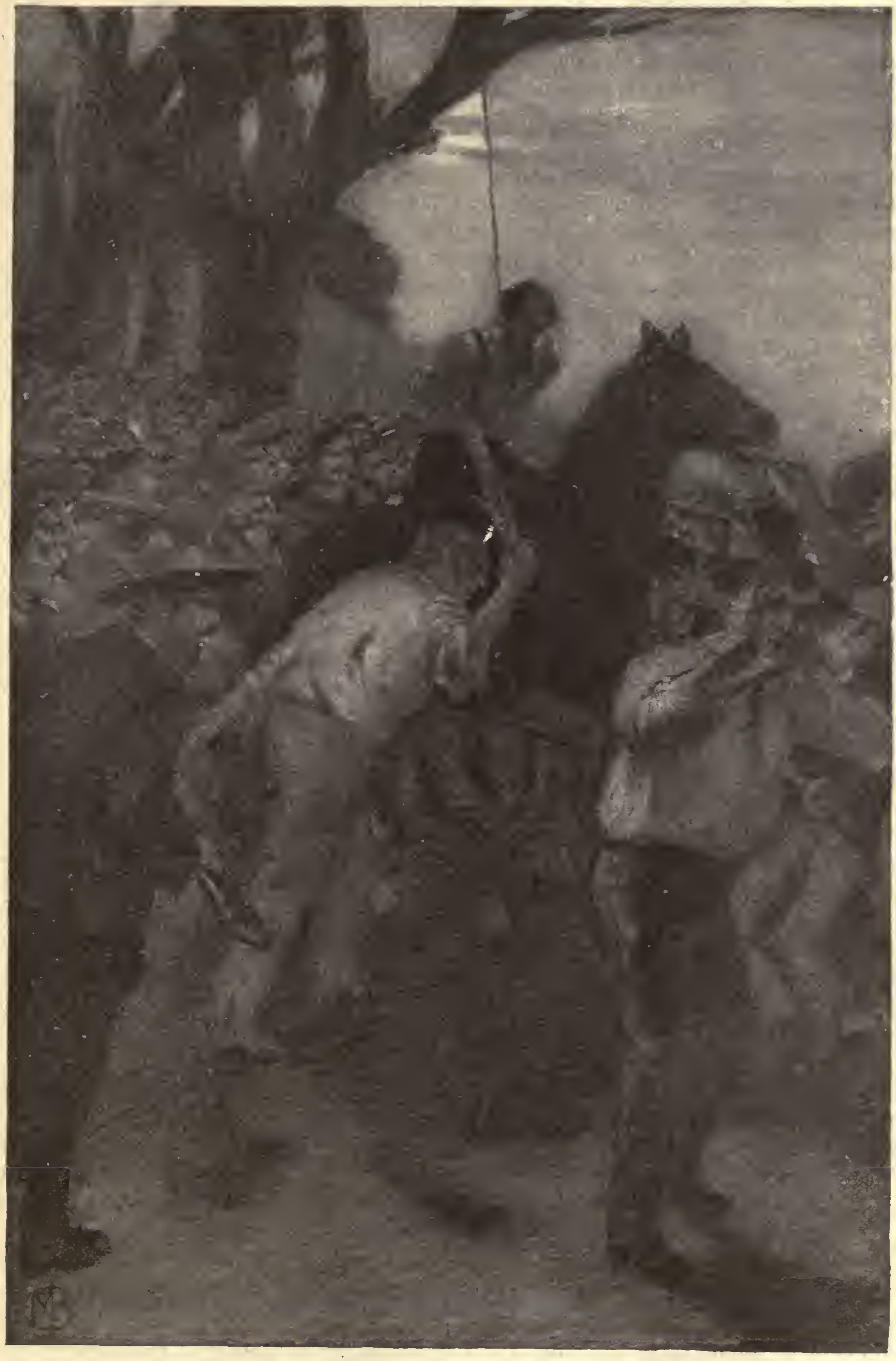
"Very well," replied Templeton, "then there can be no doubt about the fact that he'll be hung by the sheriff as soon as his guilt can be established in the court. Let the law take hold of him right now. Surely, there ought to be some sort of deliberation when the life of a human being is at stake. Let the coroner or some legal officer take charge of this man, swear a jury and inquire into this transaction right here on the spot."

"What do yer want with the curriner?" inquired a rude fellow in the rear of the assemblage. "Thar ain't nobody dead yit."

Templeton looked rather blank at this, and another individual in the crowd undertook to enlighten him. "Coroners sits on dead folks, young fellow. You've got to have a corpse afo' you can summon a coroner's jury."

At this a laugh arose at the young man's expense. It was evident he was losing his hold upon the fickle crowd. He recovered, however, from the temporary confusion into which he had been thrown and was about to continue his plea for deliberation and more thorough investigation, when another speaker a few steps off waved his hat over his head and broke in vehemently:

"Why are we wasting time here, men, listening to this schoolboy talk about turning this scoundrel over to the courts and the lawyers? Who is it doesn't know what that means? Who is it wants to see him wrangled over for years, and finally, maybe, to go scot free on a quibble? This is no time for child's play. We've got all the proof we need, and right here, right now, we ought to deal with him. Has the old Bascome house been burned or not? Has the good old lady there been butchered with



The Lynching of Sandy Kinchen

From a drawing by M. L. Blumenthal

an ax or not? Did Sue Bascombe have to run off barefooted to the woods to escape the clutches of this devil or not? Did old Mrs. Bascombe give this nigger's name to us, or not? Did his dog bark and give him away while he was murdering her or not? What are we fooling away time for? Who dares to talk about courts and lawyers and dilly-dallying now? Do we want our homes in cold blood, or daughters hiding in the bushes from human devils? Talk about wasting a lifetime in the courts over a case like this—haven't we got sense enough to deal with this brute as he deserves? If a tiger was loose in the community would you catch him and take him to the law, or would you kill him wherever you found him? I tell you, it makes my very blood boil—''

But they stayed no further question. From all sides came fierce demands for the negro's death. ''Kill the brute! kill the brute! Hang him! hang him! hang him! Let the horse go! Drive the horse from under him!" These and other furious cries rent the air, and the mob surged to and fro like a storm-beaten sea.

The young man who had called himself Templeton did his best to lull the tempest that had been raised. He lifted his voice on high and shouted with all his might: "Hold on; hold on! One word more! Give me one word more!'' In the midst of the tumult there seemed still a few who favored moderate counsel. "Hear the young man; hear him,'' cried one or two persons in the assemblage. "Hang the damned nigger. Hang him; hang him!'' shouted a dozen others.

A brutal looking fellow here forced his way into the center of the tumultuous crowd. He was a ruffian whose appearance would have attracted attention anywhere. He wore no hat, and his shaggy head of reddish hair was set on broad, stooping shoulders. His dirty, matted locks almost hid his low forehead and his scowling eyes were so badly crossed that they both seemingly never rested on the same object at once. His arms, like those of an orang-outang, appeared too long for his body and were manifestly of prodigious strength. In his right hand he held a stout branch, which he must have wrested from some tree as he came along, and this he held uplifted as high as his long arm could reach, giving vent at the same time to hoarse, loud cries, as if to strike terror into the animal on which the pinioned negro sat.

The infuriated crowd noted the ruffian's conduct and greeted him with a yell of approval. ''Strike the old horse, strike the old horse!'' cried first one and then another. "Hurrah for Cross-eyed Jack,'' shouted others. The fellow looked about him and grinned, flourishing his branch at the same time in such a way as to set the horse nearly wild.

Templeton implored a minute's delay; a few about him cried, "Hold! hold!'' but the ruffian who had been applauded as Cross-eyed Jack brought down his branch with all his might on the withers of the excited horse. With such strength did he wield his long arm that the blow was heard on the uttermost verge of the assemblage. The maddened animal plunged forward, nearly overturning the man at its head, and ran until it was halted several yards away. The desperate negro clutched the body beneath tightly with his legs, but at the first bound his frail hold was broken and he swung to and fro in the air, suspended by the neck from the strong limb above him.

Templeton, when he saw what was done, fell back from the harrowing scene. He and a few others who had urged delay were hustled unceremoniously aside, while the ruder spirits of the mob crowded to the front, treading on each other's feet in their anxiety to view the death agony of a human creature. They were not bad men — most of those who had hurriedly assembled on this occasion. It was such a crowd as might have been gathered together on short notice almost anywhere, north, south, east or west, in this great country. They were fearfully wrought upon by the horrible crime that had just been committed, but let the whole truth be told. Mob law had more than once of late been resorted to in their community, and, brutalized by its exercise, they were eager actors now in a scene from the mere contemplation of which they would at one time have shrunk in horror. Man in the moments of his loftiest inspirations may be a creature but little lower than the angels, yet the fierce instincts of a rude ancestry lurk still in his nature, ready at any unguarded moment to drag him down and make a savage of him.

The malefactor died a lingering, apparently a painful death. In his prolonged struggle his feet more than once touched the foremost of those who pressed about him. They stood by, for the most part in silence, noting closely every movement, every contortion, of his suffering frame. A few had savage satisfaction at the pitiful spectacle depicted in their countenances; a few wore painful expressions; the majority seemed to be animated by no stronger feeling than curiosity at a novel sight. After life was extinct the bystanders gradually fell back and separated into groups, discussing the outrage that had been committed and justifying the prompt punishment of the offender. When the space immediately around the corpse had thus been cleared, a small dog, till then unnoticed, crept tremblingly forward and, crouching humbly under the negro's feet, set up a mournful howl. Of all present, the little creature was the dead man's only friend, and its desolate note ascended so sorrowfully that it touched the hearts of the rudest spirits in the assemblage. The ruffian known as Cross-eyed Jack, however, seemed stirred to ungovernable rage by it. Rushing forward with his stout branch uplifted, he aimed a blow at the dog that must have ended its existence if it had fallen as intended. Fortunately the little animal became aware of the danger in time, and springing nimbly aside fled with a yelp of mingled rage and terror from the scene.

IV

THE OLD WIDOW TELLS A PLAIN, UNVARNISHED TALE

DAY was breaking when the mob finally dispersed. One by one they had ridden away after the purpose that assembled them had been accomplished, a few only lingering until the reddening east warned them off. Before the sun rose the last loiterer had retired from the scene, leaving the dead negro alone in the woods.

The birds now began to twitter cheerfully and to spread their wings and fly from place to place in the forest. One perched upon the limb from which the lifeless body hung and by discordant cries called others to view the grewsome sight. As the day advanced human creatures came again upon the spot. Dressed all in their Sunday best—for it was the Sabbath day — they came now in groups of two and three, gazed curiously at the suspended corpse and went their way to church or to some place of country pastime. Little boys crept softly to the spot, supped their full of horror and stole, open-eyed and open-mouthed, away. As the noon hour approached the number of visitors so increased that a path was beaten from the highway to the spot where the dead man with his arms pinioned swung to and fro. They stood about and talked, but touched not the body of Sandy Kinchen; for while a mob of excited men might hang him up, none but the law's officers could take the responsibility of cutting him down.

It was nearly night when the coroner came. He rode gravely into the assemblage and made several circuits on horseback round the corpse before he dismounted. He had been notified early in the day that a dead man hung in the woods near the old Bascombe place, but official duty, or something else, kept him away. Perhaps he thought if he responded to the notice too promptly he might obtain more information than he cared to possess. Now he rode round and round the fatal tree, dismounted, looked into the faces of the promiscuous assemblage and said it was a bad business. He then took a well-thumbed New Testament from his pocket, swore in seven of the bystanders as jurors and proceeded to hold an inquest. Numerous witnesses were called, all of whom swore positively that they knew nothing at all about the matter in hand. Most inclined to the belief that the body now hanging stark and stiff from the limb was the body of the late Sandy Kinchen, but upon this there was some divergence of opinion. Some said it was Sandy; others said: "No, but it looks like him." All doubt on this point, however, was soon set at rest by Reuben Kinchen, brother of Sandy, who, being brought to the spot, testified without hesitation that it was the corpse of his younger brother, Sandy, swinging from the limb. The coroner then prepared his return, setting forth the fact that he and the seven jurors had viewed the body of a man there hanging dead before them, who had come to his death by violence at the hands of some person or persons unknown. The return further set forth the fact that the body of the man so hanging dead before the jury they found from all evidence to be that of one Sandy Kinchen, a man of color. All the jurors signed this report, and the body of Sandy Kinchen was then cut down with the coroner's own knife. Reuben, who stood respectfully by, was now notified that he might take his brother Sandy off somewhere and bury him, the law being through with him.

Perhaps it occurred to Reuben that the law would have been more efficient if it had taken hold of Sandy's case in his lifetime, but if any such notion came into his head he was wise enough to keep it to himself. He remarked, as he gently straightened out his brother's legs, that his mammy had tried to raise the boy right, and that they had never known him to be guilty of such a trick before.

"He played hell when he did make a break," said one of the jurors, "and got just what he deserved for his conduct."

"I ain't 'sputin' dat, sir," replied Reuben, meekly. "Dem what sins must suffer."

Then they fell to abusing the dead man in the presence of his brother, who responded not at all. When they laid the lifeless body in a cart to be hauled away, Reuben took off his hat and said to those present: "It looks bad for Sandy now, gentlemen, but I hopes you will believe me when I tells you that afo' this we never know'd no wuss of him than that he would go meandering up and down the country of nights."

So they took Sandy Kinchen off and buried him; and from that time forth he meandered no more up and down the country of nights. Whatever might have been thought otherwise of the action of the mob, it had at least cured him of this reprehensible habit.

Old Mrs. Bascombe held on to life bravely. The doctor thought when he first saw her that she could not live an hour, but she lay in a stupor most of the following day, muttering and babbling constantly, and occasionally uttering when aroused a few coherent words. It was thought best not to attempt to remove her from the spot where she was found, and a tent was improvised of stout cloth and set up over her. The young man who had called himself Robert Lee Templeton, and who seemed to be a handy youth as well as an obliging one, attended to the erection of this tent. He stretched it overhead so as to ward off sun and possible shower, looped up the walls so as to allow free passage for the air, and did his best in every way to add to the comfort of the desperately stricken creature who lay underneath the shelter. Sue Bascombe, the granddaughter, and most of the kindly neighbors took a fancy to him, for nothing else except sympathy and generosity of disposition could have prompted him to the course he was now pursuing. His home, they learned, was in an adjoining county. He had just graduated from college, and some errand of business or pleasure had brought him into the Marrowbone Hills at this time.

As the day advanced the old woman seemed to revive, and her mind cleared up considerably. The physician said the the improvement in her condition was temporary; that for the present she was buoyed up with fever and brandy, but in a short time her system would relax and the inevitable would follow. However this might be, she certainly was better and brighter late in the afternoon following the infliction of her wound. Toward sundown she called for food, and some chicken broth having been administered by her granddaughter, she wiped her mouth with the sleeve of her gown and seemed disposed for conversation.

"Have they kotched him?" she asked in a low tone, her head turned in the direction of Sue.

The girl nodded to her in reply.

"Whar is he?" inquired the old woman. "I want to see him."

"They had him here last night," said the girl evasively.

"Why didn't they let me know? I wanted to talk to the low-lived scoundrel."

"They asked you about him, Granny. You talked about him last night. Don't you remember?"

"I wa'n't in my right mind," replied the old woman. "Fetch him here now. I'm all right now. I want to see him, and I want him to see his work."

The girl made no answer.

"Has they jailed him?" inquired the old woman, again addressing her granddaughter. "Wal, it's all right, I reckon; all right, I reckon. I'll be thar at the trial, though. You kin count on that."

She looked around now from one to another of those about her, and inspected curiously the tent that had been erected above her. She picked at the light coverlet that had been thrown over her, which two old women in attendance whispered each other was a bad sign. She dozed a little, then roused suddenly and spoke again to the girl:

"Sandy is a good nigger," she said to her granddaughter. "I tell you he's as good as they make 'em."

The girl looked at her in surprise.

"He's as good as they make 'em," repeated the old woman. "Whar would I be now but for Sandy?"

There were some half-dozen persons in the group, and they all eyed her inquiringly.

"Whar's Sandy?" continued the old woman, looking from one to another of them. "I don't see him amongst ye. Thar ain't no occasion for him to be makin' himself skerce. He didn't make himself skerce las' night when he drug me out'n the fire, and he needn't make himself skerce now. Fetch him here; I want ye all to hear me tell him how much I'm 'bleeged to him for runnin' up at the nick of time and draggin' me out'n the fire. He's a nigger, I'll own to that, but, nigger or no nigger, I'm beholden to him for what he done for me, and I want to tell him so. A friend in need is a friend indeed, as the school chillern write down in their copy-books. Tell Sandy to step in here; I want to see him."

A portly, middle-aged matron—one of that numerous class whose delight it always is to impart unpleasant intelligence—here leaned over, and, speaking slowly and distinctly, said to the old woman:

"They hung Sandy last night to a black-jack tree up yander on the side of the hill."

"Done which?" inquired the old woman, as if unable at once to grasp the full import of the words she had heard.

"They hung him," repeated her informant in a higher key. "They hung Sandy last night, sho's yer born."

"What fur?" asked the old woman in astonishment.

"Fur murderin' uv you; and a burnin' your house; and a runnin' Sue off to the woods."

"Wal' now, ye hev did it," exclaimed the old woman with more strength in her tone than they thought she could command. "Ye are jess a passel of idjuts, that's what ye are. To think ye'd hev no more gumption than that, no more gumption than that."

"Mrs. Bascombe," said Templeton, seeing she was becoming too much excited, "don't worry over the matter. You are not exactly at yourself just now. We did hang him because he committed an outrageous crime, but don't trouble yourself now about it."

"Ye did hang him, did ye?" exclaimed the old woman, tauntingly. "Wal, I 'lowed 'twas some sich smart Aleck as you. Whar'd you come from, anyhow?"

Seeing that his presence exasperated her, the young man retired. The old woman now looked at her granddaughter and into such familiar faces as she saw about her. "Hev they hung him sho nuff?" she inquired.

One or two said "Yes," others nodded their heads by way of assent. Then the old woman railed at them from her pallet on the ground.

"Ye've gone and hung Sandy, hev ye? Wal, now, s'pos'n' ye take me out and hang me. Ye hung him for draggin' me out'n the fire; now hang me for bein' drug out'n the fire. Hung Sandy, hung Sandy! Wal, ye are jess a passel of idjuts, the last one of ye. And tell me what ye did to Cross-eyed Jack, will ye? I s'pos'n' ye turned him aloose, and gi'n him a chromo."

"Cross-eyed Jack?" inquired the woman who had first spoken. "What about him?"

"What about him? No wonder ye ax what about him. He bu'sted my door open in the middle of the night, sot my house on fire, split my head open with a ax and skert Sue nigh out'n her senses. That's all he done. So now jess give him a chromo and turn him a-loose. Do that, and then come finish your job by hangin' me to a black-jack tree 'longside of Sandy. Jess do that now; do that, and I'll take it as a favor. Go 'way from here, all of ye!" she cried with sudden indignation. "Go 'way, I tell ye. I don't want to lay eyes on none of ye no more."

"Granny, Granny," said Sue, soothingly, and she gave her some quieting medicine. The old woman lay in silence for a few moments, then she spoke out again:

"Let 'em go away; let 'em go away. I don't want to lay eyes on none of 'em again. Betwixt white folks that don't help in time of trouble and niggers that does, I'm on the side of the niggers. Wal, wal, wal, wal! The idjuts hev gone and hung Sandy, hung poor Sandy. Hung him to a sour apple tree, as the sayin' goes. No, it was to a black-jack tree this time, a black-jack tree. Wal, wal, wal!"

"Mrs. Bascombe," began Templeton, hoping to get a connected story from the old woman.

"I don't keer to hear another word from ye," she interrupted emphatically. "Ye needn't speak a single solitary word to me. Smooth talk ain't a gwine to fetch that nigger back to life; so hold your tongue and save your manners. But I tell ye now, young fellow, some things kin be stood and some is too aggravatin' to be stood. Ye've hung a good nigger for befriending a lone widder, and when I'm up from here I'm going to have the law on the last one of ye."

"Did Sandy Kinchen befriend you?"

"Did he? Hain't I jess told ye what he did? Do ye want me to begin at the fust and tell it all? Wal, I will. Here come Cross-eyed Jack, a low-lived scoundrel, slippin' up to the house, with me dead asleep and the gal, I s'pose, a cat-nappin'. Afo' anybody know'd what he was about, he slams the ax agin the door with all his might. Right 'pon top of that comes another lick; the door flies open, I jumps up and the gal pops out'n the winder. Bein' young and spry, she pops out'n the winder, and runs up the hill, I make no-doubt, like a wild turkey. I was fust on the floor, and I makes for the yard door as fast as I kin, as fast as ever I kin. I got clean out and most down to the big road, when I looked back and seed a great blaze in the house. Mebbe that devil, Cross-eyed Jack, drapped a match accidental, huntin' about for me and Sue. Mebbe he sot the room afire a purpose — I dunno, I dunno. He's none too good to do sich a thing, and I b'lieve he sot it afire a purpose. Anyhow, thar was a bright blaze by the time I got a little piece off from the house. When I seed that, I couldn't stand to have my things burned up, so I turned back and fotched a yell to 'larm the country. 'Hush,' he says, 'you old ——' and with that he called me a bad name, which—bein' a church member — I'm not a gwine to mention."

"Granny," interrupted Sue, "you're talking too much. Be quiet now a little while, and then you can go on again."

"Never you mind, I know what I'm 'bout. Gimme another taste of that liquor, gal. Lawful sakes, whar was I? Hung Sandy, hung Sandy; yas, yas. Here he comes bustin' toward me and he calls me a owdacious name, and I says to him, 'I know ye and I'll have the law on ye, ye cross-eyed scoundrel.' Them's jess the words I said, and right at —"

"Granny, Granny, you're talking too much."

"Never you mind, gal. I'm a tellin' it for the benefit of them that's gone and hung Sandy. 'I know ye,' says I. 'I know ye.' With that he raised his ax and with that I fotched another yell, and with that—Lord, have massy 'pon me—he hit me right squar' on the head and knocked me cold as a wedge. Then I s'p'os'n' he tuck to his heels and leff them parts. And befo' I come to rights good I thought of Sue a runnin' from that cross-eyed devil. It was on my mind, on my mind. And when I come to—laws a massy, laws a massy — the house was a burnin' and the smoke and fire a rushin' out at the door, and me not able to move. I reckon ye wouldn't a liked that, none of ye, and yit that's jess the identical fix I was in. Presently there was a little dog barkin', barkin' and a snifflin' 'round me. And presently here comes a feller runnin' — I heerd him, I heerd him—and he grabs me and he drags me out'n the fire and smoke and off from the house. I'm a givin' it to ye straight. Whar's them that hung Sandy? Let 'em come forrards and listen. He was a nigger feller, this here feller was, and I don't in jineral bemean myself by 'sociatin' with niggers, but this time I was glad for a while to 'sociate with niggers, I kin tell you. Whiles he was a draggin' me out'n the smoke and fire, and the dog was barkin', barkin', I opened my eyes and I looked at the nigger feller hard, and it was Sandy Kinchen; neither more nor less, nor yit any other pusson but Sandy Kinchen. I knowed him well; I seed him good, and I tell you 'twas Sandy Kinchen; the very identical nigger that this here young smart Aleck and a lot of other smart Alecks has gone and hung to a black-jack tree. And the little dog that was barkin', barkin', I seed him good, too, and I tell you 'twas the identical little dog which keeps company with Sandy, and which everybody calls Jineral Beauregard, sich bein' the outlandish name Sandy guv him."

"Granny, Granny!"

"Lemme 'lone, I tell you, gal. 'Twas Sandy Kinchen, I tell you, which you know'd as well as I did, and never know'd no special harm of him, nother. He put my gown out, which was afire, and he looked at my head, which was split open, and he seed the blood spurtin' and a streamin' every whicher way, and he says—the nigger did, I heard him plain — 'Gawd A'mighty, what shill I do?' Then I says to him, 'Run for the doctor, Sandy,' and with that he run, and the dog run, and I hain't seed nary one of 'em sence. Hain't seed 'em; hain't seed 'em. Did they hang the dog, too? Now I wonder if they hung the little dog to a black-jack tree, becase he was around and jess as deep into it as Sandy. Lord, Lord, to think of what they have gone and did; jess to think of it; jess to think of it!"

The doctor here came in and felt her pulse. She did not seem to have been weakened by her effort. Indeed her voice was stronger now than at any time since she received the injury.

"Mrs. Bascombe," said Templeton, kneeling by her, "you've surprised us all very much by your story—"

"No wonder," interrupted the old woman. "But that ain't a gwine to git you out'n the scrape you're in; I tell you that."

"Mrs. Bascombe," pursued Templeton, "are you perfectly certain it was the man called Cross-eyed Jack who struck you? You may not be living when the court meets and—"

"Me not be livin' when the court meets? I hain't no notion of dyin', young feller; I tell you that. You summons me to the trial and I'll be thar."

"Could you swear positively to the man who struck you?"

"Kin I swar to him? I'd swar to him on a stack of Bibles high as the house he burned. Hain't he worked in my gyarden, and 'bout on the place? Work, did I say? I'll take that back. He jess only piddled 'round and made believe to work. Didn't he make bold to set up to Sue, and didn't she snub him the wust kind? Didn't I have to turn him off at last for a lazy, cross-eyed, impudent rascal? Me not know him when he faced me last night! You summons me to the court-house when the trial comes off and I'll p'int my finger at him and tell him all I've told here and more besides. I'll give him the whole truth right to his ugly face, and he dassn't deny my words. I'll swar to it all before judge and jury when the time comes; see if I don't, see if I don't. You summons me to the court-house, young feller; I'll be thar."

One of those who had been a willing participator in the untimely taking off of poor Sandy, here asked:

"Why didn't the nigger come back to you after he'd gone his errand?"

"Oh, I dunno, I dunno. Mebbe he come in sight and was afeared to venture up. You all was tearin' 'round, I reckon, mad as blazes, and when a mob is on a rampage in these parts the smartest thing a nigger can do is to hide out. Ef I'd a been in Sandy's place you never would a laid hands on me, I tell you that. Whar he played the fool was in lettin' himself git caught."

"He told us he hadn't seen you," persisted the speaker. "He lied about having been here at all."

"Oh, I s'pos'n' he did," rejoined the old woman, impatiently. "Ef he had 'fessed to being here, ye'd a hung him for that; but he lied about it, and so ye hung him for lyin'. You was bound to have a hangin', that's a fact, and wa'n't very particular whose neck was pulled. Ef 'twa'n't easy to ketch the right man, ruther than wait ye'd string up the wrong man. When you fellers git started, you're like young dogs on a hunt; you'll chase any kind of game, jess to be barkin' and runnin'."

To this the individual who had provoked the old woman's sarcasm did not deem it prudent to reply. "The next time you-all gits up a mob," she continued, addressing him sneeringly, "you better git a sensible woman to head you. Wimmen is jest as excitable as men, but they ain't so bloody-minded."

After this she became quiet and dozed for a half-hour or more. When she awoke they gave her a stimulant and she seemed calmer and more cheerful. Seeing Templeton's face among those near her, she addressed him in a good, strong voice and in a not unkindly tone:

"I'll be at the court-house, young feller, by the time you and Cross-eyed Jack gits thar; don't you be nowise oneasy."

"You're better, aren't you, Granny?" queried Sue.

"Yes, I'm better," answered the old woman, "and I mean to keep on gittin' better."

She remained quiet now for some time and then spoke again, to no one in particular:

"Thev was bound to hang somebody, and so they hung Sandy Kinchen."

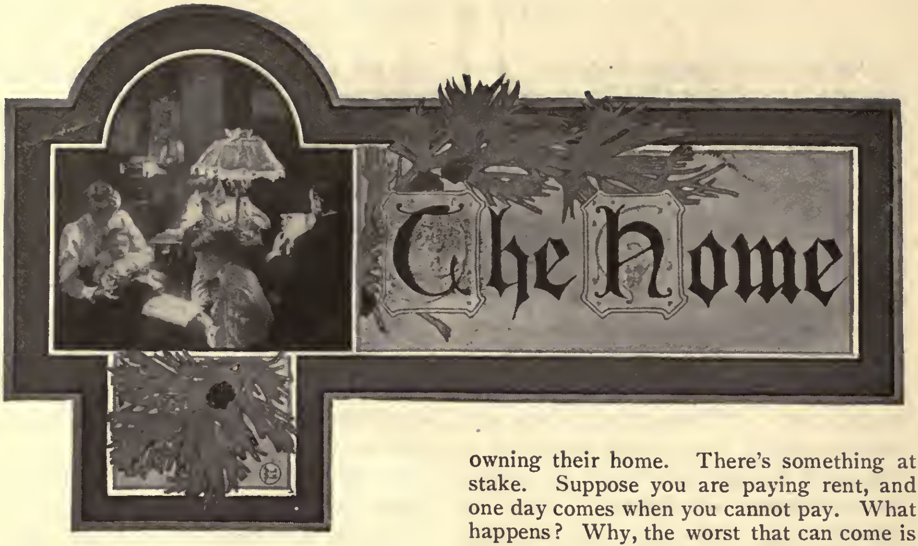
Shortly after this she dropped again into a doze, which soon deepened into sound slumber. She slept and slept, lying quite still and breathing now heavily, now more and more peacefully. The doctor said it was a good indication, and quietly they all slipped away from her presence, lest they might disturb her. When, shortly before midnight, Sue Bascombe crept back into the tent and looked narrowly in her face, she had joined Sandy Kinchen in the land of the leal.

[**To Be Continued**]

THE SONG IS TO THE SINGER

THE song is to the singer, and comes back most to him;
The teaching is to the teacher, and comes back most to him;
The murder is to the murderer, and comes back most to him;
The theft is to the thief, and comes back most to him;
The love is to the lover, and comes back most to him;
The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him — it cannot fail;
The oration is to the orator, the acting to the actor and actress, not to thc audience;
And no man understands any greatness or goodness but his own, or the indications of his own.

— *Walt Whitman ("Carol of Words," 1856.)*



FOUNDING A TENT-HOME IN CALIFORNIA

By Leonie Gilmour

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

I SUPPOSE every easterner who comes to California comes hugging a dream of home. "Back east," he had no home. There, not only the too rich, not only the very poor, even the poor-enough-to-be-comfortable, are so often homeless. Homeless? Largely by their own fault, I grant you. "Home" in one sense is within reach of all. Someone has said that wherever two loving hearts strive to make a bit of a nest for themselves apart from the world, there home is. What if the nest be small? What if every gust voice a threat of ruin? Still it may be home. Yes, even under the blighting eye of the landlord there may be home.

But home without any third party, no landlord, no "other families" in the house or peering in your back windows; home with the dear sense of ownership encompassing it —why, that's a luxury we come to California to find. "Why pay rent? Why not own your own home?" is a proposition thrust upon the eastern visitor from the moment he steps off the train. Everywhere he looks, the busy real-estate speculator has placarded the quaint device. "Lots for sale! Lots! $10 down and $10 a month," or "$25 down and $10 a month." Well, why not own our home, we said. So after a year of hesitation we struck out for "Home." You see, even in California, poor folks must hesitate before owning their home. There's something at stake. Suppose you are paying rent, and one day comes when you cannot pay. What happens? Why, the worst that can come is to be evicted, and then you go and live in cheaper quarters. But if you are buying your home on the installment plan, and you fail to make one payment—alas, you lose your very home. So we hesitated, trembling on the brink for a whole year. Then a bit of a check came to give us heart. We said, "We will."

Over on the eastern outskirts of the City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels there lies a high plateau, with a view of San Pedro mountain to the South — yes, there too the twin peaks of Catalina Island lift their heads out of white cloud billows — while between roll the miles on miles of mesa land, over which the clean winnowed wind of the mesa sweeps unremittingly. To the north the abrupt rock masses of the Sierra Madre show steely blue and white, or thunderously cloud-gray. On the east the softer forms of the dream-distant San Bernardino range still rim the world. Westward lies the city and the city haze — but we need not look westward. Underfoot the close-cropped pasture land fits the sole and springs to the tread.

Once I had come upon it in a stroll, now I remembered and returned to the spot. The real-estate agent — at every corner you find one peering at you from his hole like the squirrels — hitched up his buggy and got out his best oratory for our benefit. Poor real-estate agents have to work so hard: and dear me, wasn't he amazed! We agreed with everything he said. Undoubtedly the view was superb. We promptly selected our lot, the "sightliest" one for view — while the voice of the real-estate man rolled on, telling of the street one day to be cut through there. We were so pleased to have a deep gully close by that it never occured to us that a street could not possibly *ever* be cut through there. "I'm afraid ye got badly stuck on that lot," a neighbor afterward condoled with us, "because ye see ye're sidetracked away off from the street, and your property won't rise in value as if a street could be cut through there" Were we a bit crestfallen to think we had paid for just a view? The view consoled us.

Somebody told us we could buy a tent for $10. We saw one advertised in the paper at that price. "A striped tent in good order, fourteen by sixteen feet," the advertisement ran. Now who would have thought to measure the tent? Or go poking about for rents in the canvas? Not we! The people who sold it us — decent working people they were — needed the money in building their "shack." The "shack" with chicken yard in back and some bright flowers in front is the second step in the evolution of the California "Home." The third step is the neat "bungalow" with levelled lawn and trees of your own planting.

Now the tent needed a floor. A floor will cost you a matter of $5 or $6, one of the wise say-so's informed us. We hunted for a man to lay the floor. "There's a decent oldish sort of a German man will work for a dollar and a half a day and glad to get it," one of our neighbors-to-be told us. Him we sought. Herr Z grunted some guttural objections — he was busy putting up some shacks — well, maybe he could leave for a day for a consideration of $2.50. Agreed. And how much lumber would it take? Herr Z calculated in German and pronounced, "Twelve dollars." It was more than we expected. However, we supposed we were in for it. Would he buy the lumber for us? No, he would not. But he would meet me at the lumber yard and help me select the lumber, and then we would know what we were paying for. So I met Mr. Z by appointment at Canahl's lumber yard. A fine, patriarchal-looking fellow he was, recalling the pictures of Joseph. His bronzed face showed richly against the snowy beard, his brown eyes glowed softly. Afterward I learned to value his gentle and kindly heart. That day he tried my patience. Alas, he had quaffed the cup which puts fetters to the will, wings to the imagination—in short, was drunk. He was enjoying the divine irresponsibility of the heaven-born. He did not feel like work. (Does anyone in California feel like work?) "So much work to do on those shacks. If I stop to do your work those people get angerry mit me," he shrugged deprecatingly. But our tent was bought, our lot bespoke, we wanted to settle at once. "Leave alles to me, dear lady. I find one Seventh Day Adventist, good carpenter, I speak to him tonight. Sure he will lay your floor." In the meantime I bought the lumber: 300 square feet of flooring at $27 a thousand cost $9; eight beams two by four inches and fourteen feet long were $1.50; Four boards one foot wide and one inch thick (as baseboards to raise the tent a little from the floor) cost another $1.50. Add 75 cents for cartage and you have a total of $12.75 for lumber.

And I decided to see Mr. Seventh Day Adventist myself. So that evening, after work, (my days being given over to an "office") I sought out the place. How changed, how dark and pathless the mesa by night: here and there a light twinkled from a rare house. Twice on the way a lighted tent, like a paper lantern set down on the mesa, guided me. A bare-legged boy brushed past me carrying a gunny-sack slung over his shoulder. What was in the sack? Dried chunks of manure, used to keep the hearth-fire aglow in the scarcity of coal. (Coal—a dirty soft kind in irregular lumps—costs 60 cents a sack in California, and wood is 30 cents a sack.) I knocked at the door of the carpenter at last. A woman's voice asked me in. I entered a huge room. A glowing kitchen stove in the middle reached out long, trembling fingers of light to touch the rough beams and rafters, the floor, the walls. A solidly built brick chimney rose from floor to roof. It was the outside shell of an incompleted house, of which the partitions, upper floor, lathing and plastering were still to be done. Before the comfortable fire Priscilla, the Puritan maiden — no, the buxom wife of the Seventh Day Adventist, clad in gray homespun and broad white kerchief, sat nursing her knees. Outside the wind blew gustily chill. I was glad to come into the warmth. The good wife gossipped. "Tent? Oh, yes, to be sure, you're the lady of the tent. Well, I'm glad to see you — " "I am afraid you made a mistake," I interrupted. "What, don't you live in the tent across the way? No? Well, there's something very mysterious about that. You know she had that tent built several months ago, and there's never a soul to be seen there — yes, someone saw a man and woman sitting in the doorstep at dusk once. Some folks say they've seen a light in the tent — Well, so it wasn't you after all." I told her I wanted a tent put up. Would her husband do it? Well, maybe, tho' she feared he was too busy. I must wait till he came home. He charged $3.50 a day, working by contract he often made more, much more. Now she prated of her husband. "My husband" was one of the important people of the Adventist community. Had I been to Elder Simpson's meetings? Such an earnest man! A man of property too! Why, he owned — But it was getting late, and I excused myself. Come to think of it, she was sure her husband was too busy to take any more work just now. I took up again my search for a carpenter, was directed from one place to another, always with the same result. Tired and hungry, I stumbled my way back to the road, after losing myself once in the tall dried grasses of the gully. At half-past nine I sat down to supper and the narration of the day's events. For the next three days I hunted carpenters. Finally someone gave me a tip to telephone to Union headquarters. They sent me a man (at $3.50 a day of course) who took nearly two days to plant our fourteen by sixteen-foot tent (charges $5) and incidentally discovered that it measured only twelve by fourteen feet. (Is it true that all Californians are liars? Well, I don't at this moment recall one who has kept his word to me in the matters of time and price. Your real Californian will tell you, however, that these are all Easterners. True enough!) So our tent cost us so far $17.75; no, $18.75, including the expressage.

We were to move Wednesday. But Wednesday it rained, the first time in six months. And Thursday it rained. Friday we took advantage of a lull in the storm to start out. I sat up in front of the express wagon beside a black man. Baby in his carriage was strapped securely on top of the load. The dear little fellow took it to be a pleasure outing. When a few drops of rain splashed his face he crowed with delight. He was laughing and making the sweetest crooning noises all the way. When his carriage rocked like a ship on a rolling sea he clutched my forefinger tightly, and thus fortified feared nothing. The roads were all ruts and miry pools, and the journey was long. When at last our wee bit tent came in sight my heart thumped. Home at last!

Inside was ridiculously small. And there were trunks and boxes, bed and stove and sewing machine, baby's chair and baby's crib and baby's go-cart and God knows what else, to be stowed away in that twelve by fourteen space. But it was a shelter from the rain which sputtered threateningly every minute or so, and it was warmer than outside. Hurrah for home!

Leaving my mother with the baby I started off for work (it was now about two o'clock) and finished out the day downtown. Alas, the rain was soon falling in a steady downpour. Was the tent waterproof? Was it warm? I could tell nothing until I returned at nightfall. The walk over the rough roads was painfully long. I struggled against wind and rain, drenched to the skin. I struggled with sticky "dobe." ("Dobe" a contraction of the Spanish "adobe," a kind of dark loam, hard as brick in dry weather, in wet weather sticky beyond the imagination of anyone who has not encountered it. If you get caught in it, it will pull your rubbers off, even your shoes, before it lets you free. There is only one way to overcome it, which is to tie your feet up in gunny-sacks. Such is the vanity of humankind, however, that the gunny-sacks in evidence on a rainy day are far fewer than necessity demands. The mesa was dark, black with the blackness of a river under storm-clouds. Where was our tent-ship? Was it securely anchored? I saw nothing of it until I was quite close. Faintly the light of it shone through the mist. I steered straight for it over the stubbly field.

Mamma sat in the middle of chaos, holding baby wrapped in a blanket. She had been too frightened by the noises to do anything. The tent groaned and creaked, the ropes that held it anchored were drawn taut and whizzed under the wind. The canvas flapped loudly. The whole floor was wet. The only one dry thing in that room was little Yo (my baby) swathed in blankets in spite of his protesting kicks. I found the coffee pot in the corner half full of rain water. And the coffee was in some box or other. Aha! here it is! Now for hot coffee and hamburger steak, cooked over the little oil stove. "Hamburger steak?" sniffed Mama. "Certainly! You didn't think I'd come home without fetching something in my pocket? And here are fresh rolls." Did the milk come? I told a boy to fetch you some." "Certainly it came. Baby isn't starved, at any rate." So we ate our supper off one plate. Of cups, forks and spoons we had found each one.

"What shall we do with this tent? It leaks abominably."

I looked around and found open seams in the canvas, a half-inch space under the baseboard, and other defects. Even the best of tents will become water-soaked in a long, continuous rain. Someone in the office had told me that a "fly" was needed. A fly is a sort of cloth roof, stretched over a center beam a few inches higher than the ridge-pole of the tent and extending over the eaves. This sheds the water, protects and preserves the tent, and makes the place cooler in Summer. Such a one as would protect our tent costs about $6. "That will make the price of our tent come to about $25," said Mamma. "And any day a high wind may come and blow the whole thing away. And we have so many other expenses. Already I have given the agent $25 as first payment on the lot, and you know $9 more went to the water company to have the main water pipe tapped, and we still must buy some piping, a faucet and connections to get the water to the surface — perhaps $3 or $4 more. That makes about $40 for first payment on our lot and for water, and say $24 for the tent, that's $64 already." "Yes, but think, Mama! After this we will pay out simply the $10 a month we used to pay for rent." "And seventy-five cents for water-tax," added Mamma. "And in three years the whole thing will be paid for."

"What trees shall we plant?"

"I want a Norway pine."

"Why not have some fruit trees?"

"A fig tree, of course."

"A couple of orange trees? And the blossoms of the lemon are so fragrant."

"Those are all dwarfish trees. I'd like a glorious spreading maple, or an oak."

"Ah, the maple is for back East, where the Autumn frost can get in his fine work coloring the leaves. We have no Autumn glory here," sighed my mother.

"We'll have a honeysuckle clambering over the back porch."

"We can grow any kind of flowers here all Winter. Strawberries too if we want. We're above the frost line."

"But cold enough tonight.

"The bedding is all wet."

"Well, we must manage to lie on it somehow. I'm deadly tired."

We spread two mattresses on the floor. Mamma's was comparatively dry. Mine thoroughly soaked. I lay down, baby with me, wrapped in all the dry blankets. The icy wet penetrated my nightgown. No use to try to sleep. I sat up. The air was cold too. I lay down. The bed was colder. Things had reached the point of tragedy. I began to laugh. Why? By the same logic that I must cry when my cup of happiness is full. Being a woman I suppose reasons are superfluous. Baby objected to my writhings. He fretted. He would not rest again. He wanted to be held. I sat up with baby in my arms, rocking back and forth in bed, crooning and cuddling and talking to him. Bye, baby! Bye! Hush, my baby dear. Mamma got her little boy! Just listen! Hark! What's that? Why, that's the wind! Patter, patter! Why that's little sea-horses trampling on the roof. Sh! Listen! We're in a funny kind of a ship, we're riding over a big sea. Whole world is drowned, only not we! Hush, my dove! Mamma's only little white dove! Bye, bye, bye, O! He quieted at last. I laid him down and crept to the door. By this time the tent was full of a strange white light. I thought the morning sun was shining through. I looked out. There the moon was, riding uncertainly through cloud billows. "Clusters of cloud against the moon, the wind for a flower," the Japanese expression of the inexplicable pathos of life recurred to my mind, as I glanced back at baby's dear flower face sleeping in the moonlight. O my own little flower! O could I shield thee from every harsh wind! I covered him warmly, and waited. Neighbors' chickens began to waken. And sweet birds trilled in the tall grass stalks of the gully. Now warm sunshine flooded the tent, from above, from the sides. We needed no window. How glorious the life in a tent! Yo clapped his hands. Happy, happy boy!

I went off singing to work. The mesa held up a face radiant through tears. Every grass blade was shining with the silver drops. Grass? Why, the brown mesa had put on a robe of green overnight. The new grass was half an inch high. Soon it would be four inches. In mid-winter it would be knee-deep.

Sunday was our day for setting to rights. We hammered and sawed and swept and dug and sweated. In the afternoon I spied a little figure climbing up the side of the gully.

"So hard to find you — such a long walk I had." A Jap boy stood before me wiping his forehead. "You like ducks? Here are two wild ones; my boss shot them."

Matsuo pulled the feathers off the ducks and we fried one in olive oil with plenty of onion and a dash of curry. We were tired and dirty, but happy as gypsies. We enjoyed our supper. Mamma ate ravenously, having been limited to a vegetarian diet for a couple or days. The duck was delicious.

Yo licked the bones.

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FLORAL POINTERS FOR FEBRUARY

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

BEFORE this month ends many of us will be making comparisons between the number of plants we see listed in the new catalogues, and want, and the amount of money we can appropriate to their purchase but the experienced ones will stop short of getting many of the much lauded novelties.

Much of the pleasure in cultivating flowers consists in watching the development of unknown plants and we want a few of the new ones, but it is the part of wisdom to make it "a few" and let someone else try others.

Sometimes they are all that is claimed for them; very frequently they are worth mighty little, and, *always*, they are high-priced.

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When planning for the purchase of plants a thought must be given to the number and condition of the pots on hand, for it is altogether probable that some new ones will be needed and more than probable that a part of those on hand will need renovating. The price of a novelty or two will pay for enough along this line to add more to the appearance of the plant collection than could be added by a dozen fine plants put into, and among, a lot of shabby pots.

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Soft-baked clay pots are the best it is possible to get for most plants, when conditions for growth are considered, and fortunately, the natural cream and terra cotta shades in which they usually come blend harmoniously with all colors found in foliage and flower among our plants — which is more than can be said for some of the expensive, glazed, highly-colored and gilt-bedecked things sold as ornamental (?) pots.

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With ordinary care these pots may be used for years before they become discolored, but when that time comes they should be emptied; thoroughly scrubbed and *stained*— not painted. To prepare the stain add powder of whatever color is wanted to turpentine, adding a very little powder at a time, until the desired shade is secured.

English vermillion added to the turpentine produces a color closely resembling that of the darker pots when new; yellow ochre produces a cream tint and burnt ochre a brown one, while chrome-green with a very little black gives a beautiful moss-green shade and either of the stains gives a permanent color to the clay without filling the pores.

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In order to pot a plant in the way to induce its best growth it is necessary to take into consideration the kind of root it naturally produces. To put a plant having long, downward-reaching roots into a broad, shallow pot is to invite failure, while to put one that produces spreading roots which remain near the surface into a deep pot is to make sure of having a quantity of soil below the roots which is in a condition to be worse than useless.

Among the broad and shallow pots now on the market we find one class listed as fern-pots, and these are fine for any plant having roots that spread near the surface.

A second class, even more shallow than the first, are called bulb pans and a third class furnishes the seed pans which are the best possible things in which to start seeds.

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The advantage gained by the use of these pans comes from the fact that they may be set into water and left until the soil has absorbed moisture enough. If the water is warm the soil becomes warmed and, in any case, there is no danger of washing out the seeds or tiny plants.

One fine plant in a suitable pot is far more ornamental, and gives more enjoyment to all who see it, than two fine plants in shabby pots and the fact should be kept in mind when planning the window-garden campaign for any season.

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THE OLD FOLKS

By Elizabeth Rollit Burns

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

AYE, make the children happy,
'Twere blessed so to do;
But don't forget the old folks,
Oh, make them happy too!

"The little untried footsteps
Have such a length to go!"
So far have come the aged,
Their weary steps are slow.

"We know not what awaiteth
The journey just begun."
Much toil and grief befel them
Whose race is nearly run.

Yes, make the children happy,
Too soon will shadows loom;
And don't forget the old folks
So near the silent tomb;

But strive to make them happy
The while ye have them here,
With acts of thoughtful kindness,
And words of love and cheer!

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

HOW TO CLEAN STRAINERS

By MRS. W. M. G.
Hatfield, Missouri

When your strainers become clogged and practically useless, a lump of coarse salt, moistened and vigorously applied, will prove effectual.

CURE FOR IVY POISON

By MRS. A. E. LARKIN
Ontario, California

The best and quickest cure for ivy poison is hot water. Make a mop of a soft rag, folded several times, dip it in hot, not warm, water and apply to the affected part for three or four minutes, just as hot as can be borne without scalding; repeat often, do not rub, touch gently. If done when it first appears nothing more will be needed; it allays the itching at once.

NUGGETS OF HOMELY WISDOM

By MRS. E. E. B.
Wichita, Kansas

If when putting up fruit some of the nice juices are canned, you have something ready for seasoning mince-meat for Thanksgiving and Christmas pies, with very little trouble.

To paper white-washed walls, wash with strong vinegar-water before putting on paper.

If light cotton goods are put into cold salt water thoroughly heated, and rinsed while hot in cold water, there will be no more shrinking and this will set the colors, excepting fancy colors.

Putting a little butter in cooked starch will make the irons go more smoothly on ironing day.

Shake a little flour in pans after greasing, when making cake; they are less liable to burn on bottom.

For cleaning combs use ammonia and brush; rinse in clear water.

Ammonia used on beds and mattresses will keep them clean and free from bugs.

To clean lamp chimneys, rub first with cloth wet in kerosene, then with soft paper or cloth.

HAVE THE EGGS COLD

By ADDIE F. WOODMAN
North Leeds, Maine

When you want eggs to come to a froth quickly, have them almost ice-cold before you break them.

DIVERS USEFUL HINTS

By C. A. DAVIS
Salem, Massachusetts

Alcohol will keep ice from forming on the windows.

Discolorations on china baking dishes and custard cups can be removed with whiting.

Kerosene oil and soft cloth will keep mahogany furniture in fine condition.

Drop vinegar will remove paint from window glass.

Use soda water in washing windows to remove finger-marks, putty stains, etc.

BAKED EGGS

By MRS. A. J. C.
Long Branch, California

Break in a buttered gem-pan the number of eggs to be cooked, being careful that each is whole, put upon each a few rolled cracker crumbs; a small piece of butter, and sprinkle with pepper and salt. Adding a teaspoon of cream is a great improvement. Bake in the oven until whites are firm.

CLEANING CARPET-SWEEPERS

By MRS. LON CONOVER
Covington, Ohio

If you want your carpet-sweeper to do good work, take the brush out and comb it occasionally. Do not throw your sweepers away when they fail to sweep, thinking the brush is worn out. The brush will last as long as the sweeper. Just have the man of the house lower the spring that controls the brush. In case a mouse eats the brush a new brush can be bought at the furniture dealer's for fifty cents.

UTILIZING A CELLAR-WAY

By NOLA MAE PEACOCK
Mattawan, Michigan

On one side I have three grape baskets, nailed one above the other, and into these I put paper sacks, wrapping paper and newspapers, respectively. Below these I have a small box in which I put all the wrapping cord. So if I have a bundle to do up, a fowl to singe or any need of paper or cord, I always have a supply on hand.

I also keep my brooms here on little racks made of two nails driven in the wall just far enough apart to admit the broom handle between them. The cool air of the cellar-way keeps the brooms soft and pliable.

I have a narrow shelf on one side for shoe-blacking, stove-blacking, machine oil and other small necessary articles, which are best kept out of sight.

TO BLACKEN A RANGE

By MRS. N. S. P.
Newtonville, Massachusetts

My friends tell me they have to take out bolts and screws to remove the nickel trimmings when blacking their ranges. I have one of the Model Hub Ranges made by the Smith & Anthony Co., Boston and can instantly remove all of its trimmings. There are no bolts or screws to bother with — the nickel parts just drop into slots, and can be lifted out at pleasure. I have been told no other range has this feature.

NOTE and COMMENT

ON THE TRAIN

By J. F. Conrad

DES MOINES, IOWA

THERE is no better place to get an insight into human nature than on a train; especially when you are traveling after night, and, for some reason that you do not care to make public, have neglected to procure a berth. How peculiar it is that the man who will sit up all night and play poker or whist down town will be found asleep, occupying two whole seats, before nine o'clock, if he is traveling. If you ask him to divide the earth with you, you will be treated to a specimen of pure selfishness that cannot be found outside of a hogpen. The next legislature ought to be compelled to furnish troughs for a part of the traveling public. I do not mind seeing people make a sleeper out of the smoking-car when there is room, but I cannot say I like to ride three hundred miles on a wood-box while some long cuss is stretched diagonally across two seats and sleeping like he had no conscience and had never been touched up by remorse.

Not long ago I was riding in the smoker, reading one of Katherine Greens's thrilling "Who Do You Think Did It's?" when an Italian family got on—a man and his wife and two little ones, and, owing to the crowded condition of the car, they were forced to occupy one seat. It was about ten p. m. Soon they began to prepare for a nap. The little ones were laid on a seat head to foot. Then the man and his wife sat down on the floor in front of them and leaned their heads and an arm on the cushion of the seat. In this way they kept the children from falling off and secured for themselves a position that was not half as uncomfortable as it looked. It was not ten minutes until the entire outfit was asleep, dreaming, maybe, of "Sunny Italy." Of course it did not look dignified, but it gave a an idea of how a man can work for one dollar and a quarter a day, support a family, get drunk once in a while and occasionally visit his native land. Those people slept the entire night, and in the morning they looked as fresh and happy as if they had slept the entire night on a four-dollar mattress. They had lunch with them; I watched them eat, which maybe was not good manners. They laughed and talked in their own tongue; they joked some; while I could not see the point to the joke, I knew intuitively they joked. When they had finished, the lunch basket was closed and then they settled down to enjoy all the scenery. By that time they had secured another seat, and a happier, more contented family you could not find on the train.

After that I went into the dining-car, where the people with lower berths and lots of money ate their breakfasts and criticised the culinary department. At the table next to me sat a man and his wife and one child. The parents looked tired and the child was cross; and they had not slept in a seat, either; not they.

The lady began by complaining of the chocolate; the man kicked because his steak was either overdone or underdone. The kid poured his milk out on the floor and declared he wanted coffee, and howled until he got it; then he howled some more. They finished their breakfasts without a smile. Maybe, though, the man had taken his before; I could not tell. When I came back to the smoker and saw that Italian and his family, happy in their contentment, it struck me that while probably not "all is vanity," anyhow half of it is.

I saw a mad conductor on the way. The car was crowded with people going to some county fair. In the seat ahead of me was a man and his wife, I take it, and a boy three or four years of age. As usual in such cases, there was an effort made to have the little ruffian shine. When the conductor came to their seat, the proud parent had given the pasteboards to the boy. "Give the tickets to the man, Willie," said the proud parent, with a smile on his face that almost hid his countenance. The mother laughed; she could not help it, it was such a cute situation; the grandparents, three or four seats ahead, stood up to see what the cute little cannibal would do. It seemed to me they were old enough to have known better. The grandparents, I mean.

"Give it to the conductor, Willie," said the fond f., as he shoved the little phenomenon toward the man who had nothing to do, hardly, but beat the road. But Willie, true to tradition, refused to perform. Did he give up those tickets? Not Willie. When the fond f. tried to do what he ought to have done in the first place, that is, pass up the tickets himself, Willie squeezed them in his hand, straightened out his legs, bowed his back and howled. When he saw he was going to lose out to his father and the conductor, he made a side-step, or something of that nature, and threw the tickets down between the seats.

After a while the conductor dug them out and punched them like he was trying to cut a hole through a piece of stovepipe. As he passed up the aisle by me I heard him mutter something that sounded to me like "hell and damnation."

This was naughty in Willie and made his parents feel tough; but they had him doing cute things before the next station was reached. You could not blame the parents. If Adam could have had an audience, he would have tried to make Cain show off. When it comes to the first-born we all make fools of ourselves. A blank stare on the face of the first, to the head of the family is a look of inspired genius. A crusty pessimist would say it was inspired idiocy. But there it is again. We parents can never see why our photographers will persist in filling their show cases with a lot of little mediocrities.

KILLING A JIM-CROW CAR BILL ❧ By N. B. Huff

SPENCER, WEST VIRGINIA

IT was during the session of the West Virginia legislature, 1893, that a member offered what is commonly called a "Jim-Crow" bill. As a matter of course, the negroes of Charleston, the state capital, took immediate action to prevent, if possible, the passage of the measure; it had been referred to one of the house committees and a day set to hear the protest of the colored people; they held a meeting and selected the ablest among them to present their side of the question before the committee.

I had paid but little attention to the

matter, but one evening, after the regular work of the day had been done, an old friend, a typical Southerner, said to me:

"Come with me; the colored people have a hearing before our committee this evening; and I feel sure that something will happen that will interest you."

I went and have always been glad since that I did go; for it was there that I became convinced that the Southern man is a better friend to the negro than he sometimes gets credit for being. And I am glad for another reason: it was there that I heard an old negro make the most effective speech, if it may so be called, that I ever heard anywhere.

Three representatives had been selected by the negroes— a minister, a teacher and old Sam Dandridge, a former slave, but at that time a restaurant-keeper, who, by industry, honesty, thrift and close attention to business, had accumulated considerable property. When we got there the speaking had begun; the minister made a fair address, so did the teacher; but it remained for old Sam to win his cause.

I have heard some very able men speak; but have never seen anyone more completely carry his audience with him than did that old negro. I will never forget that simple talk. He made no attempt at display — he was deference itself. It was an appeal for his people, an appeal to the heart and reason of his auditors; simple, plain and to the point; unembellished, but strong. He said:

> "My people have sent me here to talk for them. You have before you what is called a 'Jim-Crow' bill. That bill provides that the railroads shall provide separate coaches for colored people. I am not here to dictate to you but I am here to beg of you not to humiliate us by the passage of this bill. You allow every other race of mankind to ride in the same coaches with you; why, then, would you draw the line on us? If you make the test a moral one, I have no word to say against it; we all know that there are negroes — yes, and white men, too — who are unfit to ride with decent people of any color. If you draw the line there, then there will be no complaint from us.
>
> "I know that my people are of an inferior race. I know that we are not your equals. What we are, we owe to you; and what we are to be, depends much on your patience with us.
>
> "My people have erected no monuments, built no great cities, left no traces of civilization in all the past. We are as children in your hands — help us to better things. We cannot lead; we must follow. We learn by imitating you. We have learned much; we have much yet to learn. All we are you have helped us to be; what we are yet to be depends much on you. We live among you; help us to live in peace. We may try your patience at times but bear with us.
>
> "I was a slave myself. I belonged to old Marsa Ruffner. When the war came on, that gave me my freedom, Marsa Ruffner called me to him one day, and said to me, 'Sam, I am going away to the war; I leave Missis and the little ones with you; take care of them.' And, as God is my judge, I did take care of them, as I would my own. For four long, hard years I worked for them. I ploughed the ground, planted the corn, worked it, husked it, shelled it and took it to the mill and got it ground to make bread for them. I raised the hogs that made their meat; worked for the clothes that they wore and went for the doctor for them when they were sick. And when old Marsa came back I turned them over to him safe and well.
>
> "And now, suppose that old Marsa and old Missis were living today and were over yonder at the depot, ready to take the train, and me and my old woman would go there to get on the same train, do you suppose that old Marsa would say to me, 'Sam, you and your wife go back yonder and get on that other coach; you are not good enough to ride with me and my wife.' No, no! He would reach out his hand to help and say, 'Come in here with us.'"

That blessed old negro had every one of us so completely his friend before he closed that a "Jim-Crow" bill didn't have the ghost of a chance in that legislature. The old fellow has since passed to the unknown, where race, color, or previous condition of servitude makes no difference. The scenes of his joys and sorrows are left behind. He was one of many who proved his loyalty to his old masters by the severest test that could be placed on mortal man.

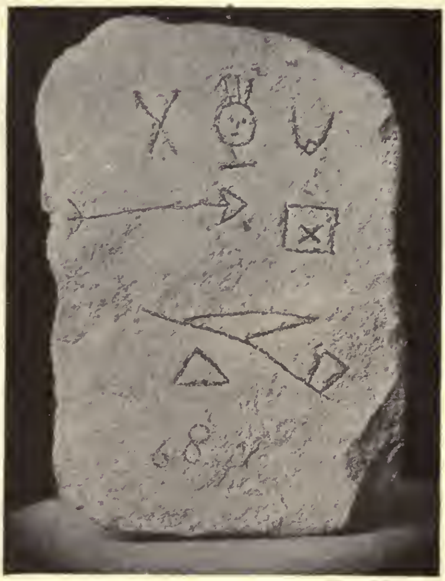
Loyal and true to his trust, he stood at his post and cared for those entrusted to him, rather than flee and fight for his freedom.

I could not have done it; could you?

PIONEER PROSELYTING ❧ By Charles W. Chace

DIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE picture here presented is a photograph of an Indian gravestone recently unearthed at Dighton, Massachusetts. The stone is in a fine state of preservation and is considered one of the rarest of Indian curiosities. The stone attracted so much interest that its owner loaned it to the Old Colony Historical Society. They placed it in the hands of an authority on Indian hieroglyphics, who gave the following interpretation: The first line consists of a cross, an Indian head and the letter V. The cross stands for the cross of Christ, while the V is the first letter of the Greek word "vios," meaning son. Therefore these signs are interpreted as follows: "This Indian was the son of Christ." The second line is composed of an arrow aiming for a square enclosing a cross. This shows that "The aim of his life was toward the banner of the cross." The third line depicts an Indian pipe of peace, which is taken to represent the words, "May he rest in peace." Just beneath the pipe is the Greek letter delta, or D, and it is believed that this might stand for "Danforth," the name of the Taunton minister who is known to have converted many of the Indians to the Christian faith.



THE RECORD ON STONE

The figures 68 can be plainly distinguished, and it is likely that they are a part of the date, the rest of which is effaced. It was probably "168—" something, as it was just about that time that Mr. Danforth was pursuing his religious work here. The stone throws a little light upon an almost forgotten period.

THE RATE LAW IN COURT ❧ A Sinister Forecast

(FROM THE NEW YORK SUN, TRUST ORGAN)

THE year now begun is likely to be memorable in the eyes of constitutional lawyers and political economists if congress shall sanction the experiment of government rate-making for railways, which Mr. Roosevelt advocates. We must * * * watch with profound misgiving the making of rates for transportation by a board some if not all of whose members will be unqualified by experience to transact such a complicated and difficult business.

From the standpoint of expediency, indeed, the experiment desired by the president is almost universally condemned by experts, but it looks as if it might have to be tried, in view of the support given to the president's project by a great majority of the house of representatives and a large part of the senate, and also of the acquiescent attitude reluctantly adopted of late by the Pennsylvania Railroad and some other railway systems.

The worst feature of a law sanctioning so grave an innovation is that, once inscribed upon the statute book, it cannot be expunged easily by legislative fiat, however disappointing and obnoxious may be its practical results. *For that reason the best hope of those who fear that government rate-making may have not only perturbing but disastrous consequences* [to the stock-gambling, law-breaking, press-court-and-legislature-corrupting private monopolizers of the public highways] *lies in the federal tribunal.*

DO YOU REALLY CARE? ☙ By Frank Putnam

DO you really care whether congress does or does not pass a law giving federal officials control of railway rates? or does your interest in the subject end in mere talk? If you really care, get busy. The System—invented by the First Monopolist and christened by Tom Lawson—is fighting, tooth and claw, to defeat the president's program, and so to hold its grip on its monopolistic privilege of taking toll, at its own price, from every user of the public highways — the railroads. Heretofore the Washington Post has been an independent American newspaper; it has been bought by the System and is driving the System's knife into Roosevelt's back at every opportunity. This is just a sample of what is being done throughout the country. **It is up to you to write to your senator and your congressman, informing them plainly that you expect them to support a rate bill — an honest rate bill** — if you believe the whole people, and not the System, should rule the public highways.

The president's popularity with the people has been a bar to the System's undisputed enjoyment of its right of ownership in the rest of the government at Washington. The System has set out to destroy that popularity by pretending that Roosevelt wants imperial power and by insinuating scandals in affairs under his management. **Roosevelt's hands are clean; his popularity gains with every blow the System aims at him. The people know that the only imperial ambition they have to check at Washington is that of the System.** They will make this fact plain in the next congressional elections, by smashing those representatives who may now betray them.

BROTHER CHIEFTAINS ☙ By Henry Rightor

(FROM "HARLEQUIN," NEW ORLEANS)

ROOSEVELT AND DIAZ

RULERS of twin republics, bronze and pale!
Youth's vigor in the North, and to the South
The calm far-seeing wisdom of the eld!
Ye stand, ye captains of the Western world,
The very type-exemplars of the time,
The pith and progress of the living day!

Thou of the broader world-belt, keen and strong,
Scion of gods and prophets! Thou hast been
The forceful, silent arbiter of all
That touched the sun-dyed children of the West!
And so has been thy rule;
True as the wage of virtue or of sin!

Thou of the paler nation where the zones
Narrow to Northward, lo, thy way has been
Straight to the target, seeing but the end!
Great in thy youth and gentle in thy strength,
A minister and hero to the world!

Brothers in wisdom, champions of the right,
Rulers of lands that merge as stream and sea!
Fathers of peoples bound by every tie
Of common aim and common sun and moon
And common waters washing by their doors!
Thrive ye in peace and interchange of love,
Your forceful, gentle hands upon the world,
Your eyes high-fixed upon the laws of God!

The Finish
Cornell Harvard Boat Race

FINISH OF THE CORNELL-HARVARD BOAT RACE

ITHACA — THE FOREST CITY

By Nathan Hanford

Secretary of Ithaca Business Men's Association

"CORNELL, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell!" from ten thousand lusty lungs echoed from shore to shore across the blue waters of Cayuga Lake. It was the greeting of the assembled thousands who crowded the boats, the forty-two car observation train and peopled the hillsides for miles along the course to the winners of a great college boat race, who again demonstrated the superiority of the world-famous Cornell stroke. Inspiriting as such a scene is, no observer can fail to realize that Mother Nature has been generous; that this deep blue lake, with its fertile hillsides and rich valley extending south from its head and overlooked by three commanding eminences, is in itself a beautiful prospect. No wonder that it was in this valley that the Iroquois chieftains located their village and planted their orchards and their corn fields, and that Sullivan's pioneer soldiers came back to settle the country they had devastated during their Revolutionary service. Such is the location of Ithaca. It is the seat of Cornell University, which is but thirty-eight years old and has over 8,000 graduates scattered throughout the world, and a present attendance of 4,000 students representing every state and territory in the Union and nearly every nation of Europe, Asia and America.

But not alone as a University city is Ithaca to be judged. Rising over 700 feet above the lake to the west is West Hill, covered with fruit and truck gardens, beautiful in the morning sunlight; South Hill, a popular residence section, rises 800 feet from the head of the valley, and winding sinuously along its sides may be seen the tracks of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad and the mammoth new factory buildings of the Morse Chain Works. To the east is East Hill, with its elegant residences, its fine business blocks, its costly fraternity houses, its two preparatory schools and the campus and buildings of Cornell University, the tower of Cornell Library building piercing the sky 675 feet above the main business street of the city.

Notwithstanding the hills, an excellent street car service carries the traveler to

CHI PSI LODGE—ONE OF THE MANY FINE FRATERNITY HOUSES ON EAST HILL

all parts of the city, over the campus and Cornell Heights, to Renwick Park, a cool, delightful beach at the head of the lake, and over a beautiful scenic route through and around Cayuga Heights.

There are also trolley lines, now projected, connecting with Cortland, Auburn and Elmira.

Cayuga Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, extends forty miles north and has an average width of a little over two miles. During the Summer two boats leave Ithaca each day, connecting with the New York Central trains at Cayuga. Several smaller boats make numerous trips from the city to the many cottages along the lake, carrying freight as well as passengers to the various Summer homes. Many private sail and power boats are to be seen, some of them fast and elegant. Along the shore several well appointed and attractive Summer hotels offer their hospitality, and to the disciple of Isaac Walton the opportunity to "wet his line." Lake trout, black bass, pickerel and perch are native to the lake, but during the past few years it has been well stocked with black bass from the United States hatcheries, over 2,000,000 wall-eyed pike and 50,000 perch fingerlings from the state, and 50,000 fingerling lake trout also from the state hatcheries. Within driving distance from the city are numerous cold streams which are kept stocked each year with brook and rainbow trout. Several rainbow trout weighing three pounds or over were caught last season within four miles of the city.

The excellent shipping facilities make Ithaca a natural manufacturing and jobbing center, it being connected with tide water via Cayuga Lake and Seneca Canal to the Erie Canal, and on the main line of the Lehigh Valley railroad, only 263 miles from New York and 144 miles from Buffalo. A through freight leaves New York every day on both the Lehigh Valley and Lackawanna lines, reaching Ithaca the next morning. There are through sleepers over both lines, giving eight hour passenger service with New York City and through sleepers giving eighteen hour service with Chicago and the West. The Ithaca & Auburn branch of the Lehigh Valley system reaches Auburn, connecting with the New York Central, and Fair Haven on Lake Ontario, connecting with steamers for the Thousand Islands and points in Canada. The Elmira, Cortland & Northern branch of the Lehigh Valley gives access to the rich agricultural and dairy regions of Central New York south of the New York Central and reaching to the shore of Oneida Lake.

Of the many manufacturing plants, probably the best known is the Ithaca Gun Company, which has grown from a small concern to one of the largest manufactories of high grade double guns in the United States, with a yearly output of over 25,000 guns. The Ithaca Calendar Clock Company and the Ithaca Autophone Company, two old and well-established manufactories, are constantly shipping goods to all parts of the civilized world. Situated at the foot of Seneca Hill is the Booth Hyomei fac-

Ithaca Falls

ITHACA FALLS

tory. At the Inlet, near the tracks of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and Lehigh Valley railroads, is the Cornell Incubator Company, manufacturing chicken brooders and incubators, and the Ithaca Sign Works, whose traveling men "drum" nearly every state in the Union. The Fairbanks-Grant Manufacturing Company, on the banks of the Inlet, manufacture gasoline engines and power boats, and the Motor and Manufacturing Works Company are crowded to their utmost capacity, manufacturing mufflers and other specialties for use on automobile and marine gasoline engines. The Morse Chain Works manufactures high speed chains; its plant is now nearly completed and will employ about 250 men. Its buildings will have over 90,000 square feet of floor space and equipment to make it one of the most up-to-date factories of its kind in the world.

Ithaca Hotel & State Street

ITHACA HOTEL AND STATE STREET

Aurora Street
looking North from State St.

AURORA STREET

TIOGA STREET

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Underneath the city lies a thick strata of salt, and three large salt plants give employment to a large number of men—The Ithaca Salt Plant within the city, the large Remington Salt Plant on the lake a mile north, and ten miles down the lake the Ludlowville Plant, the largest of all, their total output aggregating over 150,000 barrels yearly. At Portland Point, a short distance to the north of the city, on the lake shore, is situated the plant of the Cayuga Lake Cement Company, manufacturing Cayuga Portland cement, with a capacity of about 900 barrels per day and now running to its limit.

Several large jobbing houses send

their travelers throughout New York and Pennsylvania and annually distribute several million dollars' worth of goods.

The banking facilities of the city are unexcelled. The First National Bank, an old and conservative institution has a capital of $250,000 and a surplus of $85,000. The Tompkins County National Bank has a capital of $100,000 and a surplus of $140,000. The Ithaca Trust Company has a capital of $100,000 and a surplus of $100,000, with a savings department paying interest. The Ithaca Savings Bank, organized in 1868, has over $2,500,000 in deposits and over 9,000 individual accounts.

Popularly known as the Forest City, Ithaca has miles of pavement, nearly all brick, and is noted for its cleanliness; thousands of great spreading elms, beautiful maple shade trees and more well-kept lawns and finely trimmed terraces than any other city of its size in this state.

CLINTON HOUSE

Its water system, owned by the city, is supplied by artesian wells 280 feet deep, and is as pure and healthful as the bubbling cold springs where our forefathers drank. The sewerage system, reaching all parts of the city, is wellnigh perfect, making it clean and healthful. Two telephone companies with both suburban and long distance connections offer excellent service, and three wide-awake daily newspapers keep the people posted on the doings of the world at large.

The public school system is justly noted throughout the world and is one of the features of which Ithaca is proud. Its high school ranks in scholarship first in the state. Its high school and grammar school building is modern in its appointments, has a seating capacity of 1,100 students and employs thirty-one teachers. The high school has a well equipped commercial department, giving a four years' course in modern commercial methods, manual training and domestic science courses, and English, scientific and classical courses which prepare students for entrance to the leading colleges. The Cascadilla and University Preparatory schools also annually prepare many students for college entrance. The Ithaca Conservatory of Music ranks high in musical circles; giving instruction on the violin, piano and in all other musical branches. It also gives instruction in elocution and physical culture. Conservatory concert troupes tour the United States annually, and the growth of the institution has been steady and rapid.

ITHACA HIGH SCHOOL

The Ithaca Band, justly famous for its high class concerts and soloists, gives free concerts during the Summer evenings in the city parks and at Renwick beach.

Lovers of the dramatic art will find

SOUTH CAYUGA STREET

Partial View of Cornell University Campus

ONE VIEW OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

a theater modern in every respect. The Lyceum has a seating capacity of over 1,200 people and ample stage fittings for the most elaborate productions. The late Sir Henry Irving and Joseph Jefferson have graced it with their presence in years past, and artists like Julia Marlowe, Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Langtry and other popular favorites usually play here at least once each year. Lovers of music have opportunity to hear artists like Ysaye, Bispham, Blauvelt, Paur's Pittsburgh orchestra and other noted musical artists and organizations which are brought here under the auspices of the musical department of Cornell University.

Among the public institutions is a large and well equipped city hospital, with a separate building for infectious diseases, and employs eighteen graduate nurses. For Cornell students is the Cornell infirmary, one of the best equipped hospitals in the country valued at $50,000, with an endowment for maintenance.

Although Ithaca has, according to the last census, about 15,000 people, exclusive of students and transients, it must be borne in mind that 5,000 and over students, non-resident professors and instructors in the university, preparatory schools and conservatory bring the total population for nine months of the year to over 20,000 people. Each of these 5,000 transients annually spends as much as the average family of five persons. Thus the business done and the disbursements throughout, the city compare favorably with most cities of 35,000 to 40,000 people.

WINTER PLAYGROUNDS OF AMERICA

By THOMAS F. ANDERSON

"Opals and turquoises are the earth's efforts to remember a sky so fair."

IT is something more than the mere dread of cold weather that is sending so many thousands of our northern people to warmer climes every Winter.

The reason is not hard to find. It is the universal desire of humanity to see new places and enjoy new scenes and experiences that is mainly responsible for this remarkable Winter migration from the north and east to the south and southwest which has marked the past decade or so.

As a nation, we are becoming strongly addicted to the travel habit. Our people have come to understand that travel is education and education cannot be placed too near the one who hungers for a better knowledge of his own or other lands.

That part of the winter vacation field which appeals particularly to Americans is a vast one. It includes several of our southern states, notably North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida; California, New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado; Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica, Bermuda and other of the emerald islands situated in that vaguely-understood region known as the West Indies and the more remote resorts of the Mediterranean.

It is only a question of time when Hawaii, the Philippines and perhaps other of the dreamy isles of the Southern Pacific will be added to the list of regulation winter resorts.

Take the rail lines competing for Southern California winter tourist business, for example, and see what miracles this spirit of competition has wrought in the matter of speed and train appointments.

What an unbelievable contrast between the lumbering prairie schooner of half a century ago, toiling westward with Pike's Peak in view for ten days, and the sumptuous and fast flying "Limited" of today, with its rich upholstering, its comfortable beds, its superb dining car service, its library, barber shop, reading room and shaded observation platforms its hourly stock market reports, and even its wireless telegraph connections.

The fame of the matchless California climate has been steadily growing, and between all these things and the desire to view the wonders of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the Big Trees and the sublime scenery of the Yosemite Valley, the winter migration toward this corner of the union has reached almost the proportions of an annual stampede.

They want to see the vast farms of Nebraska and Kansas, the pueblos of the New Mexico Indians, the fields where five or six crops of alfalfa are harvested every year, the orange, prune and almond groves of California, the place where Rainmaker Hatfield draws deluges from blue skies, the wonderful marine gardens of Santa Catalina, the marvelous flowers of Pasadena and Riverside, the rolling surf of the azure Pacific, the glorious mountains and valleys of Central California, the romantic old Spanish missions, the place where Wizard Burbank is working his horticultural miracles, the oft quoted Golden Gate; and, homeward bound, the wonders of the Yellowstone National Park, or the haunting scenery of Great Salt Lake, the Royal Gorge and Pike's Peak, and the Garden of the Gods. With such a bill of fare as this to select from,—and this is but the half of it—who can wonder that all the world wants to go to California?

The Winter of 1904-5, indeed, broke all records in this land of the "glorious" climate.

It is estimated by the California Promotion Committee, which furnished me the figures, that these 50,000 visitors spent while in the state $18,000,000. Several millions more went to the transcontinental railroads.

This was an increase of about 15,000 tourists over the total for the season of 1903-4, and a gain of $7,500,000 in revenue from that source. Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the ratio at which this business is growing.

Three-fourths of the tourists travel 2,000 miles to get to Southern California, and spend from $100 to $200 each in railroad fares. It is probable that last season's 50,000 paid out $10,000,000 for railroad transportation and meals en route.

COLORADO, THE LAND OF TURQUOIS SKIES

CANYON OF THE GRAND RIVER

COLORADO, with its Royal Gorge, its Pike's Peak, its Garden of the Gods and its perennial sunshine, has also won a place in the affections of the Winter sojourner. Its attractions for the tourist are thus summed up by an enthusiastic contributor:

"Colorado is a region of well-nigh perpetual sunshine and azure-blue skies; the rarified air is vital with ozone and fragrant from evergreen pine trees; the altitude energizes and makes one want to do things; one can go all day and sleep like a babe all night. The place, in fact, to thrill one with the very joy of life.

"Thousands of eastern people spend June, July, August and September in Colorado because the Summer temperature does not vary much from that of Winter. Why not spend the Winter there, for the reason that its temperature does not vary much from that of Summer? The rule works both ways in Colorado.

THE NEW OPEN-TOP OBSERVATION CARS ON THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

"Ample provision has been made for the entertainment of all who may come and ranges from the modest home life of ready-furnished cottage to that offered by the best hotels of the larger cities and resort places.

"All kinds of out-of-door sports flourish in Colorado during the Winter season, and splendid facilities for their enjoyment are provided at all the principal centers of population throughout the state. Not only golf, but polo, tennis and kindred pastimes.

"Country clubs, riding and driving clubs, cricket, gun, rifle, coursing, baseball, foot-ball and hunting clubs abound. In the foot hills and mountains there are mineral springs and other health resorts, where the lovers of open air sports can find ample entertainment during the Winter months. It is indeed very evident that Nature has ordained Colorado to be an all-the-year playground, and has appointed the great transportation systems as special ministers to see that her purposes are promptly carried out.

"Scattered over the entire state are cities, towns and pleasure resorts so numerous that it would require months to visit them all. One may enjoy the metropolitan life of Denver, the pretty capital city, or the more exclusive life of Colorado Springs; may loiter at the far-famed Manitou at the foot of Pike's Peak surrounded by an amphitheater of hills; may linger in the busy city of Pueblo or slip away to Canyon City in the sunny valley nearby.

"Everywhere among the valleys and hills one may find picturesque spots and quiet retreats. The train service on all lines in Colorado is excellent and no difficulty will be experienced in reaching any place, nor in securing proper accommodations after getting there.

"Game is plentiful, and if the votary of strenuous life chooses to shoulder a gun and go out and bring down a bear, or mountain lion, he may. Those less ardent in the pursuit of sport will find water-fowl and shore-birds more to their liking. Camping outfits and hunting equipment are readily obtained after the state is reached."

OUR SOUTHERN "LAND OF THE SKY"

THE fine art of discovery in America did not end with the generation of Columbus. We are constantly finding out new things about ourselves,— new mammoth caves, new waterfalls, new hunting and fishing regions; and we have even discovered that there are Winter vacation resorts that are pretty good Summer vacation resorts as well.

One of these latter discoveries has been made in our Sunny South, in one section of which we find a somewhat remarkable state of affairs, for while people from the North go thither to escape the rigors of the Winter, discriminating ladies and gentlemen from the farther South repair there to get relief from the heat of Summer.

The mountain section of North Carolina, therefore, and particularly that part of it known by the euphonious name of Sapphire Country has come to be an all-the-year-round resort, with its attractive hotels and inns catering in Winter to northerners and in Summer to southerners.

The "Sapphire Country" is something comparatively new in the lexicon of the tourist. He has, however, known for many years about the "Land of the Sky"— another poetic and appropriate designation; and the Sapphire Country is in reality a recently discovered part of the Land of the Sky.

The North Carolina mountains have long been a popular retreat for northern people who like to live for a while in a moderate Winter temperature, not wishing to go to the more remote south where conditions are more tropical, and perhaps more enervating.

Asheville has for years been the great rallying point for Winter pleasure and rest seekers. It is there that the finest hotels in that part of the South are located, and it is there that Millionaire George W. Vanderbilt's magnificent estate, "Biltmore," evokes the admiration of all who pass through by train or carriage.

Asheville has a high altitude (no part of the Land of the Sky is less than 2,000 feet above the sea), and for those who are suffering from overwork or nervous exhaustion it is a natural sanitorium.

In a scenic way the place can hardly be surpassed. The salient features of the landscape are the romantic Blue Ridge mountains and the picturesque French Broad river, in themselves a scenic feast sufficient for a lifetime of contemplation. The whole country hereabouts is a land of mountains and valleys and limpid lakes and gurgling streams — for the Land of the Sky takes in, beside the Blue Ridge peaks, those of the Iron, Smoky and Unaka ranges in Tennessee.

Here is the Winter paradise of the hunter and fisherman — and the moonshiner. The latter you sometimes meet at a little way station where the train stops, shackled in a neighborly sort of way to the left arm of the sheriff. One always knows where he is ticketed to.

SCENE ALONG THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Many of the mountains hereabouts have an altitude of 6,000 feet or more, and there is at least one that proudly rears its summit higher than Mt. Washington. Trails lead up the sides of some of them, but many are as yet practically unexplored.

Mountain climbing, riding and hunting and fishing occupy the attention of many of the fortunate Winter guests at Asheville, Toxaway and the other resort centers, but most of them give up their time to golf and tennis, the former being in great favor.

The "Sapphire Country" is that contiguous to the lovely lakes Toxaway, Fairfield and Sapphire. These bodies of water are of surpassing beauty and clearness, surrounded by primitive forests and exceeding in loveliness, many contend, the far-famed sheets of the English Lake Country.

The adjacent mountains have a boldness and grandeur not found in other parts of the Land of the Sky, the forests are balsamic and health-giving and the lakes themselves are as blue and as deep as lakes could imaginably be.

There are cascades and waterfalls by the dozen scattered throughout this picturesque country, one of them having a drop of 370 feet. In few places can the artist or the lover of out-door life get more for his time and his money.

FLORIDA, THE LAND OF WINTER ENCHANTMENT

IT is in sunny Florida that the enjoyment of out-door life in Winter has reached the proportions of a fine art.

Nearly 2,000 miles nearer the more crowded centers of the East and North than California, this remarkable state of flowers and sand and unending Summer has been a popular resort for a generation.

It has no Yosemite, no Big Trees, no Santa Clara Valley; but it does have its St. Augustine, its Indian River, its Palm Beach and its orange groves and pineapple plantations. It has no Catholic missions, but it has, in St. Augustine, its ancient Fort Marion and its old slave market.

Its St. John's river contains real water, and is a nobler stream than Southern California can boast of. If you want to get intoxicated—in a mild and harmless way—just take a trip up that river to Palatka or Sanford.

If the overpowering fragrance of the orange blossoms wafted from either shore does not set the wedding bells ringing in your head and instantly carry you away from your own world and its cares, then you are a hopeless materialist and might just as well spend your vacation in Death Valley.

St. Augustine is the great social rendezvous, and here, while the February blizzards are rampaging across New England, you will find young men in tennis suits and straw hats and young women in immaculate white duck conducting themselves as if there never was such a thing as Winter in North America.

You will see others lazily bathing in the surf at Anastasia Island. In the wayside gardens and in the sunny courtyards of the palaces called, for want of a better name, hotels, flowers are blooming profusely. The visitor rubs his eyes and wonders if it isn't all a dream.

St. Augustine can come pretty near beating the world, with respect to resort hotels, and the fame of its magnificent hostelries is known around the globe.

Jacksonville, which is somewhat north of St. Augustine, is a favorite way station with many tourists, but the trend of travel is further south to St. Augustine, Ormond-on-the-Halifax, where the famous automobile races are held on the wonderful white beach; to Rockledge on the Indian river, where the moonlight effects are nothing less than bewitching; to Daytona, and Palatka, and Sanford and Palm Beach and Punta Gorda, and Tarpon Springs, and Ocala, and Orlando and Enterprise, Miami, Winter Park, St. Lucie, Orange City, and even to quaint Key West, from whence it is but a step to Cuba.

Each of these places has its individual attractions, and one of them, Palm Beach, has a sort of dual existence, one section being on the shores of tropical Lake Worth and the other on the seashore facing the Atlantic.

Tampa is a place of other palatial hotels — it seems the only term to use— and is a resort which, like St. Augustine, has been built up by the enterprise and liberality of men identified with transportation enterprises.

Florida was a pioneer in the introduction of the English houseboat, and some of the finest of these floating hotels ever built in this country are to be seen along the Indian river. Some of these are privately owned and are sumptuously furnished, even to the detail of bathrooms and pianos. Others are maintained as peripatetic hotels, and there is a story told of one houseboat manager who used to rout out all of his guests at an early hour every morning and make them go and fish for their breakfasts. This is no very difficult matter in Florida, for there are several hundred varieties of fish in its waters, and in the case of a houseboat, it is merely a matter of lifting a trap-door and dropping in your line.

THE TROPIC WEST INDIES GROW IN POPULARITY

WINTER travel to the West Indies is steadily increasing, and in consequence a marked change has taken place in the transportation facilities. The points in this semi-tropical corner of the Atlantic most favored by tourists are Bermuda, New Providence (Nassau), Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico and Martinique, the latter being still of world-wide interest on account of the dreadful eruption of Mount Pelee a couple of years ago.

From Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans there are excellent steamship lines to many of these lovely palm-fringed islands. From New York there is also a good service to Venezuela, Grenada, Port au Prince, Trinidad and other places to which the ubiquitous globe-trotter is gradually finding his way.

Both Porto Rico and Cuba have a historic interest to Americans, and are attracting a good deal of tourist travel as well as interesting investors and business men. Aside from their natural charms, Jamaica is interesting because it is under the British flag, Hayti because it is a black republic, and Martinique because it is French territory. At St. Thomas the Danish flag flies. The entire Caribbean region, indeed, is one of the world's most cosmopolitan archipelagoes. Many nations and all kinds of racesdominate.

PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA

GENERAL VIEW OF GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

THE TRAIL OF THE ARGONAUTS

The SANTA FE ROUTE and its Peerless Transcontinental Service

IT would be difficult to name a transportation company that plays a more important part in Winter tourist travel than the Santa Fe—the pioneer, the historic line to California. This superb highway of steel follows the old Santa Fe trail blazed by the sturdy gold hunters of '49. "The Sante Fe Trail!" The very words seem to flash adown the aisles of time and bring forth a vision of prairie schooners drawn by plodding oxen wending their weary way over the seemingly endless expanse of desert and plain. One fancies, too, the eager gaze of those daring men—those argonauts—with faces turned toward the setting sun—those modern Jasons searching for the Golden Fleece hid in the shining sands and stones far beyond the Rocky mountains. But today as one fairly "skims" over the same trail in the "California Limited"—splendid palaces awheel, with not only every necessity but every desire catered to—or tarries along the way to enjoy the beauties or behold the wonders of Nature, the contrast forces itself upon one and awakens emotions in which are commingled both pathos and gratitude. But sentiment aside, the Santa Fe is preeminently the way to the Southwestern Wonderland, and the Winter playground region of California. Centered in Chicago, where the Winter storm king lashes Lake Michigan into a raging fury, it has its terminus where the roses and poppies are blooming and the blue waves of the Pacific are placidly lapping the sun-kissed strand.

All lines leading across the middle West traverse practically the same kind of territory. But from the time the Santa Fe emerges from Colorado into New Mexico through the Raton tunnel, one seems to have been transported to another country, so changed is everything. The journey is interesting, even though one never wandered from the main line—the tiny adobe dwellings festooned with flaming strings of red peppers; the Indians in picturesque garments at each stopping place, offering their wares of beads, baskets and potteries to the passengers; the fine curio rooms which are a feature of some of the dining stations, and which contain wellnigh every product of handiwork wrought by Indians of various tribes, together with an equally interesting display of Mexican wares — drawn linens, laces and filigree silverware. The most important of these curio collections is at Albuquerque, New Mexico, with branches at Williams and Grand Canyon. It was through the energy and bounty of Mr. Fred Harvey that these rare bits of handicraft were gathered together, and through his courtesy that the patrons of the Santa Fe are permitted to enjoy their beauty and charm.

One cannot, however, make a flying trip from Chicago to San Diego and get more than a mere hint of the wonderland referred to. One must loiter, must explore, for it includes a vast area of New Mexico and Arizona, yet may well be classed as the Grand Canyon region.

In this limit will be found the largest and most beautiful of all petrified forests: the largest natural bridge in the world —200 feet high, over 500 feet span, and over 600 feet wide with an orchard on its top and miles of stalactite caves under its abutments.

INDIAN PUEBLO AT LAGUNA

The largest variety and display of geologically recent volcanic action in North America; the most impressive villages of pre-historic cave-dwellers; the many-storied cliff-dwellings of the aborigines; ruins of old missions reared by the Franciscans three centuries ago, beside many other things that make this region a mecca to the archaeologist, the geologist and for that ubiquitous product of modern times — the every-day tourist! Then there is the greatest wonder of all this great wonderland — the

Grand Canyon of Arizona. But that is a different story. It isn't like anything else in the world. Majestic, imposing, awesome, yet at the same time it is a haven of rest and quiet and peace. With all its magnificent glory, it belongs to the people, to have and to hold forever! Surrounded by miles and miles of virgin pine forests nestled beneath a dome of turquoise-blue, the government of the United States has reserved it as a playground and show-place for all time.

Describe it? Whoever has looked upon that stupendous chasm with its mad riot of color, shifting, changing with each fantastic mood like a thing of life, and has felt the terror of its abysmal depths, its absolute silences, or has yielded to the wooing, luring charm of that mystic presence so all-pervasive there — such one will understand how vain the effort. Artists with brush and pen and camera, have essayed the task; they have done excellent work, but the subject is beyond the scope of paint or ink or photographic art. To lay the measuring rod upon it, or to compute its dimensions in figures conveys no adequate idea of it. In fact, it is almost a sacrilege, for the indescribable, subtle "something" that most appeals to one is as intangible as the rainbow and as elusive as the breath of a flower.

In the accompanying sonnets I have striven to voice my own personal impressions, but no one knows so well as myself how little I have expressed of the inexpressible!

HOTEL DEL CORONADO, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

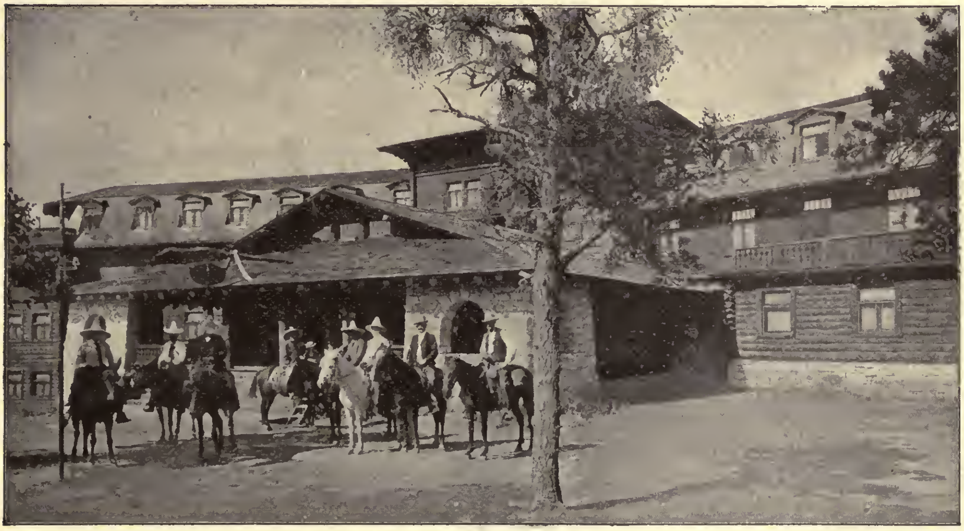
Since the completion of the branch road, the Grand Canyon is reached in three hours from Williams, Arizona. There are two trains daily, each way, with Pullman service. Stopover privileges are allowed on all railroad and Pullman tickets. Now that the canyon is so easily accessible thousands of tourists are seeing it. The splendid new hotel "El Tovar," under Harvey management, is also a strong drawing-card.

It is a fad of the Santa Fe and of Mr. Harvey to name their finest railway station hotels after the Spaniards of the conquest. The Alvarado, at Albuquerque, commemorates Captain Hernando de Alvarado, commander of artillery for Coronado's expedition and the first European to visit Acoma. The Castaneda, at Las Vegas, is named for

Pedro de Castaneda, of Najeras, Spain, the principal historian of Coronado's expedition. The Cardenas, at Trinidad, keeps green the memory of Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas, a captain in Coronado's army.

Though not the first white man to see this sublimest of gorges, Tovar was largely instrumental in its discovery, so when the Santa Fe needed an appropriate name for the new hotel at Bright Angel, El Tovar was selected. It seems pertinent to add in this connection that the Del Coronado at Coronado Beach, California, perpetuates the name of the great Spanish leader himself — and as Coronado led his band of able lieutenants, so, indeed, does Del Coronado lead in this chain of fine hostelries that makes travel via the Santa Fe a pleasure, a delight.

The architect who planned El Tovar was truly an artist. It is a long, low, rambling edifice, built of native boulders and pine logs, with accommodations for 250 guests. The lines are in perfect harmony with the surroundings and combine in admirable proportions the Swiss chalet and the Norwegian villa. Its dominant features are quiet dignity, unassuming luxury and regard for outing needs. Nothing to suggest a great metropolitan hotel, but rather a millionaire club-house in the Adirondacks. El Tovar commands a prospect without a parallel. Seven thousand feet above sea-level, on the very verge of the rock-walled canyon itself, a perpendicular mile from rim to river and thirteen dizzy miles across to the opposite canyon wall, is the story of the measuring line. The roaring Colorado below looks like a silvery thread. Its tumult seldom reaches the stillness of the upper air. On three sides are the fragrant pines of Coconino, a government forest reserve, and the largest continuous belt of pine timber in the United States. Everywhere a riot of color and beauty of form, with El Tovar fitting in as a component part of the fascinating picture. On, on to the West goes the Santa Fe main line, till it terminates in the very heart of the California playgrounds.



HOTEL EL TOVAR

The Grand Canyon of Arizona

I

TITANIC gorge, O, chasm glory-crowned!
As on thy dizzy rim I stand, aghast,
And view the work of countless ages past
I seem to tread, awe-thrilled, on holy ground.
Here Nature, as the cycling years went round
With tireless chisel modeled sculptures vast,
And painted matchless pictures, color-fast,
'Mid silences and solitudes profound!
What pygmies, then, seem greatest ones of earth,
When they would rudely wrest from out thy heart,
By brutal force or scientific art,
The message whispered thee ere man had birth.
Proud monument of centuries agone
Thy secret hold as doth the soul its own!

II

I glance adown absymal depths below—
Athwart a coliseum crimson gold,
And people it with stalwart gods of old
I fancy, too, the Muses come and go
And hold their rites and revels free and bold—
That haunted are thy temples manifold
By artists' spirits wand'ring to and fro.
No miracle art thou, O canyon grand,
Tho' aeons old when pyramids were new;
Incarnate riddle, sphinx, arched o'er with blue,
Thy cipher-key awaits the master hand
But worthy, worthy, worthy must he be
Who lures thy truth, thy mystery, from thee!

Mildred S. McFaden

AMERICA'S GREAT SCENIC LINE

Wonders of the Rockies, as Revealed by the DENVER & RIO GRANDE

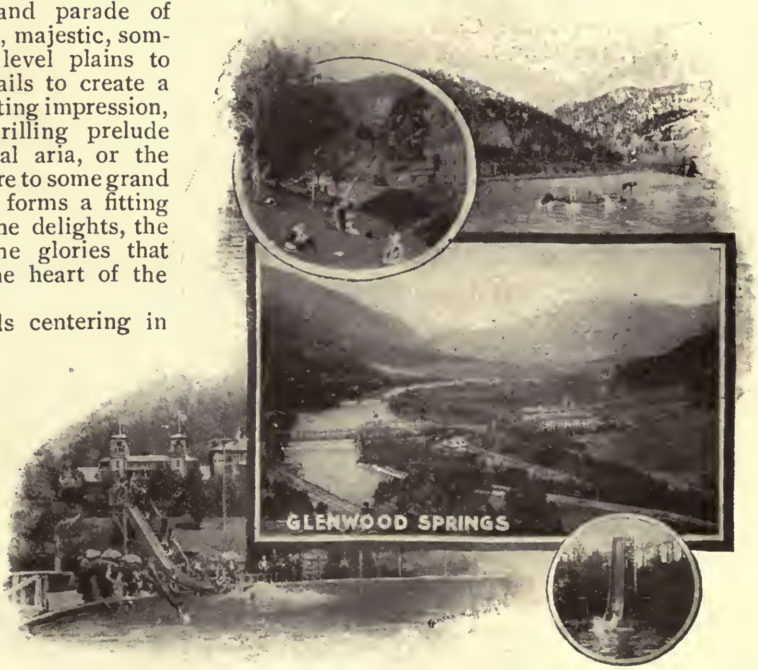
THE dominant idea in all pleasure travel is to behold new scenes and new places, to awaken new sensations and to enlarge one's observations and experiences. Nowhere else in the world are conditions more favorable to such results than in Colorado and the Rocky Mountains.

Arriving at Denver, the gateway of the West, the tourist in search of the beautiful, the picturesque and the novel, although in the midst of metropolitan surroundings with accompanying luxuries of modern civilization, finds himself face to face with Nature. Art may environ him on every hand, architecture may pile itself in towering structures all about him, but Nature, in a mood perhaps new and strange to him, commands his attention. One glance upward and westward brings before his vision that mighty procession of giant peaks marching from north to south as far as the eye can reach. This snow-crowned range, with Pike's Peak well to the fore, forms the front range to the Rocky Mountains. This grand parade of mountains, silent, majestic, sombre, facing the level plains to the east, never fails to create a profound and lasting impression, and like the thrilling prelude to some immortal aria, or the passionate overture to some grand but tragic opera, forms a fitting introduction to the delights, the grandeurs and the glories that lie beyond in the heart of the Rockies.

Of the railroads centering in Denver and furnishing transportation facilities for the vast influx of rest and pleasure seekers from other sections of the country, the Denver & Rio Grande is most important. One cannot traverse the various lines of this great system without marveling at what it has accomplished.

"Whatsoever lieth in thy way subdue it," commands the Book of Books. This divine injunction has evidently been the watchword of the Denver & Rio Grande from its incipiency, for it has scaled the cliffs, penetrated the canyons, climbed the mountains, leaped the rivers and traversed the valleys of Colorado so completely that the grandest scenes of nature spread themselves out like some vast panorama wherever it has stretched its shining ribbons of steel.

The traveler en route from Denver to the far West over this scenic line will enjoy a continuous succession of delightful experiences. Not only does it touch wellnigh every resort place of importance in the state, the most noted hunting and fishing grounds and idylic beauty spots, but it leads through canyons and gorges of indescribable grandeur — scenes that fill the soul with awe, with emotion, with



MARSHALL PASS AND MOUNT OURAY

reverence; so close to Nature one can almost feel her heart beat; so close to the Infinite one fain would shout "Hosana!" No one who ever journeys through this realm of grandeur will ever forget it. Indeed no one *can* forget the Royal Gorge, the Canyon of the Eagle river, the Canyon of the Grand river, with their matchless masonry and exquisite colorings. Or if one chooses the Marshall Pass way, no less inspiring are the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, Curicanti Needle, the lovely Chipeta Falls and the sinuous, zigzag trail to Marshall Pass 11,000 feet above the sea and overshadowed by the hoary head of Mt. Ouray. Either route leads through the Canyon of the Arkansas river and its crowning glory—the Royal Gorge, spectacular, awe-inspiring, magnificent! Down this mighty cleft in the heart of the granite rushes the mad water of the Arkansas, lashed into foaming fury by its headlong descent through the tortuous defile. So narrow is the passage at one place it absolutely refused right-of-way to the encroaching rails, so a bridge of steel had to be thrown lengthwise of the stream and is suspended from iron supports mortised into the canyon walls. At this point the mighty gorge reaches its climax. For nearly 3,000 feet the solid monoliths tower upward till seemingly they pierce the azure-blue of heaven's dome above.

The Denver & Rio Grande, with characteristic enterprise, have put into service superb open-top observation cars, so that patrons of this road may enjoy an unobstructed view of this masterpiece of the Rockies.

Travel via this scenic line has during the past year been unprecedented, phenomenal! With its elegant trains, splendid equipment and perfect service, it stands for all that is best in modern travel.

The Denver & Rio Grande being a part of a great, through trans-continental line, the journey continues on to Salt Lake City and Ogden and thence to the Pacific coast.

CARSON-HARPER-CO

COLORADO MINES IN EAGLE RIVER CANYON

The Royal Gorge of Colorado

WHERE RAIL AND RIVER MEET

STUPENDOUS chasm! sombre, awesome, grand!
Mute record of a long-gone tragic hour
When Nature, frenzied with impelling power,
In majesty and with most royal hand
Did smite the earth heart-deep. The quivering land
Convulsive shook, in terror dread did cower,
Before this goddess, absolute, whose dower
Doth place the elements at her command!

BUT Nature compensates. Repentant she
Beheld the awful chasm, passion-wrought —
From mystic looms transparent fabrics brought
And veiled the gorge with rainbow tapestry.
A haunting presence, full of mystery,
Abides and whispers of Infinity!

Mildred S. McFaden.

THE HIGHLANDS OF THE TROPICS

Historic Mexico's Upland Regions May be Reached in Comfort via

MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY

HORSESHOE OF MEXICO'S NIAGARA, JUANACATLAN FALLS, MEXICO

TO that delightful region in Mexico known as the "Highlands of the Tropics" many Americans are now-a-days repairing for rest and pleasure. In fact our long neglected sister, just over the way, with her romantic history and picturesque peoples; her blue skies and balmy breezes is becoming each year more and more a rendezvous for tourists. Certainly no other country offers a more complete exemption or surcease from the strenuousity of our twentieth century national life than the fascinating republic across the border. Let us then revel in her delights and pleasures now, for with the American spirit and enterprise that is already pervading her, commercially and industrially, Mexico will in time lose much of that peculiar charm so captivating to the rover today.

El Paso, Texas, is one of the very important gateways into this realm of romance. At this point several great trunk lines — the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe, the Rock Island, the Texas Pacific, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the Frisco — bring their quota of passengers from different parts of the country and make connections at Juarez, just across the Rio Grande river, with the Mexican Central, with its palatial trains, bound for the great commercial centers as well as the show-places and playground sections of old Mexico. To give the reader some idea of the magnitude and scope of the vast railway system known as the "Mexican Central," it is opportune to say that it represents 3,500 miles of track, threads the very heart of the Republic, unites the slopes of the Pacific with the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, is standard guage — standard in everything in fact — from start to finish. One can readily understand what an important factor it has been in the "awakening" of Mexico and what a wondrous power it is now proving in placing her where she belongs amongst the great nations of the world.

Tourists on pleasure bent will not experience a dull mile between El Paso and the City of Mexico. Things novel and strange, places of historic interest, magnificent scenery, comfort, pleasure and entertainment tell the story of the trip.

The City of Mexico is preeminently the magnet of this old-new Southland. Its founding lies wrapped in the mystery of the past, but it was a city of a million souls, with beautiful palaces, splendid markets, fine parks and magnificent gardens, when Cortez knocked at its gates nearly four hundred years ago, and is now one of the show-places of the world. No less alluring are its suburban attractions especially Chapultepec and Guadalupe. Chapultepec, three miles from the city, is reached by the world-famous drive, "The Passeo." This drive is lined on either side by exquisite statuary and at intervals swings into circles around immense bronzes of the Aztec chieftains. The place itself is fraught with memories of Montezuma. On top of the hill, which commands an excellent view of the City of Mexico, was his palace surrounded by a park of immense trees. One of these, called Montezuma's tree is thirty feet in diameter. Chapultepec is the home of President Diaz. Another place of interest is the Noche Triste Tree, where Cortez rested and wept after his expulsion from the city on the night of July 1, 1520.

Guadalupe is renowned as being the most holy shrine and having the most costly chapel, of any city in the world. The altar is surrounded by a solid silver railing weighing twenty-five tons. The candelabras and candlesticks are of pure gold and the paintings and decorations are superb. This church is dedicated to the Holy Virgin of Guadalupa—the patron saint of all the Indians. On the tenth of December each year they come from all parts of Mexico to worship at her shrine. A pretty tradition enshrines it.

But just across the mountains that lie to the south of the City of Mexico is a region of perennial sunshine and scenic splendor that no tourist can resist, for the fame of Guadalajara and Cuernavaca has gone abroad, and such seductive stories have been told concerning them that human desire stands a tiptoe to see them.

Guadalajara is, by many travelers, pronounced the most beautiful city in Mexico, and its well-paved streets, numerous parks and gardens filled with tropical trees and plants, splendid public buildings and churches of dazzling whiteness, go well to prove the claim. It is beautifully located and the climate is perfect. The Degollado theater is one of the largest on the continent, and the state palace, a fine specimen of Mexican architecture. Beside the sightseeing, the chief attraction in Guadalajara is the beautiful pottery, for which the city has been famous for nearly three hundred years.

COFFEE DRYING UNDER TROPICAL SUN, ORIZABA PEAK IN DISTANCE, ORIZABA, MEXICO

THE ABYSMAL LEAP, SAN ANTON FALLS CUERNAVACA, MEXICO

Cuernavaca is one of the most delightful cities in all Mexico, and has been a resort of the rulers of the country from Cortez to Maximilian. The La Borda Gardens alone are worth the visit here, to say nothing of the surrounding villages of the most primitive sort. The climate is wonderful, and natural scenery of surpassing beauty—a perpetual Junetime. Cool in Summer because a mile above the sea; warm in Winter because the equator is but a few degrees to the south.

If one chooses to leave the "highlands" and wander Vera Cruzward, an earthly paradise spreads out along the way—a paradise where palm trees wave, where the sugar and pineapples grow, where tangled ferns fringe the forests, where coffee trees and orange shade the village lanes, where the orchid is as common as the rose, and where the ambient air is fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers.

This is indeed the very heart of the tropics. In fact, every degree of altitude from sea-level to snow-line, and every variety of soil and climate and scenery is found along the lines of the Mexican Central.

SUNNY SAN ANTONIO:

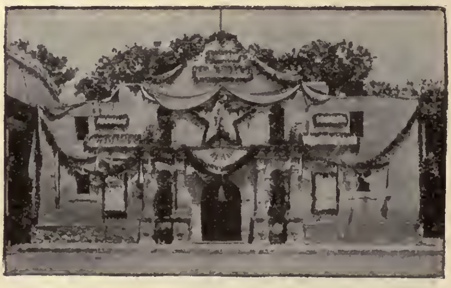
GEM OF THE SOUTHWEST

A MAGIC abides just now in the simple word "southwest." At the mere mention of it a most fascinating picture spreads itself like some vast and pleasing panorama before the mental vision — a picture above which hangs luminous, refulgent and radiant, the Lone Star of Texas. As a Winter playground the great state of Texas is becoming more and more popular each year.

Its well-nigh continuous sunshine and balmy air, its delightful resort places, its excellent hunting, fishing and bathing along the Gulf coast, draw an ever-increasing influx of visitors from less-favored climes.

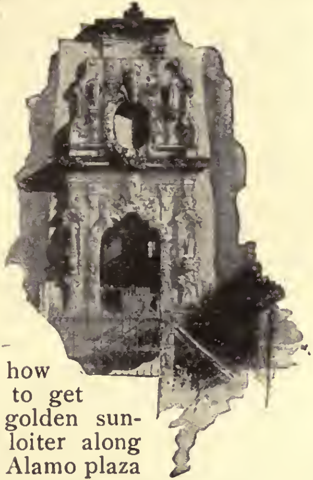
Then, too, history and legend have woven their subtle spell throughout the length and breadth of this empire-commonwealth. But in this particular San Antonio, with her time-stained, time-honored Alamo stands preeminent. It was here that Spanish priests and soldiers built the first milestones of western progress; here the red and yellow banners of Castile were flaunted to the southern breezes; here a mere handful of Texas frontiersmen threw off the Mexican yoke in the most daring and spectacular warfare ever waged in any land, and here, too, more than half a century ago "Old Glory" took the young republic into safe keeping, since which time it has developed into an empire indeed. And as the Texas spirit still pervades this great empire of the southwest, so does the spirit of Travis and Crockett and Bowie still pervade the gray old adobe, the venerated Alamo.

The pathetic story of the Alamo has ever held for me a peculiar fascination. It is not wonderful then that on my first visit to San Antonio I went straight from my sleeper to this historic, tragedy-haunted old pile. Indescribable emotions thrilled me as I wandered with reverent tread along the dim corridors or paused to read the legends on the walls relating the progress and details of that terrible siege; noticed where the "dead line" had been drawn, and stood with tear-dimmed eyes in the little nook of a room where brave Bowie breathed his last, his body literally transfixed by a score of Mexican bayonets; nor could I find it in my heart to censure poor Rose in whose soul the joy of life was too intense to become a willing martyr. Yet as he was never heard of after the



THE ALAMO DECORATED FOR SAN JACINTO ANNIVERSARY eventful night of escape there is little doubt that he also met death, and that, too, without the glory and honor that must henceforth enshrine the memory of his comrades. Historic and interesting?

Yes; but how sweet it was to get out into the golden sunshine, and loiter along the beautiful Alamo plaza with its riot of blossoms and feathery palm trees; to look up to the blue skies that brood so tenderly over this fair city and simply to live in the glorious, peaceful present.

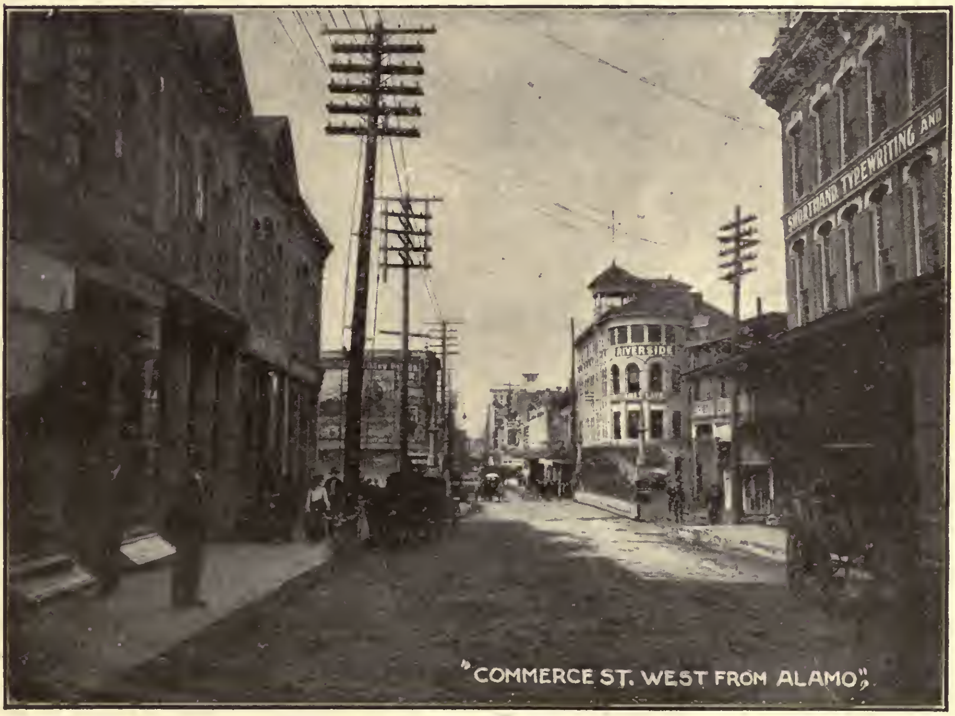


THE DOOR OF SAN JOSE MISSION

San Antonio, lying near the Mexican border in the health-belt of Texas, never loses its charm for visitors. The city is cosmopolitan in the broadest sense and portrays a most picturesque contrast and commingling of Latin and American peoples and customs. The climate is delightful; there are beautiful parks and drives; the myrtle-fringed "Old Santone" river, spanned by many bridges, winds in sinuous bends and turns in and about the city, while the slowly-crumbling old missions, where devout men still live and pray, seem living links between the Seventeenth and Twentieth centuries.

Most of the Texas resorts are linked together by the rails of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway, which has in fact, been the dominant factor in the opening up and development of that vast and fertile area known as "the Southwest."

Had I space at my command, I should like to tell about Galveston, with its famous beach, its thirty-mile drive along the Gulf shore, its "oyster roasts," its tarpon fishing and its gay Winter outdoor sports, and would slip over the border into Old Mexico with its romance and traditions and picturesqueness.



"COMMERCE ST. WEST FROM ALAMO".

THE SALT LAKE ROUTE

From the "City of Saints"
to the "City of Angels"—
The New Short Line to

CALIFORNIA PLAGROUNDS

THE completion of San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad provides a new and most excellent service between Salt Lake and southern California. This road, popularly known as the Salt Lake Route, demonstrates the dominant feature in modern railroad building, directness, for it goes "straight as the crow flies" between starting and objective points. It has clipped many miles from the distance that hitherto had to be covered between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. This consequent saving of time, distance and money is a factor not to be overlooked. The fundamental idea in travel of today is to "get there," and the line that offers the quickest transit is the line that catches and holds the popular fancy. The tourist from the East en route to California playgrounds will loiter a day or two in the "City of the Saints"—a city without a parallel anywhere, and one fraught with peculiar fascination for sightseers.

Leaving Salt Lake City, the Salt Lake route traverses the mineralized section of Utah, crossing the Utah-Nevada state line at Uvada, and within a couple of hours arrives at Caliente, the outfitting point for the Goldfield mining camps. Sixty miles further on at Rox, Nevada, is found one of the historic points along the Salt Lake Route, the Pictured Rocks, plainly visible from the car windows. These hieroglyphics or pictured writings of the ancient Indians represent various signs of the zodiac, animals, birds, etc. Historians date these writings at 1540 approximately, as it is supposed that they are the record of the Spanish expedition to the Colorado in the above mentioned year.

La Vegas, Nevada, the next important point, is the center of great mining activity. From here may be seen the sixteen-horse teams departing for Bullfrog, Kawich, Rhyolite and other mining sections, loaded to the guards with provisions and prospectors' outfits, or returning with a supply of rich ore to be shipped to the various smelters in this part of the country.

From Daggett the ascent begins leading to Cajon Pass, through which the beautiful San Bernardino Valley is first seen. Approaching San Bernardino, clearly demarkated upon the mountain side is the Arrow Head, nature's landmark. Such an unusual natural formation was bound to attract more than casual attention from the ancient inhabitant and early Spaniards of this section of the country, and a world of legendary lore has been woven around this peculiar rock formation. For miles the Salt Lake Route stretches its glistening rails along the trail blazed by the Mormon pioneers in plain view of this massive landmark. What more appropriate symbol, then, could it choose for its own trademark than the arrow-head, suggestive as it is of swiftness and directness! Long ago, in tradition, it led wayfarers across the deserts and through the mountain passes — the Mormons from the East, the Redmen from the West. Today as the hall mark, so to speak, of a great transcontinental line, it lures the twentieth century traveler to a land of perpetual sunshine and ever-blooming flowers.

From San Bernardino into Los Angeles the rich orange grove belt of southern California is traversed, passing through Riverside, and across the largest concerted bridge in the world, to Ontario and Pomona, the scenes of large orange growing and packing house industries. The train winds its way between rows of these beautiful trees, rich with fruit and blossom, while in the distance the mountains raise their snow-capped peaks, making a scene never to be forgotten.

Port San Pedro is the southern terminus of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad. Here the in-coming trains each day make close connection with the pleasure steamers plying beteen the mainland and the magic Isle of Santa Catalina. San Pedro is the starting point, consequently passengers going aboard from the Salt Lake Route trains have first choice of steamer accommodations.

The ride to Catalina Island over this line takes one through the most verdant part of southern California, passing the beautiful sea shore resorts—Long Beach, Alamitos Beach, Brighton Beach and Terminal Island. The crossing over to the island in itself affords much diversion, especially to those new to California. Spouting whales may be seen in the distance; schools of black dolphins disport themselves, overleaping each other, while flying fish invade the steamer's deck, evoking surprise on all sides.

Nowhere else is so interesting a study of the ocean and its denizens to be had as in the Bay of Avalon, since a flotilla of glass-bottomed boats has been added to the attractions. This novel craft has laid bare to the gaze of thousands of visitors the beauties and wonders of the submarine world.

Golf links, tennis courts, music pavilions and bowling are at the command of visitors, but the atmosphere infects all with a delicious lassitude soon after arriving, so that they prefer to loiter where the fisherfolk mend their nets and display huge specimens of captured scaly monsters for the inspection and wonder of the ever-arriving crowd.

Reverting back, the Salt Lake Route is a connecting link between the great railway systems which reach the most wonderful and attractive sections of America. At San Pedro it connects with the Southern Pacific Coast Line, with its long string of show places; at Salt Lake in conjunction with the Oregon Short Line it reaches the famous Yellowstone Park and the beautiful Columbia river; with the Denver & Rio Grande it threads the gorges and canyons of the Rockies to Denver; thence with the Missouri-Pacific to St. Louis; with the Union Pacific it stretches across the Nebraska prairies to Omaha, covering in all a veritable wonderland of scenic splendor.

OLD MEXICO

THE EGYPT OF AMERICA

The Iron Mountain Route's
Matchless Service in this
LAND OF WONDERS

AS a Winter playground region our sister republic just across our southern border is becoming a close rival to our own two Italies—California and Florida. In area it equals that of the British Isles with France thrown in, and fairly brims over with things that interest and delight the tourist. For centuries Mexico slumbered and dreamed, unmindful of the great outside world, and the world left her alone. But the erstwhile "Sleeping Beauty" is wide awake now and admiring eyes are focused upon her from all directions. Few countries, indeed, possess such diversity of charm. Wonderful in material resources, charming in climate, picturesque beyond description, rich in tradition, grand in prehistoric ruins, a veritable Egypt of pyramids and hieroglyphics, the republic of Mexico may rightfully claim recognition as one of the great show-places and playgrounds of the world.

At this season the average mortal longs to go a-searching for sunbeams, and naturally the fancy turns to our own sunny Southland or wanders on to the sub-tropical climate of Old Mexico. If one has once enjoyed the luxury of perpetual sunshine and ever-blooming flowers in mid-Winter, the old Spring-fret is sure to seize one each succeeding year. To cater to this universal desire to "go South" one great transportation company centered in St. Louis is giving the best of service to the various resort places all along its way. In less than twelve hours' ride over the Iron Mountain Route from St. Louis, in a basin of the Ozark mountains, lies one of the greatest all-year-round resorts in the country, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

A QUAINT MEXICAN HOME

Conservatively estimated, 100,000 visitors find their way to this great Valley of Vapors each year. It is not alone the thermal waters with their wonderful curative properties that attract this multitude of people, but the world-wide reputation which this national sanitarium has attained as a pleasure resort causes thousands of visitors annually to gather there from all sections.

This season the Iron Mountain Route has retained as part of the excellent equipment of its Hot Springs Special, through Pullman compartment sleeping cars. This solid vestibuled train of Pullman sleeping and free reclining chair cars leaves Union Station every night at 8:01 o'clock and arrives at the Springs the following morning at 8:00 o clock in time for breakfast at one of the great resort hotels there, than which there are none finer in any of the large cities of the country.

Whether the visitor is seeking health or pleasure, rest or recreation, pastime, amusement or sport, he will find them, all happily combined at Hot Springs Arkansas, or in the immediate vicinity.

THE SACRED SHRINE

CHOLULA AND OLD POPOCATEPELL, CHOLULA, MEXICO

For those who prefer a longer trip, there is the 8:20 p. m. train of the Iron Mountain Route, which pulls out of Union Station daily with through sleeping cars for Houston, Galveston, Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Laredo and the City of Mexico. Along the Gulf Coast in the vicinity of Galveston there is the greatest sport in the world for the ambitious angler, and that is tarpon fishing. He is called the "Silver King" of the finny tribe, and will furnish more genuine sport of a strenuous character than a long string of bass or basket of speckled trout.

San Antonio is the great cosmopolitan resort in the health belt of the Southwest—quaint, historic, picturesque and beautiful. In Old Mexico the tourist will find himself in a land so strange and foreign to this that he will wonder why the tide of travel to Europe every year does not turn in this direction. There is mental pabulum in Mexico for the student, historian, archæologist and scientist, as well as health and pleasure for those who love to live beneath cloudless skies and dream away the idle hours in a land of sunshine and flowers. The semi-weekly "Mexico-St. Louis Special," solid vestibuled train, makes the run from St. Louis to City of Mexico in sixty hours, leaving St. Louis at 9:00 a. m. Tuesday and Fridays. This is much the fastest schedule that has ever gone into effect between these two cities. It fairly makes one dizzy to consider the rocket-like speed essential to cover the distance "on time," for, in the picturesque vernacular of "Scotty, the Croesus of Death Valley," it is "sure rambling some." It has been demonstrated, however, that the fastest trains are the safest trains.

ROMANTIC VIGA CANAL, CITY OF MEXICO

FROM THE LAKES TO THE GULF

ONE of the most important railroad systems in the United States in point of scope, equipment, quality and diversity of territory traversed is the Illinois Central. From a modest beginning, half a century ago, of 706 miles, it has lengthened and broadened and branched out until today its own trackage has increased to more than four thousand miles, which in conjunction with its associated line — the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley — makes a grand total of six thousand miles. Centered in Chicago, in immediate touch with the chain of Great Lakes, the Illinois Central threads the very heart of the Mississippi Valley—the Garden Spot of the World—on through the historic southland fraught with all the romance and chivalry of ante-bellum days. It stretches out to the Missouri river on the west, to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and through its numerous gateways reaches every nook and corner of the whole country, while its splendid seaports render it tributary to all the business marts and playgrounds of the world. Of the thousands of passengers who daily enjoy the comfort and luxury of travel afforded by the Illinois Central, comparatively few have the slightest conception of its magnitude or its importance as a factor in the commerce of the country. This, however, begins to dawn on one when one learns that as a source of revenue, this great system yields an income of over fifty million of dollars annually. Of this enormous amount of money a large per cent. goes into new trackage, new bridges, new cars, new equipment, new safety appliances—everything, in fact, that goes toward making and maintaining a strictly first-class and up-to-date railroad. In addition to this the Illinois Central caters to the aesthetic side of its patrons by surrounding its passenger stations with beautiful gardens and parks, so restful to the eye and so pleasing to the senses.

Few railroads are fraught with such potent interest, traversing as it does a region recalling the turbulent times of the '60's, and reaching historic Vicksburg, whose memorable "seige" was one of the horrors of the late Civil war. But Time is kind, and that beautiful spot overlooking the tranquil Mississippi, once the scene of carnage and strife, has been transformed into a national military park, where, unmindful of North cr South, the wearers of the blue and the gray sleep peacefully side by side. In authorizing this park the congress of the United States voiced the spirit and sentiment of a united people when it declared:

"Not in honor of victory or defeat, but to commemorate the valor and heroism of American soldiers on both sides in the Civil war."

Thence onward to New Orleans, with its cosmopolitan life and picturesque carnivals; on to the Gulf of Mexico, with it brilliant crescent of resort places and Winter playgrounds, go the splendid trains of the Illinois Central.

In point of rolling stock the Illinois Central trains are unexcelled. The New Orleans Limited, the New Orleans Special, the celebrated Green, Gold & Brown Daylight Special are familiar names to all who have journeyed the best way south from Chicago.

The magnificent fast train—the Cuban Special — leaves Chicago at 3:00 p. m., and St. Louis at 7:15, p. m., every Tuesday for New Orleans, where staunch steamers take up the journey to Havana and passengers are conveyed direct to Cuba over the beautiful waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

No more delightful Winter playground can be found the world over than this bewitching sea girt isle, nestled beneath the soft azure of tropic skies—an isle with much to suggest the dreamy languor of by-gone days, yet throbbing and pulsing with new life, new energy, new hope under the inspiring dominion of good old Uncle Sam.

Now that Havana has been brought to our very doors, so to speak, by the inauguration of fast train service in connection with fleet-winged steamers at southern ports, the Cuban capital is becoming as familiar as almost any other American city. Tourists are charmed with the climate, the balmy, sunshiny days and peerless nights, and often loiter and linger many days, taking short jaunts into the picturesque interior, loath to leave this palm-fringed island, this Pearl of the Antilles, which lies like a priceless gem on the translucent bosom of the American Riviera.

The excellent service of the Illinois Central is of special interest just now, as Mardi Gras, the carnival time of the South, with its rollicking round of pleasure, is close at hand.

PRINCE ARTHUR

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.'S "CUBAN SPECIAL" — STEAMER FOR HAVANA TO WHICH PASSENGERS ARE TRANSFERRED DIRECT FROM TRAIN, AT NEW ORLEANS

HOW TO REACH THE CARNIVAL CITY

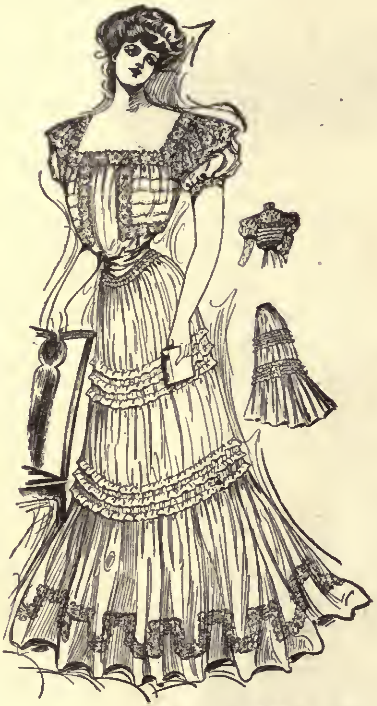
From St. Louis, the Mobile & Ohio railroad operates two daily trains to New Orleans, one leaving in the morning and the other in the evening. Both trains are vestibuled from end to end and carry Pullman drawing room sleeping cars and diners of the most modern and sumptuous types.

The Illinois Central and Louisville & Nashville railroad also operate first-class through trains between Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans. From Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, the Wabash railroad makes direct connection with the Mobile & Ohio for the Mardi Gras city.

From Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and points between, also from other points in the South and Southeast, the Southern railway, in connection with the Pennsylvania lines, operates double daily service, the Washington and Southwestern Limited between Boston and New Orleans being one of the finest trains in the South or East. From Cincinnati, the Queen & Crescent route operates through trains to New Orleans.

LATE WINTER FASHIONS

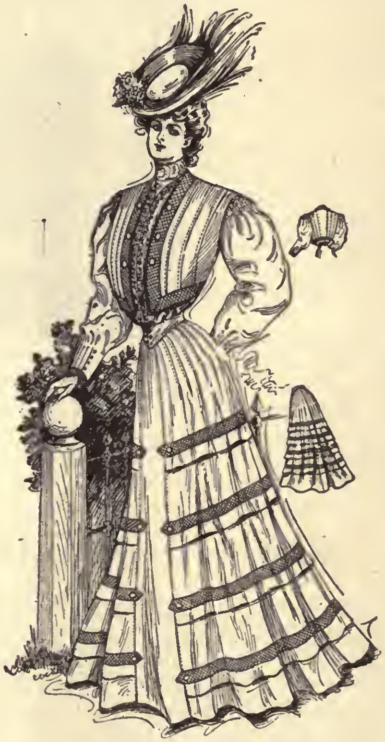
LATE winter is apt to be a season that calls for much renovation and for certain advance costumes for between-seasons wear.



Design By May Manton.
Fancy Waist 5238.
Tuck Shirred Skirt with Flounce 4866.

Year by year the number of lucky folk who go South to avoid February and March in this climate increases and consequently the demand for lighter gowns is felt, while again there are many stay-at-homes who like to employ the leisure that comes with Lent for the making of waists that will be needed during the spring and the summer. While it is yet early to talk about spring styles, those of real warm weather are being discussed and it is quite safe to say that many shirrings, many tucks and much soft fullness will continue to be the rule. What is known as Gabrielle princesse dresses, or dresses made with blouse waists and skirts that are joined by means of shirrings or bands of insertion, will be much liked for in-door wear, and in spite of the fact, that princesse models are gaining steadily in favor for many occasions, the waist that blouses slightly and becomingly will be the favorite for thin materials.

The charming evening costume illustrated (5238-4866) is made of ivory white radium silk with trimming of Venetian lace and serves to exemplify some very novel features. The waist gives the fashionable bolero effect while in reality it is made in one and is closed invisibly at the back, and in addition to making a most satisfactory model for evening wear can be converted into the blouse of daytime use by the addition of yoke and long sleeves. The skirt is tucked in groups, the tucks being drawn up slightly to give a shirred effect and also is shirred to form the narrow yoke. All soft and crushabla materials are appropriate. For the waist will be required 2¾ yards of material 21, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide with 4¼ yards of appliqué and 1¾ yards 18 inches wide for the yoke and long sleeves; for the skirt 11 yards 21 or 6 yards 44 inches wide. The waist pattern is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure; the skirt pattern in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

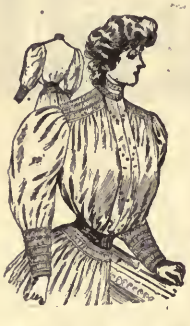


Design By May Manton.
Blouse Jacket with Tucked Eton 5232.
Three-Piece Skirt 5233.

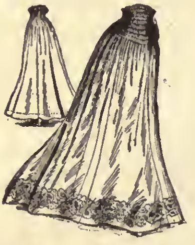
The short and jaunty jacket is unquestionably the favorite for all street costumes of the dressier sort and will continue its vogue for both between-seasons and the spring. The costumes illustrated (5132-5233) show

The May Manton Patterns illustrated in this article may be obtained for 10 cents each. Address Fashion Department National Magazine, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

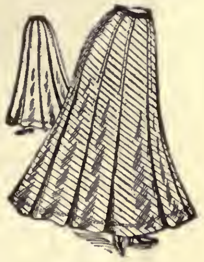
one of the very latest and very best that yet have appeared, for while it has all the chic effect of an Eton it combines the little jacket with a blouse, so meaning real warmth and comfort. The sleeves, too, are in full length but tucked to form deep cuffs. The skirt is one of the best liked and one of the latest, made with the plain front gore and circular side and back portions, these last being trimmed with applied double folds of the material above which are bands of braid. For the coat will be required 5¾ yards of material 21 or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide. The coat pattern 5232 is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure; the skirt pattern 5233 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.


5195 Shirred Blouse Waist, 32 to 40 bust.

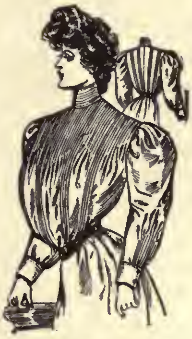
Pretty blouses are always in demand, and such a one as 5195 finds a place in almost every wardrobe. It can be utilized for the separate waist, that fills so many needs and is so essential to comfort, and also for the simple gown. The two box plaits that meet at the centre afford opportunity for trimming of various sorts, the shirrings at the shoulders mean softly full fronts and the plain back is becoming to the generality of figures. For the medium size will be required 4 ⅝ yards of material 21, 4 yards 27 or 2 ¼ yards 44 inches wide.


5194 Princesse Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

That the princesse skirt will be a notable favorite of the coming season is a very thoroughly established fact. It is already held in high esteem and has been shown in so many charming and becoming variations that it is quite certain to gain even extended popularity as the weeks roll on. This one (5194) can be either shirred or tucked to form the girdle and is adapted to the soft or chiffon velvets as well as to the lighter weight silk and wool materials and will be found particularly effective in the louisine and liberty silks that already are being shown in pleasing variety. It can be worn either with the short Eton and utilized for the street or with any pretty soft blouse for in-door wear and it also can be made round or in walking length. For the medium size will be required 10 yards of material 21 or 27 or 5¾ yards 44 inches wide when material has figure or nap; 9 ¼ yards 21, 7 yards 27 or 4 yards 44 inches wide when it has not

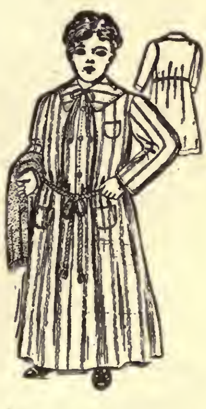

5189 Seven Gored Tucked Walking Skirt, 22 to 30 waist

Unquestionably the tucked or plaited walking skirt is a favorite and a well deserved one. It means graceful, becoming and thoroughly satisfactory flare at the lower portion while the tucks and the plaits are stitched so flat over the hips that all objection as to bulk is dispensed with. No. 5189 is among the latest and the best that have appeared and is made in seven gores, its many seams allowing of perfect and easy fit. It will be found admirable for all suiting and skirting materials, both for the costume and the separate skirt. For the medium size will be required 8 ¾ yards of material 27, 5 yards 44 or 4 ½ yards 52 inches wide if material has figure or nap; 6½ yards 27, 3 ¾ yards 44 or 3 yards 52 inches wide if it has not.


5236 Tucked Blouse Waist, 32 to 42 bust.

Simple waists that at the same time are pretty, tasteful and becoming are always in demand. No. 5236 is charming for the thin silks and the light weight wools that are made in lingerie style and also is most satisfactory for lawns, batistes and all similar materials. The tucks are laid in a quite novel manner and are so arranged as to give the best effect to the figure.

For the midium size will be required 4 ¼ yards of material 21, 3 ½ yards 27 or 2 ⅛ yards 44 inches wide.


5211 Boy's Bath Robe, 6 to 14 yrs.

While it is difficult to make the average boy realize that warm garments are essential to his health, even the most reckless is quite sure to welcome such a comfortable bath robe as 5211. He can slip it on as he steps out of bed and prepares for the bath, and he can also use it for a dressing gown while studying in his room and will often find it a genuine addition to his well being. For the medium size (10 years) will be required 4 ½ yards of material 27, 2 7-8 yards 44 or 2 5-8 yards 50 inches wide.

The May Manton Patterns illustrated in this article may be obtained for 10 cents each. Address, Fashion Department, National Magazine, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

MUCH has been written in the technical and railway journals about the stupendous engineering project which involves the electrification of the terminal lines of the New York Central railway in New York, which is now under way and which, together with the new terminal station, is to cost $60,000,000.

The general public, however, has little conception of the colossal character of this project or the magnitude of the constructive work which will revolutionize the work of handling passengers in the great metropolis. From the running of comparatively light street-cars at moderate speeds of from ten to fifteen miles an hour to the handling of heavy express trains weighing from 300 to 900 tons at speeds of from forty to sixty miles an hour is a far cry, but this is what will be accomplished by the electrification plans of the New York Central. The change which is being made will include some thirty-four miles of the main line to Croton on the Hudson; twenty-four miles of two-track road known as the Harlem division, extending from the terminus to White Plains and the whole of the great station and terminal yard, which is now in course of construction at the site of the present Grand Central Station.

And it must be borne in mind that this stupendous work is only one of the many improvements inaugurated by the great Vanderbilt lines within the last year or two. And these big projects naturally call public attention to many big railway men who have not been in the lime-light. Prominent among them is William C. Brown, who is the operating genius at the head of the Vanderbilt lines, and whose official title is "Vice-President of the New York Central Lines." William C. Brown belongs to the class of "railway men" who organize, create, construct — the kind that have been developed by our wonderful era of transportation.

Other great improvements which attract attention to his interesting personality are the construction of third and fourth tracks on the main line of the Lake Shore, practically doubling the capacity of that great artery of traffic, and the great distributing yards at DeWitt, near Syracuse, on the New York Central, and at Elkhart and Collinwood (near Cleveland on the Lake Shore,) having a capacity for the handling of cars greater than any other railroad yards in the world. These are examples of the tremendous strides these properties have made under Mr. Brown's management.

It was the great tunnel accident in New York City that called Mr. Brown from the Lake Shore, and since his coming the stupendous plan for terminal improvements at that point have been undertaken and are now being developed to such a scale as to attract the attention of engineers the world over. It was

MR. WILLIAM C. BROWN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES only a short time before that the Lake Shore took him from the Burlington.

Mr. Brown's career began away back in Iowa, where as a boy he piled up cordwood for the locomotives in the Winter and learned telegraphy at night. He soon became a telegraph operator, was next appointed train despatcher, afterward superintendent of a division of the Burlington, and finally general manager of the entire Burlington system. When the Northern Securities merger was made, Brown went to the Lake Shore as vice-president of that road. He was afterward appointed vice-president of the New York Central lines with headquarters in Chicago. Mr. Brown combines with his wide experience and knowledge of every phase of railroading an extraordinary talent for tactfully and successfully handling men, for conciliating antagonisms and reconciling hostile interests. *T. A. D.*

◆

IT was an event — the launching of the billboard at the National office. The idea was no sooner conceived than it was executed, for ideas sometimes come swiftly to the National Magazine. The billboard would be the proper thing to face the throngs passing by the plant on Dorchester avenue, and the board was prepared—eight feet by five feet, covered with big letters telling of the contents under the covers of the National's current number. Attention was at once attracted. People came across the street to scan the lines, despite the waning light of the late afternoon. Down, up, from all quarters they came, to read the manifesto of the National and learn of "Affairs at Washington" and other thrilling bits of news, such as "The American Spirit," "Beauties of the American Stage," "A University that Means Business," and attractive stories and other features in prose and verse.

The passing street-cars, as they stop opposite the National plant, put off passengers who are coming to visit the home of their favorite magazine, where they are greeted by this benign bulletin board which says "10 cents" very plainly — and one visitor was looking for a box-office, to pay admission.

Speaking of this billboard, the National for the next twelve months will be better than ever before. Those who are acquainted with the magazine confidently expect this, because every year of its existence thus far has seen constant growth.

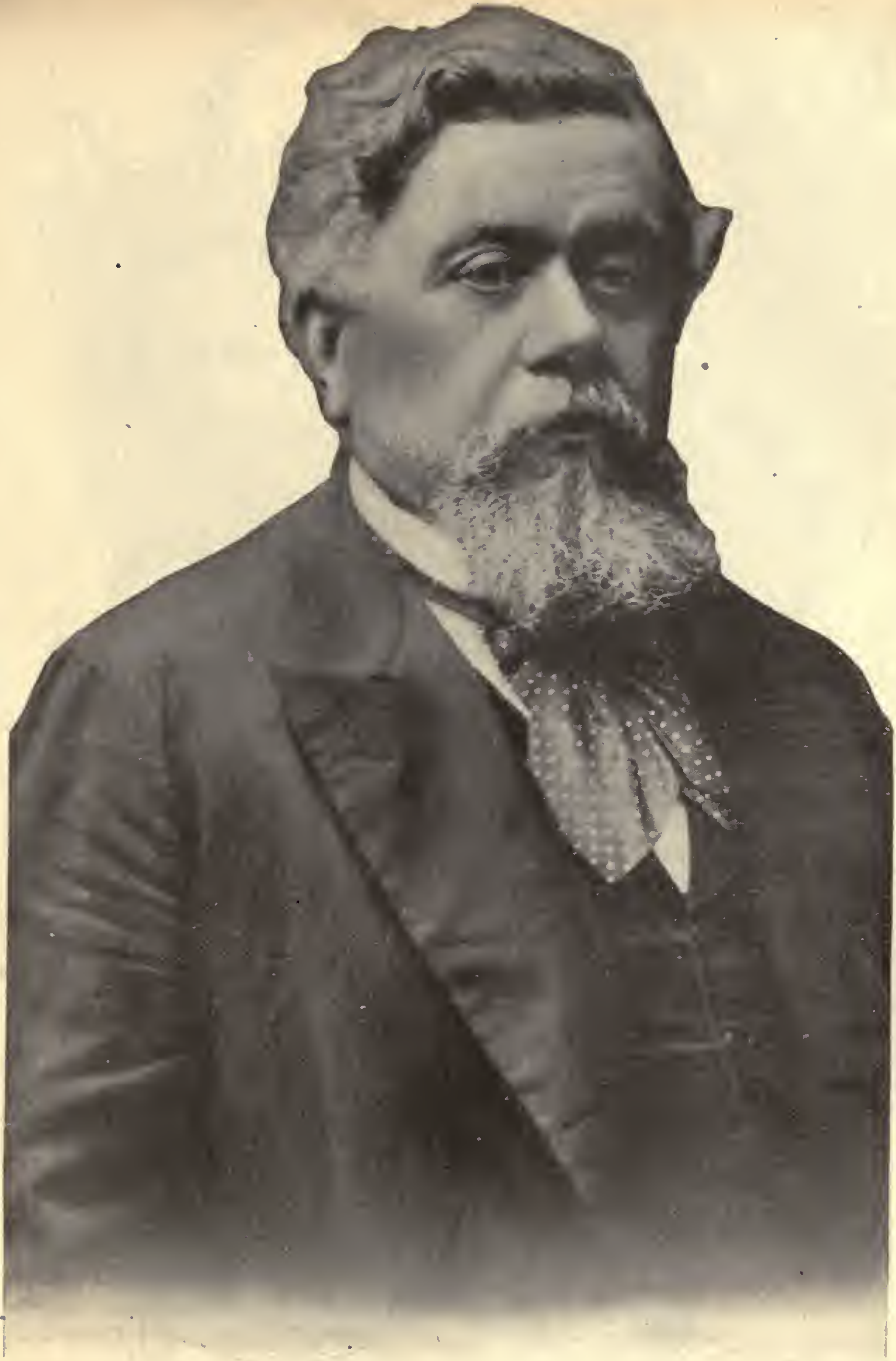
◆

ONE of the marked distinctions between Washington and European capitals is the relative position of newspaper men. In London, and even in Berlin, the profession ranks lower than in America. It is assumed in Germany that those who fail in other walks of life —such as the army—will gravitate into newspaper work. The same is said to be true of England, but in a less degree.

The newspaper men of America today are becoming more and more a public power, not merely as chroniclers of events, but by swaying public opinion with regard to men and measures. Nowhere else is the journalist or newspaper man accorded more freedom to give full play to his powers of observation and initiative. Nor is this confidence often misplaced. The journalist must see behind the scenes and yet not become a cynic. It will be well for him to recall the words of Hooker,

"These taints and blemishes in human nature will remain until the end ot the world, what form of government soever takes place."

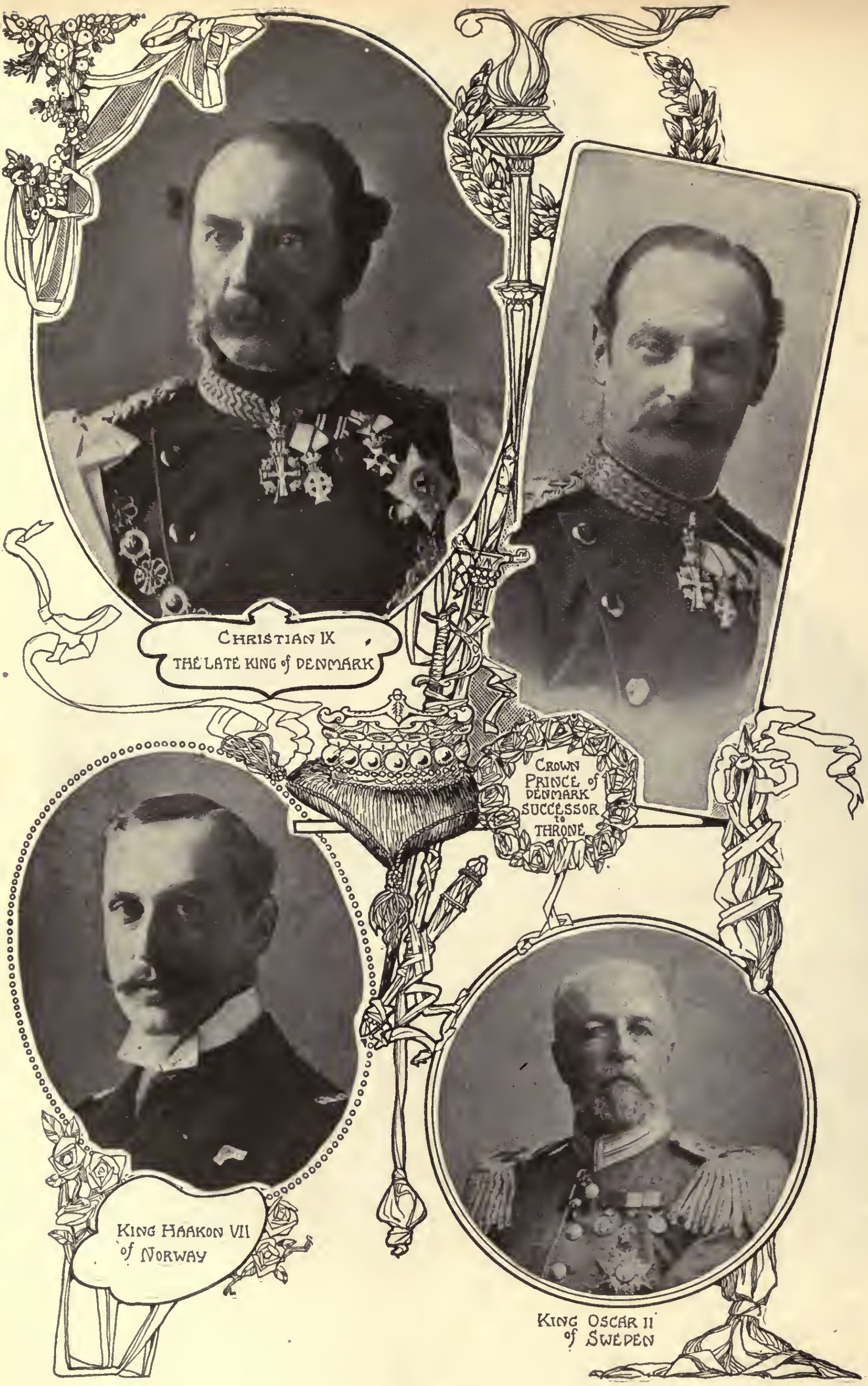
Despite the exposure epidemic which has swept over the country, the journalists as a rule remain firm in an optimistic belief in the progress and uplift of the times. In this respect Uncle Joe Cannon has come to the front in one of his genial and jovial talks which have placed him far outside the ranks of pessimistic "knockers," who in their eagerness to play with the fortissimo stop are blind to the fact that the world is growing better and brighter.



M. FALLIERES, VINTNER, LAWYER AND PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

Clement Armand Fallieres, the new president of the French Republic, was president of the French senate when chosen to the higher post. His closest rival was M. Doumer, president of the house of deputies. President Fallieres was the candidate of the modern, radical and socialist elements of the national assembly. Like Mr. Loubet, whom he succeeds, M. Fallieres is a man of the people; his grandfather was a blacksmith, his father a magistrate's clerk. M. Fallieres is an orator and a shrewd judge of men and events. His forty years of public service has not weakened his love for his home farm, and his vines are first among his individual interests.

Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, New York


CHRISTIAN IX
THE LATE KING of DENMARK
CROWN PRINCE of DENMARK SUCCESSOR to THRONE
KING HAAKON VII of NORWAY
KING OSCAR II of SWEDEN

PORTRAITS OF THE SCANDINAVIAN KINGS

The half-year closing with January, 1906, brought many governmental changes to the Scandinavian peoples of Europe. Norway broke the bonds that united her to Sweden and set up business on her own account, with King Haakon VII on the throne. King Oscar of Sweden and his cabinet protested, but wisely determined not to make war. On January 29, 1906, King Christian of Denmark, the venerable ruler known as "the father-in-law of Europe," was gathered to his fathers, and on the following day his eldest son ascended the throne as King Frederick VIII. Of all the "little kingdoms" of the earth, none is more highly regarded by free men everywhere than these three.

Photographs loaned by the Boston Herald

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IN my visits to Washington the various readers are kept in mind, almost everywhere I go, and it was the boys who were uppermost in my thoughts as I sat in conversation with Colonel W. F. Cody, in the New Willard hotel. He was in a talkative mood that night and told many a stirring reminiscence of his fights with the Indians. Now, if anything awakens the interest of a boy, it is Indian fighting—in fact, I have not yet outgrown the taste myself. The colonel threw back his long locks and began:

"When I went scouting in a dangerous country, where there were Indians about, I always assumed I was in a tight box. I tried to put myself in the place of Mr. Indian. I figured on what I should do if I were in his place. Then I would make plans to outwit them. Good plainsmen, like good statesmen, have to look on every side of the bush.

"How well I remember back in 1868 when I was a scout for General Hazen and was ordered to have a conference with some Comanche chieftains. There was rather a wicked spot on the road, known as Willow Springs, which had been the scene of several massacres, and I felt my flesh creep as we approached this spot. I had the feeling that before the wagon containing the general proceeded I ought to get out and see what was ahead. As I was searching around, suddenly a signal came to me from the wagon and General Hazen asked me very sharply,

"What are you doing, sir, holding us back?"

I replied with a salute that I was looking around for traces of Indians.

"We are losing

BISHOP SATTERLEE, WHO OFFICIATED AT THE WEDDING OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH AND ALICE LEE ROOSEVELT

INDIANS SEEING WASHINGTON IN THE WHITE MAN'S WAGON

Photograph by Clinedinst

too much time in this foolishness," he replied in disgust; "there are no Indians in this part of the country, and have not been for a long time."

"Well, it turned out all right and we proceeded without farther delay. Sure enough there were no Indians, but on the return trip it was on this same spot that a young Irish scout, named McGinn, who recalled the roasting that I got for delaying the wagons at Willow Springs, proceeded without the usual precautions. The poor fellow fell, pierced with a score of bullets, and if it had not been for the negro cavalry General Hazen and his entire staff would have been massacred at that time."

All that the colonel had to relate of his Wild West show experiences before the crowned heads of Europe had not the keen interest of his Indian stories and I tried to inveigle him into telling more of these tales, but he was anxious to get on to his ranch in the West; from there he intends to return again to Europe, where the Wild West still entertains the effete monarchies of the old world. The colonel is one of my real old friends, for it was on the shores of Lake Superior many years ago that he permitted me to assist in arranging a peace jubilee between the Sioux and the Chippewa chiefs. This was the first time that the chiefs of these tribes had met in peace in a half century, and the idea was to effect a lasting peace with the historic "pipe." It was Buffalo Bill who managed the ceremonies and he did it with that keen appreciation of the Indian temperament which he acquired as a scout on the plains.

It was a very impressive gathering and never can I forget the picture made by the artistically attired and classic-featured chiefs gathered about Colonel Cody as the setting sun cast its rays through the pine trees on the shores of that great Northern lake.

The colonel recalled an amusing incident of the occasion, when one or two of the chieftains brought him to account for the poor quality of the tobacco used in the pipes of peace. Verily the advance of civilization was indeed come upon the tribes, between whom a deadly feud existed for so many years, but who now thought of the quality of tobacco of this age — not up to the standard of ancient days. The ceremony took place near the site of fierce battles, those hand-to-hand conflicts where they fought until almost every brave on both sides had been exterminated in the struggle.

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ONE of the most brilliant social functions of the season in Washington was the president's dinner to the diplomatic corps, at which all the nations who have representatives in Washington

THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE

Snapshot by Clinedinst

VISCOUNT AOKI, JAPAN'S NEW REPRESENTATIVE AND FIRST AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES
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WASHINGTON DC

SENOR DON EPIFIANO PORTELA, THE NEW MINISTER FROM THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Copyright 1906 by Clinedinst

were present in the person of their ambassadors or ministers. There was Baron Hengenmuller von Hengervar of the Austrian embassy, now the dean of the corps, who escorted Mrs. Roosevelt to the dining-room, while the baroness took the arm of President Roosevelt. The formality of this occasion is not equalled at the regular state dinners. The decorations were very elaborate, and the great dining-room at the White House presented, under the soft glow of the electric light, a suggestion of a scene in some old baronial hall. It was in every way a full dress affair, and the great display of medals and glistening decorations suggesting a gay scene in a play, where the silken-gowned ladies and velvet-coated and be-laced gentlemen figure. Amid all the glitter of gold lace there was a certain satisfaction to the American eye in seeing our own president in plain black evening dress, the most impressive, the central figure of all such occasions. If there ever was a good entertainer at dinner it is President Roosevelt. He can point with pride to the trophies on the walls and tell of his various hunts, or he can discuss the latest poem or treatise on psychology. In old-fashioned Scotch phraseology, "he is a non o' pairts."

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A REVIVAL of section four of the Dingley tariff law, authorizing the president to negotiate reciprocity treaties, has been rather kept under cover, but a joint resolution providing for such action may set in motion the smouldering fire of tariff revision.

March first the new German tariff law goes into effect, and it is apprehended that when the shoe really begins to pinch, a movement will be started that will arouse attention. While some have regarded the German tariff war as more or less of a bugaboo, it is apparent that Secretary Root has his finger on the

SENATOR THOMAS COLLIER PLATT OF NEW YORK

The best recent likeness of the senior senator from the Empire State, who, despite his frail physical condition, is actively engaged in the effort to dislodge B. B. Odell, the chairman of the New York republican state committee. Mr. Platt is probably serving his last term in the senate, where, mainly by his efforts, in the interest of the express companies, the United States postoffice department has been prevented from giving the public a parcels-post service, as is done in most other countries. In his generation he has had no superior as a master of practical politics. In business — he is the head of one of the great express companies — he has gained a large fortune. His are iron hands in velvet gloves.

Photograph copyright 1903 by Pirie Macdonald

CHILDREN OF FRIEHERR VON DEM BUSSCHE-HADDENHAUSEN, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, IN GERMAN PEASANT COSTUMES WORN AT A FANCY BALL GIVEN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS OF THE CAPITAL CITY

Photographs by Clinedinst

tariff throttle and may become the central figure in a revision movement — under section four. The classic phrase at the White House, "speak softly and carry a big stick," may express the method in which this difficulty will be met, for it is certain that section four may become one of the most useful sections of the Dingley act before the threatened retaliatory tariff clouds pass away.

* * *

EVERY time I go about the departments in Washington, it seems that I ought to be able to find something which would be a suitable tribute to the hundreds and thousands of clerks who have passed through the governmental mill and have virtually given a life service to their country. While it is true that as a rule salaries are adequate, yet if one were to enlist such latent ability as may be found among this great army of clerks in Washington — if this ability were awakened and aroused by individual initiative, it would call for a salary list many times greater than is paid to government clerks.

This phase of life is one thing which is, to my mind, a strong argument against the dead level of socialism, as I understand that proposition. Here we have a body of men controlled and regulated by a power which they are willing to obey, yet in most instances the life of routine which they live seems to have the effect of stifling all progressive ambition. When they have been a little while in this service, they become practically unfit for anything else, however well suited they may be for their present work. One is reminded of the old rhyme of the "Bight of Benin, where not one come out though a hundred go in." The individual is swallowed up in the machinery, which appears to be the Ultima Thule of socialist ambition, though we less enlightened mortals cannot but hope that it is not the final fate of the human race.

There are 676 clerks in the employ of the government who have reached the age of three score years and ten. Most of them are in the department of the interior, where 177 people past seventy years of age are at work day after day. In the treasury department 147 tried and trusted clerks have passed man's allotted span, — a fact brought out in a most dramatic way by a special message sent to the house of representatives last September, giving details concerning this patriarchal regiment of 676 people employed in the various departments. It is significant that only one of the 676 is on the civil service commission, and that commission is the body which has power to retain the service of clerks and prevent removal except for a good cause. There are seventy-six printers in the government printing office who have handled stick and rule for over half a century and have passed the seventieth year-stone in life. Forty-three of the veterans of three score and ten are in the agricultural department. In the war department there are sixty-eight graybeards still at work, although they have long since passed the age at which officers are retired. One wonders whether, like Charles Lamb, they have worked "until the wood of the desk has entered into their souls." The simple presenta-

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WILLIAM B. RIDGELY, COMPTROLLER OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY, AND MISS KATHERINE DEERING, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Photographs Copyright 1905 by Clinedinst

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN DALZELL OF PENNSYLVANIA, CHAMPION OF HIGH TARIFFS AND A STRONG DEBATER

Photograph by Parkes, Washington

tion of these facts, with comment, to the house of representatives should produce prompt and effective action toward giving a faithful, loyal and efficient clerk something to look forward to beside a helpless and salaryless old age, and it may be that action taken in this matter would be the first movement onward to the dream that has floated through many a mind of late years—a pension for all helpless aged people, who have faithfully performed their share of the world's work while they had the strength to do it.

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IN the opening days of the present session I could conceive of no more important point of observation than in the various committee rooms. After I saw the flag go up on the house side, I made my way to the capitol and wandered into the room of the committee on ways and means. This is the most important committee of the house of representatives, and has had a long and historic career, for the question of ways and means has always been a fundamental one with Uncle Sam.

The present committee room is not luxurious, yet a large mirror over the mantel, a smouldering fire, decorations indicative of the overflowing cornucopia of plenty, and the large chandelier—with its globe enclosing a cluster of lights and twelve smaller globes, each having a single flame inside—make it a room of somewhat imposing aspect. Under the glow of this mass of lamps, when there is a generous supply of grist to the hopper, it is often necessary, before the session closes, to hold extra sessions. During the days of formulating the Dingley bill each member had a drop light. The room adjoining was once occupied by a subcommittee. It was here that McKinley and his associates worked upon the ill-fated McKinley bill, but this apartment is now headquarters for the press, and the door communicating with the next room has been closed. Leading out, on the opposite side, is a small room formerly occupied by the sergeant-at-arms, but now used as the inner sanctum of the committee, and here all ways and means of raising money for Uncle Sam must be met.

The ways and means committee room contains a long table around which gather the seventeen members. At the head of the table is the portly form of Sereno E. Payne, chairman, wearing a pink McKinley carnation. Next in rank in the committee is John Dalzell,adorned with a similar flower. Charles H. Grosvenor, the veteran from Ohio, ranks third in line and Congressman J. T. McCleary, author of the new retaliatory tariff measure, comes fourth. This room is the storm center of the tariff discussion. Mr. W. W. Evans, who is secretary of the committee, is the son of a congressman who served several years on this same committee and he has been clerk during the crystallization of the three great tariff bills of later years. Around the large table are the name plates of all the members, and every man passes to his allotted seat just as we used to do in school. The committee as it now stands is unusually strong and capable.

As I entered the room there was William Alden Smith of Michigan, with a pile of books on the table before him; in fact, at nearly every place around the table documents were collected. Congressman McCall of Massachusetts was on hand, ready to promulgate the Massachusetts idea of free hides, which engaged the attention of the Bay State delegation during the opening days of the session. This measure is to provide for reducing the tariff on shoes to an amount equal to the present duty on hides. What is desired appears to be free hides and a reduced tariff on shoes, because the manufacturers feel they could furnish footwear for the world with a reduced duty, provided they had a corresponding reduction on hides. It was upon this question that the democratic members in the house recently began to bait republican speakers in the hope of accumulating campaign material. It is quite the custom now to interfere with a speaker and draw him out during his flow of oratory, and if something is said which may go into the record for campaign material, there is rejoicing on the opposition benches.

Congressman Gillette of Massachusetts found that the baiters were ready for him, and even the genial "Cully" Adams, of Wisconsin, was provoked into uttering what appeared to be a criticism of the president for sending Secretary Taft into Ohio during the last campaign to fight corruption in the republican party. One day during the closing session Congressman J. W. Weeks of Boston, in whom Bay State people always feel a special interest, arose and obtained recognition; he merely asked in a considerate and modest way for "leave to print" some of his views upon the question of the hour,— a movement which certainly met with the hearty approval of his supporters at home. Few new congressmen have a firmer grasp of the duties and work before them than our own representative, John W. Weeks. Of course I have always thought he belonged in the naval department, and there is where he will eventually go when his ability, training and fitness are adequately appreciated.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN A. T HULL OF IOWA, AN AUTHORITY ON MILITARY AFFAIRS AND COLONIAL EXPLOITION

Photograph by Webster, Des Moines

Congresssman Weeks did a little baiting on his own account, and brought out the opinions of his colleague, Mr. Sullivan of Boston, on matters which it is hoped will crystallize into good campaign material. It is quite the custom of the party leaders to have certain members detailed to watch the speeches made on the opposite side and interrupt or draw out the speakers, leading them to make statements which might never be made if they adhered to written manuscript.

SENATOR DOLLIVER OF IOWA, WHOSE SEAT GOVERNOR CUMMINS, TARIFF-REVISER, WOULD LIKE TO ACQUIRE BY CONQUEST

Photograph by Bell, Washington

REPRESENTATIVE FRANK W. MONDELL OF WYOMING, ACTIVE IN THE VASTLY BENEFICENT WORK OF GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION

Photograph by Parker, Washington

IT was in one of the congressional committee rooms that I heard a new story of McKinley's work during his first campaign for the presidency. It seems that, as the years advance, every anecdote of the noble man who has passed away is fraught with new interest.

Stories are told of how carefully every speech which was made during the presidential campaign was edited by the man at Canton, and not only his own speeches but those of people who came to greet him.

It was customary for the speakers on behalf of the various delegations to call upon McKinley and have a conference before the formal ceremonies commenced, and they would bring with them in writing what they intended to say in public. Very few alterations were made in these speeches submitted for criticism, but in the closing days of the campaign there was a certain delegate who brought his speech to the candidate to read. Mr. McKinley put on his glasses and went carefully over the matter as was his wont with all papers which came to his hands for inspection. He read to the bottom of the first page and pronounced it "fine," and the second, "excellent." The third page was equally good, but Mr. McKinley remarked:

"Here are two sentences at the very end which it might be well to omit."

"Why?" said the writer in astonishment, "That is a perfectly true statement."

"Yes, it may be true, but this is not the time or place to say it. You want this writing to help the cause of the party?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I think we had better leave out these last three lines."

REPRESENTATIVE JESSE OVERSTREET OF INDIANA, WHO HAS VIEWS OF HIS OWN, AND HESITATES NOT TO AVOW THEM

Photograph by G. V. Buck, Washington

This little incident calls to mind the patient way in which Lincoln besought his followers to use only "cool, conservative and kindly words." The doubtful sentences were hastily scored out with a lead pencil. But McKinley said:

"Now, let us make it quite sure," and he took a pen and drew a heavy ink line through the portions to be omitted. "This speech might be handed out to the newspapers," he said, "and we must be careful to say nothing that might arouse passion or indicate anger or bitterness, for the very people to whom those lines refer may soon be with us." He added, "If we must tell a disagreeable truth, let us do it kindly."

I could not help but notice as the congressman was relating this story the profound interest displayed by everyone of the twenty listeners, and it was such little incidents as this that made that campaign memorable and surpassing in interest anything we have known in recent years.

Faithfully Yours
Robt G. Cousins

REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT G. COUSINS OF IOWA, ONE OF THE "GOLDEN-TONGUED" ORATORS, AND A KEEN DEBATER, TOO

Photograph copyright 1905 by Clinedinst

This story started others concerning McKinley; Senator Dick, who happened in, related an incident of how a little boy, who had called to see the late president, made a very candid observation. Mr. McKinley patted the child on the head and said:

"How are you, my little man, and how do you like my room?"

The child looked up with clear blue

REPRESENTATIVE RICHARD BARTHOLDT OF MISSOURI, NOW SERVING HIS SEVENTH TERM; AN ADVOCATE OF INTERNATIONAL PEACE AND INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN

SENATOR WETMORE OF RHODE ISLAND

Snapshot by Clinedinst

eyes at the kind face above him, saying, "Mithter Matinley, I like you, but I think you ought to clean thith room," and he fixed his eye on the ceiling, blackened by the flaring gas-jet which had been burning like a beacon light almost continuously during those busy days.

Mr. McKinley laughed and turning to those present, said:

"Gentlemen, it sometimes takes a little child to point out defects which we grownups have overlooked. "My little man," he added, "this room shall be cleaned. You have taught us a lesson."

Then the child took the president's hand and looking up confidingly, said:

"Mithter Matinley, we'd like you to be prethident of the whole world."

How little it was dreamed at that time

REPRESENTATIVE DAVID DE ARMOND OF MISSOURI, A DEMOCRATIC PARLIMENTARIAN OF UNCOMMON ABILITY AND A RISING MAN

Snapshot by Clinedinst

SENATOR MARTIN OF VIRGINIA, RECENTLY REELECTED — TO THE ONLY POLITICAL OFFICE, BY THE WAY, THAT HE HAS EVER HELD

Snapshot by Clinedinst

that in a few years these words would sound almost like a prophecy, and that President McKinley would be president of a domain reaching far into the Orient!

⁂

I ENTERED a committee room which is always of profound interest to members of congress, the mileage room It is here that members come to make a report at the beginning of every session as to the railroads on which they have traveled, and what distances they have gone; it is jocosely suggested that it will soon be necessary to give a schedule of the eating-houses that occur on the itinerary. Now that the railroad rate bill is the disturbing topic of the session and free transportation is no longer obtainable, this room is likely to partake of the nature of a railroad ticket-brokerage office, and we may expect some day to see coupon tickets sold here by enterprising representatives of the various roads.

Over the door of a room on the terrace I found the label, *Minority Room,* and

SENATOR BURKETT OF NEBRASKA, A YOUNG MAN OF GREAT PROMISE IN NATIONAL POLITICS

it is here that John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, chairman of the democratic house caucus and floor leader of his party, discusses party business with his comrades. The provision of a room for the minority is something of an innovation, but shows how partisanship is waning.

◆

ORATORS, the poets of the platform, are less to the fore nowadays than in earlier years of the republic. Now and then one of the gifted class makes himself famous with a single speech, as Mr. Bryan, the young Nebraska newspaper reporter, did in the Chicago convention of 1896. Others, as Senator Dolliver of Iowa and Representative Cousins of the same state, acquire oratorical rank by the cumulative effects of many beautiful addresses. Perhaps no other member of the federal house of representatives has a richer gift of classic and persuasive speech than Mr. Cousins. He has not yet shown what heights he might rise to on the wings of a great moral passion such as presumably animated Mr. Bryan when the latter made his "cross-of-gold" speech, but has rather employed his masterful gifts for decorative purposes. Thus, his apostrophe to Iowa, his native state:

"Marked out in the beginning by the hand of God, bounded on the east and west by the two great rivers of the continent, purified and stimulated by the snows of Winter, blessed with copious rainfall in the growing season, with generous soil and stately forests interspersed, no wonder that the dusky aborigines exclaimed when they crossed the Father of Waters, "Iowa, Iowa," — beautiful land, beautiful land! Not only did the red man give our state its beautiful and poetic name, but Indian nomenclature runs like a romance throughout the counties and communities. What infinite meaning, what tokens of joy and sadness, of triumph and of tears, of valor and of vanquishment, of life and love and song there may be in these weird, strange words that name today so many of our towns and streams and counties: Allamakee, Chickasaw, Dakota City, Sioux, Pocahontas, Winneshiek, Keosauqua, Sac, Winnebago, Tama, Nodawa, Competine, Chariton, Commanche, Cherokee, Waukon, Muchakinock, Washta, Monona, Waupeton, Onawa, Keota, Wadina, Ioka, Ottumwa, Oneska, Waukee, Waucoma, Nishnabotna, Keokuk, Decorah, Wapello, Muscatine, Maquoketa, Mahaska, Ocheyan, Mississippi, Appanoose, Missouri, Quasqueton, Anamosa, Poweshiek, Pottawattamie, Osceola, Oskaloosa, Wapsipinicon.

"Ere long some westland genius, moved by the mystic inspiration of the rich and wondrous heritage of Iowa nativity, may sing the song of our legends and traditions, may voice in verse the wondrous story of his illustrious state. Maybe somewhere among the humble homes where blood and bone and brain grow pure and strong, where simple food with frugal ways feed wondering minds and drive them craving into nature's secrets and her songs — somewhere along the settler's pathway or by the Indian trail where now the country churchyards grown with uncut grasses hide the forms of sturdy ancestors sleeping all in peaceful ignorance of wayward sons or wondrous progeny—somewhere where the rising sun beholds the peasantry at early toil and leaves them in the mystic twilight ere their tasks are done, where odors of the corn and new-mown hay and vine-clad hedges by the shadowy roadside linger long into the night-time as a sweet and sacred balm for tired hearts—somewhere, sometime the song of Iowa shall rise and live, and it will not omit the thought of that gifted son who said: 'Iowa, the affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable union.' "

SENATOR JAMES B. MCCREARY OF KENTUCKY, AN EX-CONFEDERATE OFFICER AND FORMER GOVERNOR OF THE BLUEGRASS STATE

Photograph by Prince, Washington

MRS. C. W. FULTON, THE CHARMING WIFE OF THE SENATOR FROM OREGON

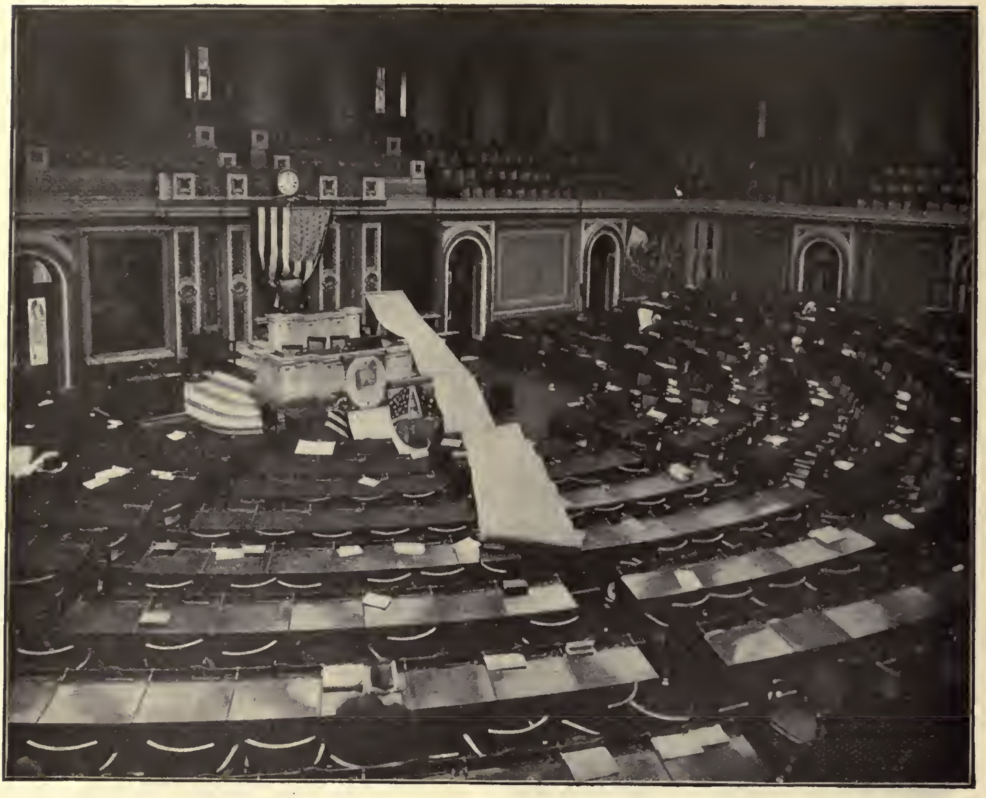
Photograph copyright by Clinedinst

The dangerous verbal temptations of the poet are exemplified in the reference, in this glowing passage, to the "peasantry" — by which we suppose "Bob" means the Iowa farmers,—sturdiest, most up-standing, forehanded, prosperous agriculturists the sun ever shone on. A mere flower of speech, gentlemen, bearing no conscious derogation of those to whom it was applied.

⁂

THESE are busy times in the executive office. The Panama canal investigation kept things stirring for a few days, but congress found the president with his ear close to the trumpet at the other end of the wire.

The influx of New York statesmen had an import meaning more than merely the control of a state organization. The open and fearless stand taken by the president was adopted in the face of a perilous precedent. For the chief executive to interfere in state politics hitherto has simply presaged an avalanche of rebuking ballots at the polls.



THE PETITION THAT SAVED THE OLD FRIGATE CONSTITUTION

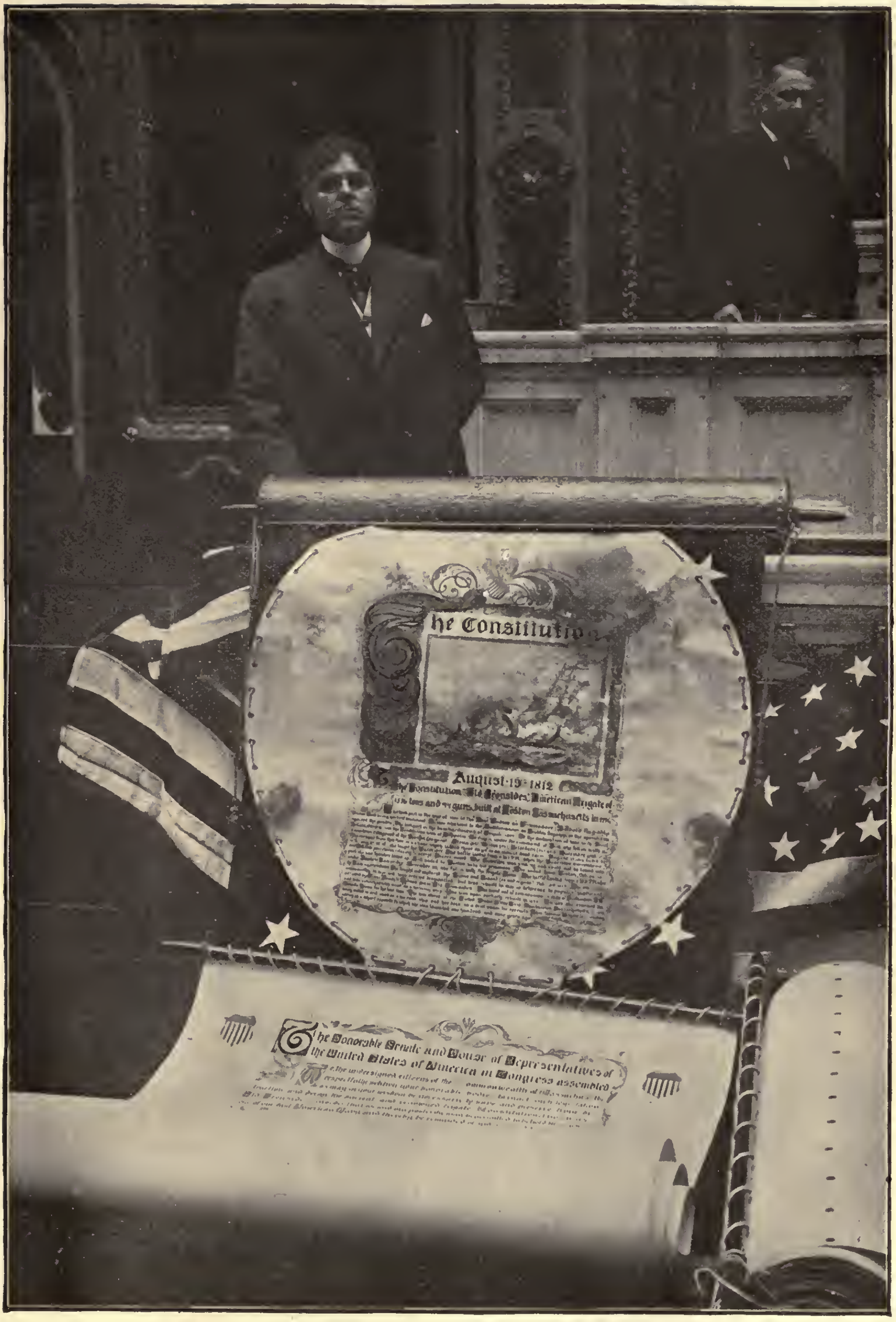
Secretary Bonaparte's recent suggestion that the old frigate Constitution be taken from its moorings in Charlestown (Boston) navy yard, to sea, there to be used as a target for the newer ships, aroused a mighty wave of protest from every corner of the land. The secretary thought merely of the expense of the endless repairs needed to keep the old ship afloat: the people thought of several other things — of how the Constitution won everlasting fame for herself and the American navy in many battles, conspicuously that with the Guerriere (a story that American boys will read with patriotic emotion as long as there are any boys here to read it); and the way the powers-that-be swung into line with public sentiment proved they had merely forgotten for a minute their share of our common pride in the Constitution.

The president was prompt to declare his conviction that she should be preserved, and suggested that she be taken from Charlestown to the naval academy at Annapolis, where she would be, as she has long been at Charlestown, the shrine to which thousands of Americans would make patriotic pilgrimages, and would, in the bargain, serve to remind our navel cadets that there were good men in those days, the same as now.

Thirty thousand citizens of Massachusetts signed the petition shown in the above picture, among the signers being some descendants of the men that fought on the old ship in the days of her glory, as well as such notables as former Governors Long, Brackett, Bates and Douglas, and Governor Guild. Julia Ward Howe's name is there, with that of many another distinguished author.

The petition measures 170 feet in length, the names being signed nine and ten abreast. On a drum-head, illuminated, parchment heading appears the battle in gold and full color between the Constitution and the Guerriere. Below this is traced a short history of the principal engagements in which the Constitution took part. The drum-head is fastened to two mahogany rollers which can be rolled into the copper cylinder. Below the drum-head appears the petition to the senate and house of representatives of the United States. Attached to this are the 30,000 signatures. The whole thing is placed in a cedar sea-chest with brass trimmings.

At ten o'clock, January 20, the petition was taken to the White House and shown to President Roosevelt, Admiral Dewey and a number of senators and representatives who were also present. Eric Pape of Boston, the originator of the Constitution petition and the artist who designed it, was introduced to the president, explaining to him the manner in which it was started and carried to completion. Congressman McCall of Massachusetts presented Mr. Pape. The president was fired with enthusiasm and considered the petition a memorial of great artistic beauty. He suggested to those present that the whole ship be restored to her original condition, replacing the rigging and the sails. He also suggested that the petition be placed on permanent exhibition in the navy department at Washington.


he Constitutio
August 19 1812
The Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled

A CLOSER VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION PETITION

From a Photograph by the National Press Association

THE BEGGAR AT OUR DOOR

By Frank Putnam

EAST MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

> "*Freedom of trade with a master is not a freedom that can satisfy the human heart. Tariffs higher or lower mock our profoundest aspiration. We want freedom—your freedom or our own. We are neither citizens nor slaves, but alien—and hopelessly alien, dependents. We are the beggar at your door, and you deny us.*" — Extract from the letter of a Philippine patriot.

WE are too courteous to be rude
  To states whose fleets compare with ours;
We guard with fond solicitude
  The lawless South American powers;
We annually sound the praise
  Of Patriot Fathers gone before,—
Why turn we with disdainful gaze
  From this poor Beggar at our door?

Is it because he has no ships
  To thunder at our ocean gates?
Is it for this we seal his lips
  That plead for justice from the States?
Are we so sodden in our pride
  Of gain in gross, material things
That we his plea can override
  With the defiant port of kings?

We whipped the thief who held him thrall;
  With gold we salved the robber's pride.
We said we came at Freedom's call —
  I do not think we *knew* we lied;
But, fired with sudden lust of greed,
  We siezed his houses and his lands:
Unshamed by his poor naked need,
  We bound new shackles on his hands.

Freedom, thou hast no shrine on earth
  Save in the mournful hearts of slaves!
Here where thou hadst thy bitter birth
  Thy Temple is usurped by knaves.
With bribe and barter they defame
  The sacred marbles of thy floor;
Thy children, sunk in shameless shame,
  Deny the Beggar at thy door!

ADVENTURES of a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

by GILSON WILLETS

IN the lives of those who live by writing there come not infrequently what may be called periods of hop-skip-and-jump.

This is true particularly of the special correspondent, the free lance, who in the course of his year's work, "covers" "big stories" in widely separated corners of the earth. In my own writing-life the hop-skip-and-jump periods have taken me at times from Lapland to the South Pacific, from Newfoundland to Ceylon, and "intermediate points", as the time-tables say. Hence some years I have been obliged to make as many as three round trips across the Atlantic, to "cover" events of international interest. At the same time I have enjoyed the work of getting stories of lesser importance, such as making an ascent in the latest military balloon in Paris, or attending the bull-fight in Mexico at which the bull mingled so freely with the spectators that a panic and riot ensued. Perhaps the narrative of some such personal experience of the special correspondent, incidental to the work of securing the larger stories, may prove interesting.

For example, last year twenty ladies and gentlemen gathered one evening in the Russian capital. Specifically, they gathered about a huge oval table on the Quai bordering the Neva, not very far from the American embassy. At that dinner I was present as a friend of the Russian government as it was. The dinner was a secret, typical meeting of revolutionists of the noble class. When I arrived in my drosky-sled at the palace door, two men stepped forward and one said: "What time is it?"

QUAI IN ST. PETERSBURG, (X) SHOWING AMERICAN EMBASSY

JUST AROUND THE CORNER IS THE PALACE IN WHICH THE DINNER OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS WAS GIVEN, WHEN THE AGITATOR ESCAPED THE POLICE IN THE GARB OF A LACKEY, AS RELATED IN MR. WILLET'S ARTICLE

"The right time," I replied.

Whereupon my interlocutor drummed a peculiar rat-tat-tat on the palace door, which at once opened. A minute later a servant ushered me into a lofty room where the guests of Count Blank, the host of the evening, were gathered. "Had you any trouble with our men outside?" asked the count.

"When they asked the time," I replied, "I simply gave the password as directed in your verbal invitation to be present here tonight."

"Gatherings such as this," the count said, "are, of course, prohibited. But here we are, without permission of the police, with the doors barred and sentries stationed outside as a precaution against surprise."

One of the men present was, like myself, a correspondent for a magazine. Next to him sat a man whom I will call simply Monsieur. He was dressed in the livery of a lackey, a fact which I will explain later.

He was from Stockholm and his presence in St. Petersburg was not known to the secret police, who offered $5,000 to anyone who would lure him into Russia.

For three days Monsieur had been in the capital, hidden in the quarters of the correspondent who now sat beside him. A day or two later he would leave Russia as he had come—with the correspondent's passport. The dinner was given in his honor, and many of those present had come from distant points in Russia especially to speak with him. For Monsieur was and is one of the leaders of the revolutionary movement. In Stockholm he publishes the most popular revolutionary paper read by the Russians. The paper is smuggled into Russia and distributed entirely by ladies of the best families and by Jews.

Now, absolutely without warning, the doors of the great dining-hall were burst open, and there entered a single individual in gorgeous uniform. This was a man high in the police, named Kagairodoff. He is now governor of a province. At the time of his intrusion he represented M. Von Plehve, who was afterward assassinated.

Our host, the count, jumped up and bowed most politely to the intruder, who in turn bowed most politely to the count. They talked awhile in Russian. I was afterward told that the officer had requested that the company disperse, and the count thereupon pointed out the fact that the officer, not having been invited to the dinner party,—"just a family affair with friends"—had no right to be present. It seems that the officer had effected his entrance by giving the proper password, "right time," which he had learned from one of the army of spies in the pay of the police. The only really dangerous element in the whole proceeding was the presence of the great Monsieur, the man whose name no revolutionist in Russia mentions aloud. So now was the time when Monsieur's lackey clothes served their purpose. Those clothes reduced to the minimum his fear of recognition by the police officer.

When the count rose, as I have said he did, the whole company rose. A lackey at the same time slipped a tray into the hands of Monsieur. Then while the count and the officer, with all the guests around them, were politely arguing the situation, Monsieur himself walked leisurely out of the room, with his tray, following a real lackey into certain subterranean regions of the palace—from which he did not emerge until the night following.

II.

The scene changes to India. Of all the places to which my journalistic duties have called me that might be termed dangerous, the most perilous were the plague and cholera camps of Bombay Province, during the famine of 1900. There death was close to me, but passed me by. In the desert for five hundred miles up or down from Bombay, relief camps were estabished at intervals. These relief camps were really great hospitals wherein lay thousands upon thousands of patients. At one such camp I found thirty thousand natives in the charge of a single white man. He was the resident or local governor. And if ever a brave man lived, it was that resident. Though the only white man among all those brown men, yet he had not a single soldier to back up his authority. "But at least I should think you would go armed,'' I said to him.

"What good would one revolver or one rifle do among these thousands of hungry ones?" he said.

We rode out to his bungalow, which stood in the desert two miles from the great camp. Behind us, people were suffering, in ominous silence. Here was great courage also enduring in ominous silence. For at the bungalow was the resident's wife, a lily parched and shriveling in the furnace air. Now in the resident's compound was a garden in which were the only growing things in all that desert. Green things that were preserved by using perhaps too much water from the well that meant the very life of Mr. and Mrs. Resident. But the garden was kept for the sake of her whose eyes were kept bright by looking at this green and who was thus saved the monotony of the bare desert.

The cow-herds of the vicinity, however, wanted the things of that garden for their cattle. For there was fodder

SCENE IN PLAGUE- AND FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA

"WE WENT FORWARD AND WATCHED THE HINDUS BURN THE DEAD VICTIMS OF THE PLAGUE." (THE WRITER STANDS ON THE LEFT OF THE PHOTO)

enough to keep their cows alive until the government officials came to buy said cows. Several times the cow-herds had come to steal the fodder, always at night.

"If you hear a row in the night," said the resident, "don't worry." And he added that another attack was expected on the garden, and that it might come tonight or not for a week. Near midnight there was a cry of alarm—the cow-herds were at the garden. I sprang up, siezed my revolver, went down to the compound. "Hide that weapon! Quickly!" said the resident, for he was already on the spot.

"But you are not armed!" I said.

"No! Weapons would be no more use here than in the camp." He was in his pajamas, and he carried a lantern. Then, standing close to the cow-herds, he addressed them in their own Gujarati. The enemy became silent, and the resident wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to the nearest cow-herd. Whereupon the cow-herds vanished into the night as mysteriously as they had come. "The paper I gave those fellows," said my host, "was an order on the local bunniah (grain merchant) for grain. I suppose I will have to repeat that performance many times more before the government sends men to buy the starving cattle. It looks like a comedy, doesn't it? But it is the kind of tragedy that saves a life. I do it for—her."

As day was then breaking, we went forth and watched the Hindus at their daily task of burning the dead victims of the plague.

III

Again I must take the reader half way round the world, to Jamaica, where my train in that lovely West Indian isle was held up by an executioner. The train started at daylight—sensible hour in a tropical climate—from Kingston, bound for Nannytown, fifty miles away. We had run about half the distance when the train stopped, not at a station, but at a foot path through a sugar plantation.

"What's the matter?" I asked the conductor.

"It's an execution, sah," he said. "Jes' you follow dat black man what jes' got off dis train and what's goin' up dat road froo dat sugar field."

"An execution?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean some one is to be hanged?"

"No sah! Jes' flogged, dat's all. Dat black man am to do de floggin,' sah. He am de executioner, sah."

I hastened after the "executioner," and so did all my fellow passengers. The black man was in reality an official executioner in his majesty's service. But his principal business, that of hanging people, was his minor business, in that hanging was of rare occurrence, while his errand of this morning was one which he had frequently to perform. That is, he had come out on the train from Kingston to flog a "nigger."

The plantation upon which we were now trespassing was one on which all the laborers were crown prisoners. And the building toward which we were making was not a planter's house, but a prison. Punishment on a Jamaica prison plantation is by flogging—a performance which takes place in the street in sight of all the other prisoners, upon whom it is supposed to have a salutary effect. Never is the flogging done by an "executioner" resident at the prison, for revenge would speedily end the days of such a resident. So an entire stranger comes from a prison miles away—to inflict the punishment and then to vanish. Hence the presence of the black official who was now holding up our train. Behind the prison was a grove of cocoa palms, and in this grove there was a fearful shriek-

THE SOUTHERN LUMBER CO.

"MY TRAIN STARTED AT DAYLIGHT FROM KINGSTON, JAMAICA" ing. "Come and see what they are doing to ole Pinto," cried a little black girl, the daughter of the prison-keeper.

I found "ole Pinto," a black man, tied hand and foot to the stump of a tree, and writhing and screaming in an agony of fright. The executioner now produced a little bunch of palm leaf stems, making of them an instrument of torture that looked not unlike a cat-'o-nine-tails. With that primitive knout, and without speaking a word to the prisoner, the executioner began the flogging. The strange thing was that after the first blow "ole Pinto" stopped yelling and emitted not another sound during the few minutes required for the twenty strokes on his bare back. The reason was, apparently, that he had suffered more from fright than he had suffered now from the flogging itself. For so skilfully were the blows struck that his skin showed not the slightest laceration, not a sign of a cut or of blood, nothing worse than a series of long welts across his back.

Another strange part of this scene was that the negro prisoners who were all lined up to witness the flogging, for whose intimidation, indeed, the punishment was carried out, did not seem at all impressed. For they grinned and halloed and, with each additional stroke, capered about the ground like so many delighted children. After the executioner had struck the twentieth blow he threw down the palm stems, wiped the perspiration from his face and turning to me, he said:

VISCOUNT HAYASHI, JAPAN'S AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN

EUGENIE, EX-EMPRESS OF FRANCE, AN EXILE IN GREAT BRITAIN

"We'll go back to the train now, mister. I've got another execution over to Nannytown. There's only this one train a day to Nannytown, and I couldn't do these two executions today unless I held up the train. Sorry to delay your journeys, misters," turning to the passengers as a body, "but these here executions are by the king's command."

IV.

Once more we cross the seas, this time to the heart of civilization. This happened within the walls of the Japanese Embassy, in Grosvenor Square, London. My business within those walls was to interview the Japanese minister to Great Britain, Viscount Hayashi, the spokesman of the mikado in Europe. I was awaiting my turn, in the great lofty hall of the mansion, when a Japanese servant opened the front door and admitted a lady dresssed quietly in black. She was not the "veiled lady" of fiction, she was an old lady of fact. Her slightly wrinkled face was exposed to the world, and my only thought concerning her, as she passed through the hall, was that she carried herself remarkably well for so aged a person, and that she was at once admitted to the Japanese minister's office, ahead of all who had arrived before her. Fifteen minutes later, she again passed through the hall, this time on her way out, and with her went a young Japanese who bowed before her most obsequiously as she went out of the door, when he too, passed out, shutting the door after him. That aged lady in black was Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French. One of the Japanese attaches told me the reason of her visit at that time:

It seems that there was a lowly Jap in England whose ambition was to be another Marquis Ito. He wanted to begin as a soldier in the Japanese ranks in Manchuria. But someone stood in his way, and that some one was the ex-Empress Eugenie, who employed him as her valet at her house at Farmborough, near Aldershot, where for years she had lived. The valet wrote to the Japanese minister in London, asking to be sent home to join his country's legion against the bad Russians. The minister wrote back that he would see what could be done, but added that a Japanese in a foreign country is not necessarily expected to return to Japan, and that such return for military service is not compulsory, but entirely voluntary. Then down from Eugenie's house came the little Jap, in person, to the minister, and asked his excellency please to hurry matters, as he simply couldn't wait to go forth to shoot Russians. And instead of returning to his post of duty as valet, he tarried in London. It was then that the next step was taken by the ex-empress herself. She came to London and called at the embassy, as I have described. But first she had arranged with the Japanese minister, by letter, to have her runaway valet at the embassy at the time of her call. The upshot of the matter was that Eugenie begged Viscount Hayashi not to take the little Jap from her service, as, indeed, he was not physically able to shoulder a gun and dig trenches and be a killer of Russians. Whereupon the Japanese minister told the little Jap to go home with her majesty and be a good boy. So today he is still brushing the clothes of the gentlemen-in-waiting at Eugenie's English mansion.

V.

Among other personal experiences of the special correspondent, I may relate the following:

First, the officers of a British cruiser, at Port Said, Egypt, were sending down divers to bring up the dead from the submerged gunboat that had been wrecked off that wickedest city in the world. The steamer on which I was, on my way to the Far East, was lying at Port Said for coal, and I took advantage of the delay to visit the cruiser. By good fortune I was permitted to go out on the boat used by the divers. Two of the "human fishes" had been under water only a few minutes—when to our horror, along came a school of sharks, man-eaters all. One of the sailors telephoned down to the divers to remain perfectly still, saying that their mates on the boat

THE BRITISH DIVERS WHO ESCAPED DEATH AT PORT SAID

would do all possible to scare away the sharks. So they fired off a pistol, and then another shot rang on the air, then followed a fusillade sounding as if a royal salute was being fired. When the smoke cleared away, not a shark could we see, and presently the divers came to the surface.

"Well, that was a close call," said one of them, as his helmet was removed. "My dilemma was this: whether to stay below, or to go to the surface. If I stayed below, the sharks might bite my air hose, perhaps cut it. If I went up, the sharks might fancy the living diver more than the dead sailors which had lured them to that spot. But just then you telephoned. I dared not answer, for fear the sound of my voice might attract the sharks. What would have happened if I had made for the surface as soon as I saw the sharks—I shudder to think."

Second, in the ancient cathedral at Seville, in Spain, I witnessed one of the three dancing festivities that are given yearly in the sacred edifice. A band of boys in unique costumes came whirling and pirouetting up the aisle, and the spectators applauded just as if they were at a theatrical performance. A kind of mediaeval religious procession followed. Another kind of dance could be witnessed for money in another part of the town, the so-called national dance. And I may add that any dance I saw at wicked Port Said was tame compared with the Spanish fandango seen for money in Seville. Next day was held a Passion Play, just as at Oberammagau, though on not nearly so elaborate a scale. When I saw the Magdalen I exclaimed: "Why, that was the girl who danced the fandango for us last night at the dance-house." "Right, senor," said my guide. "You see, when we choose a Magdalen, we choose a girl noted for her beauty—not her character. But this occasion lifts her into a new life. You will never again see her dance the fandango, never again see her in such a place as you saw her in last night. She will be married within a year. Always such is the case with the Magdalen—for she is truly the penitent."

Third, I with a companion, an official of the government of Finland, was making a long sled journey across the roof of Finland in mid-Winter. We traveled in sleds twelve feet long, in which, wrapped in furs, we lay at full length, this being the most comfortable method of long distance out-door travel on earth. We carried our own provisions with us in that desolate, ice-bound region, bordering on the Arctic Circle—carried those provisions in a supply sled. It was because we carried such provisions that we had an adventure with highwaymen. Our highwaymen were not those who hold up travelers at the end of a gun, but skulking thieves who sneaked away with our provisions, wanting our food rather than our money or our lives. We had put up for the night at a post-house in a little village, and had invited two young ladies, teachers in the local industrial school, to sup with us, intending to treat them to some of the canned goodies which we had brought from Helsingfors, the Finnish capital. Imagine our consternation when our driver reported that the provision sled was gone—that it had disappeared utterly.

THE PASSION PLAY PROCESSION AT SEVILLE, SPAIN

"Hitch up one of the sleds—put in the horses quick as lightning," said our guide to our drivers. "We'll show you, gentlemen, how we deal with highwaymen in this part of the world."

Ten minutes later we were seated in a sled driving pellmell over snow in the the tracks of our own provision sled. Finally we came to a hut in front of which stood an empty sled. We could not identify it as our own, because in that country all the sleds look alike. We knocked on the door of the hut, our guide crying: "Open, or we'll fire through the door." The door opened, revealing a room lighted by a single candle, and—yes! there were our provisions scattered over the floor. Two men, three women, and a few children were seated about the room. The men had black beards, black eyes and black hair, by which signs, in that land of blue eyes and flaxen hair, I knew that the thieves were not natives.

"Gypsies!" exclaimed our guide. And surely enough they proved to be Gypsies from Bohemia, their presence in this far northland being about the most remarkable thing our guide had ever heard of. They could not understand a word we said to them, though among us we spoke six different languages. So while the Finnish official and I ostentatiously cocked our revolvers, our guide began carrying out our provisions. Then the guide ordered the two men to get into his sled beside him. The gypsies obeyed meekly and thus they were carried back to the post-house as prisoners. We sent for the headman of the village and turned the gypsies over to him. Then we opened our canned goodies,

PARIS AS SEEN FROM THE MILITARY BALLOON

THE CAPITAL OF FRANCE SEEN FROM THE UPPER AIR RESEMBLES A CART WHEEL WITH THE MAIN AVENUES AS SPOKES AND THE ARC DE TRIUMPHE AS THE HUB which we were so glad to recover, and our young lady guests had a supper such as they had not tasted for months before.

"What will become of the prisoners?" I asked our guide.

"Oh, they will not steal again within the Russian Empire," was the reply. "The village headman will take them a six days journey to the nearest railway station in Finland, then by rail to the frontier of Russia, where they will be handed over to the Russian police, by whom the prisoners will be taken across Russia to the border of Hungary and there handed over to the Hungarian police. Their families may follow as best they can."

Such are some of the adventures in the hop-skip-and jump life of the special correspondent.

THE SAGA OF THE FIVE BROTHERS

By H. C. Gauss

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THIS is a twentieth century saga. It is about a Norwegian fisherman who still rules his village with his gnarled fist, even in his old age, and about his five sons.

Peter Lawson, quartermaster, first class, narrates this incident when urged and prompted by the boatswain, and then only, for Lawson has no conversation and one feels that he might forget the habit of speech but for the exercise it gets from the necessary repetition of the course-directions of the navigating officer.

The boatswain recites the prologue and says:

"You remember when they had that celebration in Boston and the Massachusetts and Marietta were there for a week? Peter was shipmates with me on the Massachusetts and he put in that week discovering brothers, didn't you, Peter?"

"First he came aboard and said: 'I got brodder here, sail-maker.' Next day he came up and pointed to a yacht lying off Constitution wharf. 'See dat boat?' says he. 'I got brodder on her, sailin'-master.'

"Next day it was a Cunarder going out by. 'See dat ship? I got brodder on her, quartermaster.'

"When we were going out by Boston light, Peter was just going on watch. He came up to me and whispered, 'See dat light? I got brodder on her.'

"Go ahead, Peter, tell us about the time you all went home."

Then Peter's face breaks painfully from its habitual seriousness and this is the tale he tells:

"My fadder ees a great, big man, more as six feets big, an' he hammer hees boy to make 'im tough. Dare been me, Peter an' Yohn, Sharley, Hoscar an' Handrace. (Andreas.) We go in de boat to feesh an' de ole man he hammer 'ell hout de ol'est to make man off him. I run, dan Yohn run, dan dey hall run, I spose, any ways I find dem all in Boston. We ban settin' in place on Etlantic hevenue one night an' we ban talking our own lankwidge, see, what we say thinks in like you say habout your fadder an' modder and so, and Sharley he say he like go back; he many time, what you say, seasick for home, no —yah, hompsick. I say how much fadder like to beat us. Maybe he haf no enchoyment haffing no poys to beat. Yohn an' Hoscar dey laugh an' say, 'Come, we go home an' let our fadder beat us.'

"We make dat for September. I go home before I ship over, four month. I go in de house place an' de modder cry an' de peoples comes in ant py ant py my fadder comes home from feeshin'.

"'Peder,' he says, 'I shall beat you for run avay.'

" 'Come oudside, fadder,' I says, 'ant ve vill see.'

"I ban fight plenty man, you bet, bud I never ban fighting any man like my fadder. Whoo-oo-oo! I sooner stan' double watch steerin' wid hand-steerer. I don't want to make it too easy for him and I done pretty goot, but he hammer me till I holler. Dan we go in de house an' haff goot time all evenin'.

"Next day Yohn he come home. I see fadder he sore an' stiff, not want to go feesh. I ban give him pretty goot fight. I say, 'See! Here is Yohn, beat him for run avay.' Fadder tell me shut up an' Yohn get no beating one, two day. I see ole man begin feel pretty good an' I say to Yohn, 'Cheek 'im.' Yohn he cheek him an' dey go outside an' fight an' bimeby Yohn holler, but I have to help my fadder up.

"Next day Sharley he come. I say, 'Fadder, didn't Sharley run avay?' But fadder he feel of de sore places ant shake hees head to me not to say anyting. We stay two, three day, have good time, go feesh. One day my fadder call Sharley up jes fore daylight go hout in de boat. Sharley say he not go; ole man say go or he hammer him. Sharley git mad, he pretty big man, been bucko mate, say he lick de ole man. Dey go out in de mos' dark and' fight long time. Sharley he holler an' de ole man don't go feesh; stay in bed mos' all day.

"Hoscar he come next. Old man don't get mad very quick some more. One day him an' Hoscar hout in de boat an' when dey come in have to hist both of dem up on de wharf. Ole man say, 'Leggo jib sheet.' Jib sheet she foul an' ole man say he hammer Hoscar if he have him ashore. Hoscar say go ashore. Ole man say he can't afford to lose de time. Hoscar say he pay for de time. Dey go ashore an' fight an' fight, jest can get home.

"My fadder pretty nice now, an' after while Handrace come long. He youngest, run last. Ole man pretty mad when he run. Handrace big feller. My fadder look at him ev' night when we sit by de fire. Go dat way some time. I tell Handrace cheek him. Handrace say no, wait and see. One night de ole man beat his foot on de floor an' say, 'Peter, Yohn, Sharley, Hoscar, I hammer you, you stay for noddings. Handrace must pay board.'

"Den we all laugh and ketch hol' of de ole man and roll him round, and we hist him up an' car' him to de beer shop, an make him drink beer. Den he drink much beer an' blow about hees sons and ve have great time. Den an ole feller speaks about dem times when dey is fighting wid sooerds and we gries to dink it ain't now an' everyting like dat.

"De nex' day de bick new boat comes around dat we buyed for our fadder and we all gives him money, more as any man in de place. Den he say dat it is because he done his duty an' hammered us goot and dat de ole boat shall be for use of men who have bad luck an' lose dare boat, and dan me an' Yohn an' Sharley an' Hoscar some time after came away, but Handrace he stay an' marry hees girl."

LECTURING BY LIMELIGHT

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delights," etc.
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

WERE you ever mistaken for another because you happened to have inherited the same family name? Has your acquaintance ever been sought by enthusiastic strangers who complimented you on work you never did, and you had to cover them with confusion by disclosing your identity, or hold your peace and feel that you were a coward and a fraud and a living lie? Mine has, many a time and oft.

I was once chosen to deliver the poem on Commencement Day at Santa Clara college, California. I was a guest of honor for a week, and some one of the fathers, the professors or the students were sure to be within reach of me for my pleasure and entertainment. One day a delightful lad was showing me the beauties of the neighboring garden city of San Jose. This was in the good old days when Miss Olive Logan was popular as writer and lecturer; as a drawing card she ranked with Grace Greenwood and Anna Dickinson. I could see that my young companion had something on his mind, something to say to me, and I was wondering what it might be and just how and when he was going to say it. He was growing more familiar, more at ease all the while, and I was glad that he had not found me hard to get acquainted with. Suddenly the little chap,—he was not out of his teens,—put his arm through mine and snuggling up in a confidential way, he said in a burst of boyish enthusiasm: "Oh! Mr. Stoddard, you don't know how much pleasure your writings have given me. I'd rather read them than do anything else!" My heart, which I am too apt to wear upon my sleeve, was in my throat in a moment. I was really touched, and I told him how glad I was that anything I had written had given him pleasure; that, really, was what all authors were striving to do and the knowledge that they had, in a measure, succeeded was the real joy of their reward. We were very happy and sympathetic for a moment, and then he beamed upon me in a youthful and radiant way and said, to make assurance doubly sure, I suppose, "You write under the name of Olive Logan, don't you?" and, God forgive me, I said "Yes!" I hope the recording angel had one tear left, for never was a lie told with a better intention. All these years I have wondered if that boy, a man now and perhaps the father of a family, ever discovered his mistake and my untruthfulness. Olive Logan was my friend of yore, but I never told her of this — that is why I am keeping it a secret now.

There was a time, when, if anyone complimented my verse I felt in my heart of hearts that he had read something written by the late Richard Henry Stoddard; and I have always been sorry that I could not lay claim to the authorship of the works of W. O. Stoddard and Charles Augustus Stoddard, and all the other Stoddards in the catalogue. Perhaps my crowning sorrow is the fact that I am constantly mistaken for John L. Stoddard, whose highly successful and always popular illustrated lectures have made his name a household word throughout the land. I have been pointed out as Mr. John L. Stoddard, and denounced as an imposter because I was not he. Doubtless, of the many hundreds of thousands who have heard him lecture, very few would be able to to recognize him after the close of the entertainment, because he lectured in a darkened hall and was most of the time invisible. To make the case still more perplexing, the truth is, I have given illustrated lectures of travel myself and cannot deny that my course looked very much like an infringement on his copyright.

I am glad that there is no danger of my ever doing it again, and now that he has retired to private life there are two blanks in the lecture list. It is true that I am still congratulated upon the handsomely illustrated volumes of travel-lectures that Mr. John L. Stoddard has published, but now it is my custom to head off all complimentary allusions to my lectures and my volumes of travel by instantly announcing that though I have traveled and printed books of travel, and lectured upon my travels, I am not the Stoddard they wot of, but only myself alone.

II

My experiences as a public lecturer are soon told; I would they might be as soon forgotten. As traveling correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, I had for five years been flitting about Europe, Asia and Africa. Returning to San Francisco, the home of my youth, it was suggested that I make my appearance as a public lecturer. Mr. Lock of the Bush Street Theater, having come into possession of a large assortment of transparencies, was willing to back me in a venture if I would use his slides to illustrate my text. An engagement was effected on the spot. I was to prepare four lectures at my earliest convenience, select a suitable number of transparencies to illustrate them, and leave all further details to my manager, a gentleman of great enterprise and large experience. So far so good. It sounds easy enough as I write of it. I still remember how very difficult it was.

It seemed to me that we had hardly struck our bargain when the peace of my quiet lodging was dispelled by the arrival of a case containing four thousand transparent lantern slides; they were photographs on glass from nature, as well as copies of famous works of art, all interesting and some of them very beautiful. The subjects were gathered from the four quarters of the globe. It must be confessed that they were in the very ecstasy of disorder, having been overturned again and again by the curiosity of a host of idlers who had access to them.

After a week of patient diligence, I succeeded in classifying them tolerably well, and then came the question as to the subjects most likely to attract the public. I decided to open with the "Tour of the Holy Land." Jerusalem, illustrated by a series of photographs, illuminated and enlarged so as to cover a canvas twenty feet square, ought, it seemed to me, and to all with whom I discussed the subject, to excite the interest of pleasure-seekers. Fireside travels are inexpensive and not always fatiguing. One cannot do the Holy Land every day of the week for a dollar. I was offering this pleasure to the little world of San Francisco; it was before the day of "bargain matinees," and a dollar was not thought exorbitant. On the second night why not do "Rome and the Vatican?" At the Saturday morning entertainment, for ladies and children, what more appropriate than "Venice: The Queen of the Adriatic?" Saturday night the season was to close with a glowing description of "Egypt and the Nile" — unless the public, warmed to enthusiasm, were to insist upon the season being indefinitely prolonged.

I could easily have spent a month in the preparation of each one of these lectures. No doubt I should have done so.

The pictures were selected with care and arranged and rearranged, again and again and yet again; it was a little puzzling to know just what route to follow so that the tale of travel might flow easily and naturally. I assured myself that it would take me at least two months to properly prepare for my debut, and while I was saying it the manager's agent walked in upon me in a very businesslike way, with a program announcing that I was to make my appearance at Platt's Hall, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the following week. The notes of one lecture were not yet prepared, and in ten days I was to begin my course. I was paralyzed and did not believe it possible for me to appear at all. Already the streets were lined with huge posters emphasizing with glaring capitals the subjects of the lectures and bolstering the name of the lecturer with the customary resounding but hollow phrases—"Poet, Author, Traveler, etc."

My case was desperate. I toiled night and day in a frenzy of nervous excitement. I awoke from dreams in which I would suddenly find myself facing an expectant audience, with my mouth open and not an audible syllable at my command. My only consolation was that the room, being necessarily darkened, the barely visible audience would scarcely discover the extent of my embarrassment. My notes were hastily thrown together, arranged and rearranged in a despairing mood verging upon heart-failure, and a day was appointed for a rehearsal and private view, so as to test the working quality of the instrument and carefully focus the slides.

The night of the rehearsal came all too soon. Platt's Hall was as Egypt when I arrived there. A number of my professional friends were already present with my manager; they were to sit in judgment on the entertainment and offer such suggestions as might occur to them. The operator, with his assistants, began the delicate business of adjusting the lenses and manipulating the piercing spark which was to reflect the pictures upon the canvas. The first efforts were by no means successful; the light spluttered, the lenses were obstinate; the landscapes blurred and misty. Some of the slides which I had selected were found unsuitable; they were smoky and obscure and, when enlarged upon the canvas, seemed of little interest by reason of their total lack of the picturesque element so essential to success in art. They were, of course, discarded and others substituted, which necessitated the revision of my notes.

III

It was the rainy season in California; an exceptionally rainy one. It threatened a deluge as my opening night drew near; it drizzled all the afternoon, rained heavily and steadily at seven in the evening and stormed at eight o'clock. As I entered the hall, a few moments before eight, I found the audience, what there was of it, scattered thinly hither and yon, in dripping raiment. A few gas-jets flamed lugubriously and seemed but to add insult to injury; a youthful pianist—that necessary nuisance in entertainments of this character—was moping on the back seat awaiting my orders. A few dear friends were clustered at the door to give me welcome and offer me those words of cheer and the much needed encouragement without which, I fear, I must have gone to the wall. I was a sorry spectacle, and I was well aware of the fact. Mr. and Mrs. "Billy" Florence were there; poor Mme. Marie Duret, one of the best and truest of friends, and others now past and gone; charming Emily Melville, then the bright, particular operatic star in the western horizon, had braved the elements and crossed the bay with a great armfull of flowers plucked from her own garden; and there were others full of sympathy, and distrust, I have no doubt.

Billy Florence, noting in me symptoms of a possible collapse, suggested a reviving cup; I sent the lad to the piano, and while his melancholy notes were tinkling in my ear Billy Florence and I quaffed heartily, and, with his soothing hand upon my shoulder, we returned to the scene of my sacrifice. The customary applause greeted me as I approached the rostrum. I know not what I should have done without it, and yet how little it really means. The piano music subsided; the operator was busy with his instrument. Not knowing what else to do, and feeling it was my turn to do something, I arose, and with the glare of that pitiless ray—no lantern slide was yet in view and the piercing limelight was burning into me like a red-hot needle — I opened the lecture somewhat in this vein:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I offer you my services this evening as guide through the Holy Land. You shall have the benefit of my experiences, such as they have been, without extra charge; with the aid of these pictures you shall see that sacred soil as the sun sees it, highlight for highlight, shadow for shadow. I believe that the secret of the art of travel is to make the best of everything; to enjoy everything in spite of all; therefore, let us be genial notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. In order to get the full effect of the illuminated pictures the hall must be darkened. We shall, from time to time, vary the monotony by the introduction of a piece of statuary, or perhaps the copy of a famous painting or a cloud effect—all of them more or less inappropriate, but there is rest and renewed interest in change, and I want you, if possible, to have all the pleasures of travel with none of the inconveniences."

A gracious burst of applause restored my soul. The lights were extinguished; the lad at the piano once more began fingering the keys. At intervals, from various parts of the darkened hall, came the faint sound of mysterious and suggestive smacks, followed by suppressed laughter; the audience was evidently in the best of humors. I took courage. The experience was not so very dreadful after all, was it? The operator threw a mellow disc of light upon the canvas; adjusted a slide, and there appeared the picture of a nebulous cloud floating in space; it was exquisitely beautiful; he then arranged another slide, and with his two lenses dissolved one into the other very skilfully. The effect was enchanting; the clouds, constantly changing, took various forms of incomparable beauty, and when an azure-tinted glass was added the picture was that of a tropical night wherein the clouds were silvered with moonlight and seemed actually to be floating in the veritable heavens.

Anon the "herald Mercury" appeared upon the scene; it was before the day of moving pictures, but he dawned upon the vision pale, god-like, soaring with feathered heel, as light as thistledown; then disappeared, as if fading into the night, but anon reappeared; and on each reappearance drew nearer and nearer, until at last he filled the picture and looked as if he were about to float out of it and into our very presence. At this the audience was roused to something like enthusiasm and the jocund pianist struck into a once-popular song, the words of which, "He flies through the air with the greatest of ease,"—and something, for the rhyme's sake, about a "flying trapeze," which seemed hardly appropriate when applied to the masterpiece of John of Bologna. I was gaining confidence and losing it at frequent intervals.

I had, with great care, arranged the several slides in the order in which they should appear one after the other. The operator had listened with courteous attention to my thousand and one monitions. Imagine my dismay when I discovered upon the appearance of the first landscape picture that he had begun at the wrong end of the series and was working backward. Of course I flew to him and rectified the ludicrous error.

We began again. All went well for a time; the pianist played nimbly during the intervals when the pictures were being dissolved one into another, and sometimes his selections were very nearly appropriate. We should certainly have had a rehearsal together, he and I, and a perfect understanding as to what theme was to be chosen for each view. I took up the thread of the narrative as soon as the landscapes had evolved themselves out of the momentary chaos of light and shade that characterized the brief period of transition. It was rather jolly, on the whole, though I was obliged to confine myself to my notes on the opening night, and these I had spread within a box that stood upon a stand between me and the audience and was open only on the side toward me. The box was lighted within by a half-dozen flaming candles, and the heat that came from it as I stood near was like that of a red-hot oven. To the naked eye of the observer in the audience I must have appeared like the soul of a salamander reveling in purgatorial fires.

Presently there was a startling break in the journey; the operator, why, I know not, skipped quite into the middle of the program. I was obliged to at once turn improvisatore, for I could not pause to hunt up the text that went with the picture. From that moment one surprise followed another in quick succession. I closed my notes, extinguished the candles in the reading-box and awaited developments. Then word came from the rear of the hall that the echoes were deafening in that almost uninhabited quarter; later a second messenger was dispatched to me announcing that I must shorten my discourse, for the light would not last much longer. A leak had been discovered in the gas-tank. We might possibly blow up at any moment.

There was nothing now left me but to hasten to the close without alarming the audience, and this I was doing to the best of my ability when a third messenger arrived. He begged me to announce that as there was still a little gas left, that "while the lamp held out to burn"—the thrifty operator not caring to hide his light under a bushel — the entertainment would proceed and conclude with a series of beautifully colored biblical views graphically illustrating the Old and New Testament history. Those views which I knew nothing of, having thrown them aside as commonplace and inartistic, and which the operator, who had assisted me in classifying the slides, must, in a moment of rapture, have secreted upon his person, proved to be extremely mediocre figure groups whose original ugliness was aggravated by a lavish use of crude color. They were each quite as splendid as a chromo struck by lightning. I allowed them all to pass without a word of comment or explanation. The pianist gave free play to his fingers and his fancy, and my gratitude when the last of the series, that of Mary Magdalene, — who seemed to have backslidden, for her lurid effigy had been carelessly inserted upside-down—my deep and unutterable gratitude was only equalled by the generous applause of the indulgent and very friendly audience.

The second night was like unto the first. I might with propriety and absolute certainty have concluded all printed announcements during the season with this cheerful line:—"Umbrellas, waterproofs and goloshes may be ordered at 9:45." My faithful but unfortunate audience arrived promptly each evening, wrung itself out, settled into the moist seats and sat steaming, with damp feet and colds in the head, until the last biblical picture — that operator doted on them—was consumed in a perfect conflagration of color. And then came the pleasantest feature of the experience, so far as it concerned me, for on each occasion pleasant people lingered to congratulate me — I never knew just why— and to pay me many compliments, unworthy as I was.

IV

I remember how three little women approached me after the lecture one evening, each one introducing the other in a pretty, old-fashioned way. They said that I should go to New England and lecture there, from town to town, all through the Winter. The Lyceum Circuit was then so well arranged and so carefully and systematically conducted that, through its manager, one who was in the public eye at the time might have secured a series of engagements in many towns and villages. The dates were all arranged so as not to interfere with one another; the price to be received nightly was fixed — perhaps some towns could pay more, some less than the regulation price; all that was expected of the lecturer was to allow the manager of the Lyceum Circuit his moderate percentage, follow the itinerary which he had carefully prepared, and make one's appearance promptly at the proper time and place. This was easily done, for the time-tables of the railways had been duly consulted, and nothing but a heavy storm, a blockade or ill health need derange the plan for the whole season. Those little women drew a lively and attractive picture of the wintry nights in their dear old New England; the well lighted, well heated, well filled village or town hall; the old ladies in caps busily knitting in the front seats, chatting and "visiting" with one another until the lecturer had begun to speak, and then laying down their knitting from time to time to beam upon him over the silver rims of their spectacles; or perhaps heave a gentle sigh and "wipe their specs" if he grew too pathetic.

The young ladies and their escorts were sure to be there, and, of course, supremely happy in one another's society. They could not always sit together at "meeting," but here they could, and as close together as possible. All those present were quite accustomed to listening to lectures and almost preferred them to any other form of entertainment then in vogue.

Such is, or was, the life of the lecturer in the New England lyceums of the past. He was a well trained Lion perpetually on exhibition; the autograph hunters hovered near him; he was forever making new friends wherever he went, and many of these were really charming; he was making money, also, for his expenses were comparatively light. A popular lecturer once told me that he considered his annual season worth at least twenty thousand dollars to him. But what a weary work it is when one is booked for three or perhaps even six lectures per week, and has a railway, or coach, or steamboat journey after each and all of them; and thus it may be, without cessation, for four or five more or less cold and stormy months.

Josh Billings, the American humorist so popular in his day, had just finished a successful season. Night after night, week after week, month after month, he had, precisely at the hour of eight, faced all kinds of audiences in all kinds of weather and all kinds of moods. Solemnly approaching the front of the rostrum, he had said in his most serious manner: — "Ladies and gentlemen! I am here before you this evening to tell you what I know about *'Milk!'* " Of course he had made the same points, or endeavored to, so often that they had become distasteful to him, and, once more in his own home, the season at an end and he free to do and say what he pleased, he threw himself on his lounge after dinner and heartily thanked God that his labors were at an end. The fire blazed brightly upon the hearth; grandfather's clock ticked slowly, contentedly, soothingly, in the corner of the room. He sank into a blissful sleep, such as it seemed he had not known for ages. With great deliberation, but firmly, as one having authority, the clock struck eight! Josh arose from his pillow, stalked forward, and, placing himself in front of the fire, rubbing his hands together as many lecturers have a habit of doing, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen! I am here—before you this evening—to tell you what I know about *'Milk!'* "—and then he woke up. It was the force of habit; it had become automatic; it showed how his arduous duties had robbed his soul of rest.

I was with Mark Twain daily and nightly while for eight weeks he lectured at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, London, and I know the wear and tear of it on his nerves. When we returned together, after his lecture was over and he had shaken hands with those who counted it a very great privilege which he had graciously granted; and had written in the autograph albums that were always awaiting him — after our return to his delightful apartment at the Langham Hotel, he was happy enough until he awoke next morning. But the burden of the day was on his mind and hardly ever off it until the next lecture was over.

One evening in San Francisco, at the close of my lecture, a young man came forward and greeted me with considerable embarrassment, but with such modesty and such evident sincerity that I regretted our interview was so short. He said, extending the calloused palm of a son of toil, "I want to shake hands with you, for you are a true Bohemian." To this hour I do not know just what he meant, but I am sure it was something good and kind. "I want to shake hands with you," said he; "I am only a poor day-laborer, but I want the honor of shaking you by the hand." He got it, if there was any honor in it, and a right-hand-of-fellowship could not have been heartier, as I said to him: "I also am a day-laborer, my dear fellow; the only difference between us is that you work with your pick and I with my pen; they are as near alike as two P's!"

I must confess that I was always a little afraid that my pianist might go astray; he played skillfully and with taste, but his selections were invariably of a light character and their range limited. Occasionally he was humorous, but whether intentionally or innocently I was never quite sure. On the night of the second lecture a photograph of one of those colossal infant angels by Michael Angelo that are poised above the huge holy-water font in St. Peter's was exhibited; the lecture was on Rome; while the picture was upon the screen and so enlarged that the infant looked enormous, the young rascal played with mock sentiment "Baby Mine," a ballad very popular in that day.

V

I shall not soon forget my last night on the lecture platform in San Francisco. The evening's entertainment was about two-thirds over; we were away up in the wilds of Nubia; the many beautiful Nile views had appeared to great advantage, and as for myself, I could not have spoken on a subject more congenial. We were at the Colossi of Aboo Simbel, or Ipsambool, as some call it, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, the light went out and we were left in utter darkness. There was ghastly silence for a moment and then some budding humorist of the western breed cried in a loud voice: "Where was Moses—?"

A messenger groped his way to my desk and explained the predicament. Had you been there you might have heard the voice of one crying in the wilderness, out of the blackness of darkness, and above the rippling laughter created by the anxious inquiry concerning the exact location of the Hebrew prophet, as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to state that the lecture this evening must be brought to an untimely close. I am creditably informed that the apparatus has collapsed." In a calmer moment I was assured by one who was present that I had said, distinctly, "The whole concern has busted!" Be that as it may, there was a respectful silence while a few gas jets were lighted about the hall. Someone said: "I suggest that the lecturer finish his lecture without the illustrations." I gently but firmly protested. Then some good Samaritan added: "Under the circumstances, I propose that we adjourn." "Many thanks," I replied, and, with a hearty round of applause and no little merriment, the season was brought to a close.

Was I discouraged? By no means! It began to seem like a capital joke, and joyfully I went over the bay to the sister city of Oakland for two evenings. The storm continued. The church in which I spoke, a tall frame building with the auditorium on the upper floor, quaked in the furious wind. The heavy apparatus combined with the weight of a slim audience were not sufficient to steady the floor and the consequence was that the views quivered upon the canvas stretched before the pulpit and in moments of indulgent applause danced in a very ridiculous manner.

It was evident that the adverse circumstances were too much for the operator and that he was becoming demoralized. Some of the slides were inverted, some were reversed so that the landscapes were wrong end to; think of facing the ducal palace from the Venetian lagoon and having the prison and the Bridge of Sighs to the left of it, and the Campanile—now alas! no more—on the right! Some of the pictures reappeared at intervals, as if laboring under the impression that they had been encored.

The second night was even worse than the first. It seemed as if I had only to open my mouth and the heavens fell. The eaves spouted torrents; the gutters were a-flood. It would have been money in the pocket of any granger in a dry land to have engaged me for a course of lectures. Even the suggestion of my name seemed to have a pronounced effect upon the atmosphere, for on another occasion, when I was invited to address an association but declined, as I was waterlogged by this time, it rained just the same. The deluge appeared in my stead, and this bitter fatality mocked me to the end.

In Oakland, which was pleasantly provincial in those days, some of the after-lecture interviews were amusing. One old gentleman led me into a corner apart from the others who were waiting their turn to speak with me, and said with some severity: "Do you mean to tell me that you have been to all those places, yourself?" I replied that I had had that pleasure. "Humph!" said he and turned on his heel. He evidently did not believe me. Another gentleman whom I took to be a clergyman, judging from his type of face and the cut of his garb, asked: "When were you in the Holy Land?" I answered, "In 1876." To which he replied with some scorn: "Phsaw! I was there years before you were." I don't think that all tourists feel that they have preemption rights in a land because they may have visited it before those who followed after.

There were young people who waited at the door to say goodnight; the autograph hunters ran me down in person or by post, but I was easy game, having been one of the clan myself; and many a pleasant chat I had with those whose spontaneous friendship emboldened them to address me. But our expenses were heavy; the cumbersome apparatus, the operator and his aides, the pianist, the agent and the ticket man had become a burden too great to bear. Moreover, we had been working against wind and tide from the first, and, to my very great relief, it was decided to cancel all the remaining engagements, and there we called a halt.

I don't care to attempt the pictorial lecture again; the machinery is too complicated and too eccentric. One is at the mercy of operator and pianist, and even the little spark, on which all else depends, may on a sudden, as it did with me, expire in utter darkness.

VI

How much pleasanter my memory of a mid-Summer night in the village of Martinez, where I was to lecture for the benefit of a church that looked like a wood-cut out of an old-fashioned story book. It stood in the edge of the grove which Bret Harte wrote of in a sketch called "In the Carquinez Woods." The village was pastoral and in its way pictorial; the inhabitants were almost primitive, for they were delightfully unspoiled. As I landed from the ferry and passed up the quiet street, I seemed to have passed into another world. The simple life might be easily and honestly led in such a settlement; just as it has been led and lived in monastic communities from the Middle Ages down to date, and nothing special has been said of it; indeed the fact has been passed unnoticed by the world at large. It seems to have required the call of a French peasant to suggest the new fad in certain restricted circles.

Wandering up the quiet street, with its border of wild daisies, I saw the quaintest little handbills announcing my lecture tacked to the bark of the trees along the way; they were no doubt the triumph of the local printer's art and were but the last rustic touch that perfected the rural scene.

As a child I had visited Martinez, during a school vacation, with a chum whose home it was; and together we had explored every flowery nook and corner in the land. Now I was again there, revisiting those old haunts, but alone this time; the chum had wandered, like the rest of us in the course of time, and it was probably with him as it had been with me — out of sight, out of mind. I was lodged in the same old home and served by the same dear hands, and it seemed almost as if no change had visited the village, save to steal away the comrade of my youth.

After dinner I sat alone in my room, musing on the past. It was the same old room, unaltered in any particular, and I am quite sure that if he had been there we should have been boys again together.

The church bell began to ring gaily; it didn't sound a bit like a "church-going bell;" it was more like a school bell calling the reluctant truants in from the Carquinez woods, for it rang and rang and rang. I began to think that it would never stop ringing—and it did not until I was solemnly conducted to the pulpit by the pastor himself, under a blaze of kerosene lamps with large, round reflectors. We sat a few moments like graven images, the parson and I — I suppose dignity required it—and then I was formally presented to the congregation—I mean audience. I could have whispered to almost anyone in the room, it was so small, and so cosy, and so compact.

What bright faces were upturned to me that pleasant evening; I shall never quite forget them. My subject, "The Confessions of a Foreign Correspondent," gave the details of such private experiences as I thought most likely to interest a listener; well, something like this, for instance: — "How I passed my first night alone, a stranger in a strange land; wretchedly! — How I passed the second night; charmingly!—Life in London Lodgings—A Chum in Old Chester —George Eliot at Home—Mark Twain and His English Audiences — Lost in Rome — Bachelor's Hall in Venice — Boat Life on the Nile—On a Syrian

House-top — Summer Life in Capri — etc., etc.''

It was great fun—for me. I might have gone on indefinitely, but fortunately for them I didn't. We just talked to one another, I with my lips and they with their eyes. I picked out one beautiful face and came back to it again and again for refreshment. There was a lad and his lassie who were bubbling over with good nature; and some elderly people who leaned forward and listened as if they were deeply interested. It was flattering and inspiring and no effort at all for me. There was a babe in the house, a well-spring of anything but joy, for it lifted up its voice at intervals in mild complaint. Even this could not disturb the sincere pleasure I took in that exceptional audience. The parents of the babe vainly strove to muffle its cries, and at last stowed it away under the pew, but with disastrous results; at last they were compelled to withdraw before the close of the lecture, and they left an apology and a regret on the lips of a friend which were both formally delivered to me as soon as I had descended from the pulpit.

Then came congratulations and demonstrations and invitations. I was dragged most willingly away by the beautiful lady and her friends to a sumptuous supper and a couch of luxury in the swellest mansion in the place. I could have tarried indefinitely in Martinez and its garden suburbs and lived the life of a sybarite—if the word of the inhabitants was worth anything at all; for first one and then another claimed the pleasure of my society, and fearing that I might fall never to rise again, in a kind of delicious despair I fled from temptation by the earliest train of the following morning. It is sometimes dangerous to be too happy.

I might have been seduced into the lecture field again had I been certain of another experience like the last; perhaps I hoped for it when I so far forgot myself as to appear twice in a celebrated convent school in Washington, D. C., where I spoke of Father Damien, the leper priest, and Robert Louis Stevenson, both of whom I knew and loved; on each occasion I was the victim of a stage fright that would have been ludicrous had it not been pitiful.

Even thirteen years' experience in the class-room at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., where I lectured on English Literature four times a week, did not make me feel quite at ease with the students. And so I have made my final bow and very willingly and very gratefully withdraw from the glare of the limelight. I can still smile, however, at one little incident that occurred as I was leaving Platt's Hall after a lecture. A young man sidled up to me in a trustful sort of way, and, touching his hat politely, said in a stage-whisper: ''Sir! Can you kindly lend me the price of a night's lodging? I have just given my last dollar to hear this lecture!''

THOUGHT

By Sarah D. Hobart

FALL RIVER, WISCONSIN

THAT which we speak moves in a narrow round;
 That which we do affects the human race;
That which we think, o'erleaps the wide world's bound
 And leaves its record on the shores of space.

"THESE I, SINGING IN SPRING"

—Walt Whitman

WHEN APRIL CALLS

By Hilton R. Greer

PITTSBURG, TEXAS

WHEN April calls, and hill and coppice ring
With rapture at the silver summoning,
Wild echoes wake in solitudes serene
Where drooping dogwood boughs that overlean
Startle the slopes with sudden blossoming.

The light-lipped ripples through the shallows sing;
The tremulous tassels of the willows swing,
And coverts dim grow glimmeringly green,
When April calls.

O brooding heart! Pluck out the venomed sting
Of poignant Sorrow! Set caged Care a-wing!
Old ardors burn the blood, and coursing clean,
Thrill sluggish pulses with an impulse keen
To follow fleet the flying feet of Spring,
When April calls!

MARCH IN KANSAS

By A. A. B. Cavaness

BALDWIN, KANSAS

MARCH is a wondrous battle-ground
And wild the conflicts are—
O, furiously the troopers ride
From North and Southern star!

And ever the March is come again,
Again from South and North,
Swifter than ancient cavalry
Their warriors come forth.

Chill is the steel of Northern spears
And hot the Southern swords,
Yet never we know what angereth
The howling midnight hordes.

Last night the bivouac of the spears
The swords, a hurricane,
Out-shrieking fiends, the Northmen smote
And routed them amain.

Then resting from their giant toil
And dropt to slumbers sweet—
Sudden the hosts of Aeolus
Sweep back in mail of sleet,—

With banners crowning battlements
Daring the blades with scorn,
Till dipt in fire the sabres' ire
With glory flags the Morn.

Yet never the flash of sword or spear
Is seen on the bloodless fields,
But rings the shout of the battle's rout
And clash of the phantom shields.

Thus ever the deathless feud is fought
And March is lost and won,
Till the last campers yield the fight
To showers and the sun.

SPRING SONG ❧ By Edwin Carlile Litsey

LEBANON, KENTUCKY

CLEAR from the thicket where young buds gleam,
A song pours forth in a silvery stream;
And the bird-voice twitters and carols a tune
Which speaks of the joy of a coming June!

The crisp, clean air is good to smell,
As it creeps in waves from a cool, deep dell;
And the tang from the forest is sweet and rare
As the odors which pagan priests prepare.

The pale green grasses quiver and bend
And drink the warmth which the sun-rays lend,
And deep in a sheltered hollow warm
A tiny flower takes shape and form.

The brown bee tries his wings again
From the cloistered hive where months he's lain;
And a faint perfume steals sweetly up
From the bowl where the bee alights to sup.

THE WATER LILY ❧ By Ernest McGaffey

LEWISTOWN, ILLINOIS

IN Hampshire waters lightly resting
  Snow-white and pure as heaven's angels are,
The lily lies, the dancing ripples breasting.
  How like it seems to some new-fallen star,
Low-lying on a liquid sky
Where shadow-clouds go drifting slowly by.

Above its bed the mountains tower
  Peak upon peak in silent grandeur vast,
Among the clouds they rise in conscious power
  Rugged and grimly bold; and yet at last
How scarred and seamed their lofty forms —
On highest paths still fall the fiercest storms.

But here with sunlight round it streaming
  Its sleep is undisturbed; no sound is heard
To mar the rapt, still current of its dreaming
  Save lapping water, or sweet-piping bird;
The pulsing air around it filled
With ruddy wine from Summer's beaker spilled.

Not for those petals glowing blushes
  Such as suffuse the petals of the rose;
Nun-like it peereth from a hood of rushes
  The queen by right o'er every flower that blows;
Earth-born, yet with the starry face
Clasped in the loving water's close embrace.

AN IOWA APRIL

By Oscar Johnson

BERTRAM, IOWA

DEAR month of sunshine and of silver showers,
What can in simple loveliness surpass
Thy fair green fields and woods, and thy fresh flowers
That nestle in the soft, sweet-scented grass,
Filling the air with fragrance? What could be
More strangely sweet, more pleasing to the ear,
Than those clear notes of softly bubbling glee
That birds pour forth from vales and hillsides near?
Sweet month, thou art like childhood: thy serene
And quiet days of sunshine and of showers,
Thy warbling birds, thy blossoms sweet that lean
O'er tinkling streams in sunlit, sylvan bowers,
Remind me of the days when I, a child,
Did wander through the fields and woodlands wild.

A PLACE OF PEACE

By Eugene C. Dolson

FLORIDAVILLE, NEW YORK

ALONG this unfrequented way,
The odd-shaped houses, well-kept soil,
Unto my mind a sense convey
Of thrift and honest toil.

Bright milk cans near a well-sweep stand,
And over them a woman fair
Works eagerly with busy hands,
Her round arms white and bare.

Never before saw I her face,
But see her now, some loved home-wife,
Who, in the quiet of this place,
Lives out her perfect life.

She hears, at dawn, the robin call;
At dusk, the kildee, crying shrill,
And sometimes, after evenfall,
The lonely whip-poor-will.

Here opened first her eyes to light;
Here dawned her happy bridal morn;
Here closed her parents' eyes in night;
Here were her children born.

Not hers the restless heart to roam
For joy that other scenes confer;
The sacred cares of love and home
Are all the world to her.

SALLY, DICK AND THE FROG

By Harold Child

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

OLD Angus MacNorton had raced the devil from Gumberry down the moonshine trail to the very door of his cabin, and in consequence was leading his family a strenuous life.

Miss Sally, the eldest daughter, slipped quietly from the back door of the one-story, mud-chinked log cabin and sped over the few acres of cleared ground to the surrounding woods. Penetrating the forest a little way, she came to a natural clearing, in the center of which was a fallen sapling suspended from its broken trunk, forming a "horse'n-log." Mounting this, she sat swinging her bare brown feet, while an occasional tear crept from her pretty eyes to mingle with the morning dew of the greensward beneath her high perch. Presently there was a crackle of the undergrowth near-by and a couple of deer hounds sprang into the clearing followed closely by their master, who, crossing quickly to the girl, leaned his rifle against a stump and grasping five of the brown toes in his brawny hand, gave them a vigorous squeeze.

"Howdy, Sal," said he. "Been here long?"

"Not so very. Thought I wasn't goin' to git the chance to come. What'd you do to him, Dick?"

"I did 'bout like we agreed, 'ceptin' o' one thing—"

"You was only to dress up in ma's clothes an' lay down in the trail, an' make pap think he'd seen a vision, hopin' it would break him o' swillin' moonshine—ain't that what I agreed to, Mr. Jones?"

"Jest so."

"Well, an' what else did you do, to scare him clean out o' his head?"

"Nothin', much."

"You tell me jest how much, Mr. Jones!"

"Well, I puts on your ma's dress an' slat bonnet, an' lays down in the trail an' waits. By an' by, your pap he comes along, kiverin' both sides o' the trail. He gits near onto me afore he sees me, then he stops sudden like, an' I groans an' keeps on a-groanin'. 'What you doin' here, an' what's a ailin' of ye, Liz?' says he, tryin' to pick me up. I keeps my face in the bonnet, an' groans more distressin', an' he says in a sorrowful way: "I'm drunk! Drunker nor I ever be in my life, an' here's Liz be'n bit by a pizen snake, an' I kaint git 'er home!'

"I thinks he's repentin,' so I gits to my feet an' turns three summersets sudden like, then lays down. I tell you, he was plum upsot!

"'Great guns, Liz! what sort o' a snake has bit ye?' says he. At that, I stan's on my head an' spins round and round. The dress slips down over my head an' I whips it off—"

"What'd you have on under that dress, Dick?"

"Red calico, a fittin' tight an' a fox tail hitched on. When your pa sees a red devil skin out o' your ma's clothes he strikes a bee-line fer the house, a yellin' at every jump, an' I comin' a trottin' behind, switchin' o' my tail an' turnin' han' springs—"

The young man paused for a moment to listen intently to a strenuous refrain that came to them on the gentle wind.

"Take 'er away!—take 'er away!—She's red—red as—!"

"Ma's havin' a time!" remarked Miss Sally, then she turned fierce eyes on her companion.

"I'm a good min' to jump on you, an' mash you into the groun', Dick Jones! You've run him plum crazy with your red devil meanness, an' I'll never speak to you after this!"

Dick glanced at her flashing eyes, then bending his head said in contrite tones:

"Jump, Sally, jump, an' mash me into the earth, but don't quit speakin'!"

She did jump, and he purposely placed himself in her way, going to the earth beneath her. This was too much for her Scotch-Irish temperament.

"Take that! an' that! an' that!" she cried, pounding with all her force his broad back. "An' don't you come near me till I send fer you!" were her parting words as she sped away through the thicket.

It was a week later that Dick Jones received a request from Angus MacNorton to call at his cabin. Abe Ward bought the message.

"The old man's got 'ligious feelin's," said Abe. "Says there's a red devil runnin' 'round in these woods, an' nothin' less'n a parson kin drive him out. He says, Dick, as how that powerful preachin' an' prayin' Parson Peterson down Lockwood's Folly way, must 'a' run him up in these woods, an' if we don't start some sort o' opposition, he'll ketch the last one o' us."

When Dick called at the MacNorton cabin, he was greeted with great cordiality by the old folks; Miss Sally vouchsafed nothing but occasional disdainful and unfriendly glances.

"Dick," began old Angus, when the family had gathered about a cheerful watch-fire in the open, "you bein' the most likely youngun hereabouts an' the most 'ligiously inclined, I has concluded to ask your help an' advice, in drivin' away that devil which Parson Peterson has scared up in our woods. We folks has been sort o' back'ards in 'ligious matters, an' I'm thinkin' it wouldn't be a bad notion to build a little meetin' house where we would have a preacher to say a comfortin' word now and then to we old folks; an' we might start a little Sunday school, so's the younguns could l'arn to pray and sing to the glorification o' their Maker. An' I wants you to build the meetin' house, Dick, 'cause you is the only one hereabouts as kin rive a shingle an' hew a log fit fer to go in a house o' the Lord's."

The old man paused for a reply.

"Dick reloaded his corncob with a charge of "home-cured," smoked several moments in silence, then said:

"Well, Angus, I be willin' 'nough, but you know yourself, it's somethin' of a job. A proper meetin' house ought to be shingled all over an' have a good floorin' an' a bell."

"Jest so, Dick: an' there's nobody as kin do it better."

"Abe might," remarked Miss Sally.

"He might, an' then ag'in he mightn't; most likely he mightn't," replied Dick, but still addressing the moonshiner. "An' I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll build the meetin' house, put a little steeple on it, an' throw in the bell, if you'll agree to let me an' Sally tie up when it's finished."

"It takes more'n two to make that bargain, Mr. Jones. Pap's not goin' to bargain me away 'thout my sayso; but as you is anxious fer a bargain, I'll tell you what I'll do: when the meetin' house is finished, an' pap's got 'nough 'ligion to quit makin' an' swillin' moonshine, I'll tie up with you, if I hain't seen anyone I like better."

"Beggars kaint be choosers, Sally, an' I agrees; be you willin', Angus?"

"Yes, I agrees, Dick, an' if atween you, Sal an' the parson I kaint be snatched from the burnin', why the devil may have me—an' by gum, he was close on me, t'other day!"

Such were the conditions under which Dick Jones began what at the time, and in that particular section of North Carolina, was no small undertaking, and the little meeting house, so far as Dick's interests were concerned, was to be a peace offering to Miss Sally. He had little hope of the conversion of his prospective father-in-law. .

He calculated that six months' steady work would see its completion, but in the beginning there were incidents that put him back. The flooding of Juniper Lowlands carried away the first five thousand completed shingles, all "hearts" and carefully finished. Then Coot MacColm's carelessness with a pile of burning brush set the woods ablaze and burned a goodly portion of the large timbers which were complete and resting in the woods ready for hauling. Notwithstanding these setbacks, the end of the year saw the building well under way. In the meantime, however, old Angus had lost all religious "feelings," and was consuming more and more of his deadly brew. He had also acquired a mania that was very peculiar in its nature and particularly embarrassing to his family.

Near the trail which led into the Big Green where his still was hidden was a pond, deep and stagnant. Thousands of frogs tenanted its murky waters with a big bull to lead the nightly chorus. The bellowing of this big frog of nights, as the old moonshiner returned along the lonely trail, got on his nerves and thence to his whiskey-soaked brain. One night Abe Ward, chancing by the pond, was attracted by an unusual disturbance. Said he:

"I was passin', an' I hears the king bellerin' away as usual, then suddenly he stops, an' all the little frogs they stops, an' I stops. I was thinkin' to take a squint into the pond to see if some wild geese hadn't stopped fer the night, when the alfiredest caterwaulin' breaks loose, that these years has ever hern. Great snakes, but it was somethin' alarmin'! An' me, that's never run from man or beast, starts on a trot. But the moon comin' out jest then, I picks up courage an' goes back to have a look. Well-sir-ee! When I did git a glimpse o' the new varmint I almost tumbles into the pond—it was Angus! He'd crawled out on a log near to the middle o' the pond an' was doubled all up a bellerin' o' bellers that was puttin' the king clean out o' the bizness, an' presently he takes a leap, an' I has to wade in an' fish him out."

This was Abe's version of an incident that at the time was thought to be of little moment. The following night, however, Angus was fished out under precisely the same conditions, and the family, becoming alarmed for the old man's safety, thought it necessary for someone to accompany him from the still every night.

Miss Sally placed the blame of this new trouble on Dick.

"He thinks the big frog is the same devil as chased him, Dick," said she, and completely ignoring the part she had taken in Dick's thoughtless prank, she gave that young man another tongue-lashing, and wound up by insisting that he assume the nightly guardianship of her father.

The old moonshiner was perfectly rational through the day, but as soon as the gathering shades set the king to bellowing in Gumberry, he would quit his work and make for the pond, and it required all of Dick's strength and ingenuity to get him safely home.

Dick worked steadily on the meeting house and it was nearing completion, but the continued struggles on the margin of Gumberry after the day's work were telling on his strength and patience.

Miss Sally and her mother were anxious for religious services, hoping and believing it would be the old man's final cure. Dick, however, hit upon the idea of removing the big bullfrog from Gumberry, but his frogship refused to be enticed by any device known to frog-hunters, and Dick became almost as arduous in his pursuit of the frog as Angus.

"Sally," said he one night as they were sitting in opposite chimney corners, "I'm goin' to git that frog if I have to cut a ditch from Gumberry to the Run!"

Miss Sally dropped the sock she was knitting and stared in pained amazement. She knew nothing of his attempts on the frog and at that moment believed him as frog-crazy as her father.

"Dick," said she, regarding him with pitying eyes, "you'd best git Abe to 'tend to pap, whilst you take a little rest."

To this Dick readily agreed, but did not know that Miss Sally looked upon him with anxious but doubtful regard after that night.

A month saw the meeting house finished and the long ditch well begun. About this time, young Jordan Sweetwater, from across the "Line," came to teach the district school for the three months' term, and, as he was also a preacher "o' the Word," he gladly offered his services to the Jump And Run people. Within the month, he had "exhorted" with such enthusiasm that the entire female portion of the settlement professed conversion, and this prestiged a gathering in of the backward brethren later on.

The day came when the purling waters of Jump And Run were to be honored with the first baptizing within its turbulent history. The morning was bright and warm. The gentle south wind lavished its languid breath on the gathered throng, harmonizing its soft whispers with the drone of the busy bee.

Angus and Dick were there, seated on a leaf-covered tussock near the reedy marge, and all about reclined a goodly number of the woodsmen, whittling sticks and "swapping chaws," while they discussed the varied topics of woodland, not forgetting to interject occasional sly and humorous comments upon the characteristics of the female portion of the gathering.

"Look at Poll," whispered old Angus to Dick, indicating, with a motion of his head, a lady standing a little apart. "So long as I kin remember, Poll's been struck with a notion what she calls 'fashion.' She was tellin' my old woman t'other day as how she was a-going to git baptized in her 'rainy-day' skirt, as it was the 'proper thing fer damp occasions.' An' I'm tellin' you right now, Dick, if that's it she's got on, there's mighty little o' it goin' to git wet."

The subject of the old moonshiner's remarks was twice a widow, and her black calico skirt reached just to the knee-cap. From there on she was clad in striped hose of bright and varigated hue. She was one who for a number of years had borne with great fortitude the sneers and critical comment of a neighborhood that knew little of fashion.

One by one they took the watery plunge. Mrs. MacNorton was the last to go down into the troubled waters, and she went with every pound of her two hundred weight nervously protesting but withal a cheerful mein. Still she could not help gasping and swaying in the new and alarming sensation of cool, rippling water immersing in its entirety her portly person.

Slowly and cautiously the required depth was reached and she stood breathing hard and gently swaying to the rhythm of the streamlet.

"I baptize thee, sister—" The Reverend Sweetwater got no further. Anticipating the plunge, the convert swayed back too soon. Valiantly did the preacher hold on, struggling mightily with the tremendous odds against him, but alas!—there was a swirl, a sputtering gasp; for a moment the parson's broad soles floated peacefully on the surface of the eddying stream and he was gone.

For a brief moment only did the limpid waters of the streamlet seethe and churn. Mud and water-weed and a few frightened sand-perch fluttered into view and drifted idly away, then the Reverend Sweetwater reappeared, still clinging to the ample skirts of his sputtering charge, who, on regaining a secure footing, began waving her arms and shouting:

"I saw the Lord! Oh, Angus, I saw the Lord!"

Loth am I to chronicle the fact, but her touching protestations were entirely lost upon the old sinner, who, deep-dyed in the sour mash of his illicit still, sat unmoved on his leafy tussock, his soul unmoved by the call of the Spirit. He but winked a quizzical and mischievous red eye at Dick and whispered: "The old fool! She seed a eel."

Day by day the Reverend Sweetwater labored with Angus; the other brethren went down into the purifying water, but Augus held out. He admitted that his "feelin's was powerfully stirred," "but," said he, "I ain't quite reached the p'int." And so the Reverend Sweetwater continued to lay on, in a fine spirit of optimism, that knew no discouragements. He would convert the old moonshiner and break up the still! This was his one idea, and he gradually worked himself into the esteem of Angus to the point of being permitted to visit the still at his pleasure, and there he made himself useful in the work.

While the parson was busying his hands in the service of the devil that he might use his head in the service of the Lord, Dick was pursuing his one idea of the long ditch, for Angus still had an inclination for the frog. Each night found the two young men resting from the labors of the day in the chimney corners of the MacNorton cabin, where their wishful glances played upon the plump and pretty elder daughter of him whom they would save.

It was the opinion of the settlement that in this game of the chimney corners the parson would win, and Dick felt that this was so. He felt himself sadly handicapped by the parson's superior attainments and "store" clothes. That the Reverend Sweetwater had thoroughly ingratiated himself with the moonshiner was beyond question, and, wonder of wonders, Angus quit drinking moonshine. This was a phenomenon that caused widespread comment and speculation. Some claimed the victory for the preacher. Coot MacColm suggested that perhaps the old man's mental trouble had gone "down'ards," and reached his stomach, and that his end was "nigh."

Twenty yards of earth separated Dick's ditch from the channel of Jump And Run creek, on the eve of the catastrophe that set at rest the question of the cure and conversion of the moonshiner. Parson Sweetwater, in a philosophical mood, sat on a stump near the long ditch as Dick was preparing to quit work for the day.

"When you have ditched the remaining twenty yards, Mr. Jones," said he, "the stagnant waters of Gumberry will mingle with the pure, sweet waters of Jump And Run, and the blatant notes of the bullfrog will be lost to the settlement forever, and—"

"An' Angus'll fergit his frog-dream, parson."

"No. I cannot encourage you in that idea, Mr. Jones. But you will have accomplished a great good—not merely to Angus MacNorton, but to the entire community; and I extend to you my hearty congratulations—and thank you in the name of the entire settlement."

"Parson," said Dick, after regarding the Reverend Sweetwater a moment with great amazement, "you has an oncommon purty way o' sayin' things, an' it goes with Sal—but as fer me, I'm thinkin' as you are jest as rattled in your upper parts as Angus be."

"Not at all, not at all, Mr. Jones. I have long felt the necessity of combatting an evil which, I confess, was beyond my ability to cope with; and yet, sir, the effectiveness of the very simple method you have adopted in your effort to get at the frog is the one and only cure for the evil of which I speak. I refer to the pressing necessity of breaking the continued epidemics of malaria which inflict our otherwise delightful community. When the frog pond has been drained the source of the trouble will have been removed. Really, Mr. Jones, you will have accomplished something worth while."

"You may be karect in your jedgment, parson; but ol' Doc Simon Seeds says it's jest nat'ral fer we folk to have ager; says most o' us has been edicted to it sence we was born."

It was several hours later when Coot MacColm dropped in at the MacNorton cabin to borrow a "leetle campfire, fer skeeter bites."

"Where's Angus?" inquired he, noting the old man's unusual absence.

"That's jest it! brother MacColm," replied Mrs. MacNorton. "I been tellin' Sal, this hour gone, as somethin' must be wrong; but Sal, she says it's alright 'cause Parson Sweetwater went to fetch him."

"Sal's jedgment might be karect, an' then ag'in it mightn't. I'm guessin', sister, as how somethin's tuck place to keep Angus so late. Fer when I was a-callin' shoats this evenin' the king was blatin' oncommon loud, an' afore I quits callin' he stops an' doesn't start up ag'in till 'bout half-hour ago, an' I said to myself as how somethin' had disturbed the king. Now it might 'a' been Angus!"

Old Coot's grewsome suggestion took immediate effect. Mrs. MacNorton seized a brand from the hearth, and, requesting Coot to "blow" the conch for help, started for Gumberry as hurriedly as her avoirdupois would permit. The wailing of Coot's conch drew a goodly portion of the settlement in their wake, and soon they were all gathered about the margin of the frog pond, gazing with awe and horror into its murky depths. All was quiet, save where a moccasin ripped the slimy surface or where a terrapin plunged from mossy log.

"There's no tellin' where Angus le'pt in," said Coot, "an' jest how we are goin' to git at 'im is beyant me!"

The old man crept cautiously out on a long log that reached well into the pond, where he stood solemnly peering and directing in hushed tones the disposition of the torches along the shore. After a long survey he shook his head and turned to retrace his steps. Suddenly he emitted a hoarse shriek. There was a loud plash and he disappeared from the view of his friends.

"Cootie! Cootie! Oh, my Cootie's drownded!" shrieked Mrs. MacColm.

"Shet up, Sis!" commanded the lady's brother. "Lessen his whiskers ketches on a snag, he'll pop up nigh the log. Coot'll never 'low 'nough water in his in'ards to drownd him!"

Presently the old man crawled upon the log, and sat gloomily regarding his hat, which rested just beyond his reach.

"I sets lots o' store by that hat," said he, and a reminiscent expression crept over his countenance, as he gazed at the old Civil War relic that had sheltered his brow for many years. "The day the Yanks shot it off my head at Fisher, Kunnel Bill Lam said to me: 'Coot,' says he—"

"What's the matter with the hat?" someone shouted.

The hat was now speeding across the pond, and gaining in rapidity as it went, soon passing beyond the gleam of the torches.

"Well if that don't beat the devil!"

"You're bewitched, Coot."

"Don't come nigh me!"

"Throw in your boot an' see if it'll follow!

"Where'd you git that hat?"

"Let's run 'round to'ther side an' see it walk out."

They all hastened to follow this last suggestion, and old Coot led by several yards, while his wife followed as best she could, shrieking at every step: "Cootie! Cootie! Be keerful, Cootie!"

Again there was a loud plash, and for a second time Coot disappeared from the view of his followers.

"Help! Help! It's runnin' away with m-e-e—h-e-l-p!"

Coot's cry rang out in muffled and fading tones.

"Well I be gosh-danged!" bawled Bill Benton, who had spurted ahead with the only torch now burning.

"Oh, Cootie! Cootie! Where's my Cootie?" wailed MacColm's distressed wife.

"He's rushin' on'ards to the deep sea, Sis," said Bill, and added by way of consolation, "Coot always did want to go to sea, an' now he's gone."

At this touching suggestion, Mrs. MacColm sank unconscious on the cool, soft loam of the ditch bank.

The waters of Gumberry were speeding rapidly down Dick's long ditch, and somewhere along its course Coot was fleeting seaward.

The attention of all was now directed to the restoration of Mrs. MacColm. While they were thus engaged, Dick came up the ditch bank supporting the half-drowned Coot on one arm, while with the other he swung in triumph the giant bull of Gumberry.

"Caught 'em both in my net," said he. "Him an Coot come swishin' along 'bout the same time. I was tolubly s'prised to mesh Coot. How'd he git in?"

"He was followin' o' his hat," said Bill.

"Well, he must 'a' butted into it on the way; it was on his head when I dragged him out."

"I hopes to be laid away in it," said the old man. "That day when the Yanks shot it off, Kunnel Bill Lam said to me: 'Coot,' said he—"

"Cootie! Cootie!" shrieked Mrs. MacColm, reviving and throwing herself on her husband's neck, thus breaking for a second time the thread of the veteran's story.

In a body they repaired to the pond, now drained to its dregs. Many oozy, creeping things they found, but Angus and the parson had not been there.

Miss Sally sank on Dick's breast, weeping quietly and gently murmuring:

"Thank the Lord! I know Parson Sweetwater is taking care o' pap, wherever he be."

The mention of the parson was the only bitterness of the situation to Dick.

It was thus when a newcomer appeared on the scene — Abe Ward.

"Lookin' fer Angus?" he inquired.

"Yes, where you been, Abe?"

"To the still."

"Seen anything o' 'em?"

"No."

"Where you 'spose they be?"

"Revenooers got 'em. The still's all busted, an' I picks this from a huckleberry bush," said he, passing a note to Dick.

Dick smoothed out the crumpled note and read:

"Dear Miss Sally: I was assisting your father with the work at the still, preparatory to our home-coming, when we were surprised by revenue officers. I will of necessity be with your father during his absence, and shall regard our incarceration as a direct providence from the Lord. I hope and believe that I will return him to you a converted man—"

The Spanish-Speaking World Today

By Hubert M. Skinner

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

IT is time for us as a people to recast our opinions of the Spanish-speaking world, since these are mostly traditional and—as far as they were ever correct—have not taken sufficiently into account the significance of the trend of the past few decades.

For more than three centuries the men of English speech have been at odds with the men employing the language of Spain. In the "mother country," England, Henry the Seventh competed with Ferdinand and Isabella in the exploration of the coast of the newly discovered western world. His granddaughter Elizabeth, shocked at the cruelty of the Spanish conquest and enslavement of Mexico and Peru, did not hesitate to seize the treasure ships on which the ill-gotten gold of these dominions was loaded for transportation to "the Peninsula." It was Protestant and Catholic at war in those days. The English aided the Netherlands in their war for independence of Spanish control. England and the Netherlands led in the opposition to the cause which was dearest of all to the Spanish heart in the days of warring creeds.

In the New World the Spaniard has been our competitor and adversary from the earliest Colonial days to a time within the memory of schoolboys. Florida, Texas and Cuba have been successive subjects of contention. The enmities of our ancestors were perpetual, while the causes changed from religious and personal to territorial and political. From the time of the Armada (1588) hatred has been mingled with contempt for the Spanish. Shakespeare expressed this feeling in a single line when he spoke of the man—

> "From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate."

The contemptuous epithet "tawny" had reference primarily, it would seem, to the yellow of the Spanish flag; but it contained, also, perhaps a suggestion of the faded tints of Autumn, the season of the dying year. The "world's debate" signified not so much the war of words as the argument of cannon, like the recent "debate" in the Corean straits, between Togo and Rojestvensky. In such a contest, Spain was deemed already "lost" in Shakespeare's day.

Antipodes alike in theories of government and of religion, in social life and in the development of their literatures, the English-speaking world and the Spanish-speaking world have never understood each other. We have held the Spanish to be given over to besotted bigotry and tyranny. With the exception of their immortal "Don Quixote," we have known nothing of their literature, nor have we bothered ourselves to inquire if they possessed any. In the Americas the principle of political union triumphed in the North and of disunion in the South. There was stability on the one hand and anarchy on the other. The puny, half-barbarous Spanish republics, like their mother land, have seemed "lost in the world's debate."

We have seemed to see the decadence of Spain reflected in her former world-possessions. We have deemed it but a matter of time when the "Saxon" should spread over the vast regions where the Spanish flag once floated and the Spanish element should be absorbed in the stronger life current of northern blood.

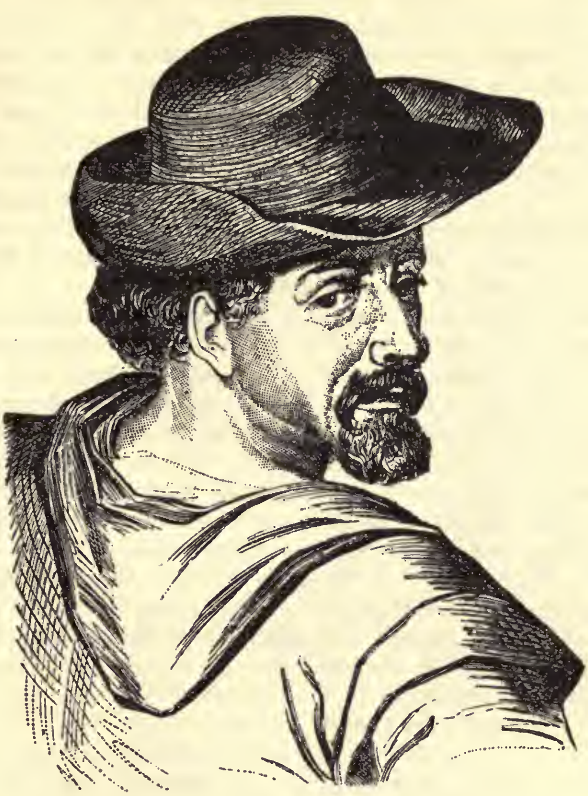
We have reasoned but superficially. While noting the misdeeds of the government of old Spain, we might have inquired what were the sentiments of the Spanish people as reflected in the utterances of their representative authors. While counting, with amused contempt, thirty revolutions in Mexico within the space of twenty-eight years, we might have questioned with ourselves if this state of affairs was really to continue. While assuming that the Spanish element in America and the Philippines is destined to be absorbed by stronger race elements, we might have asked if this Spanish element is of a nature to be absorbed, or if, on the other hand, it is the most persistent and tenacious of all race elements. While ignoring Spanish literature, as a subject scarcely worthy of idle inquiry, we might have learned somthing about its rank in merit and its presumable influence upon the world of the future. Instead of assuming that the Spanish-speaking world is really decadent, we should have questioned if it were not really in a stage of transition, with vast possibilities for the future.

The events of the past seven years have opened the way to a better understanding of the actual status. And these are some of the facts which we are beginning to learn:

1.—The Spanish-speaking world is much larger than the French-speaking, and nearly as large as the German-speaking. There are perhaps fifty millions of people in all who make use of the French language, and seventy millions, all told, who speak German in some of its forms. There are probably sixty-five millions or more who speak Spanish; and if we include with them those who use the closely related Portuguese, the number will be about eighty-five millions.

2.—The Spanish-speaking world is growing steadily in numbers. Its destructive wars have ceased. The love of children is characteristic of Spanish-American lands. In these times of peace and in this western world of boundless resources, there will be a vast increase in the population with every succeeding generation. The birth rate of the French is today but a fraction of one per cent. above the death rate. The population of France is already stationary, and will soon decline actually, as it has long been declining relatively among the populations of the world. The Germans are a fecund people, but Germany is already crowded and its surplus population goes to foreign lands, to blend with their people as a drop of water melts into the sea. The Italians are increasing, but are wholly out of consideraiton as compared with the peoples of Spanish origin.

3—The Spanish-speaking peoples are growing prodigiously in wealth. Thirty years of peace in Mexico have wrought miracles of development, and the work is yet in its infancy. A great mart of more than a million people has grown up at Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine—a city more than twice the size of Rome or of Madrid; a city of great warehouses, elevators, factories and wharves; a city of splendid boulevards and elegant mansions; a city rich in works of art and in luxurious adornment. Chile has always been progressive and thrifty. Is there a nation in all South America that is not advancing in material wealth? The "Pearl of the Antilles," Cuba, is believed to have entered upon a career of



CERVANTES

"With the exception of their immortal *Don Quixote* we have known nothing of their literature, nor have we bothered ourselves to inquire if they [the Spanish-speaking peoples] possessed any."

affluence. The Philippines, likewise, have come to a turning point, whence, freed from the burdens which have borne so heavily upon them in the past, they will achieve the objects of no ordinary ambition.

4.—The Spanish literature far surpasses the French, the German, the Italian. It is second only to the English in the literatures of the world. Calderon is the only dramatist to be compared with Shakespeare. The classic drama of the Spanish is much greater in volume than the English. In its variety and in the splendor of its diction, it is a matter of amazement to every American who investigates it. In the realm of humor, practical philosophy, graceful lyric and sonorous declamation, the Spanish writers have scarcely any equals in the world.

It is an error to suppose that Spanish literature consists simply in the finished work of a by-gone age. New forms of literature are apt to have their origin in Spain. Larra was the precursor of Washington Irving and George William Curtis. The opera practically began in Spain. The newspaper "paragraph," the modern "short story" and the "funny column" are all of Spanish origin or suggestion. Spanish literature is full of the noblest sentiment, of practical wisdom relating to all the affairs of life. The standard dramas abound in sentiments which might have been uttered by Washington or by Gladstone. Spanish authorship is not confined to Spain. All Spanish America teems with authors of prose and verse of no small degree of merit.

The splendid fabric of Spanish classical literature is well worth preserving. With the future growth of Spanish-American nations in wealth and culture, it will be popularized as never before. More and more will it become the possession of the populace, with the multiplication of cheap and accessible reading. Of the real merits of Spanish literature we have been in no position to judge. The summaries contained in our cyclopedias, and the specimen "translations" found in "collections" of the world's literature are apt to be farcical. Even the books of the late Butler Clark of Oxford and John Owen of London betray an utter want of sympathy or of knowledge of the subject on the part ot the writers.

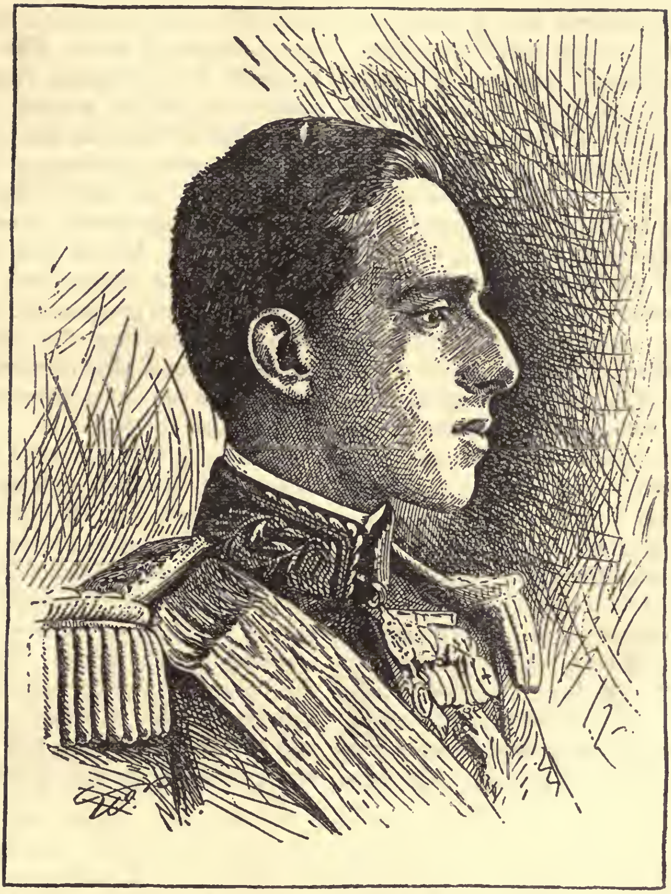
5.—As to the elimination or absorption of the Spanish race element by the assimilation of the "Saxon," this is out of the question. There is no race element so persistent, so ineradicable. Facial feature, temperament, inherited tendencies of the Spanish persist in the offspring of Spaniards by French, Indian, Aztec, Peruvian, German or American mothers—persist through long generations of utter isolation or of close contact with other elements; persist in the cool North or in the torrid South; persist in the mountain lands, in the vast forests, upon the grassy plains; persist amid the most varied scenes of city and country life, of active labor or of luxurious ease. This is the testimony—willing or reluctant—of all intelligent observers.

It is not meant that the persistent Spanish inheritance is unmodified by the mingled blood of other races. The hundreds of thousands of Germans and Italians who have been pouring into South America in the stream of westward emigration from Europe will have their influence in Spanish America as the like accessions have with us. But they will become absorbed. The cooler blood of the northern peoples gives only a steadier direction, a greater force, to the Spanish impulses of their mixed descendants.

As to what really constitutes the Spanish type, we have been much in error. The "grave, taciturn, and distant Spaniard," of whom we have studied for generations in our school geographies, is a myth. Quick, witty, alert, responsive, merry, volatile, the Spaniard is the very opposite of the imaginary character of our text-books.

The West Indian pirate of our old dime "novels" (written in New York garrets) and the slaver of our ante-bellum days do not represent him. The former never existed in life, and the latter was exceptional. It should be remembered, moreover, that Spain is much diversified in its population; that the idler in tattered silk and velvet, who sings his serenades in Andalusian moonlit groves is very different from the thrifty, methodical, theorizing, inventive, Yankee-like Spaniard of Barcelona. It is claimed, in explanation of the thrift and order of Chile and the Argentine, that the people of northern Spain gave principal direction to the development of these commonwealths. Yet with all their differences, the several varieties of population in old Spain are all Spanish in a way; they have much in common.

6.—There has been a marked change in the general public sentiment regarding the Philippines. It was supposed that they would prove remunerative commercially as a colonial possession; that the memory of centuries of misgovernment would lead them to prefer American life and thought to Spanish. Of the five millions who speak Spanish in the islands, but a small part, it was said, are



KING ALFONSO XIII OF SPAIN

Sketch made from a late photograph for "The Review of Reviews"

Spanish. No genuine love of Spanish literature, no strong pride in Spanish history and achievement, it was claimed, exists among the populace. The recent magnificent celebration at Manila of the tercentenary of "Don Quixote" — a celebration so unanimous and enthusiastic, so elaborate and elegant, so striking in every respect, that it would have done credit to Madrid—is an emphatic answer to one who questions the existence of a strong and enduring pride in the Spanish language and letters on the part of the people of Luzon. Few Americans now expect or desire a perpetual prolongation of the present political status in the Philippines, or look for a future "assimilation" in language and in blood.

In conclusion, let us consider for a moment the present outlook for the century upon which we have entered. From Santa Fe northward to the Arctic Circle extends the English-speaking world of America, in an unbroken line. From Santa Fe, or at least from El Paso, southward, extends the Spanish-speaking world to Cape Horn, through ninety degrees of latitude, in an unbroken line. While Spain cuts but a small figure in

Europe, as compared with Germany or with France, or even with Italy, there can be no German nation, no French nation, no Italian nation in this western world. The English language, already spoken by more than one hundred and thirty millions of people in all the world, is expanding by leaps and bounds. The Spanish language is expanding far more rapidly than any other continental language of western Europe. The Pacific is to be the theater of great activities in this new century. South America, Central America, Mexico, the Antilles and the Philippines will participate in the affairs of the great world. The "Saxon" and the "Spaniard" of the future will have more and more interests in common; will, to an ever increasing degree, take account of each other; will learn to work together for their common interests.

The first duty of each is to recast his inherited opinions of the other; to estimate the other at his true value. Cultured Spaniards everywhere are including a knowledge of English among the essentials of their education. The new demands of the diplomatic world and of the commercial world alike render it desirable for ambitious young Americans to acquire an accurate and ready knowledge of the Castilian tongue. Already our great commercial houses are learning why we have failed to secure our share of the South American trade. Our inherited beliefs and prejudices, belonging to a bygone era, have prevented us from grasping the situation — from understanding the peoples with whom we would deal commercially, and with whom we must have much intercourse in all the future.

We love to think that the blending of Saxon and Norman in English history was the greatest of all historical events in its ultimate results for the world; that each of these race elements supplemented the other in the precise manner and proportion required to achieve the highest civilization of the world. What may not the proximity, the cooperation, and, in a measure, the mingling, of "Saxon" and "Spaniard" accomplish in the new era upon which we have entered?

THE PRACTICAL SAILOR MAN

By H. C. Gauss

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

I MET him on the shingle beach and thus his story ran:
"You see in me a plain, old, hairy-chested sailor man,
Who knows no tricks of sailing yachts or entertaining kings,
Of working the Department or designing ordnance things.
My simple end and aim in life's to clean my gallant ship
And keep the fresh enlisted man from passing too much lip.
To paint and polish, scrape and paint is the job for which I live,
So you come to me when you wish to see a crack executive.
Let others take the Coburg jobs and sail around at ease,
My simple, hairy-chested place is on the bounding seas.
But when there's fighting going on, there'll be none called louder than
The simple, as beforehand mentioned, practical sailor man."

TOGO AT CLOSE RANGE

YONE NOGUCHI, THE JAPANESE POET, DESCRIBES HIS SIMPLE HOME LIFE AND TELLS HOW HE STANDS, ALMOST ALONE, FOR THE FINEST OF THE OLD IDEALS OF JAPAN

By Yone Noguchi

Author of "Japan of Sword and Love," "From the Eastern Sea," etc.

TOKYO, JAPAN

SOME time ago Nature revived in the gold of Autumn splendor—and there is no Autumn like Japan's. And in that Autumn we held a grand reception for the British navy men who immediately rushed into Tokyo like a tidal wave, singing "Banazi for the Ally." (They are jolly, jolly mortals.) Certainly there is neither East nor West, Dark nor White, when two strong men come together face to face. There was only the clink of cups together and a shout of glee for Japan and England. All the students of some higher schools who could converse freely in English volunteered as guides or interpreters for the British sailors. One of my friends was among them. He told me the following story: He was passing by Admiral Togo's house (Kami Rokuban Cho, Kojimachi) in the morning. He had nowhere in particular in mind to go, but simply wanted to speak a word or two in English to the British fighter, or even to touch his uniform. "There!" he exclaimed, seeing a young officer who was thrown in some trouble, doubtless. He was standing near the admiral's house, a show of all the stupidity of an Englishman. And wildly he twirled his pretense of whiskers while he told his story to my friend. "The fact is, my dear fellow, I engaged a rikishaw man to take me to Admiral Togo's mansion—his great mansion. The runner put me out here and jabbered, 'Here Togo-san house.' I was disgusted at the situation, for I was plainly hoodwinked. Such a little cottage cawn't be the admiral's residence, to be sure. The fellow insisted, saying, 'Yes, yes, Togo-san here. He is great but poor.' The idea of the greatest naval hero in the world living in such a wretched cottage! How could I believe it? I gave him a little jolly kick in a fit of passion and he ran away. And here I stand dumbfounded, like a fool." My friend told him, upon his oath, it was the admiral's house. And he told him further that the admiral was a great man of simplicity, like Cincinnatus of the Roman republic, or George Washington (he was a bit proud of his knowledge of history) who would disdain any sort of showy and expensive style. "My dear sir!" the officer exclaimed, and apologized for his commonplace way of measuring things by his English standard. His eyes beamed brighter in better appreciation of the admiral's real greatness and in immediate increase of his English hero-worship. "Here is the true secret of Japan's stupendous success. Simplicity in life and thought, and sacrifice for the country," he said.

In His Home

My friend took him into the house to see the admiral's lady, on his suggestion of wishing to leave his card with the family. Most politely they were admitted. The young man who opened the sliding door was the admiral's second son, to their wonder, Mr. Minoru by name. (The servant girl must have been busy dusting or sweeping somewhere.) "This is truly a red letter day in my life," the officer exclaimed. He was surprised on seeing the extreme simplicity of the interior. There was nothing to decorate the room to speak of except a few yellow chrysanthemums on the tokanoma. (We Japanese appreciate the simplicity and sublimity of space, leaving nothing scattered around whatever.) The mat was whiteness itself; Madam Togo must have changed it to welcome the admiral's triumphal return. Every bit of the house was the symbol of simplicity. In simplicity lies strength and devotion. The devotion in this case was devotion to the country and the mikado. The pale, white, simple atmosphere in the house was like that in the Shinto temple. Yes, the admiral's house is nothing but the sacred house where Admiral Togo and his family burn incense to the one hundred and eight gods of the empire. ("The rise or fall of the empire depends upon the result of this engagement: do your utmost, every one of you") is Togo's famous signal, which will rank with Nelson's Trafalgar message. He lives with the gods and the emperor, and before them he is nothing. And the British officer's surprise was still greater, my friend told me, on seeing Madam Togo. She was so simple in heart and speech. Surely she is the admiral's "better half" and the reflection of her husband—the greatest hero of the world. She was courteous and sweet. In her courtesy and sweetness hide a great heart and strength. Admiral Togo's family is whiteness and wonder.

You would never take it for the residence of any high-standing personage when you pass by. It is a plain cottage, such as you could surely hire for twenty or thirty yen. Can you believe that the greatest hero in the world's history should live in a house worth ten or fifteen dollars a month? The house (of seven or eight rooms) has a large garden attached, but this is not a distinction, since every Japanese house is adorned with some garden or yard where a cherry tree blooms and a nightingale may call in the Spring. But there in his house he finds the sweetest nest with his two sons, the elder one called Takeshi, twenty-one years old, and with his little daughter of fifteen Summers. Only in the home do his content and joy spread their wings fully, and his face — the brown face terribly beaten by the sun and hurricane — is ever turning toward it. Outside of the home his soul and body are not his own possession, but the country's, that is to say, the mikado's. His great success (which he is so shy to admit) is not his own, but the country's, that is to say, the emperor's. His victory, he declared, was due to the illustrious virtues of his majesty and to the unseen protection of the spirits of our imperial ancestors. As in his official report: the battles were won by the grace of heaven and the help of the gods; and he was nobody, as he often professed. He was so hasty to return his glory and success to the emperor on returning home! (It was only a plain home-coming to him, but all Japan called it the triumphal entry.) And again he stepped into his home as a simple Togo, and there his beloved dogs, who had missed their master for some time, wagged their tails with joy, and looked on his face suspiciously when they observed that his hair was speedily turning gray. It is said that worry and grief make the hair gray, and he has had enough of them. He appeared to be a fighting god before the world,—yes, he is a god, but a god of simplicity and peace. There could be nothing more unreasonable than for him to bear such a nickname as "Demon Heihachiro." (By the way, Heihachiro is his own name.) He is the symbol of modesty—to his finger-tips.

"Modesty" His Keynote

"Modesty, modesty," he will say to his sons if they ask him the secret of success. He never claimed victory and success for his own, but worked as hard as possible. All the sailors call him "Dear Dad" behind him, with the greatest show of affection and respect, and none of them would hesitate to sacrifice themselves for his own sake. And so there was the sea-victory — greatest in the world's history. One of my friends, who is an officer under him, told me the following story: Once, upon the deck, the admiral and his sailors were asked to sit before a photographer. The terribly bright sunlight fell on his face and he could hardly open his eyes; and there behind him a thousand sailors stood, and they were only glad to be commanded to do anything for him, but he arose and carried a ladder himself, stepped on it and began to pull down the awning. "My admiral!" all the sailors exclaimed. He said afterward that it was a private affair, and he could never ask anybody to do anything for himself. "That is what sort of man is great Togo-san," my friend said. I was glad to hear it, since it tells about him more than a book of his biography.

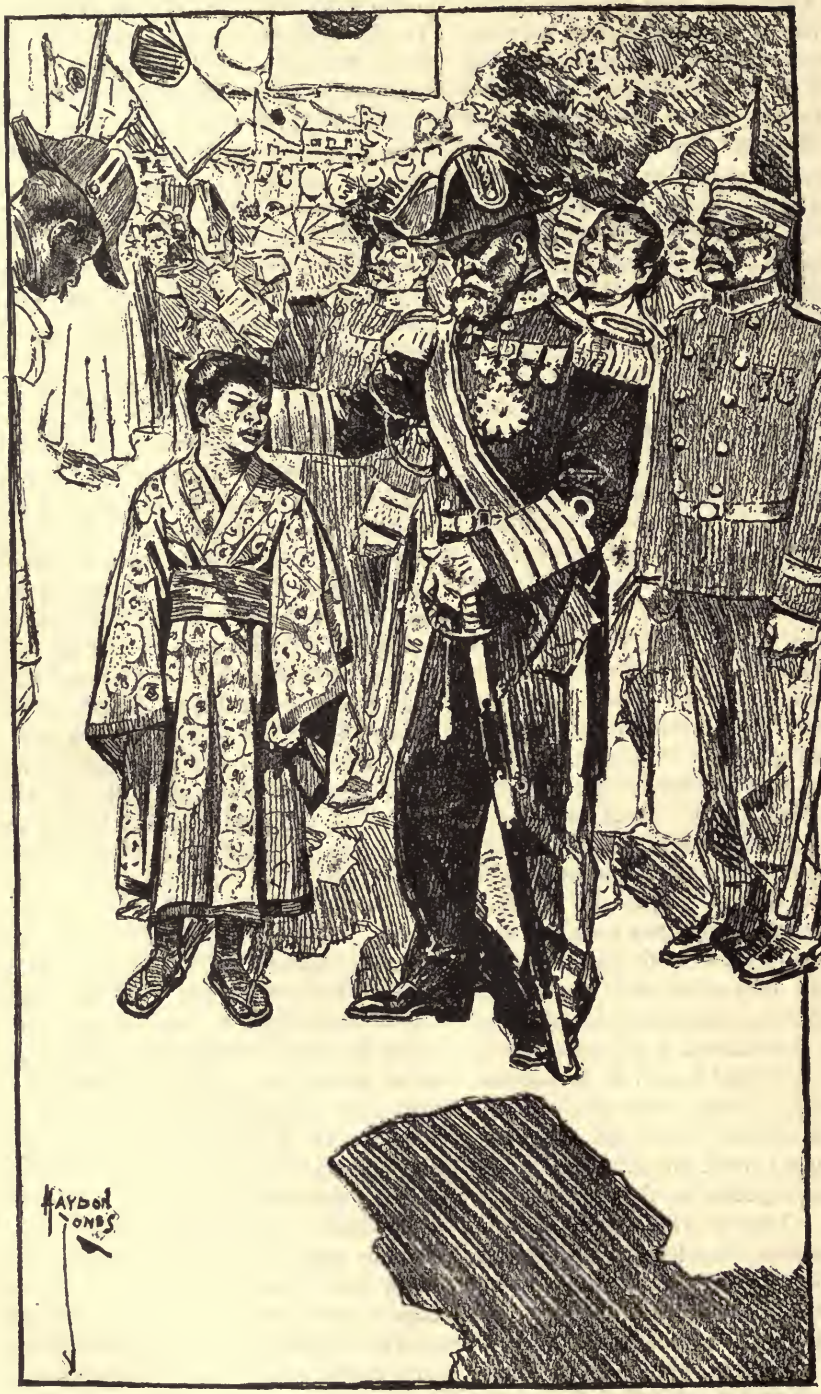
Yes, he must be such a man.

It was last December when he returned to Tokyo for the first time since the commencement of the war. I shook hands with him at the Shinbashi station. To my eyes he appeared to be a cold stone Buddha idol — expressionless and hopelessly tired. He was such a strange contrast with the outside spectacle where huge crowds were shouting for his glory and the national banner flung gaily. (We were then entering the glad moments of welcoming a happy New Year's Day too.) His soul — a great soul, doubtless — must have been occupied then with the future plan for meeting the Baltic squadron.

It was whispered that some public school boys, jolly and excitable as always, on that day were determined to unharness his carriage horses and draw the carriage up to the gate of the Imperial Palace. "Dad Togo" got wind of them and he was foxy, as someone said. He sent his chief-of-staff in his carriage, while he walked comfortably toward Nijubashi, the imperial gate bridge, with his dear little daughter's hand in his. Isn't this a delicious story? So he played the same old trick afterward again upon the poor, unsuspecting Russian sailors at Tsugaru Strait. His actions in this war were full of wonder and mystery. He gave a surprise at every turn.

At A Reception

Today—November 5, 1905,—I have another fortune to see Admiral Togo face to face, here in the lovely garden of the late Mr. Fukuzawa, the Mita sage as he was called, where the alma mater garden party of the Keiogijiku university is held. The university was founded by Mr. Fukuzawa, and I am also from that school. Admiral Togo, Admiral Kamimura and other heroes, with their madams and daughters, made a great honor with their presence. Admiral Togo's face beamed happily, without such a stoical paleness as the last time. (His heart must be lightened after such a successful disburdening of his great work.) He was slightly tired, but his


HAYDON JONES

"Now, young man, you must be brave like your father."

tired face was not one unbearable to look at, since his only worry today was to think how to escape from the falling invitations. He must have been tired with the shower of champagne and with the thunder of banzai, and we were happy to see his calm appreciation of our outdoor undertaking. He chatted freely among the chrysanthemums, under the old pine trees, by a stone stationary lamp, and now and then he stopped at an eating stand to pick up a little bite. If not under the uniform, he wouldn't appear any more impressive than a common gentleman with comfortable money and happy children. How could you imagine such a meek man would achieve such an historical wonder and be regarded as the greatest hero?

It was the wisdom of the president of the university to make a hundred boys from the grammar school department participate in the pleasure of the occasion. There's nothing like the schoolboys to demonstrate a striking sentiment of hero-worship. The president formally introduced the boys to the admirals. There among the boys were three or four who had lost their fathers in the war, and the father of one of them belonged to the navy, a certain captain he was. "Admiral Togo, do you remember Fukai, (it was the name, if I am not mistaken) who bravely died at the Port Arthur blockade? He was the very father of that boy," Admiral Kamimura said to Togo, picking up a little boy, eleven or thirteen in age. The boy, in a fit of passion on hearing his father's name, began to cry. The scene became tragic at once. Admiral Togo approached him and in fatherly fashion tapped his little head, and said with a sweet voice, "Now young man, wipe your tears like a man! and you must be brave like your father." The boy stood up and said: "Of course I will!" I could not dare to look up at the admiral, and I was sure his eyes must have been filled with tears.

The Price of Fame

The other night I was reading Kipling's poems and came across a stanza:

"We have fed our sea for a thousand years
  And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
  But marks our English dead:
We have strewed our best to the weed's unrest
  To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of Admiralty,
  Lord God, we ha' paid in full!"

Yes, not only that boy's father. Other thousands of children lost their fathers. And we paid enough of blood for the name of the Japanese navy. Most certainly Admiral Togo must be uneasy in thinking that the other brave fellows are dead, whose names will be told now and then but quickly forgotten, and he alone has come back alive carrying a mighty crop of glory. "Banzai for Togo! honor for the Admiral!" will echo to his sensitive ears and heart not without some tragic thrill. It may be too cynical to say that ten thousand fighters died to make a great name for Togo or Marquis Oyama. But I understand perfectly why Admiral Togo is so hasty in returning his glory to the emperor and the gods, and in slipping back into his own place as a simple, quiet gentleman. And in this I see a still greater hero in the admiral.

One generation does not make a man like Togo. And also one generation does not make the fellows who went into the terrible gulf of death in Manchuria and on the eastern seas. The Japanese culture and atmosphere made them thus. I pray to God that they will remain so, as they are. Already there's a whisper of degeneration and sophistication in Japan of today. Togo is the best model of the Satsuma province, whence Marquis Oyama, Admiral Kamimura and others hailed out. There in that province plain living and high thinking, and, above all, devotion to the country and emperor almost reach to a religion.

I declare Admiral Togo to be the only one man wholly sane and true in this already sophisticated and drunken world. Yes, he is the one sober and simple gentleman in Japan, whose head is turning toward degeneration. And sad in his heart, too, like any other great man in history. I have read somewhere in John Vance Cheney's book:

"He of great deeds does grope amid the throng
Like him whose steps toward Dragon's temple bore:
There's ever something sad about the strong—
A look, a moan, like that on Ocean's shore."

So is Admiral Togo!

IN MEMORY

By George Du Bois

OAXACA, MEXICO

ON formal occasions, she appeared to the observer a grande dame; in private the impresson that one received of her was of gentleness, which was her real, predominant trait.

Her residence, situated on the corner of intersecting streets, was sumptuous, and from the window forming the angle one perceived an avenue planted to trees of massive foliage, that made it appear like the entrance to a forest, along which a multitude of pedestrians and carriages passed constantly.

There that prematurely aged dame sat during the greater portion of the day, reading, sewing, crocheting, in silence passing her existence. And yet, despite that apparent calm, one only had to gaze upon her face to perceive in that visage, blanched and ravaged by care, the undeniable traces of a beauty rare, the marks of sorrow that had faded ere its time, and to reflect: "She is a mother!" And one needed only to encounter the regard of her melancholy eyes to add: "A mother who has lost her babe!"

Not that she complained; she rarely referred to her sorrow,and when she did, to privileged ones, most discreetly.

Humanity in general loves joy and is repelled by complaints, but refuses not to enter the presence of silent resignation. They entered there, some former companions, some juvenile spirits, charmed by her gentle, indulgent manners; even people of the world, attracted by the renown and social status of her ancient family.

One glorious day in June, the population entire of the city sallied to promenade. The sun illumined the place like a benediction. Gay ripples of laughter were wafted to her window; the innumerable umbrellas in the avenue below resembled a river of dancing colors, formed of irridescent waves of sik.

The solitude of the grand salon appeared more profound than usual. Not a soul had arrived to pay her a visit.

She raised a photograph of a young girl, framed in black, from a table ever placed near, and reflected:

"It does not resemble her; photographs deceive us; lenses see not as we see. Where is that grace, that gentle regard? Where is the delicate oval of her face that seemed divine to me? All is disfigured, unnatural. The image that I guard of her in my heart is so different. Oh! how I wish I possessed a portrait that would reflect to me the souvenir that I retain in my soul! But who can portray it now? None!"

By force of application to her spirit to that interior contemplation, the mother came to experience so exactly, so vividly the presence in her of the cherished image, that she seized a long unused case of pastels and a sheet of blank paper and attempted to fix upon it the intense vision of her love.

Her attainments in designing were rudimentary. That troubled her not. She commenced with the feverish desire that had seized her, scarcely consulting the poor portrait, now repulsed and placed at a distance upon a table.

She designed first the hair in the virginal style that the girl had once worn it. It evolved marvelously under the caressing touch of the hand that had so often arranged it; then appeared the lines of the visage, the long, tender lips, pale rose, where the smile of a juvenile soul had endured, even after the departure of the spirit; then the eyes, o'er which the lids assumed without apparent effort their natural curve, a trifle lifted at the corners, shaded by brown lashes, between which the charming soul was about to reflect and live.

The mother, inclining over the table, appeared unconscious of the miracle of tenderness that she was accomplishing at that moment; she experienced the anguish of one who observes an image semi-traced, that haste to finish ere the model is effaced in the lassitude and fatigue naturally resultant from unaccustomed effort. She desired to trace, with the crayon that had run so lightly until then, the iris of the eyes, to impart a living regard. But here she was obliged to reflect, and the conviction suddenly seized her with terrible power, that she could no longer recollect the color of those dear eyes, that she had never, perhaps, really noted it.

She halted. Tears blinded her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "how can it be? How can a mother fail to remember the color of the eyes that she still sees everywhere, at every turn, at every minute of the day and of the night?"

Rarely had she suffered so cruelly. It seemed to her that it was a proof of oblivion, the commencement of that fatal disappearance of mental souvenirs, that causes the most sacred, the most frequently evoked scenes to discolor, to alter, to tremble in the balance, as if transparent vapors enveloped the distances covered by the soul.

At that moment the door at the end of the salon opened. She rapidly concealed the pastel portrait among the pages of a portfolio, then arose, endeavoring to regain the region of real life from which for the space of several hours she had been absent. The man who entered was young, one whom she no longer counted among her ordinary relations. She had seen him only once after her great sorrow. With an effort like one arousing from a dream, she smiled and said in reply to his very courteous salutation:

"It is very amiable in you, my dear sir, to remember an old lady, who no longer appears in the world, whose name can only recall age to the generation to which you belong. I presume I shall have the honor to render you some service."

"No, madame, I seek not your influence. I have come to see you, for yourself alone."

"Really? Then I am doubly pleased."

"In passing, madame, I have obeyed a strange force, to enter, to converse with you. If I have not done so ere now, it is due to the fact that I have been absent, on a long pilgrimage."

She regarded her visitor attentively, and observed that through the blonde beard, on the flexible lips, and in the blue eyes stirred a strange emotion. She abandoned her forced gaiety for a very grave tone, voicing an idea unexpressed:

"You saw her here several times?"

"Six. The last time was the ball, on a Thursday, the twenty-second of April; she appeared more divinely beautiful than ever that night, attired as Marguerite."

"I have sacredly guarded her costume," replied the other with a gesture of profound emotion; "and you remember?"

"Remember? Is it possible ever to forget? In all the globe I doubt that it would be possible to find beauty more fresh, transparent, divine than hers. But I would not recall a pain—"

"On the contrary, my dear, speak!"

"I know not why, but when I used to see her, and recollection often restores it in all its force, I made a comparison. When one opens the petals of a rose, he discovers a place, a spot where the light scarcely enters, a zone protected, so fine of tone that the color of the rose merges into pale pink. That was the color of her fair cheek."

The mother reflected an instant; her voice, less assured, seemed to demand grace for a maternal disability, for a dolorous confidence.

"Will you believe, sir, that I can no longer fix in my mind the color of her eyes? Her dear regard, that tender gaze, is unceasingly present, the expression of joy that was all mine, but the rest, no! I was just reflecting that those who love, we mothers, see only the soul in the eyes of our beloved."

"I am sure, on the contrary, madame, that habit alone is the cause of that ignorance and oblivion."

"Of what color were they? If you know, tell me! Doubt is so terribly cruel to me! You comprehend?"

The visitor had inclined; his eyes vaguely traced the outlines of the torsal column that sustained the table as he replied, very low:

"They were pale blue, with circles of violet. While she was serious the violet dominated; when she was gay the blue appeared to extend. And at all times there was a little mobile flame that danced in them."

The mother, with a brusque gesture, opened the portfolio, seized the picture, placed it flat on the table and imperiously, as one rends the veil of a secret sorrow to expose the temple of the heart to another:

"Look!" she cried; "I have only this! It lacks the spirit, life!"

The man arose. He regarded the portrait for a few moments. His features changed a little.

"Give me the crayons,' he said.

She hesitated, turned pale as a cadaver when she saw in his hand the colors, and that he was about to correct her picture, that unique portrait that had issued so marvelously from her inexperienced fingers, perhaps to spoil it for all time.

She turned away with closed eyes. He bent, and, with the dexterity of an artist touched the spaces of the eyes a pale, transparent blue. Then a few more master strokes and the light of intelligence flashed from the azure depths of those orbs.

The portrait was finished; the mother had merely outlined it; another had terminated, invested it with spirit.

From the most profound recesses of her heart issued a cry: "You loved her, then!"

Was it jealousy or was it a nobler idea that restrained it on her lips?

Their eyes met. Each noted there the expression of a mute agony, of an emotion too profound for words.

He imprinted a respectful kiss upon the hand that she extended to him, and then they parted—in silence.

MR. DE GRAW DICTATING A LETTER TO HIS STENOGRAPHER IN ANOTHER ROOM

ON THE POSTOFFICE SHORT-LINE

By Wilbert Melville

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

TO a certain postmaster of Arkansas the Honorable Peter V. DeGraw, fourth assistant postmaster-general, will always remain a man of mystery. The aforesaid postmaster had occasion to call upon the fourth assistant recently in connection with certain charges which had been filed against him with the department, and he brought with him letters and documents which he felt certain would substantiate his version of the affair and result in a complete vindication for him.

Upon entering the big reception room of the fourth assistant's office, he was met by private secretary W. H. Allen, who informed him that Mr. DeGraw was closely engaged in his private conference room, but that he, Mr. Allen, would be most happy to serve him in any way possible. The postmaster was so much impressed by the cordial, friendly manner of Mr. Allen that it took him but a short time to make a complete statement of the case and hand to the latter all the papers which he brought along to prove his innocence. Mr. Allen invited the Arkansas gentleman to be seated, assuring him of an interview with

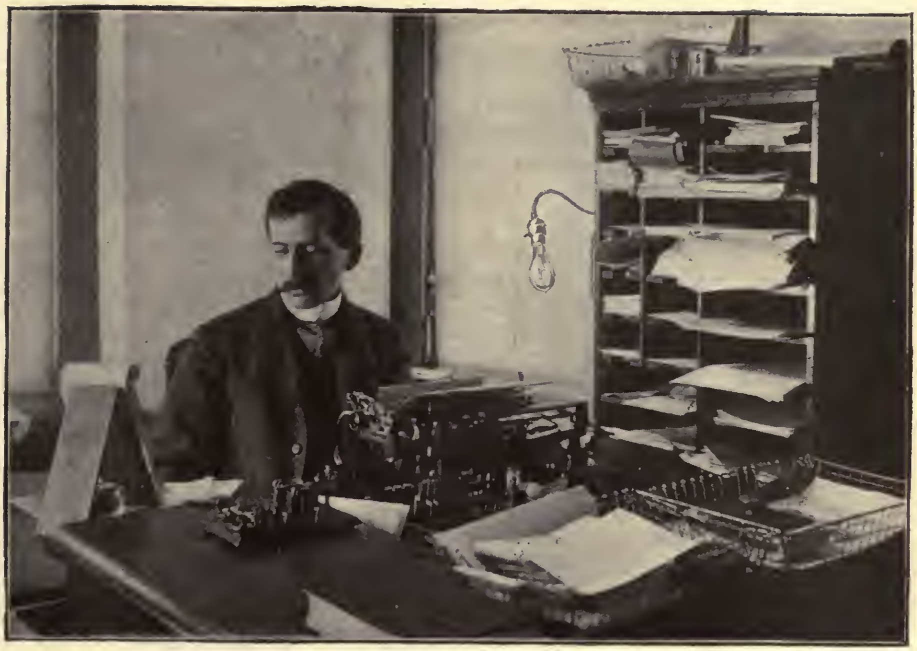
PRIVATE SECRETARY ALLEN CONFERS WITH HIS CHIEF

Mr. DeGraw in a short while and, returning to his desk, read over the papers which had been given him.

In about ten minutes the door leading from the private office opened and the portly form of the fourth assistant appeared. Crossing the room rapidly, he took the Arkansas postmaster by the hand, exclaiming: "Mr. Smith, I am so glad to meet you; and it is a pleasure for me to tell you of the department's decision in regard to your case, which is entirely favorable to you."

To the utter bewilderment of his visitor, he then proceeded to enter into a discussion of the case, showing perfect familiarity with the contents of the papers which had been given Mr. Allen. The expression of the Arkansas man's face was a study. He glanced at the papers lying on Allen's desk, which to his certain knowledge had not left the room since he entered, then looked dubiously at that genial gentleman, who had not been out of his sight either. How did the fourth assistant become acquainted with the contents of his papers, and, for that matter, know his name? With a look of wonderment still upon his face, he thanked Mr. DeGraw, expressed his gratification at the outcome of his visit and left the room, shaking his head and muttering to himself: "I have read Sherlock Holmes and seen a number of second-sight artists perform, but when it comes down to the real thing in thought transmission this fourth assistant and his private secretary are certainly there with the goods."

Yet the explanation of the seeming phenomena which puzzled the country postmaster so is simple. The fourth assistant postmaster-general possesses the unique distinction of controlling and operating the shortest telegraph line in the world, and as this miniature system connects Mr. DeGraw's desk with the one occupied by his private secretary, the latter was able to acquaint him with the visitor's arrival and to transmit the



STENOGRAPHER PRENDER TAKING DICTATION BY WIRE

contents of the papers which he had received, without leaving his seat and without the knowledge of anyone present in either room.

The total amount of wire used in the construction of "The Postoffice Short Line" is less than thirty feet. The desk of the fourth assistant is equipped with a complete telegraphic apparatus, as are the desks of his private secretary and his confidential stenographer, Mr. Robert H. Prender. As both Allen and Prender are not only expert stenographers, but top-notch telegraphers, and in addition possess the ability to read each other's stenographic notes, it can readily be understood that the operation of such a system between them would greatly facilitate the handling of a day's business.

Mr. DeGraw was found very willing to show the operation of his little line, and, while admitting the novelty, stated that it was there strictly for practical use and between two old telegraphers was a far quicker and more satisfactory mode of communication than any other method could possibly be.

"Wherein do you find telegraphy especially adaptable to government business?" he was asked.

"Oh, in many ways. I might say generally," said Mr. DeGraw; "but especially is it useful in the saving of time, which is essential here for our personal welfare, for we do not agree with our distinguished friend, the electrical wizard Thomas A. Edison, who, I understand, has recently declared that regular sleep is not a necessity. I believe sleep is not an essential factor in the well-being of that estimable gentleman; but unfortunately for us, perhaps, we are not in his class. I find in my case that six hours sound sleep out of every twenty-four is the only safe foundation upon which to secure a full day's hard work at a desk, day in and day out. A man may 'space' on diet, but experience has taught me that in order to keep in prime condition it is unsafe to trespass upon the last six sleeping hours of each day, hence I endeavor to follow the rule of working ten hours, sparing the brain by recreation during the next five hours and making sure of sleeping six, thus leaving three hours each day for meals, etc."

When asked why he found it necessary to work ten hours each day, Mr. DeGraw explained the requirements of the four divisions which comprise his bureau, namely, those of appointments, bonds, city free delivery and rural free delivery, which include in their jurisdictions upward of 156,000 persons, necessitating, with other routine duties of the office, the personal signing of a budget of several hundred letters a day, and this alone consumes between two and a half and three hours.

Although he has been out of the telegraph business for a number of years, telegraphers familiar with his "touch" declare that Mr. DeGraw has never lost his cunning at the key. Along in the '80's, while managing the Washington bureau of the United Press, he transmitted to New York, on a test, 490 words in ten minutes, each word spelled out in full, which for a long time was the record in fast sending. Since that time first-class telegraphers have acquired what is known as the Phillips steno-telegraphy, a code especially adapted to the transmission of newspaper matter, and which is capable of doubling and sometimes trebling the capacity of a wire in comparison with the early methods employed in transmission, when every word had to be written out in full. The sending of code telegraphy was made possible through the adoption of the typewriter for receiving purposes, thus enabling the receiver greatly to increase his speed. The telegraphers on the "Postoffice Short Line" are all experienced code men, which still further enchances the value and adaptability of the recently installed electrical acquisition.

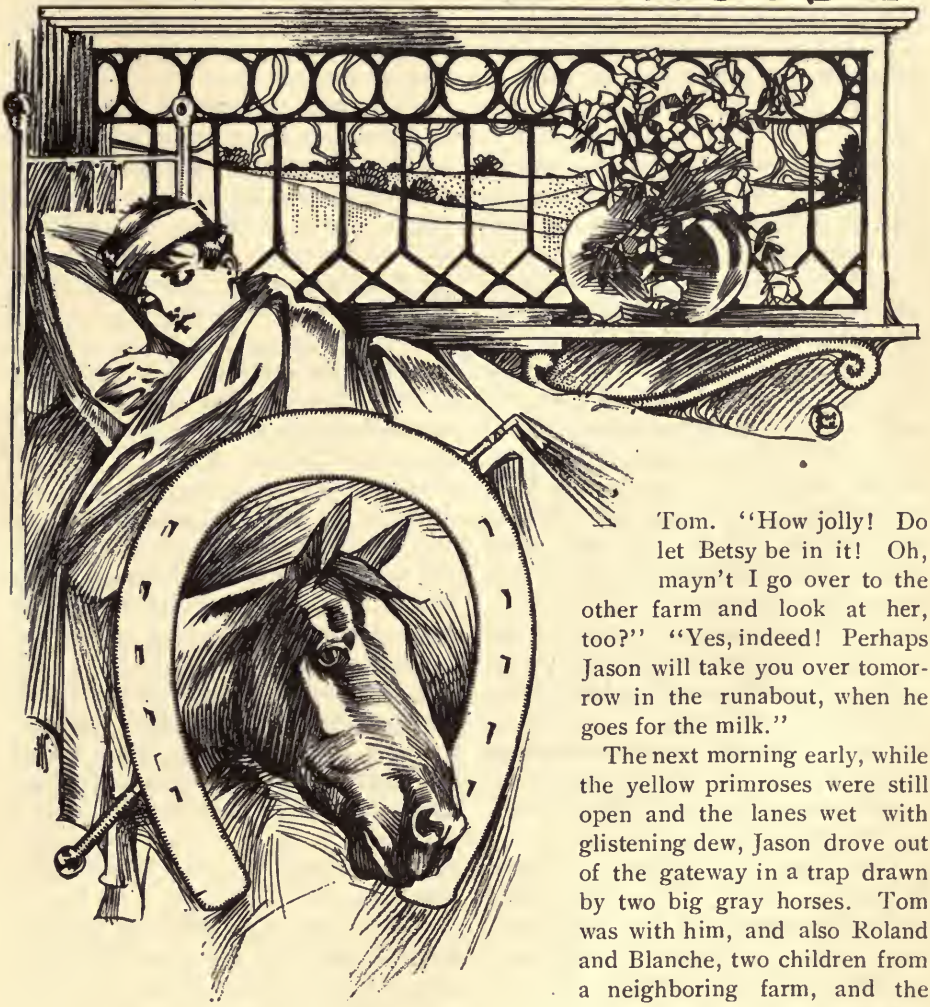
While the writer was discussing with Mr. DeGraw in the conference room the advantages of this unique adjunct as a part of the paraphernalia of an up-to-date business office, a page appeared on the scene and hurriedly conveyed to the fourth assistant a message which required immediate reply. Under ordinary circumstances a stenographer would have been summoned to take the reply in notes which he would have had to transcribe, consuming in all perhaps ten minutes and necessitating an interruption to the conference between the assistant postmaster-general and the visitor. Instead of following this stereotyped course, in a twinkling, without rising from his chair, Mr. DeGraw wired his secretary a hasty reply to the message. This was copied from the wire on the typewriter, and in less time than it takes to tell it the incident became a duly recorded and finished official transaction.

It will be seen that a very important part is played by the little sounders in the official proceedings of this busy office, and there is no doubt but that, especially during the session, they can be utilized to splendid advantage, especially in the conveyance to the fourth assistant of knowledge of specially urgent matters, without interrupting the important conferences that may be in progress as they arise, and of which there are many each day in the southwestern corner of the fifth floor of the huge postoffice building.

All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me;
Now on this spot I stand with my robust Soul.

— *Walt Whitman.*

HOW TOM KEPT HOUSE



By Mary R. Towle

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

"WHERE have you been, papa?" asked Tom, one afternoon after a heavy rain, as papa came up to the verandah with his riding boots on and his clothes splashed with mud.

"I've been for a ride over to the other farm to take a look at Betsy, the mare that I have just bought," answered papa. "I am thinking of letting her enter the race at the Clover Hill fair."

"Oh, a real horse race, papa?" cried Tom. "How jolly! Do let Betsy be in it! Oh, mayn't I go over to the other farm and look at her, too?" "Yes, indeed! Perhaps Jason will take you over tomorrow in the runabout, when he goes for the milk."

The next morning early, while the yellow primroses were still open and the lanes wet with glistening dew, Jason drove out of the gateway in a trap drawn by two big gray horses. Tom was with him, and also Roland and Blanche, two children from a neighboring farm, and the milk cans were snugly stowed away under the back seat. What a good time they had! They stayed all the morning over at papa's other farm. The farmer's wife gave them some buttermilk and some delicious, golden-brown cookies and when the farmer came in from the fields he took them out to the stables and showed them Rashid, the spotted black and white bull, and a great many cows and horses, and finally, shut into a big square stall, all by herself, Betsy, the beautiful young mare. When papa came home that afternoon all three children begged him to let Betsy enter the race.

"I'm sure she'd win," said Roland, "'cause I went to a race once and the horse that won looked just like Betsey."

"I'm going to write a letter to Archie," said Tom, "and tell him to hurry home from grandma's so that he can see the race, too. Oh, papa, you must let Betsy be in it!" And so papa said at last that he would.

As the weeks went by the children could talk of nothing but the wonderful fair that was to be held at Clover Hill. There were to be exhibits of horses, cows and all sorts of farm animals, and side shows and popcorn and pink lemonade. The fair was to last for three days. On the second day there was to be a balloon ascension, and on the third day the horse race. Nearly every farmer for miles around had a favorite colt which was to enter this race.

On the afternoon before the first day of the fair, Jason brought Betsy over from the other farm and locked her up in one of the box stalls.

"She stands a good chance of winning the race," he said to Tom, "but there's a good many wishes she didn't."

"Who wishes she didn't?"

"Why, some of the owners of the other horses."

"Tom!" called papa from the verandah.

"Yes, papa!" answered Tom, running up.

"Do you think you could take care of the place alone tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, indeed, papa."

"Well, mama and I are going away for a few hours, and as the servants want a day off to go to the fair, we have decided that they may as well go tomorrow, for I have reasons for wishing them to be at home the next two days. All you need do is to stay and play near the house, and mama and I will be back at about noon. You will not be afraid, will you?"

"Oh, no, papa! Roland and Blanche will come down and play hide-and-seek, and—and will you let me dig some potatoes? They're awfully big now—Tim dug one the other day."

"Very well; you may dig a basketful."

The next morning, before papa started, he called Tom into a store-room off the kitchen and pointed to a big key hanging on a hook. "That is the key to the stable," he said, "and, remember, you are to let no one in. No one must touch Betsy but Jason or myself."

"All right, papa!" said Tom. "Goodbye! Goodbye, mama!"

The carriages rolled down the driveway and papa and mama and the servants were soon out of sight. Tom felt a little lonesome at first; then he decided to go and dig potatoes, and, taking the basket and a shovel, he started for the potato field, which was near the barn. He dug a few potatoes and then whom should he see coming through the orchard but Roland and Blanche. He ran to meet them, and soon all were playing a merry game of hide-and-seek,

"Who are those two men coming down the road?" asked Blanche, as they sat down to rest for a minute on a great rock.

"What men?" asked Roland. "I don't see any."

"Those two men," repeated the little girl, pointing with her finger. "Why—why, where are they? I saw them, and now I don't see them any more!"

"Pooh, I guess what you saw was a tree!" said Roland. "I don't see anything, do you, Tom?"

"No," said Tom, and, running out beyond the gate-posts into the street, he reported that no one was in sight in either direction up the road.

"Let's play some more now," said he, coming back. "I'm 'it'!"

"All right," answered Roland. "We'll give you while we count ten hundred to get away." So he and Blanche put their heads down on the well-curb, with their eyes shut and began to count: "Ten, ten, double ten, forty-five, fifteen! Ten, ten, double ten, forty-five, fifteen!" while Tom turned and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. He had already decided where to hide. He knew of a fine dark place in the wood-shed, behind a row of barrels, and in less than a minute he was snugly tucked away in it, sitting on his feet and breathing as softly as he could after running so hard.

He waited and waited. Once he was sure he heard Roland and Blanche go by the corner of the shed and walk around toward the stable, and then he thought he heard Blanche's laugh over in the direction of the strawberry beds; then all was silent. He waited a long time, but, except for the clucking of the hens in the poultry yard, he heard no sound. Perhaps they had given up hunting for him and gone home! His feet were beginning to go to sleep and he decided that he would creep softly out and just peep around the corner. Cautiously he wriggled out from behind the barrels and was tiptoeing toward the front of the shed, when — what do you suppose he saw? A tall man standing just inside the great gray shed door and looking through a crack in it toward the house! Just at that moment Tom made a noise, by stepping on a loose board, and the man turned around and saw him. For an instant Tom thought of running, for the man's face was very fierce, but the man quickly stepped between him and the half-open door and smiled what seemed to Tom a terrible smile.

"Anyone at home?" asked the man in a very gentle, low voice.

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, shaking all over. "There's Blanche and Roland and—"

"Can you take me to the stables without anyone's seeing us?" asked the man, confidentially and in a still lower tone.

"The stables are locked," said Tom.

"Don't you know where the key is?"

"Ye-es, but papa doesn't want anyone to go in there while he's away."

The man smiled again. "Papa is a great friend of mine," he said, "and he told me to come 'round to the house here and that his little boy, Jimmy,— isn't that your name?"

"Tom, sir."

"Oh, yes, I remember now! — that Tom would show me over the stables."

Tom hesitated. He knew that he ought to be courteous to a guest, but this man did not seem at all like one of papa's friends, and then, too, why had he been hiding in the wood-shed? Suppose he should be a horse-thief and mean to steal Betsy!

The Terrible Man seemed to read Tom's thoughts. "I won't do any harm if you'll let me in," he said. "I ain't a thief. I 'spose you're thinking of the mare, but, don't you see, I couldn't steal her, if I wanted to, with all them servants in the house. I only want to pat her and perhaps give her a lump of sugar. I'm a great lover of fine horses."

But by this time Tom's mind was made up. "No, sir," he said, "I'm sorry, but I can't let you in. I'm afraid I'm very uncivil, but I told papa I wouldn't."

In an instant the man's manner changed. "Now, you young rascal," he said, "I'm not going to waste any more time with you. You march to the house and fetch that key this instant, without saying a word to anyone or I'll kill you; see?"

Poor Tom was frightened nearly to death, but he said not a word. The man stepped away from the door and pointed toward the house. "If you don't do as I say," he added, "there's another man up there who will catch you and bring you back, and if you speak a word to one of the servants he'll hear you and catch you as sure as you live. Now go, and be quick about it!"

Tom was only too glad to get away from the Terrible Man, and, running as fast as he could, he entered the half-open front door of the house. Roland and Blanche were nowhere in sight, and

Tom felt that he was alone—alone with the Terrible Man and the other man who was waiting to catch him! Yet, frightened as he was, he was still determined not to give up the key. What should he do? Perhaps he could get away by the back door, creep along by the raspberry hedge and run across lots to the house where Mr. Newfield lived, Roland's and Blanche's papa. He stole along a little passageway leading to the kitchen, softly turned the door-knob, and was just crossing the room toward the outer door when what should he see through the closed window but the top of a man's hat, showing just above the Virginia creepers! It took Tom about a half of one second to go back by the way he had come and to take refuge in the big hall closet. What should he do? Oh, what *should* he do? The Terrible Man was waiting for him to come back with the key, and the Other Man was watching the only door of escape!

Just then Tom happened to bump his head against something in the darkness. It was the telephone. Papa had it put into the hall closet because mamma couldn't telephone where there was any noise. And now all of a sudden, it occurred to Tom that he might telephone for help. But to whom should he telephone? The house was a mile from the village, and Mr. Newfield, the nearest neighbor, had probably gone to Clover Hill to the fair. Then Tom remembered hearing Mr. Newfield say, the day before, that if the meadow hay was not all in he should not go to the fair that morning. Perhaps, after all, he was at home! Anyway, Tom felt that it was his only chance.

He had often watched his papa telephone, but he had never telephoned himself. He believed, though, that he could do it—he must do it! He took the receiver off the hook and held it to his ear. Oh, dear! he was so short that his mouth did not reach the place to speak into. He thought he could hear heavy steps in the kitchen. With trembling hands he pulled down all the coats and shawls that he could find in the closet, rolled them up into a big bundle and pushed the bundle up in front of the telephone. Slowly and with the greatest care, he climbed up on the bundle. Hurrah! he was just tall enough now,—just barely tall enough by standing on tiptoe. He rang the bell, and in a minute came the word, clear and distinct, "Hello!" How good it sounded!

"Oh, hello, Central!" answered Tom. "Please give me Mr. Newfield's house—quickly!"

"Mr. Newfield's gone to the fair, if you want him," was the answer. "I saw him pass here at about nine o'clock."

"Oh, then, Mr. Central, please won't you send someone to help me? There are two dreadful men here, and they're going to kill me right off. I'm Tom—Tom Fairfax—and I'm hiding in the hall closet! Please—" But just at this point in Tom's message the bundle of coats and shawls, which had been growing shakier and shakier, collapsed entirely and Tom, bending backward to save himself, fell heavily to the floor and struck his head against something hard.

❧

The next thing that Tom knew he was lying in his own little bed, just beside his own little latticed window, with the blue and white muslin curtains, and with the morning glory blossoms looking in from outside. Mamma was sitting beside him. When she saw him open his eyes she gave a little cry, and, jumping up from her chair, bent over him and kissed him a great many times. "My precious boy!" she said. Tom had a queer feeling in his head, and when he put one hand up to it he touched a bandage.

"Why, what is the matter with my head, mamma?" he asked.

"You struck it against a corner of the wood-box when you fell," answered mamma, "and the doctor bandaged it. Don't you remember? Didn't you feel it when papa lifted you up and carried you out of the closet?"

"Oh, mamma," said Tom, "did they find me there? Did someone come?" Suddenly he had remembered all about the telephone and the two terrible men. "Are they gone?" he added in an excited whisper, suddenly sitting up in bed.

"Hush, dear," said mamma. "You must lie down and keep very quiet, for your bruised head has made you a little feverish. Yes, they are gone, and I don't think they will trouble us again."

"Did they want to steal Betsy, mamma?"

"No, I think not, but they probably meant to lame her or to give her something to eat that would make her ill, so that she could not race."

A hundred questions came into Tom's head all at once, but before he had time to ask any of them papa came into the room.

"Oh, hello, papa!" cried Tom, putting up both arms, and then he added, after a minute, "Do you know, I think it was downright mean for two of those fellows to come when I was here alone. Now if they'd come one at a time, it would have been more like—a fair fight!"

Papa smiled. "You put up a very good fight as it was," he said—"the best kind of a fight under the circumstances. I'm proud of you, Tom!" Tom blushed but felt very happy. It meant something to be praised by papa.

"Archie is coming home from grandma's tonight," continued papa, "and if that head of yours is well enough by tomorrow, we are all going over to the fair in a tallyho."

The head was well enough, and they all went and had a jolly time. But what pleased Tom more than anything else was that Betsy won the race.

DOROTHY ❧ By Alex Derby

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

WHEN Dorothea looked on me
I felt love's fitful fever.
(There breathes no fairer maid than she —
Dorothy Seaver.)

I knew her for a sad coquette;
'Twas folly to believe her.
But ah, she wove a silken net —
Sly Dolly Seaver!

And now she's jilted me at last
My woe doth little grieve her;
Her laugh rings free as in the past —
This gay D. Seaver!

NATIVE PLAYS IN FAVOR

By Helen Arthur

NEW YORK CITY

IN every field of labor, in industrial, political, and professional pursuits alike, there comes a time recognized by the wide-awake man as a critical moment, the turning point when opportunity comes to knock, and, having knocked, does not tarry long for a response. Such a time has come in the theatrical world and it is furnishing to the unknown American playwright his chance for a hearing, the possibility of leading a new movement in the dramatic realm.

In print these days one sees much discussion, polite and otherwise, regarding the methods of a certain "Theatrical Trust."

Today, dislike to own it as we may, the theatrical world has one universal standard—the money standard; let it be so, since it lies within our power to make that standard stand for good. Admit, once for all, the necessity of judging plays by box-office receipts and consider the public as a collection of individuals willing or unwilling to pay two dollars for an orchestra chair. Undertand that a manager is a business man with a list of trained employes and specialists in certain lines to whom he must pay salaries each week, whether he has work for them or not. Why? Because he dare not let them go, not knowing what minute he may need their help. He has under contract many others than players—press representatives, stage managers, scene painters, electricians. They know his ideas and methods, and are too valuable to lose, but their pay falls due each week with the regularity which is so delightful to them, so harrowing to the manager.

Worse than this, he has "stars" to manage, to whom salary is as nothing compared with the desire to shine on Broadway, in a new "production," and so the fear of bankruptcy and of personal unpopularity often drives the manager in desperation to risk a production that will, temporarily at least, quiet some if not all of his staff. And when in this scheme of things we reach the "production" itself, then we have arrived at the question of demand and supply. The sources of supply are naturally American and English. There are occasionally French, Scandinavian, Russian or German plays of sufficient strength to bear transplanting, or of so broad a theme as to interest an American audience, but the results obtained from translation or adaptation have not justified the manager in putting much faith in the finding of success by these means.

The greatest success of the Paris season, produced in this country under the name of "Business is Business," and with William H. Crane interpreting the leading part, was a dire failure; so also was Sudermann's "Zapfenstreichen," called in America "Taps" and interpreted by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, and which, as "Lights Out," is now the talk of the London theatrical world. These examples could easily be multiplied, and the reason is obvious. The plays deal with conditions quite unknown to us, and consequently without meaning.

The London market has been cornered by Charles Frohman. He has options on all plays—the output of such dramatists as Pinero, Jones, Marshall and Barrie, and should he choose to forfeit the option the amount deposited is easily made up from the profits of any one success. When the London productions prove hits, Mr. Frohman risks their presentation in America, and although the chances are good for New York's indorsement of London's opinion, still the fact that Mr. Frohman has just so many dramas to apportion between so many "stars," leads sometimes to disastrous results. William Faversham in "Letty" was a good example of this, as was likewise this season Nat Goodwin in "The Beauty and The Barge."

Today, therefore, the great majority of managers look to American play-

MAUDE ADAMS AS PETER PAN IN BARRIE'S PLAY OF THAT NAME wrights for new plays. There are in New York twenty-four theaters of the first class. The plays now on their boards can be classified, as to authors: fourteen American, six foreign, while the other four are reviving classics. Of the six foreign plays, three are by Englishmen, one by an Irishman, one a Scotchman and one by a Belgian.

The most successful play is Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan," with Miss Maude Adams as Peter; but Charles Klein's "Music Master," with David Warfield, has played one whole season in New York and is now testing the capacity of the Bijou. Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," Shaw's "Man and Superman" and Sutro's "The Walls of Jericho" are popular, but not more so than Belasco's "Girl from the Golden West" or Fitch's "Her Great Match" or Henry Miller's "Zira."

Nor are the plays by well known American authors the only successful ones. Channing Pollock, whose dramatization of "The Pit" was well received, has this season three comedies to his credit—a dramatization of "In the Bishop's Carriage" and of "The Secret Orchard," and an original comedy entitled "The Little Gray Lady." Margaret Mayo, the daughter of the late Frank Mayo, has put into play form "The Marriage of William Ashe," and has furnished Miss Grace George with a play almost as popular as the novel. Edward Peple's first effort, "The Prince Chap," proved such a drawing card that it was moved from the Madison Square theater to Weber's Music Hall, in order to allow it to continue its run.

A playwright's name is not much of a drawing card and has almost no perceptible effect in influencing patronage. This season we have seen George Ade's "The Bad Samaritan" succumb to the public's indifference, not to mention the rapidity with which Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island" was withdrawn. Thanks to audiences more discriminating in their judgment of plays than ever before, we shall find the managers and playwrights more than ever desirous of presenting plays worthy of intelligent patronage.

THE SMOKE OF A CITY

AS SEEN FROM AN ELEVATED TRAIN

By Edith Livingstone Smith
BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

UP from the altar of a City's shrine,
A cloud of smoke as incense rises far,
To gently yield itself unto the sky
While hours creep from dawn to evening's star: —
And ever 'neath the maze of roof and arch,
Weaving the threads—the warp and woof of Toil—
Man's strength of arm and woman's patient hands
Give work for bread—ask gold for their life's spoil:
While they who see this cloud float on its way
And feel the pulse which swings the censer high,
Send wonder on a little sobbing prayer
That some smile there, —*and some, in hunger, cry!*

The K·K·K

By C. W. Tyler

PICTURES BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

V

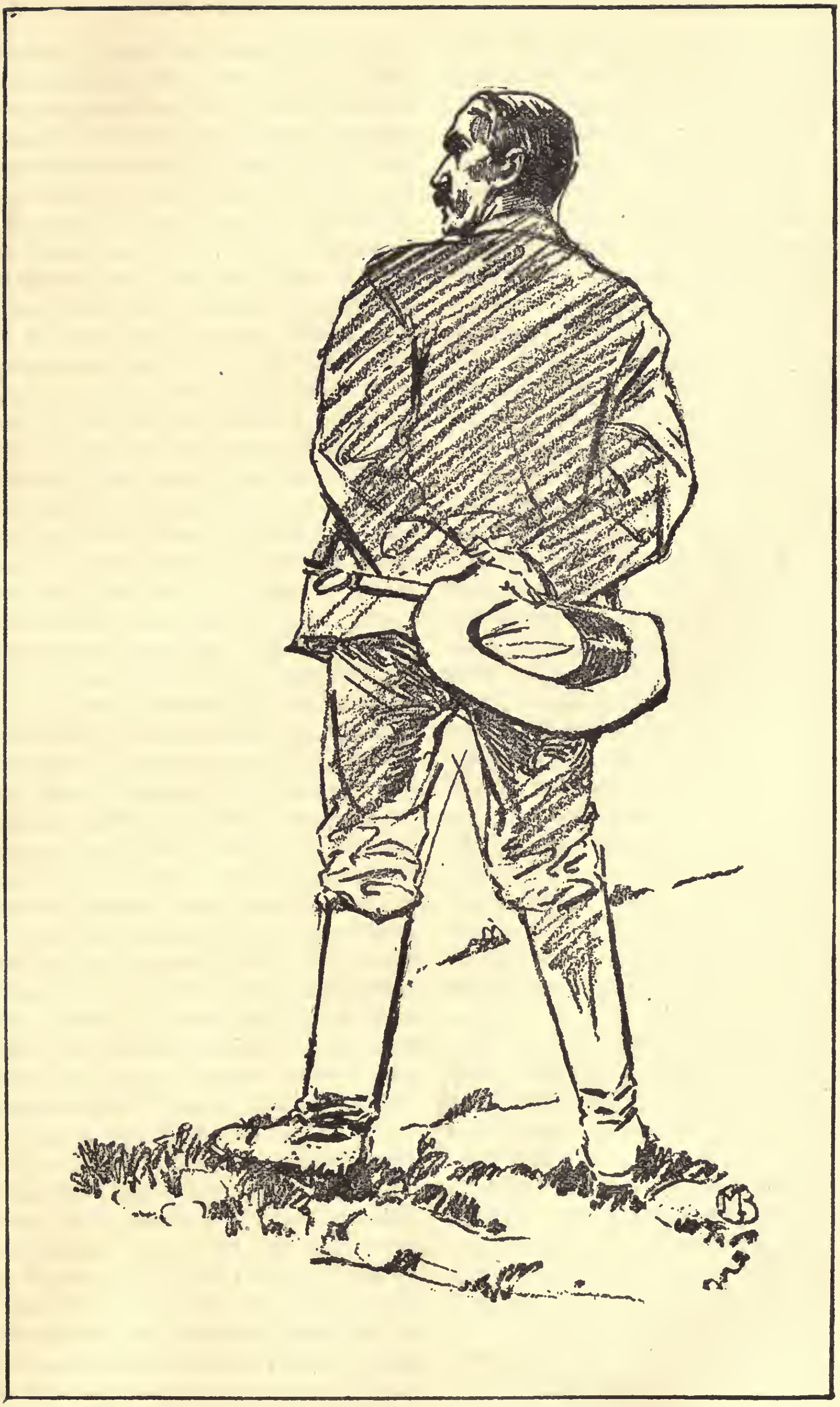
A GRIEVOUS MISTAKE HAVING BEEN MADE, CERTAIN WELL DISPOSED PERSONS DO THEIR ENDEAVOR TO RECTIFY IT

THE old woman's tale spread through the community almost as rapidly as intelligence of the startling crime had done the night before. The excitement, which had begun to die out, was kindled afresh, and by nightfall a large crowd was again assembled on the ground where the house had stood. They lingered in groups about the decaying embers and discussed earnestly the latest developments in the shocking tragedy. All regretted now the untimely taking off of poor Sandy, and, as was natural under the circumstances, nearly every man displayed a disposition to shift the responsibility for this melancholy blunder from his own to the shoulders of someone else. This individual never had acquiesced in the hasty action of the mob, but, being timid about speaking in public, had not raised his voice in protest against it; another had actually spoken out in favor of caution and a more thorough investigation, but in the general hubbub that existed at the moment nobody had overheard him. Everyone who knew anything favorable in Sandy's career now hastened to tell it, and the verdict of the previous night that he was a deep-dyed scoundrel was reversed almost as hastily as it had been been rendered.

If expressions of sympathy, however, had now taken the place of execrations in the case of the unfortunate negro, exactly the opposite was true with the individual known to most people thereabout as Cross-eyed Jack. This fellow had been one of the ringleaders in the frenzied assemblage that had done an innocent man to death for a fearful crime. Not only so, but he alone of all present knew the man was innocent who was being made to atone for the monstrous wrong done. This Cross-eyed Jack, they were all agreed now, was a diabolical scoundrel who should be compelled to suffer the agonies of a thousand deaths, if such a penalty could be inflicted upon him. What! burn a dwelling at midnight; murder an inoffensive old woman in cold blood; compel a young girl to hide from him like a partridge; and then hurry an innocent man to death for the crimes he had himself committed! Do all this and expect to escape the vengeance of a deeply outraged community! Where was he? Where was he? Mount your horses, you good men, and hunt the scoundrel down. Catch him, catch him, catch him! this malignant devil in human shape; and hang him, draw him, quarter him, burn him, send him out of the world as soon as he is caught by the very roughest road any mortal creature has ever been forced to travel. This was the angry sentence entered up against Cross-eyed Jack as the infuriated crowd stood around the ashes of the old Bascombe house and contemplated their own work of the night before and the shocking depravity of the wretch who had been foremost among them in the enterprise upon which they nearly all at the time were so heartily bent.

The villain who was now the object of their fierce wrath perhaps deserved all the anathemas that were being hurled against him, and more beside. In appearance he was such a man-animal as one may imagine roamed the earth millions of years ago, when human beings first began to claim ascendency over four-footed creatures. In disposition he was, if possible, even uglier than in face or figure. No human being is perhaps wholly depraved, but if there was a single redeeming feature in the character of this surly scoundrel, his mother had never been able to discover it. He was of foreign parentage, as his name, Johan Ankerstorm, indicated, but had been reared in the lowest quarter of one of our large American cities, from which he had been finally compelled to withdraw because his frequent infractions of the law had placed him on too familiar terms with the police. A few months before the tragedy at the Bascombe place, he had drifted into the Marrowbone Hills, and wandering about, working at odd jobs, he became known by sight to many of the good people of that section. His name being unusual—and a little more than a mouthful for some of his new acquaintances—they had saddled upon him numerous aliases, such as Cross-eyed Jack, Dutch Ankers, etc., for all of which the callous Johan cared no more than a stray dog would have cared if divers appellations had been bestowed upon him in a community as he shifted his habitat from place to place.

This was the creature, then, for whom anxious inquiry was now being made on all sides. The crowd were resolved to have him, and the crowd were resolved to make short work of him when they did get him. So they instituted hasty search, and up and down and across country they rode and they ran. They picked up scraps of information, and hastened back with each item to the surging mass of human beings who waited for the capture of the miscreant, and grew angrier with delay. A wagoner had brought Johan—Dutch Ankers he called him—from a cross-roads village in the hills the evening before and had set him down not far from the Bascombe place. Ankerstorm, however, when he left the wagoner, had gone toward the house of a farmer, named Dotson, for whom he had at one time worked a few days. He carried an ax on his shoulder and told the wagoner that Dotson owed him a bill which he wished to collect.



Randolph Pearson
Drawn by M. L. Blumenthal

As soon as this news was brought, one was sent off post-haste to inquire into the matter, and soon brought back word from Dotson—who was an honest but cross-grained old chap—that he had not seen hair nor hide of Dutch Ankers, and, moreover, that anybody who said he owed them money was a liar. This showed that Ankerstorm had been loafing about in the neighborhood on the night of the crime, but his presence at the mobbing of Sandy proved that. The wagoner's tale proved further, however, that the fellow carried an ax, and this was a strong corroborating circumstance —if any had been needed—to strengthen the narrative of old Mrs. Bascombe. Much more to the point was the information, brought in later, that the man whose presence was so much desired had gotten dinner on the preceding day — Sunday — at a house not five miles away from the scene of the crime. After dinner he had lain down under a tree in the yard, like one wholly free from concern, and taken a long nap. When he woke he went off on foot toward Nashville, saying he was going to that place to seek work. From his conduct at this place, it was argued that the house-burner and double murderer was under no special apprehension, and might be overtaken if prompt pursuit was made. He no doubt rested under the assurance that the blow from his ax had rendered the old widow forever incapable of telling tales, and the execution of the negro by the mob would leave the public under the impression that the real offender had been punished. A half-dozen men now started on good horses to apprehend the scoundrel and bring him back. These were specially enjoined by the large crowd that still lingered on the ground — for they were coming and going all the time — not to despatch Ankerstrom when they caught him, but to fetch him back to the scene of his villainy, where the whole assemblage might have the satisfaction of dealing with him. This was late at night, and many now stretched themselves out on the bare ground to sleep away the time that must intervene before the return of the squad that had been sent forth upon this mission.

It was in the forenoon on Sunday that Randolph Pearson first learned of the terrible tragedy at the house from which he had himself departed at bedtime on the evening before. He heard at the same time that the negro, Kinchen, had been hung for the crime by a mob of indignant citizens. Riding to the place as rapidly as he could, he found a large crowd assembled, the dwelling in ashes, and the widow Bascombe dying in a corner of her yard under an improvised tent. Pearson did not believe in mob law as a remedy for any evil, and even under these trying circumstances he plainly said to those whom he suspected of having been members of the mob that it would have been better to have turned the negro over to the courts, rather than deal with him themselves in such summary fashion. The courts, he said, were slow, and sometimes there was a failure of justice, but hurried uprisings at night afforded but a poor substitute for deliberate investigation, such as should be had when the life of a human being was at stake. Moreover, when good citizens advertised to the world that they had no faith in the laws under which they lived, they gave to the community in which they resided an unenviable notoriety. All this, and more, said Randolph Pearson calmly to his neighbors at a time when everyone supposed the negro, Kinchen, had met a just fate. That night, when the whole truth was out, and it was found that the hasty execution of Sandy had been a terrible blunder, Pearson indulged in no additional criticism on the conduct of the mob, but resolved that a second individual should not be hastily done to death for the same offense if he could prevent it. He was an earnest, conscientious man, was Randolph Pearson, much respected by all his neighbors; but when he announced the conclusion he had reached on this subject, he was met by a storm of indignation and many of his best friends withstood him to the teeth. There should be no delay—they said—in the punishment of the scoundrel whose crime was too black to admit of any thought of indulgence in his case. There should be no long legal investigation to wear out the patience of witnesses, and maybe result at last in the utter failure of justice. Mobs might sometimes make mistakes and hang the wrong man, but there was no doubt about the guilt of this fellow, and swing he should to the very tree on which poor Kinchen had died, just as soon as the squad that had gone to seek him could lay hands on him and bring him back.

Day broke, however, before the return of the squad that had gone forth in quest of the murderer. Many had left, wearied with the long delay, but others took their places, and by sunrise on Monday morning the assemblage was greater than it had been at any time before. Numerous persons were now present from a distance, for the news of the terrible tragedy at the old Bascombe place had spread far and wide through the country. All waited impatiently to learn something of the whereabouts of the murderer, but for many hours waited in vain. About two hours after sunrise the half dozen horsemen returned with the report that they had scoured the country for the missing man but had failed to find any trace of him after he left the place where he took dinner. This intelligence was most disheartening to the crowd, but not so to Pearson, who believed with diligent effort the fugitive could be apprehended, and in the meantime suitable precaution could be taken against his being swung up by the mob as soon as he was caught.

It was necessary to act promptly, and Pearson resolved, while the interest was at white heat, to organize a band of determined men who would aid him in the double purpose he had formed, first to effect the capture of the fugitive, and, second, to see that he was not killed by a crowd of frenzied men as soon as overtaken. To apprehend the criminal, it was now evident, would be no easy task, but would probably require systematic search, in which it might be necessary to employ skilled detectives. The sheriff could ride the county, and the governor might be induced to offer a reward, but other means must be resorted to if it was expected to ferret out a hardened villain, who even now, no doubt, was making his way secretly out of the country.

Thus said Randolph Pearson to those who were now more than willing to listen to him, and it was agreed that a meeting should be held that night for the purpose of organization, none to be present except twenty or thirty active men, who were selected in advance, and who could be relied on to render material aid in the contemplated work. Upon one point the author of this plan was compelled to make some concession. Those who had agreed to band together were divided upon the question as to whether the fugitive should be turned over to the courts when caught, or dealt with by themselves. After some discussion, however, they concluded, first, to work unitedly for the arrest of the murderer, and when this was accomplished to leave his subsequent disposition to a decision of a majority of their own number.

The young gentleman who had given his name as Robert Lee Templeton was not among those who had agreed to organize for the purpose of apprehending and punishing the murderer. He was a stranger in the vicinity and could not have cooperated with the other members regularly, even if he had been made one of their number; and, besides, having little knowledge of his character and habits, they were not disposed to admit him at once into full fellowship with them. He was undoubtedly a whole-souled, generous young fellow, however, and a task was therefore assigned him which he was glad to undertake as soon as he had received the suggestion from some of the older citizens present. This was to ride to the county town, a dozen or more miles away, swear out a warrant for the arrest of the murderer, Ankerstrom, and place the writ without delay in the hands of the sheriff. By giving the law officer a description of the personal appearance of Cross-eyed Jack, he could make sure of his recognition wherever found. Templeton, however, when this latter suggestion was made to him, declared he would not only give the writ to the sheriff, but would accompany that officer and help him arrest the murderer whenever they came upon him.

Before the large assemblage dispersed, Pearson and a few other charitable persons imposed on themselves another duty which they thought was demanded by simple justice under the circumstances. Taking advantage of the sympathy that was openly expressed for the innocent negro who had fallen a victim to mob violence, they sought to obtain substantial aid for the family he had left behind. Kinchen, fortunately, had not raised such a brood as is usually found around the cabins of members of his race, and therefore provision for his family could be the more easily made. His wife, Patsy, and his young son Pete constituted the entire connection that remained to mourn him, if we except the little fox terrier that came so near meeting death under the same gallows tree with his master. By heading a subscription list with a liberal donation of their own, and going first to those who were able and willing to contribute generously, they soon obtained a fund sufficient to buy a few acres of hill land as a permanent home for Patsy Kinchen, widow of the late Sandy. As the opportunity for inquiry was favorable, they learned also of a piece of ground back in the uplands with which the owner was willing to part for a modest remuneration. This little tract had timber and running water, two essentials in that locality, but lacked a dwelling. Numerous individuals who sympathized with the object but lacked money, now came forward and offered to cut logs for the tenement and give a house-raising on the place one day during the following week. The necessary preliminaries being thus arranged, the bargain was struck, the land paid for and a binding agreement entered into for the erection of a substantial log residence for Patsy Kinchen; all within less than forty-eight hours after her husband's unexpected departure from this world. Sandy himself, while a sojourner upon earth, had come to forty years or thereabouts and had never accumulated any property but a dog. Viewed strictly from a business standpoint, therefore, his wife Patsy, though a loud and sincere mourner at his funeral, was not seriously a loser by the hasty action of the mob.

That night, after the veil of darkness enveloped the earth, and most good folk in the neighborhood were abed resting from the fatigue and excitement of the past two days, a score or more of energetic citizens met at a designated spot to form the organization that had been determined upon in the morning. They met out of doors because the night was pleasant, and they wished to avoid the notoriety that must have followed their assembling at any farm-house. A secret organization was preferable too, because by this means undesirable persons could be more readily kept out of the association and the determination to overtake the murderer and deal with him as they saw fit could be more easily accomplished. As very often happens in such enterprises, the original design to form a temporary union for the accomplishment of a single purpose expanded as they conferred on the occasion of their first meeting, and they thought it expedient to unite themselves into a company of regulators, or patrolers, which should undertake not only to bring Ankerstrom to justice for his offense, but also to take some steps toward bringing about a more settled condition of affairs in their community. Lawlessness, if not rampant, had gotten to be quite common among them, and negroes were undoubtedly the principal depredators as far as minor offenses were concerned. Now and then they were unjustly suspected, as was shown by the terrible mistake in the Kinchen case, but their peccadilloes in the way of hog-stealing, hen-roost robberies and the like were sufficiently well established to make it expedient if possible to put some check upon them. In addition, there was among good citizens in the community a growing contempt for the law and a consequent disposition after every criminal offense to substitute hasty retribution for judicial investigation, and this dangerous tendency needed to be curbed in some prudent manner.

All things considered, the little group that met under the greenwood tree on this occasion thought it best to organize a band of regulators in their section, and as they cast about them for rules and regulations by which to govern such an association, they could stumble on no better plan than to resurrect an old society that had exerted a great influence on their community shortly after the close of the Civil war. Times had greatly changed, but the purpose of the former order, as generally understood, did not differ materially from those now sought to be accomplished. Three or four members of this old secret society were present, and from these all the grips and pass-words were obtained, together with the substance of the constitution and by-laws as well as the latter had been preserved in faithful memories. Under the quiet stars, then, and at considerable distance from any human habitation, the mysterious order of the K. K. K. was revived, its ritual restored, its officers chosen and solemnly sworn, its members bound to secrecy by a vow so dreadful that the lightest among them would not dare afterward to violate his obligation. This done, they prepared to take action on some other matters they deemed worthy of their attention, perfected their plans for the apprehension of the murderer, and rode away, each man to his home, none other than themselves being aware of the fact that they had assembled at all.

The dead society which they had thus galvanized into life is perhaps worthy of passing mention before proceeding to the narration of what transpired subsequently.

VI

"THE MOON'S ON THE LAKE, AND THE MIST ON THE BRAE; AND THE CLAN HAS A NAME THAT IS NAMELESS BY DAY."

ONCE upon a time in Tennessee, and possibly in some other states of the South, there existed an order which was called into being no one knew how, created a great stir for a season, and then died away as mysteriously as it had originated. Its aims and purposes were widely misrepresented and misunderstood, for while unique in its organization and methods, it was, in the principal object sought to be attained, not different from those voluntary associations which good citizens in many parts of the wide country have often been compelled to form when they found the law in their particular locality insufficient for the protection of life and property. The order of which I write was known to the general public at the time as the Klu Klux Klan, or, more briefly, the K. K. K., and was so obnoxious to those in power during the carpet-bag reign in Tennessee that it was a penitentiary offense to belong to it; no citizen was permitted to sit on a jury or give evidence in court without swearing he was in no way connected with it; and hostile grand juries were given inquisitorial powers in the effort to drag to light the conspirators who assembled by night at its summons and obeyed its unholy mandate. Yet, in spite of all this terrifying prosecution, perhaps to no small extent in consequence of it, the midnight society grew and flourished apace, and during the brief period of its existence exercised a profound influence, at least, in those sections of the state to which its operations were confined.

In its main purpose—the preservation of order and the protection of life and property—this society of the K. K. K. did not differ, as I have said, from the vigilance committees and other like associations that at various times in our history have been openly formed in many of the states and territories of the Union. Its grotesque methods, however, its peculiar organization, and the mystery by which it was enshrouded, distinguished it from all of these and gave it a unique place in the history of such popular movements. Yet, these peculiarities were not, as may have been supposed, the result of whim or caprice on the part of its founders, but followed necessarily from the troubled condition of the times. The emergency that called the association into life was such as would have demanded anywhere the banding together of orderly citizens for their own protection, and yet an open organization at the time was impossible, and, had it been possible, would have been far less effective than a widespread secret order whose very existence could not legally be proven and whose aims could only be guessed at.

For two or three years immediately following the Civil war, the situation in middle Tennessee may be fairly described as chaotic. Nearly all the white men there capable of bearing arms had sided with the South, and when those who survived the struggle returned home they found farms uncultivated, homes devastated, cattle and work-stock confiscated and the negroes emancipated. More than this, they found themselves disfranchised for their sins, the ballot in the hands of their late slaves, and William G. Brownlow in the governor's chair. This meant to the recently disloyal that they must look out for themselves, for they need expect neither aid nor sympathy from those in their own state who now held the whip-hand over them. Parson Brownlow, as he was familiarly termed, had been a noted character in Tennessee for many years. He was a man of personal integrity and of active mind, but seemingly without one drop of the milk of human kindness in his composition. As editor of The Knoxville Whig in the ante-bellum days, he proved himself to be a master of invective. Clinging with obstinacy to his own views on all questions, through the columns of his newspaper he berated as scoundrels all who saw fit to differ from him. If he had been domesticated in midde or west Tennessee at the outbreak of the Civil War, he would have most probably out-heroded Herod in his advocacy of secession; but, hailing from the eastern division of the state, he was a most bitter Unionist, and literally, by means of his paper, "dealt damnation round the land on each he deemed his foe." The restoration of federal authority in Tennessee found this honest but exceedingly vindictive old man in the governor's chair, and he was about as much in place there as John Calvin would have been over a congregation of papists, or a devout Catholic ruler of the sixteenth century over a colony of heretics. When, soon after the close of the war, a demand arose for the restoration of the ex-Confederates to their civil rights, the governor of Tennessee replied in a public speech that traitors to their country had but two rights he was willing to concede: one the right to be hung in this world, the other the right to be damned in the next. This characteristic utterance at least was attributed to him all over the state, and, taking their cue from it, the carpet-baggers, scalawags and such disorderly negroes as these could influence ruled the roost in the fairest portions of Tennessee. They terrorized whole communities, and neither life nor property was safe while their sway continued, for none looked to the laws as then administered to protect good citizens under the ban of disloyalty or to punish evildoers who vaunted themselves as friends of the government.

The better class of the negroes in the state, to their credit be it said, did not sympathize with the lawless element that prevented their earning a support by peaceful labor, but their quiet protest was unheeded, as was that of the respectable white people among whom they dwelt. The example of a few lawless blacks in each community, however, soon had its effect on others of their race, and the idea gained ground rapidly among the recently emancipated slaves of the state that liberty meant unbridled license and the freedom to do as they chose. The times, indeed, were out of joint, and the returning ex-Confederates, who otherwise would easily have mastered the situation, seemed powerless to restore order. Nothing could be accomplished by them without united effort, while any open attempt on their part to organize would, they knew, be regarded as an act of treason, and the leaders of such a movement subjected to instant arrest. It was under these circumstances that—whether in jest or earnest I cannot say—the singular society known as the Klu Klux Klan was mysteriously called into being. The general understanding now is that it originated as a practical joke gotten up by a few mischievous ex-rebels to frighten negroes and other superstitious persons in their locality. If so, the author of the plan must soon have been astonished at the startling proportions of the edifice of which they had laid the foundation. Their queer capers and ghostly garbs excited the terror of the negroes and induced them to remain indoors after dark. Rumor exaggerated their pranks, which doubtless were mad enough in themselves. Their example soon found imitators, and before a great while serious men adopted the fantastic idea and sought to apply it to a useful end. A formidable secret society was organized, numbering its branches by the hundred and its membership by thousands. The strictest secrecy on the part of the persons connected with it was easily maintained, since none of these dared to avow his fellowship with the order. Ghostly raiment and extravagant capers were found to be really useful features, striking more terror to the souls of the superstitious Africans than could the substance of ten thousand men armed in the proof. Perfect order throughout the entire organization was easily preserved, for nearly all the members had been recently discharged from the Southern army, and their leaders in the main were those whom they had followed through all the weary and bloody campaigns of the Civil War. Thus it came to pass that almost in a night there sprang into existence on the soil of Tennessee the most powerful and thoroughly disciplined secret society that has ever been known to exist on the American continent. Its influence from the outset was widespread and beneficent. Good people breathed more freely when they knew there was a klan in their midst able to protect them, and the desperadoes who had infested the country in most instances fled before they were actually apprehended or molested.

I have spoken of the organization of the society as grotesque, and this was certainly true. Not only were the most astonishing performances among its regular exercises, but the titles bestowed on all its officials were outlandish and preposterous. The head or captain of each separate band was styled "The Grand Cyclops of the Klan." Above him was another official with a high-sounding title, controlling a dozen klans or so, and over all was the commander-in-chief, who was impressively styled "The Grand Dragon of the Realm." Each separate company of mounted men was called a "klan," and the men in the ranks were designated as "hobgoblins." The true name of the order was not "The Klu Klux Klan," but the master of ceremonies usually whispered instead on initiation night some very long, hard word in an unknown language, with a supposed very deep meaning, which all were forbidden to repeat and which none ever could remember afterward.

The peculiar feature of this order, however, and the one that distinguished it from all similar associations that I have read of, was a standing judicial tribunal of three men, which formed part of the organization of each "klan." Without the order of this court—which, if I am correctly informed, was termed "The Dreadful Ulema" — no member of the klan could be punished for infraction of its rules, nor could any obnoxious character in the community be made to pay the penalty of his crimes. But for this wise provision in the constitution of the order, there can be no doubt that many hasty acts of violence would have been committed by the members in different sections of the state. It must be borne in mind that the leaders of the movement desired especially to avoid the commission of open deeds of violence, for a few such acts would have drawn down upon them the condemnation not only of the state, but also of the federal government. All the operations of the society were therefore conducted with the utmost secrecy and circumspection and its members at all times subjected to the strictest discipline. If one was arrested whom they thought the community should be rid of, the offender was not shot or strung up to a limb, but taken before "The Dreadful Ulema" for trial. The proceedings here were not conducted in the actual presence of the accused, and were usually brief, but extreme punishment was never inflicted if anything less would suffice. If the prisoner was discharged without bodily harm, as often happened, he could betray no more than that he had been taken at night by a company of very queer creatures, had been instantly blindfolded, and had been released after a while, with the injunction to betake himself speedily to some other part of the world. Sometimes this injunction was preceded by the lash, which, you may be sure, when ordered, was well laid on. Sometimes, in very rare instances, it was death. Then the community knew nothing more of the matter than that a certain obnoxious individual had mysteriously disappeared, and after diligent search by his friends could not be found. Whatever the sentence of "The Dreadful Ulema," it was obeyed; and without its deliberate sentence none was ever done to death or subjected to bodily injury by members of the klan.

It may be inferred from what has gone before that the author of this entertaining narrative was himself at one time connected with the secret order he has sought to describe; and while he is far from admitting such to be the fact, he does not mind stating to the generous reader that he was at a certain misguided period of his life an open enemy of the best government the world ever knew. He wore the gray, the author did, during the years 1861-65—and by the way, a very ragged suit it was he had on when the end came. Having returned home in the latter year a sadder if not wiser man, and seeking to earn a support by tilling his mother earth, he found himself in the very midst of the disorders of which he has made mention and in the very locality where hobgoblins by night did cavort. This being so, and the author being neither deaf, dumb, nor idiotic, he was enabled to pick up a few scraps of information, which he now with pleasure imparts to the curious reader. Following the usual form of legal affidavits, he here avouches that those things which he has set down upon his own knowledge he swears positively to be true, and those things which he has set down upon information, he verily believes to be true, and, drawing his conclusion from both these sources, he wishes to go further and make the deliberate statement which is to be found in the following paragraph.

Though outlawed by the statutes of Tennessee, and denounced in their day from one end of the country to the other, no association was ever formed in this country with worthier motives than this secret order of the K. K. K. No kindlier band of gentlemen ever assembled after nightfall in the deep greenwood, or rode in queer disguises the lonely highway by the friendly light of the moon. There is a streak of humor running all through the Southern character, as plainly discernible to the eye of the moralist as a vein of fine metal in a rock to the skilled mineralist. The mystic order of which I write never could have come into being anywhere else except among these people. It never could have flourished as it did, mixing serious business with horseplay, except among these people. That just home from the war, with their cause utterly lost, and wreck and ruin about them, they were able to extract fun at all from the situation, shows the wonderful elasticity of the Southern temper. But they did, and their merriment was honest merriment, while their earnestness of purpose at the same time, and along with it, was unquestionable. Now that the queer order is a thing of the past, and most of the ghosts that formed its rank have gone to genuine ghostland, I hope the reader will pardon this effort to rescue its memory from undeserved reproach. The author can say of a truth that while the society existed in his locality, he never knew human life taken by those subject to its mandate, nor any man robbed of his property, or any woman, white or black, treated with disrespect. That the hobgoblins when abroad were all armed and knew how to handle their weapons is not to be denied. That they were determined to protect their homes and loved ones and banish certain disorderly characters from their midst is not to be denied. Fortunately, the mystery that surrounded the order, and the general conviction that it was a powerful and resolute brotherhood, sufficed in themselves to attain the ends it had in view, and, this achieved, the members quietly disbanded. The dawn of day was then close at hand for Tennesseeans, the time for the restoration of genuine peace had come, and the secret order of the K. K. K. disappeared from public notice as mysteriously as it had been called into being.

So it came about that when Randolph Pearson and his companions met the night after the Bascombe murder to form a league for the preservation of order in their midst, they adopted the constitution of the old order just described:

First, because they found it ready-made, and were saved the trouble of cudgeling their brains to devise another that might not have answered so well.

Secondly, because the younger members present were pleased with the fantastic attire and grotesque ceremonies of the order they were about to revive, and hoped to extract some fun from a renewal of the same.

Thirdly, because Pearson and his comrades expected much good from the clause that provided a permanent court for the order. If this tribunal was composed of temperate men, mob law, in its most offensive sense, would be banished from the community. The new klan would be strong enough by prompt action to take charge of all persons suspected of heinous crimes, and no punishment would be inflicted until after a deliberate hearing. When the murderer, Ankerstrom, was apprehended, it would be for the three judges to say whether he should be put to death at once or turned over to the regular state authorities for trial. Pearson was fully resolved that, if possible, the latter course should be pursued. He knew the infuriated people of his vicinity were bent on stringing the wretch up as soon as they laid hands on him, but he made up his mind that when even so despicable a villain came to pay the penalty of his crimes, the sheriff of the county, and none other, should act as hangman.

It was therefore with satisfaction that Randolph Pearson, when the organization was effected, accepted the position of chief of the advisory court of the klan, which was unanimously tendered him.

VII

YOUNG MR. TEMPLETON SALLIES FORTH TO UPHOLD THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW, BUT COMES NEAR FORGETTING THE ERRAND UPON WHICH HE IS BENT.

TEMPLETON, riding at a brisk gait, covered the distance he had to travel in about three hours, and reached the county seat before noon. Going at once to the jail—which contained apartments for the sheriff's family, he found the officer away, but his wife, a pleasant-spoken woman, said he would return some time during the day. Thinking it advisable to await his coming, the young man proceeded up town, and, making the necessary affidavit, procured a warrant of arrest from a justice of the peace against the absconding murderer. Placing this in his pocket so as to have it in readiness when the sheriff returned, he next inquired for the newspaper office of the village. It was only a few yards further off, on the same street, and dropping in, he found a little old dried-up man perched upon a high stool setting type. As there was no other occupant of the room, Templeton bowed to this individual and politely inquired for the editor.

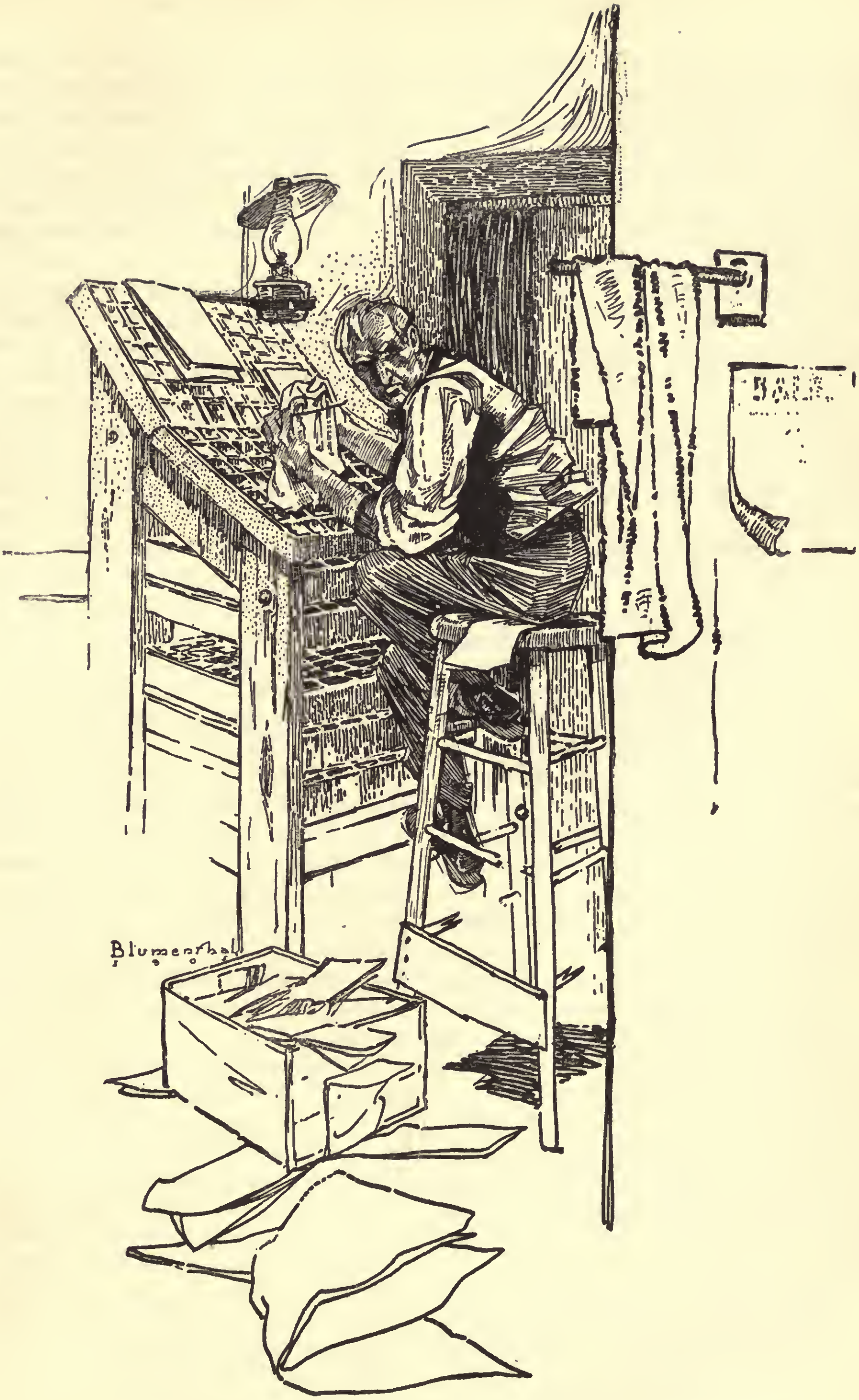
"I'm him," replied the person addressed, without for a moment suspending the business he was at.

"Excuse me," said Templeton, politely, "I mistook you for the printer."

"I'm him too," said the dried-up man on the high stool, proceeding calmly with his work.

"Oh," said Templeton. "I see how it is. So you are both editor and printer, are you?"

"I'm the whole push," said the little dried-up man, taking off his spectacles now and wiping them with his handkerchief. "I'm the establishment, that's what I am," and he came down from his stool, and walking up quite close to where Templeton stood, he viewed him critically. His manner would have been


Blumenthal

" 'I'm the whole push,' said the little dried-up man"

Drawn by M. L. Blumenthal

impertinent had not the visitor recognized it as that of a man who was at the same time both near-sighted and habitually on the hunt for an item.

"Whar you from?" inquired the dried-up man, approaching as close to Templeton as he could without treading on the latter's toes. "What's the news?"

"I thought possibly," answered the visitor, "that you might wish to know something about the Bascombe murder."

"And the hanging of that nigger?"

"Yes."

"Got it all set up. Paper be out to-morrow. Full confession and everything. Whole thing in to-morrow's issue. Price, five cents."

"Whose confession have you got in the paper?" asked Templeton, turning interrogator.

"The nigger's, of course. Whose else could it be?"

"How do you know he confessed?"

"Oh, they always do; and if they don't, we fix up one for 'em. Part of our business, you know. We fix up one for 'em and we fix it up right. The fellow that's hung ain't in a position to dispute a word of it, and the fellows that hung him they feel vindicated, and are well pleased, and come round and subscribe for the paper—see?"

"But, the fact is," said Templeton, "the negro did not confess in this case, as everybody knows. He died protesting his innocence, and the old lady, Mrs. Bascombe, revived before her death and charged another man with her murder."

The little old dried-up man who said he was the establishment here seized Templeton by the arm, and, without a word, dragged him to the rear of the room.

"How's that? how's that?" then inquired the little dried-up man, cocking his ear round curiously at the speaker.

"The negro made no confession; and the old woman before she died charged a white man with her murder."

The editor forced him to be seated on an inverted goods box that stood near a dingy window. Taking a stool himself on the opposite side, he seized a lead pencil and some sheets of crumpled paper that were lying loose upon the box. "Now go," he said to Templeton, when these hurried preparations were complete.

The visitor understood by this that he was to proceed with his tale, which he did in a plain, straightforward way, and the combined editor and printer dashed ahead, covering sheet after sheet of paper, and so amplifying the details that Templeton hardly recognized them when the story came out in print twenty-four hours later. When he finished—and he wrote more rapidly than the speaker could dictate—Templeton handed him a dollar and asked him to mail copies of his paper to different parts of the country, in order that the public might be put on the watch for the murderer. The dried-up man pocketed the dollar cheerfully, and, following his visitor to the door, informed him confidentially that just back of the town there was as good a tree for the hanging business as heart could wish, and when the real villain was caught he would take pleasure in pointing it out. "I'll make it all right and regular," he said to Templeton. "'Startling confession — mob completely vindicated. Tell 'em to have no fear on that score."

Templeton thanked him for his kindly assurance, and, having no further business in the newspaper line, sought to amuse himself by another stroll up and down the streets while awaiting the return of the law officer. Desiring to interest as many persons as possible in the capture of the murderer, he told the story of the crime to more than one group of listeners, and soon the whole village was familiar with the facts.

About sundown the sheriff came jogging into town on a flea-bitten gray horse and the warrant of arrest was handed him. When he had read it he alighted in front of the store of Dixon & Dix — he had been halted as he was passing there—and, with the bridle rein over his arm, perused the document again. Having inspected it sufficiently, he looked around over the little group that had gathered about him and remarked:

"Well, consarn that fellow; I met him just now in the road."

"Where? Where?" inquired several of the bystanders at once.

The sheriff was a tall, thin man of serious demeanor and slow-spoken. He might have been mistaken for a preacher but for the fact that most of the preachers in those parts were Methodist circuit riders who were not of austere deportment, but usually chipper and free with their jokes. Sanderson—that was the sheriff's name—was a man of subdued manner, and though not unsociable or uncommunicative, was inclined to take life solemnly.

"Where did you meet him?" they inquired again.

"Back yonder in the road," replied the sheriff, meditatively turning the paper over in his hand as he spoke.

"What did he say?"

"Nothin' much, nothin' much. We howdied, and talked a little about one thing and another. Well, consarn that fellow." The sheriff here whistled softly between his teeth for a while and then inquired: "Who swore out this warrant, anyhow? Who is R. L. Templeton? I thought I knew every man in the county, but he's a new one on me."

"I'm Robert Lee Templeton," said the young gentleman, coming to the front. "I swore out that warrant."

"You swore it out?"

"Yes, on the statement of the old lady, Mrs. Bascombe."

"This nigger that was hung," said the sheriff, eyeing him critically, "what did he have to do with it?"

"Nothing in the world," the young man answered. "He was hung under a mistake. There was great excitement, and no legal officer to take charge of the investigation, so they hung him without inquiring fully into the matter. It was just an excited mob, with nobody in control. I was there, and——"

The sheriff looked at him inquisitively.

"I was there," pursued Templeton. "but I didn't have anything to do with the hanging. I—I, in fact, was opposed to it."

"You stick to that, young man," said the sheriff, gravely, because there's a law in this country."

Templeton hesitated at this and displayed some embarrassment. He was among strangers, and could not tell what construction they might put on his admissions.

"You just happened in, I s'pose," suggested the sheriff, "not knowin' what was on the bills?"

"That was just about the way of it," replied Templeton.

"And being there from curiosity, or in some such fashion, you was bound to see things without takin' a hand in 'em?"

Templeton acquiesced in this, feeling that it did not express the entire truth, but was sufficient for the occasion.

"Now you stick to that," said the sheriff, raising a long forefinger and pointing it at him warningly, "because there's a law in this country."

Those present eyed the young man closely, and several nodded gravely to signify that the sheriff had given him good advice, which it would be well for him to heed.

After whistling again for a little while softly between his teeth, the officer remounted his flea-bitten gray nag and turned its head in the direction from which he had come. "I'm a-going after this here Dutchman," he remarked to those present. "Does anybody care to go along?"

Two or three volunteered, among them Mr. Bob Lee Templeton. Darkness was enveloping the earth as they wound their way down from the eminence on which the town of Ashton stood. It was now Monday night and forty-eight hours after the burning of the Bascombe house.

"He must be doubling on his tracks," said the sheriff after they had proceeded some distance in silence. "Looks that way to me."

"Why doesn't he try to get out of the country?" asked Templeton, who was riding by the officer's side. "I don't understand his hanging around here this way."

"Well, you see," replied Sheriff Sanderson, "the nigger's been hung, which shows pretty conclusively that folks took him for the guilty party. The old woman, though, didn't die right away, and she might tell tales before she died. So Cross-eyed Jack just dodged out of sight, bobbing up at first one place and then another to make believe he wasn't hiding. That is the way I happened to meet him in the road."

"He'll find out pretty soon that the world knows the truth. Then he'll leave the country in a hurry."

"Maybe he will, maybe he will," responded the sheriff, dubiously. "There's no telling."

"I thought the instinct of a criminal was to flee as far as possible from the scene of his crime?"

"That was in the old time, when a fellow had only to outrun them that was behind. Now they send telegrams on ahead, and then follow on his track by rail. The sharp rascals understand this and their usual plan is to lie low until the hue and cry dies out, and then steal off as quietly as they can. I knew a fellow once," pursued the sheriff, growing reminiscent, "that robbed a mail train. He was a boss hand at his trade, that fellow was. One night he bought a ticket for some place and boarded the train like any other passenger. When they had gone a few miles he rose and went forward to the express car. The agent was sitting by the table, and there was a loaded pistol in the drawer, within reach of his hand. He'd been told aways to keep a loaded pistol in that drawer, and he always kept it there. He was sitting by the table adding up a long column of figures. When he looked up he saw a man standing in the door with a shiny pistol pointed straight toward him. The man's aim was very steady and his voice very calm as he told the agent to rise and fetch him the money bag. The agent was in the habit of obeying orders, and he obeyed orders this time. So would you if had been in his place. He picked up the bag and such other things as he was bidden to pick up, and laid them down in a pile close to the stranger's feet. Then he went under orders to a corner of the car and stood there with his back to the stranger and his nose stuck as far into the corner as he could get it. The stranger pulled the bell cord and the train stopped. The stranger jumped off with his bags, and the agent explained to the conductor as soon as he got a chance. They searched high and low, and they sent for bloodhounds, but they didn't catch the stranger. The bloodhounds got on the track of a nigger fiddler and run him five miles and treed him, but that didn't help the situation much. Big rewards were offered, and the police picked up a dozen different fellows in a dozen different towns, but they didn't get the right man. Where was he? Why, he didn't go a mile from the place of the robbery before he stopped and went into camp. He picked a snug, out-of-the-way place, close to water and lived on scant rations there two or three weeks. Then he walked away and got clear out of the country without trouble.

"How did you find all this out?"

"Why, in the easiest way imaginable. As soon as the fellow got a long way off from the scene of his crime, and thought he was entirely safe, he treated himself to a big drunk. It was in Kansas City, and as he undertook to run the town, the police locked him up. They found three or four pistols on him, and more than a thousand dollars in money. Being a stranger, they ask him where he came from. He told them a lie, and a rather clumsy lie, being drunk. To make a long story short, they held him a few days on suspicion, and then, having obtained sufficient evidence, sent him back to Tennessee to answer for the train robbery. He pleaded guilty when his trial came and took fifteen years in the penitentiary. He's there now, I reckon, and a very sociable fellow he is, barring his trade.''

As the sheriff beguiled the journey with this narrative, the flea-bitten gray horse went steadily along at a fox trot toward the spot where his rider had encountered Cross-eyed Jack the evening before. After the lapse of an hour or more they reached the place, which Sanderson pointed out to his companions. They made a brief halt here and then followed on down the road in the direction the murderer had taken.

''Maybe he's found out by this time he's badly wanted, and maybe he hasn't,'' said the sheriff, musingly. ''I don't think he knew it just now, or he would have tried to dodge when he met me unexpectedly on the road. No telling, though; no telling. Some criminals are naturally scary, and some are bold as the devil. Maybe he knew the truth was out, but counted on my not knowing it.''

It was now past nine o'clock, but the stars were all shining, and they made their way without difficulty. The sheriff, after narrating the incident from his personal experience just given, lapsed into silence and began whistling softly between his teeth, which was a way he had when he was cogitating.

Presently they heard galloping horsemen behind them. They reined up, and in a few minutes a half dozen young farmers joined them. These riders had searched the country far and near for Cross-eyed Jack, they said, but had discovered no certain trace of him. Some person answering his general description had passed along the road they were now traveling, but they were not sure it was the scoundrel they were looking for. An imprudent member of the sheriff's squad informed them that it was certainly Ankerstrom who had walked boldly along the highway a few hours before, and on receipt of this news they stayed no further question, but set out at once to overtake him. ''We've got a rope,'' said one of the party as they separated, ''and we mean to hang the racsal as soon as we lay hands on him.''

''There's a law in this country, gentlemen,'' remonstrated the sheriff, gently.

''So there is,'' replied the fellow, ''and the very minute we are through with Cross-eyed Jack we'll turn him over to the law. You may have his corpse, Sanderson, if you want it.''

Going some distance farther, the sheriff and his friends came to a large frame house by the roadside. It was lit up invitingly, and from within floated the pleasant voice of a young lady singing to an accompaniment upon the piano. Here they halted, the sheriff said, to make inquiries.

'' 'Light, gentlemen, 'light! '' cried a rather portly old gentleman, advancing briskly to the front gate.

''Haven't time,'' responded the sheriff; ''haven't time, major.''

'' 'Light, 'light!'' persisted the old gentleman, who from his hearty voice and manner evidently meant what he said.

''Get down and come in, one and all. Come in all of you and stay all night.''

''Haven't time,'' responded the sheriff; ''haven't time, major.''

''Get down,'' reiterated the old man, as if he hadn't heard the officer. ''Get down and come in, gentlemen. Here, Bill, Jim !'' lifting his voice so as to be heard all over his premises. ''Come right along, you lazy rascals, and take these horses.''

''Well,'' remarked the sheriff at this, ''I reckon we'd as well surrender,'' and he alighted from the flea-bitten gray, the tired animal giving itself a good shake as soon as he quitted the saddle.

A sleepy looking negro fellow now made his appearance, followed soon by another, and the horses were led to the stable. The music ceased as they drew near the house, and quite a stylish looking young lady made her appearance in the front door. Templeton had begun to regret that his zeal in behalf of justice had prompted him to take such a wearisome night ride, but now, beholding the stylish young lady, and being young and rather susceptible, he congratulated himself that he had come along with the sheriff.

After a hearty welcome had been extended all round, and an ample supper partaken of, the major, the sheriff and two or three other members of the posse comitatus engaged in friendly conversation on the front porch, while Templeton and the young lady drifted accidentally into the parlor, where they soon became quite congenial. It was, of course, the duty of the young lady to assist her father in the entertainment of his guests, and being a very conscientious girl, and a very capable one to boot, she discharged her duty on this particular occasion so thoroughly that I am quite sure no feeling of self-reproach disturbed her after she had bidden her visitor a pleasant adieu for the night. As for Mr. Templeton, I speak nothing to his discredit when I say that before the young lady rose and bade him goodnight he had entirely forgotten the matter that had brought him to the house, and after seeking his couch and sinking into the kindly arms of Morpheus, he dreamed not of Cross-eyed Jack or the gallows-tree but of a certain fresh young face that was fair to see, and his slumbering soul was soothed by the music of a voice ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman.

VIII

IN WHICH THERE IS GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL

THE next morning early Sheriff Sanderson took a turn about the place to see if he could learn anything as to the whereabouts of the slippery individual for whom he had a writ of arrest. He found the negroes all posted concerning the hasty hanging of poor Sandy, and the discovery of his complete innocence after the mischief had been done and could not be undone. They were informed, too, as to the active part Cross-eyed Jack had taken in the proceedings, and from the rumors that had reached their ears were disposed to saddle on the shoulders of this villain the responsibility for all that had taken place. A few of them knew the fellow by sight, but most of them did not and had no desire to cultivate his acquaintance. They regarded him now as more devil than human, and feared it was his purpose to lie concealed for a while, and then bob up somewhere unexpectedly and in their midst with his appetite whetted for murder.

"You mout as well s'arch for a needle in a haystack," said a wise old darkey, "as try to find that furriner twell he git ready to make hisself known ag'in. He's hid out somewhar, round here, and jess zactly whar he is de good Lord I specks knows, but I doesn't. Mebbe he done gone in a hole and pulled the hole in after him."

At this not very original attempt at humor the old man laughed heartily, and Sheriff Sanderson, who was polite to high and low, laughed too. "I'm inclined to think you're right, Uncle Davy," he answered, "about his being hid out round here somewhere, but the devil is more apt to know where he is than the good Lord."

"Dat's the trufe," responded the old man, shaking his head and laughing again." "Dat's as true a word, marster, as ever you spoke. Dis here Cross-eyed Jack and de devil is buzzum friends, an' dat why he ain gwy be so easy kotch. When I was a little boy in Firginny I heerd talk of a flyin 'Dutchman dat was buzzum friend to the devil, and dat Dutchman dey never could ketch. Folk seed him, but when they come to lay hand on him he wa'n't thar."

"Mebbe dis here's de flyin' Dutchman," said a little negro boy who had been an interested listener to the conversation.

"Son," rejoined the old man, solemnly, "I got de same notion in my own head. Las' time de moon was on de change I dream 'bout dis flyin' Dutchman, and de nex' news I heerd Sandy Kinchen was dead and gone."

The breakfast bell now rang loudly, and Sheriff Sanderson returned toward the dwelling-house of Major Habersham, having elicited no information of consequence from the negroes on the place. When he reached the mansion house, he found the squad which had ridden by him the night before was on hand, awaiting breakfast. They were all weary and hungry, but brought no tidings of the missing man. He had vanished completely after his chance interview with the sheriff on the preceding afternoon, and nothing could be learned of his subsequent course, except that he did not keep to the highway. When Sanderson heard this he announcd his intention to return home, and advised the rest of the posse to do the same thing, as the rascal they were in search of was probably out of the neighborhood by that time. The fact was the sheriff had concluded that no matter where Ankerstrom was, the search for him should be conducted by quiet effort that would not alarm him. He therefore deemed it best to act as if he believed the fellow was not in the country, and at the same time to keep an incessant watch for him, so as to be certain not to miss him if he proved to be still lurking about in the vicinity of his crime.

At the breakfast table the whole array, some twenty hungry souls in all, were sumptuously entertained upon fried chicken, hot biscuits, strong coffee, rich sweet milk and other acceptable eatables and drinkables; and not having a cent to pay, arose from the feast with charity for all and malice toward none, except Johan Ankerstrom, who was mysteriously at large and would not give himself to be hung. As they mounted and rode off, they bade goodbye to all, and received cordial adieus in return from the members of the family, excepting Matilda the housemaid, who was distant in her manners. Sheriff Sanderson, on his fox-trotting nag, was among the last of the party to leave the premises. When he had departed no one was left behind except Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, who still lingered with the major and his daughter at the front gate.

Mr. Templeton lingered at the front gate because he had a different route to travel from that pursued by the others, being bound now for his home in the adjoining country. He lingered also because he found himself in pleasant company, and one as a rule does not like to leave pleasant company. As he stood at the gate chatting and exchanging pleasant remarks, preparatory to taking his departure, the major suggested that it would be better for him to remain over that day and take a fresh start next morning. Mr. Templeton replied firmly that he had pressing business awaiting him at home and was bound to go. The major in rejoinder said that he, Templeton, must be somewhat fatigued from the travel of the preceding day, and his steed likewise must be off his mettle, and therefore not in trim for another day's ride. Mr.

Templeton in sur-rejoinder admitted that his nag might be leg-weary from the previous day's use, but insisted that his business at home was of such a pressing nature that he must go forward at once and look after it.

As Mr. Templeton thrust aside the major's urgent invitation to abide longer under his roof, and was in the very act of lifting the latch of the front gate preparatory to passing out and riding away, it so chanced that he caught the eye of the major's daughter. Miss Polly Habersham had previously seconded the request of her father that he should postpone his departure till the following morning, but she had done this in such a nonchalant, off-hand fashion that the guest didn't really believe she meant what she said. At least he had been impelled by her indifferent manner to the conclusion that she didn't seriously care whether he went or stayed. Now, however, as he lifted the latch of the gate, turning his head slightly to one side at the same time, it came to pass that—as the saying goes—he caught her eye. Precisely what he read there I'm not able to inform you, but certain it is that the very moment he caught her eye his fingers relaxed their hold upon the gate latch.

"Stay, stay," persisted the major. "If you start for home dead tired, you won't be in any fix to attend to business when you get there."

"One day more won't hurt," said the young lady, in the same careless tone she had used before. Then she leaned her elbow on the top plank of the yard fence and gave the young man what they call an expressive glance.

"Major," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, impulsively, to the head of the establishment," I'll be candid with you, sir. I would like the best in the world to stop over with you another day, and I'm going to tell you why. Last night, sir, you delivered, as I am informed, an excellent discourse to some of the gentlemen of my company upon the state of the country at large, and I have therefore concluded to stop over, and—ah—inform myself."

"Quite right, quite right," quoth the major, heartily. "How can a man vote intelligently if he doesn't inform himself?"

"I should say so," chimed in Miss Polly Habersham. "It seems to me, if I were a man, and couldn't inform myself before offering to vote, I wouldn't vote at all."

The young gentleman's perfect candor on this occasion made a favorable impression on the major, as perfect candor aways has done and always will anywhere in this deceitful world. The horse that had stood at the rack was sent back to the stable, and Mr. Templeton's contemplated journey homeward was postponed till next morning.

Several lectures were delivered by the major in the course of the day on the subject of the state of the country at large, to all of which his visitor gave flattering heed. At odd times he relieved his mind by light discourse with Miss Polly, who, though not as deeply learned in statecraft as her father, proved herself to be fairly entertaining in her way. With music and chat, strolls and all that, she and the stranger within her gates whiled away the time till the sun went down and the stars peeped out and the lamp-lit hours slipped blissfully by, and the evening and the morning were the first day.

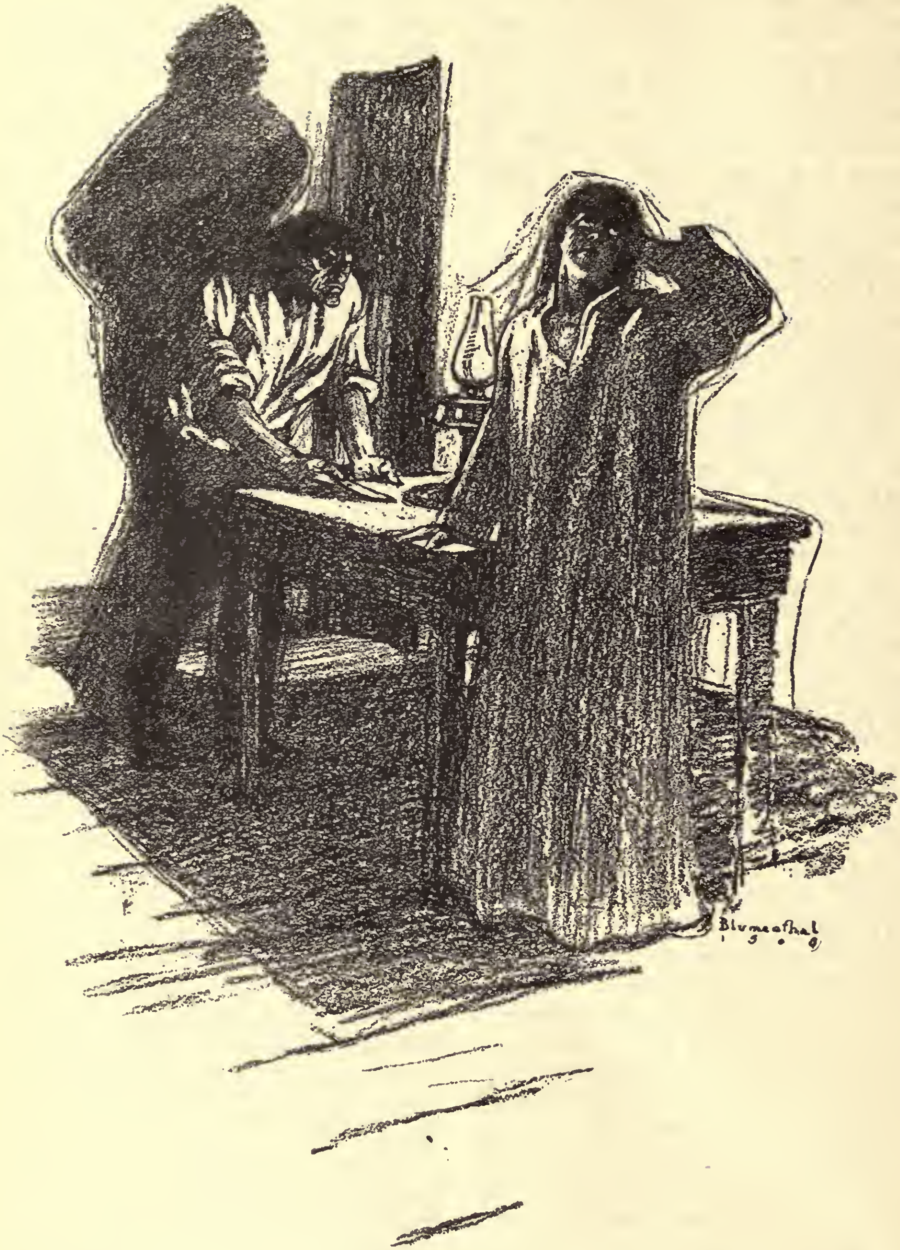
When Mr. Bob Lee Templeton did mount his horse the next morning, and did ride away from the premises, he felt exactly as if he was leaving old and dear friends behind. The major remarked to his daughter that the young gentleman was a very promising pupil, and would soon come to know as much about the state of the country as he himself did. And the daughter remarked to her father that he was a nice young man to boot, and quite a pleasant addition to her list of acquaintances. Uncle Davy, the hostler, publicly proclaimed that the departed guest was the most thorough gentleman who had visited the place since Miss Polly came on the carpet. "I'm gwy tell you how I know," said the old man, "and den yo bound to own I 'm right. Bekase when I hilt de horse for him to mount he gin me a dollar. Right dar is whar he showed his raisin'. A picayuny white man would gin me a dime, or mebby if Miss Polly had made him feel right proud o' hisseff, he mout a squeezed out a quarter. A tolerable nice beau would er let a half-dollar or sich matter slip through his fingers, but this here upheaded young marster he pitched me a dollar like he used to flingin' away money. Hit minded me of the old times way back yander in Firginny, when my young marster went callin' on de ladies in his gig, and I tuck de middle of de road on a high-steppin' horse behind him, bofe un us dressed to kill. Lord, Lord, dem was de days when quality folks walked right over poor white trash, and gentleman's body sarvant didn't bemean hisself by no kind of labor.'"

Sheriff Sanderson, as he took his way homeward, laid plots in his mind for the capture of the fugitive murderer, and deviated more than once from his direct path to put this or that trusty friend of his on the lookout. A good reward had been offered for the apprehension of the absconding scoundrel, and if there had been none at all the whole community was bent on catching him if he stayed above the ground. Randolph Pearson in his quiet way rendered the law officer all the aid that was possible under the circumstances. The members of his newly organized band were assigned to duty wherever it was thought they could be of service, and a general and systematic search was instituted throughout the entire country. Telegrams were sent off to distant parts, letters were written giving a full description of the person of the murderer, and the police in many different cities were notified that a cross-eyed villain, called Johan Ankerstrom, was badly wanted in the Marrowbone Hills, and a round sum of money would be paid for his apprehension.

But though the sheriff kept his eyes open, and his ears open for several successive days, and Pearson and the members of his vigilant band did the same thing, and numerous noisy volunteers with dogs and ropes scoured the country, not a thing could be learned of the whereabouts of the slippery individual they were anxiously seeking. The impression came to be general that he had gotten entirely away, and would have to be sought for in some other part of the world. The sheriff reached this conclusion and announced it to his coadjutors over the country. The vigorous search was almost abandoned, and the minds of the people were becoming gradually occupied with other matters, when suddenly an incident occurred that at once threw the whole community again into the wildest excitement.

At a lonely farm house some distance away from any public road, there lived a man named Hopson, with his wife and three small children. The poor man was a consumptive, too much debilitated to perform manual labor. He lived in a small cottage sadly out of repair, and possessed almost nothing in the way of worldly goods. Indeed, his lot was one of such bitter poverty that but for the charity of his kind neighbors he and his household must often have suffered for the necessaries of life. The folk about him, though, were very attentive to his wants, and the Hopsons were worthy people who deserved all the sympathy that was accorded them. The good wife, Martha Ann Hopson, was a cheerful and industrious body, laying to with a will at some kind of work every day, and skimping all around in the mangement of household affairs as only a hard-pressed woman can.

A basket meeting had been going on for two or three days at a church not far


Blumenthal
1909

"He motioned toward the bare table"

from the Hopson place of abode, and Mrs. Hopson with her three young children had managed to attend the place of worship, the elder boy, a lad of nine years, remaining at home with his father. On the last day of the meeting, after dinner, some charitable soul proposed that the fragments be gathered up and donated as a lot to Sister Hopson. This proposition meeting with universal favor, several baskets of provisions were taken by zealous friends that afternoon to the Hopson place. The good woman's cupboard was not only filled to overflowing, but many tempting things were left over, and these the three children set to work to devour, in order that nothing might be wasted. The two younger, having surfeited at the basket meeting, could not accomplish much in furthering this frugal intent, but the older boy did his duty nobly. He disposed, indeed, of such a qnantity and so great a variety of edibles that when he retired to bed he displayed symptoms of uneasiness that did not fail to catch the ear of his vigilant mother.

It was owing to the above circuumstance, as she afterward related, that she was unusually wakeful on this particular night. A little after midnight, hearing some disturbance among the fowls in the yard, she arose and started forth to investigate. The murder at the Bascombe place—not above four miles away—had made her nervous, and she undid the bolt softly and peeped out of doors before venturing beyond the protection of her roof. As she did so a man with a long knife confronted her, pushing the door open with his unoccupied hand in spite of such feeble resistance as she could make. She retreated a few steps and, following her into the room, he ordered her in gruff tones to strike a light. This command she promptly obeyed, making no outcry, for she knew that neither her little children nor her weak husband could render her any assistance. When the lamp was lit she saw that the rude intruder had unusally long arms for a man of his stature. He was bareheaded; his uncombed hair was filled with small particles of leaves and dry twigs, and she shuddered when she observed that his eyes were badly crossed, for then she knew she stood before the demon who had burned the Bascombe house and murdered the good old woman who dwelt there. He carried now in his hand a common tobacco knife, but as these are intended to sever at a stroke the tough stalk of the plant, he could not have procured a more dangerous weapon. Raising his hand in a threatening manner he demanded food, and the poor woman without hesitation opened the door of her cupboard and showed him all her precious supply.

When she had disclosed her stores to his greedy eyes, the villain motioned with his sharp knife toward the bare table, and understanding this to be direction to place food thereon she brought an abundant supply and covered the board with victuals of every description. While she was thus engaged her husband began to cough, and the murderer went on tiptoe to the bed, and displaying the keen blade of his knife, commanded him to lie back on his pillow, to which order the poor sufferer yielded trembling obedience. The three children all slept in a trundle bed together, and it was evident from the agitation of the cover that they were now awake, though dreadful fear kept them all as still as mice. From beneath a corner of the thin cover one eye of the little girl might have been noted, keeping constant watch upon her mother as she moved about the room. Now did the brutal scoundrel seat himself at table, and, without ceremony or compunction, proceed to devour like a ravenous animal such things as had been set before him. While with both hands he conveyed bits of food to his mouth, his hungry eyes roved over the numerous other good things with which the board was spread. When he had stuffed himself to his satisfaction, he rose, and taking from the shelf a figured bedspread, which was the poor woman's pride, he opened it upon the floor and piled promiscuously on it as much food of every description as he could pack off. Going then up to the wife and mother, he held his sharp knife close to her throat, while a murderous gleam lit up his tangled eyes. He spoke no word, but she said afterward that he somehow conveyed to her his meaning—that they had better remain perfectly still in the house after his departure or he would return and destroy the entire family. Then he went away, carrying his entire stock of provisions on his shoulder.

They were all hushed for hours after he had left; indeed, they did not dare to stir until the darkness of night had fled and the sun of the following day was high in the heavens. Then, one of the neighbors happening to drop in, the fearful tale was told, the alarm was given, and the whole community again was thrown into fierce convulsion.

A great crowd in a few hours thronged and surged about the Hopson cottage as it had surged about the Bascombe place a fortnight before, when the old lady lay dying in the yard. Great was the tumult, loud and angry were the voices that arose on all sides, but vain was the endeavor to trace the midnight robber to his den, which, they knew, could not be far from the scene of his persistent outrages. The sheriff came as soon as he heard of the affair and began a fresh search, but could not unravel the mystery of the outlaw's lurking-place. Barns, haystacks, hollow trees, every possible place of concealment was subjected to minute scrutiny, but none gave up the villain whom all were seeking. No trace of the robber, house-burner and murderer could be found, and a feeling akin to consternation spread itself abroad in the community. None could guess into whose house the deadly scoundrel would next seek to thrust his ugly visage at night without warning. Doors and shutters were fast bolted when the sun went down, and not opened again during the dark hours except at the summons of some well-known voice from without.

The negroes of the vicinity were, of course, more demoralized than the white people, and apprehension of being confronted with the now famous murderer acccompanied them at every turn. In the somewhat lonely cabin of Patsy Kinchen there was especial trepidation, for the widow of the late Sandy was convinced the murderous foreigner had sworn vengeance in his wicked heart against the entire Kinchen family.

"I done told Pete," said Patsy, the lad's mother, to Pearson, when the latter stopped one day to see how they were getting on, in their new abode—"I done told Pete not for to go meanderin' up and down de country wid no business on his mind, but to take the warnin' by his daddy which is dead and gone, Lord help his soul! If Sandy had been in de bed dat night, whar he oughter been, he wouldn't a got kotched out from home and hung. 'Stidder dat he must be up and gwine, bound for nowhares in particular, with dat little dog, Jineral Beauregard, at his heels. As for dat dog, Marse Ran, I hates to say a hard word of de dog, but he never set no good example for Sandy, and he don't exercise de right kind of influence over my boy now, no he don't. De dog ain't feerd of nothin', and Pete he ain't feerd of nothin', so, spite of all I kin do and say, here dey bofe goes, up and down, and cross country, and everywheres. One of dese days —mind what I tell you—in some out-of-de-way place, with nobody else in hollerin' distance, dey gwy run right slap on dat Flyin' Dutchman. Den whar'll they be?"

[To Be Continued]

THE HOME

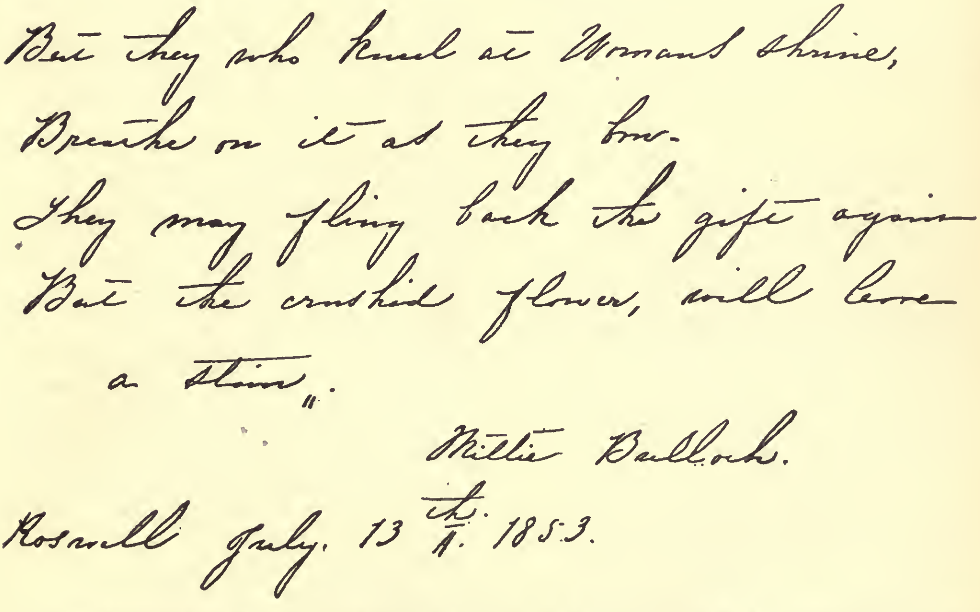
LEAVES FROM AN OLD ALBUM

By Junia McKinley

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

IN a quaint, old-fashioned album, owned by an intimate friend of President Roosevelt's mother in her girlhood, are inscriptions by many of his maternal relatives. Among the first pages is found a favorite selection by his mother, Martha Bulloch, signed "Mittie," her pet household name, and after that, verses by his aunt, Anna L. Bulloch (afterward Mrs. James K. Gracie of New York) and a little verse with affectionate counsel signed "M. B.," inscribed by Martha Bulloch the elder, who was the president's grandmother. Further on are some original verses by Stewart Elliott, half-uncle of President Roosevelt. In the album are inscriptions original and quoted, by noted southern bishops, clergymen, statesmen and men of letters, and representative women of the old South "before the war," written in the early fifties by people of the same exclusive social class to which the Bullochs of Georgia belonged.

Both Mittie (Martha) and Anna Bulloch were noted beauties and their favorite selections in verse were written in girlhood days in their girl friend's album while she was a Summer guest at Bulloch Hall, the family residence in Roswell, Georgia. The Bulloch girls were members of a strict Presbyterian household, where all the children were reared to care for the spiritual in contradiction to worldly aims in life. So, in these lines written by the young girls, it seems that all the glories of that glorious southern Summer, the bright days under cloudless skies, in sweet companionship with cherished friends, only reminded them of the deeper things of life and the joys of immortality. Truly were they lovely, dutiful and good, those gentle southern girls whose years of womanhood were destined to leave national impress. Mittie Bulloch, beautiful and queenly, to be blessed among women as the mother of a

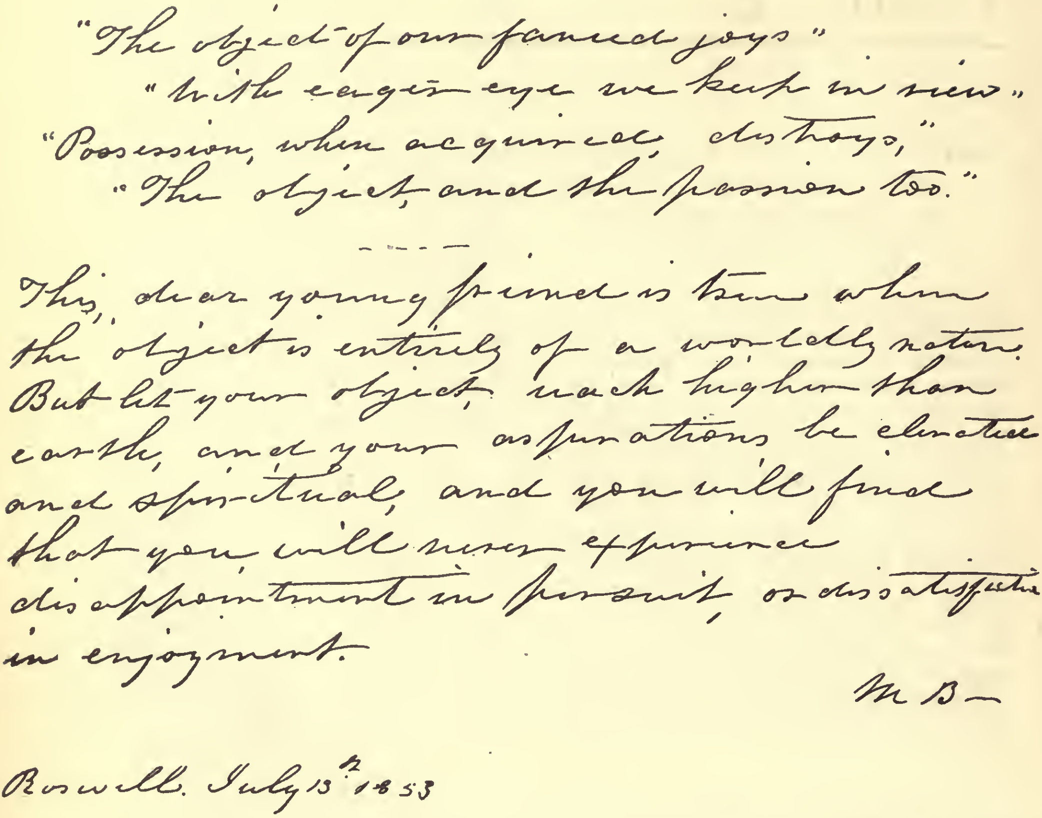


But they who kneel at Woman's shrine,
Breathe on it as they bow.
They may fling back the gift again
But the crushed flower, will leave
a stain."

Mittie Bulloch.

Roswell July. 13th. 1853.

Photographic Facsimile of Verses Written in an old Album by President Roosevelt's Mother Half a Century Ago.



"The object of our fancied joys"
"With eager eye we keep in view"
"Possession, when acquired, destroys,"
"The object, and the passion too."

This, dear young friend is true when the object is entirely of a worldly nature. But let your object, reach higher than earth, and your aspirations be elevated and spiritual, and you will find that you will never experience disappointment in pursuit, or dissatisfaction in enjoyment.

M B—

Roswell. July 13th 1853

Photographic Facsimile of Verses and Prose Inscribed in an Old Album by the President's Grandmother

great ruler whose name as president of the United States of America is honored among the nations of the earth.

Below are given selections from the old-fashioned memory book. Every page is full of the tender grace of the beautiful long ago, the balmy breathings of the fragrant blossom, love, "that, watered by the dews of loveliness and thought, maketh glad the garden of the heart."

The purity and delicacy of the favorite verses signed Mittie Bulloch reflect the character of the writer:

" I wouldst that thou mightst ever be
As beautiful as now;
That time would ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow.
I would life were all poetry,
To gentle measures set;
That naught but chastened melody
Should dim thine eyes of light.
I would — but deeper things than these
With woman's love are wove;
Wrought by intenser sympathy and nerved by deeper love.
By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven;
By all that wins the heart from sin
Is woman won to heaven.
The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow,
But they who kneel at Woman's shrine
Breathe on it as they bow:
They may fling back the gift again
But the crushed flower will leave a stain."

[Inscribed by Martha Bulloch, mother of President Roosevelt.]

Then comes the little verse and affectionate advice to her daughter's cherished friend, and hers, signed M. B. (Martha Bulloch) grandmother of the president:

"The object of our fancied joys
With eager eye we keep in view;
Possession, when acquired, destroys
The object, and the passion too.

"This, dear young friend, is true when the object is entirely of a worldly nature. But let your object reach higher than earth, and your aspirations be elevated and spiritual, and you will find that you will never experience disappointment in pursuit, or dissatisfaction in enjoyment."

M. B.

Roswell, July 13, 1853.

[Inscribed by Martha Bullock the elder, the President's grandmother.]

A few pages more, and one finds these lines inscribed by Anna L. Bulloch, written on that fair mid-Summer day so long ago, when all the beauty of blue skies and fragrant flowers seemed to her a radiant promise of never ending joy:

'The earth, all light and loveliness, in Summer's golden hour
Smiles in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with festal flowers
So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect bliss and love.

"Is this a shadow faint and dim, of that which is to come?
What shall the unveiled glories be of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life, where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light of immortality?

"To see again the home of youth, when weary years have passed,
Serenely bright, as when we turned and looked upon it last,
To hear the voice of love, to meet the rapturous embrace,
To gaze through tears of gladness on each dear, familiar face.

"Oh! this indeed is joy, though here we meet again to part,
But what transporting bliss awaits the pure and faithful heart,
Where it shall find the loved and lost, those who have gone before,
Where every tear is wiped away, where partings come no more."

Roswell, July 13th, 1853.

ANNA L. BULLOCH.

[Inscribed by Anna L. Bulloch, President Roosevelt's only maternal aunt.]

It remained for Stewart Elliott, half-brother of Mittie Bulloch, and son of former United States Senator Elliott, to give almost the only gleam of humor in the whole album in the following original verses written "just to please the girls" and signed Mathew Mattox.

THE MATHEMATICIAN TO HIS LOVE.

ADDRESS OF
I. PERBER LOYDE, ESQ., TO MISS POLLY NORMAL

Oh Polly Normal, cruel damsel,
Whene'er I ask you to be mine
You straightway fly off at a tangent
And leave the room without a sine.

"Go mind my Ps and Qs," you murmur,
"Make myself minus, vanish, fly."
Why P and Q? in this equation
There enters only U and I ? ! !

Behold these features thin and wasted
Eliminating day by day
In geometrical progression,
Fractions vanishing away.

'Tis love for thee that has reduced me
To lowest terms—so thin and spare,
No longer rational — a surd!
I! that was once a perfect square!

When weary day with feeble step
Hath gone to rest in evening's lap,
No sleep for me—oh monstrous thought!
I. Perber Loyde without a nappe!

I and U and all the world
Am less than — o (minus sign)
A function indeterminate
As x or y (let xy = 9).

Then cease this method of exhaustion;
Extract the root of fell suspense
From my poor bosom, darling Polly!
And list to love and common sense.

MATHEW MATTOX,
Author of the "Differential Calculus in Hexameter."

[Inscribed by Stewart Elliott, half-brother of Martha Bulloch Roosevelt, the president's mother.]

Further on, these good, good wishes —

"As soft as falls the silken shade
May every sorrow be,
Which grief, or care, or hope delayed
May ever cast on thee —
And let each joy be pure and bright
As dew on infant flowers,
Some tender theme of new delight
To cheer your pensive hours

And sweetly glide your hours away,
As music from the strings
Of woodland lyre, while o'er it strays
The pleasant gales of Spring —
And as a soft melodious lay
Dies on the still of even,
May your rapt spirit pass away,
And mingle into Heaven."

June 26, 1856. H. C. S.

And this little goodbye from a "Summer girl" of fifty years ago:

"An adieu should in utterance die,
When written, faintly appear;
Only heard in the breath of a sigh,
Only seen in the fall of a tear."

GARDEN HINTS FOR MARCH

By Eva Ryman Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

EVERY person who intends to have a garden, large or small, for flowers or for vegetables, should decide during this month what it shall contain, and every magazine or paper that ever treats of such subjects will be publishing advice of all sorts for the benefit of those who have land enough for a fairly large garden.

Because this is true, my hints for the month are intended for the thousands of National readers who live in cities and have but a tiny back yard, or perhaps not a foot of land, and think they cannot grow a few flowers; while they would laugh outright at the idea of attempting a vegetable garden..

The only requirements of a garden are good soil, moisture, sunshine and a little labor, and the one who has a fence, a wall, a door-step, a window-sill, or a bit of accessible roof where boxes may be placed, may order a load of good soil from some farmer and have a good vegetable garden in boxes.

Where the fence is of the close kind frequently seen between back yards in a city, put brackets near the top and place the boxes on them, to bring the garden up where it gets better light.

Radishes may be grown in such a garden and by putting in a few seeds when radishes are pulled for use an almost continuous crop can be maintained, or by sowing seeds of both early and late varieties at the same time the same result may be obtained.

Dwarf peas, string beans of the dwarf variety, onions and other small stuff, including parsley and the kitchen herbs so invaluable to the cook, may be grown as easily as the radishes, while deeper boxes, or barrels, make "beds" in which tomatoes and cucumbers of the finest quality may be grown.

The cucumbers which ordinarily creep over the soil will trail over the sides of a barrel and make it decidedly ornamental, while the Japanese climbing variety grows as its name indicates. Tomatoes, too, may be had in climbing varieties for growing where they can be trained against a fence or trellis.

If the light will be right but the soil is poor, along a fence, dig it out deeply and replace with good, then plant seeds of such things as are wanted. Either pumpkin or squash vines will, with very little training, clamber all over a fence, and their luxuriant foliage and large yellow blosoms make a fine showing. Later, the fruits growing from day to day and changing from green to gold challenge the admiration of all, and at last furnish delicacies for the table.

This is not merely a a pretty theory but a perfectly demonstrated fact and what was done in my neighbor's garden last year may be done as easily in yours this year.

Some of the climbing vegetable beans are as ornamental as the ones grown solely for their beauty and, like the things already named, serve a double purpose by furnishing enjoyment for both eye and palate.

It must be remembered that plants grown in boxes require watering oftener than those in the ground, but if never allowed to dry out they require less care in other ways, Usually they are planted more closely and cover the ground more completely so that weeds have less chance, and the ground being shaded by the plants, needs less cultivation.

If flowers are preferred to vegetables the same kind of garden is adapted to their culture, but never give up and feel that it is impossible to have a garden of some kind while it is possible to put an earth-filled box or barrel in any nook or corner, high or low, where it can be tended, and enjoyed.

Plant what you will, but for your own sake and that of others plant *something*, even though you live in a flat and have only a window-sill at your command.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

DRYING RUBBER BOOTS QUICKLY

By L. G. VAIL

Ravenna, Ohio

When your rubber boots get wet on the inside, to dry them quickly, thus saving temper and discomfort, fill them with dry oats. The oats should be first heated in an oven to thoroughly dry them. If very wet, replace the oats two or three times. The oats serve to absorb the moisture. A quick and effective way.

TO CLEAN PANAMA HATS

By GRACE E. HARMER

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

Of equal portions of precipitated sulphur and oxalic acid mixed, take half a teaspoonful and dissolve in half a tumbler of cold water, then dip a clean sponge (not too wet) and pass over the hat until perfectly clean, then place in the sun to dry, after which the hat will look like new. Ten cents will cover the entire cost.

BED-MAKING MADE EASY

By M. L. P.

Avoca, New York

Put two loops made of strong tape or cloth, through which you can insert your hand, on each side of a mattress, and see how much more easily it can be lifted or turned.

WATERING LITTLE CHICKS

By MARIA H. CLARK

Galena, Ohio

The best way I find to water little chicks, is to fill a flat tin nearly full of pebbles, and pour in water. The chicks drink in the little pools between the pebbles and are kept from getting in the water with their feet.

To be successful with little chickens you must keep them dry and warm.

WHEN CREAM IS THIN

By MISS BARTIE E. SCHOOLER

Fairfax, Missouri

When cream is rather too thin or difficult to whip, add the white of an egg to each pint of cream; the whipping can be accomplished much more easily, and the flavor of the cream not changed in the least.

NATURE'S WAY

By E. J. P.

Ipswich, Massachusetts

If those troubled with constipation or inactive bowels will try this remedy, much distress and doctor's bill will be avoided. Mix two cups of fine wheat bran with one cup of pastry flour. Then add one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoon saleratus dissolved in one and one-quarter cups sweet milk. Mix well. An egg improves but not essential. Bake in gem tins and eat one gem at each meal or twice a day as needed.

REVERSE THE BOBBIN

By MISS E. M. DARRINGTON

Yazoo City, Mississippi

If, when sewing on a machine, the upper thread keeps snapping without apparent cause, reverse the bobbin in the shuttle; i. e., take the bobbin out and put is back the other end foremost.

COMBING BLANKETS

By ADA CRANDALL

Union City, Michigan

We are all partial to the soft, fleecy blankets in cold Winter, but alas, they soon lose their beauty by the fleece wearing up in little rolls. They can be removed by taking a clean, coarse comb and combing lengthwise of the blanket, to a smooth, fleecy blanket again.

MAKES SOLES LAST LONGER

By MRS. J. L. RITCHIE

Northfield, Ohio

To make shoe soles last, soak them in linseed oil for one or two days; do not get any oil on the uppers, as the oil makes them stiff. This will make them last twice as long as they otherwise would.

MAKING STOVE-PIPES FIT

By ALLEN EARLY

Waco, Texas

If you should have an odd size stove, and your piping is too large for it, cut a slit about five inches up one end, lap over the ends and fasten with a brad. This is an easy, simple and very effectual manner to make the piping fit.

TEACHING BABY TO KICK

By MRS. J. C. H.

Buffalo, New York

Make baby's night gown long and put a draw string in the bottom instead of fastening the bed covering with safety pins.

IMPROVES THE POPCORN

By MRS. J. W. YALE

Middletown Springs, Vermont

To pop corn that has become dry and hard, shell the corn and soak in cold water for fifteen or twenty minutes; drain off the water (have a very hot fire) and put in a small quantity of corn or your popper will overflow. The kernels will be large, flaky, tender and crisp

Note and Comment

By Frank Putnam

A FEW REMARKS ON THE EXPOSURE INDUSTRY

IF you have read and thought upon the six chapters of Michael A. Lane's social study lately published in this magazine, under the collective title *Man in Perspective,* you have probably formed a clearer, kinder judgment of the faults of modern society than you otherwise would have formed. For Mr. Lane has made plain to us, as no other contributor to current economic discussion has done, the causes of the good and the bad conditions in the social organization of our time. Remove causes and you make cures possible.

I

On every hand we hear the roar of "exposures" and prosecutions — every one of them, as far as I can learn, amply warranted by the facts developed, and every one beneficial to society. To particularize:

Everybody's Magazine exposes corruption in the big life insurance companies and in the vast stock companies floated from Wall Street to absorb the surplus savings of the people not already gathered into the coffers of the life insurance companies or other benevolent enterprises projected by the Hydes, Harrimans, Ryans, McCalls, McCurdys, Rogerses and their ilk.

Success Magazine treats us to an exposure of the mad and heartless extravagances of the very rich.

In McClure's Magazine we learn how so-called "business-men" join with cheap politicians to plunder the cities; how the railways, in criminal partnership with the larger commercial and industrial monopolies (the Standard Oil Company and the Chicago Beef Trust are examples) make a mock of the right of every citizen to equal privileges with every other citizen in the use of these our public highways, and levy vast, unjust charges upon all the people.

Comes now the Cosmopolitan, guided by the strong hands of Wm. R. Hearst, its new owner, and Bailey Millard, its new editor, and proposes to expose "The Treason of the Senate" — otherwise known as The House of Stealth.

Senators and the huge corporations they really represent, jealous and fearful of President Roosevelt's popularity with the people, instigate exposures of public works going forward under his direction; of the misdemeanors of his household servants; of the policy he adopted to restore order and peace in the negro republic of Santo Domingo; of the Panama canal-digging (where, if there are any political incompetents holding jobs, it is safe to say they were jammed in by club-swinging senators — as happened when the army lists were stuffed with sapheaded "sons of their fathers" during the war with Spain) and so forth. Right here it is worth noting that most of the people and the papers that are yelping about Roosevelt's "imperialistic tendencies" would never utter a yelp if he were running with the System instead of against it.

This probably does not exhaust the list of the exposures, but it will serve to indicate their wide range.

II

Our appetites grow with what they feed upon. There is still a lively demand for more exposures and more exciting ones. The public seems desirous of hearing the worst as soon as possible. I have often been reproached because the National "did not do its share" of the exposing.

Bless your hearts, dear brother kickers, the National *has* done its share. We were not satisfied merely to stake out a particular group or party or class of sinners and expose them. We went right down to bedrock and in the quiet, simply written but profound chapters done by Mr. Lane we have indicted the whole human race. We have exposed human nature. If you thought that, amid the general crash of systems and wreck of reputations, you could escape, you were mistaken. Everyone of us is included in the general indictment.

It is charged against us,

1 — **That, rising from a strenuous but fairly prosperous career on all-fours, we are inherently selfish, and that our generous impulses and "humane" instincts are acquired;**

2 — **That our selfish instincts are still so strong that anyone of a very great majority of us, if he had the brains of Rockefeller, say, and Rockefeller's chance (were born in the right place at the right time) would have made precisely as bad, and possibly worse, use of his powers as Rockefeller has made of his;**

3 — **That when we expose the wickedness of other, stronger men, we expose a wickedness that is inherent (and seldom dormant) in ourselves, lacking only the imagination and force of the stronger man to launch us upon society, there to prey as piously and as joyously as these our most prominent pirates have preyed upon us;**

4 — **Finally, that upon the above showing of facts it is found to be not safe for the majority to trust anyone of us to exercise the enormous power that some few of us now do exercise.**

III

I doubt if Mr. Lane meant to expose us in this fashion. He is one of the quiet but dynamic breed whose passion is to gain facts at first hand from every open source, in order that, generalizing these facts into truths, we may know ourselves. He and his kind are content to allow others practically to apply the knowledge they uncover. In his *Man in Perspective* he has written for us (as he might have written it for children, knowing how busy we all are in doing the non-essential things) the story of what and who we are, whence we came, how we got here and what we are up to, now that we are here. If he adventures a forecast of where we are going, what conditions we may arrive at on this earth, he does so in the calm, logical temper of the scientific investigator, who has no ax to grind, no material interest to serve with the conclusion that he will arrive at.

His exposure explains and justifies all the others — the little local exposures conducted by our contemporaries. Men still do savage deeds because they are still savages, and for no other reason. We have kept the way open to the commission of the crimes of greed that we see are taking place all around us, not because we believed them to be moral and praiseworthy deeds, but because we wanted a chance for ourselves or our sons to do these deeds and reap such rewards as their doers have reaped.

And if now a majority of us agree that these deeds (the private monopolizing of public highways, for example) are no longer bearable by society, we reach that agreement only because we do not any longer see a chance for ourselves or our sons to do the monopolizing.

We now oppose the scattering and sheep-like self-protecting selfishness of the stupid majority against the aggressive selfishness of the wisely organized minority who are the present monopolists.

But, since we see that none of us is honest enough, or unselfish enough, to be trusted, either as man or chartered corporation, to own and operate the public highways, what shall we do with them when, exercising the right and power of a majority—of even a very stupid majority, and never forget that, my masters! —we take them out of the hands of the men who now pretend to own and actually operate them?

Plainly, the only answer to that is,— we must have common and equal control of them, and our theoretical right of equality must rest upon the solid, practical fact of common and equal ownership. And that fact must in turn rest upon the character of the individual: the individual must be sane and he must be honest. At present it is seriously doubted, (by the men who manage his estate for him) that he is either sane or honest. They think he is a good deal of a fool, inasmuch as he doesn't greatly resent being deprived of the finer pleasures of life, nor seeing his family so deprived, alongside the wealth and luxury of his managers and their families. And they know he isn't any more honest than they are because they notice that whenever an uncommonly able member of his class rises into the managing class, he promptly develops the same sort of appetite that they have, and adopts their identical methods of satisfying it.

The managing class is content to let matters stand as they are—they managing, we managed. The majority of us appear to be not satisfied as well as the managing class, and to desire a change. If our vitality as a people is exhausted, we shall never escape from the clutches of the present monopolists, but will fall constantly lower in their estimation and our own; if we are still vigorous, still fit to be free we shall find a way.

IV

So with those other monuments to the wise selfishness of the thinking minority and the stupid selfishness of the merely emotional majority of us,

1—The so-called protective tariff system.

2—Our murderous despotism in the Philippines.

The wise minority knew that the "protective" tariff would protect *them*—from foreign competition; and they knew it it would *not* protect the stupid majority (makers and consumers of "their" products) from extortion at *their* hands — after we, artfully persuaded by the wise minority, had denied ourselves the most elementary natural right and the most powerful agent of civilization, Freedom of Trade. The minority never intended that the *laborer* should be protected against the competition of cheap foreign labor, and they do not intend that he shall be today, if they can prevent it: witness the importation ("encouraged" immigration) of millions of Europeans in an ever-descending scale of fitness for free citizenship, and for the sole and only purpose of beating down the wages of the laborers in the "protected" industries. Witness, too, the rising demand of the wise minority that we shall now open our gates to admit the cheap labor of China. Is this not Satanic irony, the wise minority's devotion to "protection" against foreign products and its equally fervent advocacy of free trade in foreign labor? Mark Twain never created a situation one-half as funny as this.

The wise minority, (which never heard of the Philippine Islands until Dewey smashed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay (thought it saw a chance to get richer by robbing the Filipinos with one graft or another. The stupid emotional majority of us thought we saw in the same situation a chance to get something for nothing, even though we knew (by that subconscious process that with us of the majority serves instead of thought) that we should get that something only by proxy. So, in a wild hurrah of hungry greed, all hands charged across our outer walls, trampling the Constitution of the United States, the charter of our own liberties, into the mud as ran, and we took possession Asiatic islands. inti-

I judge from certain bene of our mations—certain solemn re oceeding high duty to humanity — of the wise from organs and spok ilippine deal minority, that in o take its loss the w. m. has d seems to have and quit. T that in this in- made u the gold brick; and stance ng we can do is to sell that her sucker and hike home oceeds.

it are even signs that painful and stomed thought is fermenting in ick skulls of the stupid majority of us, on this question. It slowly dawns on us that the best we have ever got or can hope to get out of the Philippines is a steady dirty job without salary, and paying all our own expenses. The white man's burden begins to gall us where we live — in our pockets. We of the majority, being quite as hypocritical in our stupid way as the wise minority, will presently proclaim our deep conviction that under our leadership and the guidance of an all-wise God the Filipinos have reached a point in their development where they may be trusted to walk alone among the nations. And we will shake their hands affectionately on the front doorsteps, wish them long life and happiness, and wir one eye at John Bull peering around the near corner of the house. What John does to them after we lea will be John's fault, not ours. We ll be satisfied to have got rid them and we may by that time ha got nse enough to invest our "enevo nt assimilation fund," or at there is left of it, in develo g the home farm. Then we wi pend the rest of our days e bame for the Philippine lay on each other and in swearing never had any lot or part in it, save d-like protest.

Jesting aside, I always regretted our siezing the Philippines, (you see I mean to beat the rest of you to a disclaimer) and there has not been a day since we did take them, until very lately, when I believed we might be induced to let them go. Today it does not seem impossible. There are murmurs of disgust with the job, in a good many quarters. Men of the flag-forever sort — so patriotic they can't help bragging about it at every opportunity—are quietly saying they "don't believe anyone would kick very hard if we did drop the load." One of these men is well acquainted with sentiment at Washington, and he tells me it is a feeling generally shared down there.

What we ought to do, he says, and I agree with him, is to let the Filipinos set up a republic—the first in the Far East—and make a joint agreement with Germany, Japan, France and Great Britain—our natural allies on most international propositions—warning other nations to keep hands off them. We would win their love and the world's admiration by such a course—incidentally saving several hundred millions of dollars, and getting back to a reign of law on our own account. Kings and sycophants would sneer at us—but the re men in every land would think better f us for it. If Theodore Roosevelt shou lead the nation to this step, his fame wuld shine bright forever. With all our falts, we of the great stupid majority love he memory of just men, generous men. My little son, slowly stumbling his way ne vening through a history of the Amican Revolution, looked up to me with flas g eyes, and in tones of savage htred nd contempt, he said: "What a villa that Arnold was!" Even as now we te our children to loathe the memory of tors, so shall the little children of he be taught to loathe the memory of querors"—the fierce ravagers of n-kind. I like the man Theodore Ro evelt so very much that I ardently wis he might crown his fame with successful action in this, the noblest opportunity that has been offered to any American president since Lincoln's day.

V

Although we have thought it needful thus to expose human nature in the mass (if for no other reason, then merely to explain the whirling host of little local exposures in the pages of our beloved contemporaries) and to cite certain specific proofs supporting the exposure, we do not despair of the race. We believe in man—with some limitations as set forth above. Our optimism is founded in such long-range observations as we find expressed in a certain quaint and merry little rhyme wafted to this desk by some anonymous hand a day or two ago, and which reads as follows:

MISTER HOMO

Yesterday he sallied forth, ax in hand, for slaughter;
Skin-clad, hunger-mad, ravening for prey:
Note him now at Vassar, visiting his daughter,—
"*Dear* Dad—*so* glad to have you here today!"

Pretty good for Homo, eh?—weighing circumstances?
How he rose, God knows; the rest of us forget.
Some think he's going back; *I* like his chances,—
Hustle, Mister Homo, and we'll all be happy yet.

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STRAIGHT TALK BY A REAL AMERICAN

THE federal courts of the United States outshine even the federal senate in the service of plutocracy at the expense of plain democracy. In his book entitled "The New r Chamber," Edgar Lee Masters tells
how and why the federal courts have
w o be the main reliance of organized
Cla
lawye Mr. Masters is a lawyer, partner of
of publ arrow (celebrated alike as author,
he strikes union defender and advocate
book. No ship of public property) and
judiciary is t from the shoulder in this
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like a writer; Mr. wo terms as inter-
fighter. You should g reformer fights
it. He does less than j writes like a
in my opinion, but he call ok and read
worst "Enemies of the Re oosevelt,
day more precisely and fo on the
any of the magazine "exposers" our
(*The Hammersmark Publishing Co.,* an

SOUTHWARD ON THE SEABOARD AIR LINE

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

YOU remember in your old school geographies one date which stands out prominently and cannot be obliterated from your memory—that is "1492, Columbus discovered America." The next remarkable date that comes to mind is when Ponce de Leon discovered Florida.

A glance at the old geography and the sting of the biting blasts of Boreas suggested it, and, as naturally as in Springtime "the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," did my thoughts turn southwards to Florida and the charming climate of the tropical Winter. A study of a railroad folder intensified the conviction that it was about time I was discovering Florida. Readers of the National, cosily gathered about the stoves, registers, radiators and fireplaces of the North will like to read of the American Reviera. It is difficult to repress the old, old longing, but I deny that I followed the impulse of Ponce de Leon, who went to Florida to search for the fountain of perpetual youth—for who could lose youth and hope with such associates as our readers! In fact, I have concluded that the fountain of youth, vigor and enterprise will not be found in the tropics, but rather in the temperate zones, where activity is more easily kept up.

Standing on Broadway in New York City my decision was made to go South, for it was here that I engaged in the study of a highly colored poster showing a palm grove and a train dashing through it. There was a thermometer, too, that cleverly suggested what a variety of climate may be experienced by the traveler of our age, in the Winter months, within a period of twenty-four hours. Shortly after high noon the journey was begun on the Seaboard Air Line, and at evening we passed through the national capital, then on to Richmond at a somewhat swifter pace than that at which General McClellan and his army moved in the years gone by.

The traveler begins to feel romantic when he touches Virginian soil, for the history of the old Dominion State is replete with great events, and in Richmond, as you look out upon the red soil and forests of the landscape, memories come surging up of Washington and the seven presidents whom this state furnished the nation and it seems as though the curtain had been drawn back for a glimpse of the past and the stormy events of a bygone century. From the handsome Richmond terminal, elevated far above the streets, in the few moments which the train remains, one obtains a bird's-eye view of the city that has played so important a part in American history.

Visions were called up of the dramatic day when Abraham Lincoln went to Richmond and walked with bared head to the White House of the confederacy, recently vacated by Jefferson Davis. From the car window at Fredericksburg we looked upon that disastrous battle scene, where the defeat of Burnside took place in 1862. Below Richmond, at Petersburg, memories of Stonewall Jackson and Barbara Frietchie come to mind. The old brick mills near the track are deserted and the bitter memories of the Titanic struggle at Petersburg have been swept away or effaced in the tide of prosperity flowing into the new South of today. It was in this city that General Winfield Scott was born and raised, in sight of the old church built in 1738 of brick brought from England. This was one of the oldest churches in Virginia, and on the ruins someone has inscribed:

"Lone relic of the past! old mouldering pile,
Where twines the ivy round its ruins gray."

One cannot pass through Virginia, nor even mention the name of the state, without recalling Robert E. Lee. What more thrilling pictures are there in history than his inspiring career afford, or what more vivid contrast can be found than his later days, when he looked peacefully down from the teacher's rostrum into the eyes of the sons of those soldiers who followed his fortunes during the war! No wonder that the Southern women economized and made every possible sacrifice to have their sons educated at the old Washington and Lee university.

Here, too, the traveler seems to hear faint echoes of patriotic Patrick Henry's impetuous declaration,

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

What American boy or girl has not heard of that scene in old St. John's Church as the ringing tones came from the pew where the orator stood, while listening people afterward declared that they felt "sick with excitement." How often since have these words been heard from the lips of "young America" all over the country, and how often will they thrill generations yet unborn, making them better Americans and better men and women!

At Petersburg I was interested in noticing that the old embankments which in former years were used for warfare and carnage are now capped by the gleaming steel of railways, which presage the prosperity of the new South, and this prosperity is very apparent in Henderson, N. C., the old tobacco center, which is the scene of industrial enterprise.

It was delightful to stop off at Norlina for an evening meal in the old hotel. The pines and magnolias outside seemed to whisper a true Southern welcome. Of course there were hot bisuits, ham and eggs, mince pie and milk. The line from Norlina to Richmond has been constructed within the last seven years, and this connection has done a great deal in bringing the South and North into close contact, bridging the chasm of Civil war. This little link has made the great systems of the South an important factor in welding and unifying the nation, for the thrifty Yankee is working wonders in the South, bringing prosperity not to be so easily secured in any other way, and vice-versa, the Southerner in New England soon comes to see how necessary each section is to the other in the upbuilding of the "Union—one and inseparable."

A long stop at Raleigh, N. C., where, occupied by colored people stands a cabin in which Andrew Johnson was born and from which he ran away to the wilds of Tennessee. At Waxhaw, N. C., the traveler may look upon the birth place of Andrew Jackson, whose birthday was being celebrated in all parts of the country the day I passed through this city on my way South. The governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina were not present the day we crossed the border into the land of Sumter and Marion, where the rice fields brought the first dawn of prosperity to the American colony, but the fertility of that hospitable and historic country is apparent. It was at Camden, S. C. that Baron De Kalb was killed and buried, and it was here that Lafayette laid the corner stone of the De Kalb monument in 1824. Everywhere are relics of Colonial days, and part of the entrenchments of Cornwallis are also visible, where lies the grave of "Agnes of Glasgow." She was the Scottish lassie who came to America in search of her soldier lover. She reached the camp only to learn that he was dead, and when she herself soon passed away within the lines, the soldiers carved upon the stone all they knew of her, "Agnes of Glasgow."

These old times have passed forever, and the very conductor on the train gives a glimpse of the character of the New South. Ever courteous, with the most mellifluent of voices, delightful as George Ade's "College President," our conductor gave me information without stint, and every passenger in the train was made to feel that he was the guest of the company on that trip, whether the traveler happened to be the holder of a first class ticket or occupier of a seat in the "Jim Crow" car. The courtesy of the smooth faced man, with the two gold stripes on his uniform, was indeed refreshing.

At Southern Pines a large contingent of the passengers left for Pinehurst. Now when you mention GOLF you must always think of Pinehurst, that incomparable retreat which has become the popular rendezvous of wealth and fashion during Winter months. I had not my golf sticks with me, so I did not stop off. I dont mind letting you into a secret and admitting that if I had golf sticks they would not have been of much use to me, as the only golf sticks I have ever learned to handle are the axe, the hoe and the rake—I can use a broom if necessary. I sometimes think if the same amount of energy that is expended in golfing were applied upon the cultivation of the soil, the land would all blossom as the rose, while the cultivators would have fresh air and exercise, and not have to work much harder than they do now in pursuit of pleasure. However, the axe, the hoe and the rake have not yet become fashionable, though the use of the golf sticks is certainly an approach toward it and may be regarded as a step in the right direction, for it brings the players into the open air and indicates an appreciation of the value of muscular development.

In Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, there are many memories of the tragedies of the Civil War and of Sherman's march to the sea. After its destruction the city arose from the ashes and is now one of the most charming in the South. The old State House was one of the few buildings not destroyed by fire, and on it appear the marks of Sherman's cannon balls. It seems as though the facts of history are never clearly grasped until one has visited the scene of the events chronicled. I was interested in learning of the strong loyalist feeling which existed in the South in the days prior to the Revolution, and it is singular that out of this same South should have come the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence—evidently "extremes meet."

Entering Savannah it was difficult to believe that this city was held by the royalists for nine months, prevailing against Count Pulaski and other allies fighting for the American cause and the freedom of the country: the final battle may be called the Bunker Hill of the South, being one of the bloodiest of the entire campaign. The people of Savannah feel just pride in the fact that some of the powder used in the battle of Bunker Hill was sent from their city, having been taken from the government stores.

When Oglethorpe founded Savannah and lived on Bay Street—every Southern town seems to have its "Bay Street"—he intended the new city as a refuge for the imprisoned debtors of England; his relations with the Indians form one of the bright pages in the calendar of our dealings with the red men.

It was to Savannah that John and Charles Wesley came in 1736, and it is claimed that the Sunday school which they opened there was the first in America.

It was here that Charles Wesley wrote many of those hymns which are still sung throughout the world.

Twenty-four hours after leaving the chilling blasts of New York, I found myself on the streets of Jacksonville, the energetic and thriving "gateway of Florida." Well paved streets, skyscrapers and a harbor filled with shipping are among the characteristics of this city. The war vessel Florida was in the St. Johns River. Little evidence remains of the terrific fire of 1901, but everything appears to date from that. The visitor is given information regarding the scourge of fever in '88, and the shocking massacres in early days are not forgotten, but "the fire" is the inevitable date for all local history.

With three great trunk lines centering here, Jacksonville is truly an important port and distributing point on the Atlantic coast. The city owns its own lighting and water plants, and as we passed by the water works it was remarked, "There is no graft there."

So, of course, we all took a second look. The spirit of enterprise is manifest on every side. Electric power is furnished for seven cents per kilowatt. Municipal water and light have proved a successful venture and have been operated by the city with much profit.

Here was a glimpse of palm trees. Palmetto Road is a beautiful boulevard with double rows of trees beside the grass plat which runs down the middle of the roadway. The handsome residences on either side make up a street of rare beauty.

Along the line from Savannah I was interested in the great turpentine groves. A box is first made in the trunk of the tree and then the bark is trimmed off year by year to about six or eight feet high, but care is taken not to entirely girdle the tree as it will continue to grow so long as the depleted ring does not entirely encircle the trunk. The great forest of turpentine trees looked as though wearing knickerbocker stockings, as seen from the car window.

There are swamps, of course, and one can look upon the rice fields and the cotton fields near by, which are drawing the wealth of the world, for cotton we must have. On either side of the train at night, through the Carolinas, one looks upon the brilliantly lighted factories of the South. It may be that there are some crying evils in these factories, but regulations can mend them and the development of the people has been marvelous along industrial lines, owing to these enterprises. For what was their condition before as compared with now?

The dull and hopeless isolation which deadened all ambition has been dissipated, and the children need no longer grow up in the dense ignorance shown by the alarming figures of illiteracy in the South. Give them a chance to earn a livelihood and come into contact with their fellow beings, stimulating ambition and resolution.

TALES OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CITY

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THERE was evidence on every side that the tourist season had begun. Jacksonville is an important terminal point, for here the through trains stop and here one looks upon the bright yellow cars of the Florida East Coast Line, which has won the reputation throughout the world of being one of the best equipped roads yet built. When you traverse the East Coast of Florida in luxury, you begin to realize that railroads are the revolutionary force of the world. On every side there was much to suggest the advent of the New South. I had reached the land of magic, and no wonder I retired with a keen anticipation of what I might see on awaking, for I was now entering enchanted Florida.

On the handsome parlor cars of the Florida East Coast line I left Jacksonville in the afternoon for the oldest city in the United States, possessed with a feverish anxiety to look upon this quaint old town with historic memories. The moment I boarded that train I thought of the man who had made possible all this exodus to the South. This is his railroad. This is the great country which he has helped so largely to develop. Florida, Flagler and Vim seemed to paraphrase in my mind the "F. F. V." of the South, for all these systems reach out far into the South, converging toward Florida, the Paradise of America.

In the afternoon glow, I looked upon the great forests of stately pines, behind which was the orange flush of the sunset. Forests were on either side of the track, recalling the fact that almost every inch of this ground had been stubbornly contested with the ancient, incorrigible Seminoles, who retreated to these glades and never were conquered by the use of firearms. Twenty years ago a man with a purpose in his mind came to the South —he conquered. He dreamed dreams which he has lived to see realized.

Yes, here was St. Augustine. Over-

THE BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL COURT OF THE ALCAZAR

head were arches of electric light, shining on the white-painted-station, swept by the tempered breath of the Gulf Stream. Clean, neat, thrifty, everything seemed to breathe comfort. Through the park I walked, with the rustle of real palms overhead and the glitter of electric light upon the trees. Down the clean well-kept streets to the hotel I passed. It was moonlight, early in January, but as sweet scented as a Massachusetts May day. It was the night preceding the opening day of the Ponce de Leon Hotel, and there stood that massive pile of masonry, dark and silent, nestling in a setting of rich tropical foliage, waiting to be called into action for another season.

Across the way was the Alcazar, with its twin turrets, touched by the magic of Moorish moonlight. I walked up the great court along a winding pathway lined with neatly trimmed hedges and overhung with palms. It seemed like entering another land, and I almost expected to hear the twang of the Spanish guitar and see the haughty dames of the court of Isabella. Truly if the historic Queen of Spain could have realized that in the far-off land discovered by Columbus there was a country destined to outshine even the glory of her Castilian court, she would have sent the messenger after the retreating form of Columbus long before she made that momentous decision which led to unfolding the scroll of a new world.

The rustic arched bridge, beneath which was the gurgle of the playing fountain, and the soft rustle of the tropical foliage carried me far from modern life,

"Dark and deep lay the palm shadows on the turf, so still they seemed but pictured gloom."

As in a dream, I gazed and gazed,

reluctant to turn away from the glories of the tropical night, even for such a dinner as can be found only in a Flagler hotel.

After I had dined I wandered out once more into that quaint and ancient city, lying steeped in the witchery of moonlight, and I could well understand the fascination such a country must have had for the early Spanish explorers. Across the street were the beauties of the Ponce de Leon, silent and dark like some vast, enchanted castle. It was difficult to believe that in a few hours the spell would be broken and all would be life and movement.

To me Florida is not simply a reminder of the Reviera. It is rather a renaissance of Spanish glories, which surpasses the brilliancy of the original. It is a complete innovation, not modelled on the great resorts of the Mediterranean, which it may well claim to outshine. It can hardly be believed that when a man looked upon this site twenty years ago he saw nothing but a swamp. He said, "Here I will build a living picture which shall become one of the great achievements of the age."

The glory of the present age is the work of such men. It is like magic. We have had great warriors, poets, statesmen, dramatists but ours is distinctively the age of industrial courage.

Down through the old Plaza I wandered, looking upon the post office, a reminder of the days of English possession. I passed on through courts walled in by well trimmed hedges and yews, and encircled by houses adorned with red-tiled roofs. It is not in any one thing, but in the welding of the ancient and modern that one sees the best monument of present day benefits. In the Plaza is the monument which was erected when a constitution had been granted to the colonies by Spain—afterward withdrawn. It was written in Spanish and I tried to decipher the words in the moonlight. After the constitutions were revoked the tablets were torn down in most cities, but St. Augustine has preserved hers. I saw the sharp-pointed spire of the old Episcopal church and the facade of the old cathedral, with shadows playing upon the oldest place of worship on the American continent. I had a desire to see all that I could in the glamour of the moonlight, for who does not remember the charm of "the witching hour" in looking over Melrose Abbey and other historic spots which figure in the tales of Sir Walter Scott!

Down on the old sea wall I wandered, where the lighthouse flashed out—like a living watch tower of Time—a warning to the mariners at sea. Along this old wall are many reminders of earlier days, but I passed on by the old fort. It would be difficult to describe the emotions awakened by these grim walls, built like a four-pointed star, each point looking like the bow of a great vessel, heading into the greensward. The drawbridge and the moss-covered walls, built of coquinna, give a touch of romance. Outside the moat is a cluster of trees. This great stretch of greensward is now used as golf links, with the moat as the hazard.

From the watch tower one can look far out to sea and fancy how the soldiers of old would watch incessantly for the black flag of Captain Kidd and his pirates or the more cheerful colors of a home-coming ship. When the Indians were kept in the fort not many years ago it presented a picturesque sight as they sat upon the parapet attired in their gaudy robes, looking upon the land which the white man had taken with no better right than a gun.

The moat reaches from the bay to the river Sebastian and entirely surrounded the fort with water in the days of ever-present danger. In the old fort gateway were the apertures where the gates had

TOWERS OF THE ALCAZAR ABOVE THE TROPICAL GARDENS

swung, for they are now down. Many young couples moved about among the shadows, for the romance of the spot makes it an ideal place for youthful dreams.

From here I wandered down to the north gate of the old city, with its six-foot-square pillars still standing. Then on down that little old street, where the over-hanging balconies across the narrow roadway made even a prosaic Northern editor feel like a Spanish cavalier. I expected every moment to hear a guitar, for it seemed hardly possible that I should reach the hotel without meeting some Romeo serenading his lady. What a thrill it gives one to look upon these scenes, to realize that even the old knockers on the doors have beaten a call for generations of hands long since crumbled to dust. On my way back I met ladies with lace mantillas, and the only thing which seemed to strike a false note was the "infernal red lights" strung on the tower of the Alcazar. One dreams of the fierce loves and fiercer hates of the old days, and anything modern seems out of place for the moment. But American civilization is making sad inroads on the romance of all these places, and the tendency is to supplant the quaint old grays of age with new and gaudy colors.

The Cordova, now an annex of the Alcazar, is an interesting study as an example of Spanish architecture. Down the street is a club house, a reproduction of an old Moorish building, now called the "Zorayda." At the back of the Ponce de Leon is the beautiful memorial church, built by Mr. Flagler in memory of his deceased daughter. Its mosque dome is in keeping with the picture, which is a complete ensemble of Spanish architecture.

Back to the hotel—to music and modern life! People were still gathered about in the great hall in social groups, some standing, others reclining in chairs, but everyone just where he or she pleased, chatting and listening to music —no stiff rows of chairs for concerts— just a pleasant evening, when you dislike to think of retiring and leaving it all. Next morning at sunrise I looked out from my window on the court. The sunlight glanced on the water and the red-tile roofs; the reds and bronzes of the sky seemed to be reflected on earth; the red-bird, in gay plumage, bowed a good morning on a near-by casement. I went for an early morning stroll toward the old sea wall and barracks, which was formerly a monastery, and came upon the Methodist Church, which was given by Mr. Flagler and is another fine specimen of Anglo-Spanish architecture. The north gate of the city is situated near the fort and has an old sentry box on either side. Just outside the gate is the Huguenot cemetery and inside the gate is the Spanish cemetery, with its green-tinted, mossy tombs. Another visit to old Fort Marion; and now that the spectres of night had passed we went down to see the ghostly dungeons, which suggested the Spanish inquisition. These were constructed three centuries ago and the material used was coquinna, a stone made of portions of shells and coral cemented together by the action of the sea waves.

As we walked around the outside walls of the old city, I saw the live oak trees, which are not a species of the real oak, but have branches extending out 100 feet, while the trees are less than sixty feet in length. They are overhung with moss, and are among the most singular and beautiful trees of the world.

In the orange grove of Dr. Garnett I had the pleasure of picking tangerines from the trees, and also tasted other varieties of tropical fruit, all of my "own picking." Since the great freeze of '94, piles of wood are kept throughout the orchard, and the minute the cold wave is signalled the fire is kindled and the smoke and warmth keep off the frost. The hedges of "Spanish bayonets" are a curiosity. This is a plant most appropriately named, because it is almost impossible for anyone to force a way through such a hedge without uprooting it. What a contrast it was to look from this hedge upon the Marshal Neil roses and oleander bushes—in the middle of January.

Later in the day I walked across the street with Mr. Flagler to the Ponce de Leon. I wish I could describe the simple majesty of the man as he looked upon his own creation. We stopped in front of the gate, on either side of which are lions' masques. These are already covered with the mould of nineteen Summers, but the projector insists that it shall not be disturbed, so the mark of antiquity is left where nature has seen fit to place it. The hotel is built in the Spanish style of architecture, and yet is distinctively and purely an American interpretation of Spanish grandeur. Mr. Flagler remarked that the best thing about it was its absolute honesty. Everything is thorough and there is no pretence of anything being other than it is. It is certainly a satisfaction to know that every detail of this building is complete. The lion's masque is introduced in memory of Leon, the Spanish town which stood out against the Moors so long, and it is also the emblem of Ponce de Leon, who was proclaimed "Leon" in name and in heart. Above the gateway is a stag's head, the sacred totem of the Florida Indians. Inside the gate we looked, in the daylight, upon those great towers, suggesting the Mohammedan mosques and peculiarly adapted to their surroundings. From this tower the view is magnificent. In the center of the court is the fountain, where terra cotta frogs are defiant, and behind it is the massive front of the hotel; carved in relief is the legend of Ponce de Leon, the principal events in his life being depicted on the walls. It is a rare treat to visit this hotel with Mr. Flagler, for he knows that it typifies the integrity of worth and merit on the part of builder and architect.

Leading out on either side of the gate is the loggia. In the dolphins of the fountains there is a special significance, because St. Augustine once bore the name of the River of Dolphins, and the dolphin motif is repeated again and again. The idea of the sea is carried out in the door knobs, which are modelled after sea shells. The decorations of the rotunda were to me as intensely interesting as anything I had

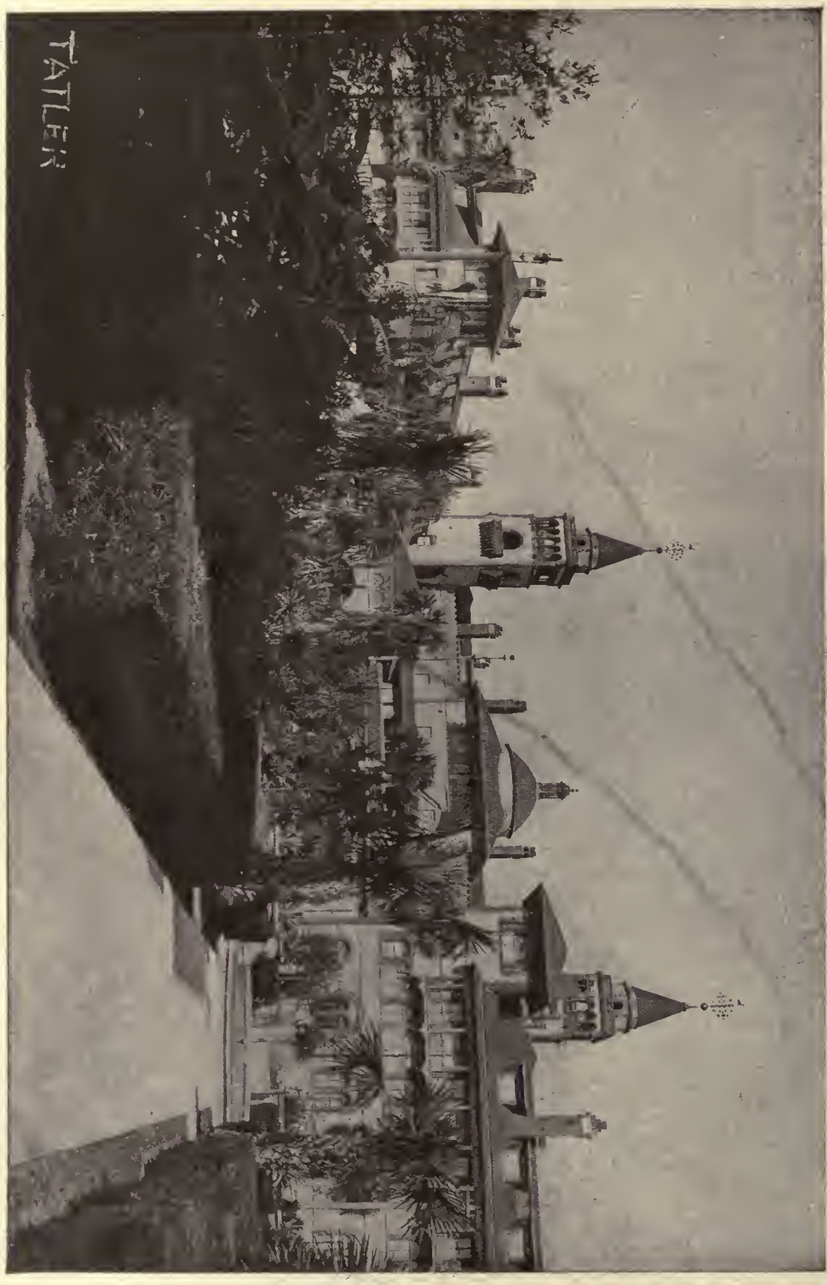
OLD SPANISH CATHEDRAL FACADE AS BUILT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY seen at Versailles or about the courts of Europe. Done in the Spanish renaissance style, there were figures representing Earth, Air, Fire and Water and other allegorical representations. Throughout the decorations is the masque of the sun-god of the Florida Indians, which looks like the beaming face of a happy Cupid. In the entrance is a broad stairway of Mexican onyx, which leads to the dining hall, which is without doubt not excelled in the world in its richness of decoration. On the floor, in mosaic, may be read the touching words of Shenstone,

> "Who'er has travell'd life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

A DRIVE IN DR. GARNETT'S ORANGE GROVE, ST. AUGUSTINE

Leading from the great central dining room are two spacious circular alcoves, and the dining room throughout is unequalled as a specimen of mingled modern and Spanish decoration. On the walls are pictured the caravels of Columbus under full sail, but what especially impressed me was the richness of everything. In each of the four corners of the domed ceiling was a crab sailing in a background of solid gold-leaf. The columns of the rotunda are handsomely carved figures. In fact, every detail of this palatial structure is an art study, and it is no wonder that guests remain there for weeks at a time to study the decorations of this unrivalled modern palace, which is the possession of the great caraven of guests who come and go through the season. As I sat on the stairway, looking down, I thought of how the thousands of visitors coming to this hotel enjoy all these beauties and luxuries with as much pleasure as the owner, minus his responsibility.

Ponce de Leon is the great radiating point for Florida tourists, and is opened every year with varied ceremonies. It is the annual event in St. Augustine, and I had the pleasure of witnessing the nineteenth opening. Long before three o'clock, the hour of the opening, the waiting throng filled the streets. It was a cloudy day but it was evident that nothing could dim the enthusiasm of the St. Augus-



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PONCE DE LEON HOTEL, ALAMEDA OF THE ALCAZAR HOTEL IN THE FOREGROUND

tinians in the opening of their palace. The fanfare of trumpets was greeted by a signal from a culverin, fired by Miss Kenan, Mrs. Flagler's sister. Close by stood the war-scarred veterans, Lieutenant-General Scofield and General Brooke. The great iron gates swung upward, held by massive weights, as the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the old flag on the staff in the corner was unfurled to the breeze. The moment the gates swung up in thronged the people—boys first of course. There was a goodly representation of the school children. In fact, the whole population of the city seemed to be present on this great occasion. They surged in, admiring the palace as they have done year after year, as deeply interested as though in their own domiciles. I found an old "mammy" sitting near-by, attired in a white cap and as I talked to her she added to my store of information:

"Yes, I done mak' dis yere cap special—same as I does every yea'—for Mista Flagler's opening."

Strange as it may seem, this is the first of these events at which Mr. Flagler himself has been present, but the hotel, under the able management of Mr. Murray, has long taken rank without an equal in the world. Upon its register are names of world-wide renown; thousands of celebrities have been entertained here, and it was only last October that President Roosevelt was a visitor at this famous hostelry. A Boston chef has been engaged for the present season, as the management insist on having everything of the best at the Ponce de Leon—this was regarded as a great compliment to the seat of learning and culture.

If there is any one feature of Florida life which especially recalls the original mission of Ponce de Leon, it is the renewal of youth incidental to the festivities of the mid-Winter season, which is at its height about Februray, 22. It is amazing to note by statistics the number of people who go to Florida in the Winter, which indicates something of the activity of the American people. Florida is today full of Winter homes. The necessity of a Winter vacation has become fixed in the minds of our people, and in cases where it is not possible to take two vacations in the year, it is often the Summer one which is abandoned in favor of a holiday in the cold months.

The big Casino at the Alcazar surrounds the huge swimming tank. It was in this section of the hotel that an event took place which especially awakened my interest and enthusiasm. It was nothing else than "A housewarming at 'Ruffhouse Lodge'." Mr. Flagler and his wife were present and the bill of fare was certainly worthy of consideration.

It was delightful to meet the young people who took part in the games, most of them not over sixteen or seventeen years of age. I was much amused by the game in which the young ladies started, ran across the room, picked up a piece of paper and a pencil on a line, and got right down and wrote a love letter and rushed back with it to one of the waiting youths. Some of those love letters were classics. I bethought me if Editor Bok knew of this unique sport the readers of the Ladies Home Journal would have a new amusement for Winter gatherings. The young people reading the National can try it.

Then there was the old "grab bag" game, where each one stood blindfolded with a bludgeon ready to strike, after having taken three steps and turned around three times. It was amusing, to note how the bump of locality varied in the several different players some of them striking wild at all angles of the compass; but at last someone hit the bag a thwack, which brought forth the trophies of the occasion.

The "egg and spoon race," "the potato race," and the "fancy spasms" were all amusing and so was the "hungry hustle." It was just an old-fashioned, happy time, with a number of new games, and it seemed as though everybody in that room had suddenly become about the same age—and no one was over twenty that night. I was afterward privileged to meet a large number of the good people of the city, at a reception of the St. Augustine Yacht Club, and I shall never forget the cordial hospitality of the South on these occasions.

MR. HENRY M. FLAGLER, THE GENIUS OF FLORIDA

AND HERE THE TROPICAL CLIMAX

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IT seemed like a great world-panorama unveiled. In a single night's journey the transformation was miraculous, for after the freeze of '94 the great patron of Florida pushed on farther South to carry on his life ambition, and the trip following the wake of his footsteps is one of marvelous interest. There is the hotel at Rockledge, on the picturesque river, and the hotel at Ormond, with the vast stretch of beach where the automobile races have broken all records on the hard-packed and raked sand of the Atantic coast. This year it is expected to turn the wheels at the pace of two miles a minute. It is six miles from Ormond to Daytona. All along the line of the Florida East Coast are evidences of the great absorbing purpose of Henry M. Flagler. While these hotels are without equals in the world, and are the rendezvous of people who spend money with a lavish hand, it is not in his hotels that the projector takes the most pride. As he remarked to me:

"It is not for the tourist, but for the people who stay the twelve months of the year in Florida, that we are building up the great Peninsular State of the South."

At Fort Pierce and Daytona are thousands of homes of persons who come from the North for the Winter, but there is a constant influx of people who have come to make permanent homes and have succeeded in fulfilling the ambition of the average American—to have a good dwelling place. Now, it would not be honest to say that Florida is a golden land, where oranges grow as freely as grass and beautiful homes subsist without the strenuous effort necessary to support them elsewhere, but it is certainly "a delightsome land."

On either side of the railroad pineapple farms and fields of bananas grow, and what delicious bananas may be found in Florida! Pineapples grow out in the fields on small bushes, which look somewhat like cactus plants and are about four or five feet high. These are protected by sheds, or chicken coop arrangements of lath, about six feet above the plants, which keep off the frost. It is a peculiar fact that frost does not pass beneath these sheds of lath.

Every mile on the well-equipped and well-ballasted train of the East Coast Railroad furnishes a scene of varied interest. To the left is the great St. Johns river, which follows the East Coast of Florida. This is the great rendezvous for the house boats, and on the river may be seen many of these floating houses in which the people live during the Winter and move about as the desire may impel, enjoying an idle, leizurely life.

One peculiarity in the Flagler hotels is that they are built for the railroads. The beach hotels have switches that run the train right to the door of the hostelry, which eliminates all difficulty with baggage. An Englishman remarked to me:

"By Jove! It is as easy to travel in Florida as to go from Trafalgar to St. Paul's."

The climax of this scroll of picturesque tropical splendor is reached at Palm Beach. There you get the full warm breath of the Gulf Stream and the balmy breezes that speak of Summer in the midst of Wintertime.

Acres and acres of soil were brought here from outside, for Mr. Flagler decided to make this one of the greatest Winter resorts of the world, and many acres of the picturesque cocoanut trees now greet you on every side. Along the beach is located the famous hotel called "The Breakers," and no more suitable name could possibly be found for it. In this great caravansary gather thousands of visitors in friendship and amity. It is a delightful place to stay. The beach is a constant source of pleasure, with the white surf breaking on it, suggesting a marine picture by the immortal Turner. This is the true lotus land, and the traveler finds himself murmering,

"O, rest ye brother mariners, we will not wander more."

Near the hotel are the swimming pools, in which the waters of the ocean can be utilized in the open air by those who prefer this to surf bathing. Near-by are a number of picturesque cottages and villas, and it was here that Joe Jefferson passed many pleasant hours with his friend Henry M. Flagler.

The idea of Palm Beach seems to be

that at least once a year here shall be gathered all the ultra wealth of the country, for "you have to be quite wealthy to play the game at all" at Palm Beach. The hours of pleasure there are measured largely by the amount of money one is able to spend, but there is nothing lacking in this great Florida Newport and even that famed and fashionable resort in its palmiest days could not rival Palm Beach. The environment, the climate, all are most desirable for the pleasure seeker and provide one ceaseless round of amusement.

Not far from The Breakers is the Ponciana Hotel, which is perhaps, the center attraction in a tour of the Flagler Hotels. On entering the great rotunda the visitor finds Fishtail Palms adorning the center and music softly floating through the air. The wide corridors seemed to me to extend as far as the eye could see. The double decked balconies suggest the South, but every where is the neatness of a New England Priscilla. Great credit is certainly due to Mr. Fred Sterry for the way in which these hotels have been managed.

Lake Worth is one side and the ocean on the other side of Palm Beach, and West Palm Beach is the name of the thriving city on the opposite side of the lake. It is a prosperous little Florida city and wherever you go you find the spirit of H. M. Flagler, for everything is kept with the same thoroughness and dispatch which characterizes all the undertakings with which his name has been identified. It was amusing to hear one old inhabitant hold forth on the delights of his native place:

BATHING DURING JANUARY AND FEBRUARY AT PALM BEACH IN FRONT OF THE BREAKERS HOTEL

"This is one of the most healthiest

spots on God's earth. That can be proved by facts. There was only seven deaths in Palm Beach last year—two was caused by drowning, two was folks that came in sick from the North, two committed suicide and the seventh died of old age. Now there you are, how's that for a health bill?'' he wound up triumphantly.

It appeared that no one ever had a cold but all were happy and content in this favored spot. Of course it became hot in the middle of the day, but my old friend assured me that they got accustomed to that, just as we do to the cold of the North. Well, I began to think that perhaps Ponce de Leon was about right when he searched Florida for the fountain of youth, for it was truly a difficult thing to find an undertaker or a doctor anywhere in this Southern city—and if no one died, of course youth must be eternal.

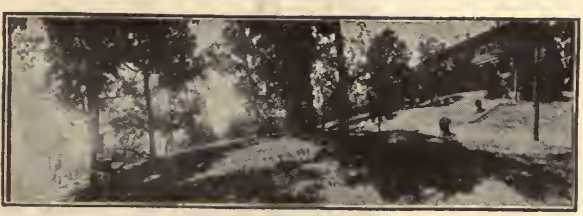
The real climax of my visit I have kept for the final page, not

> "Because this verse must be the last,
> And that's the reason why I've kept it to the end,"

but because what I saw here impressed me most of all. On a peninsula projecting into Lake Worth is the favorite home of Henry M. Flagler, which is called "Whitehall" and of all the beautiful places I have ever seen on this terrestrial sphere, this one is simply superlative.

The house is flanked on either side by pergolas. Here and there are Washington palms, royal palms, cocoanout palms and the verdant poinsettias. A wide range of the flora of Florida is represented here. On this balmy January day, when the bleak blizzard was blowing across the North, I was privileged to fondle the tender blossoms of Springtime; here the air was redolent with the rich fragrance of Floridan flowers, for there were flowers and flowers to spare, beneath the ever graceful yet crooked cocoanut palms, that waved a greeting on every side.

The entrance to the home of Mr. Falgler is a very large, stately hall of rectangular shape. The stairway projects on either side and the great marble columns and Venetian tables, the tapestries and rugs make a picture of splendor which I had not witnessed even in the palace of Versailles. It suggested the time when art flourished and the glory of Louis of France was at its height Yet there was such an artistic and simple touch in it all that a visit here was equal to a day's study in an art gallery.



CLIQUOT GINGER ALE

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE STONE IN THIS DEPOT CAME FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

I HAVE not drunk deep of the empyrean springs, but it occurs to me that I have sipped the waters of Carlsbad in Germany, taken deep draughts of Vichy water, in France, visited Leamington Spa, in England, been on the very spot where Appolinaris water gurgles forth, and have quaffed Poland water in its native haunts, to make no mention of the Hunyadi water consumed at Buda Pesth. Hold on! I said to myself all this knowledge of waters is but another reason why my curiosity should be excited concerning temperance drinks of all kinds, for, goodness knows, I never needed to seek all these waters for my health. Much had I heard of another drink and one that I desired to know more about,—it was Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. So to Millis I went to see where the Clicquot spring is located and that famous ginger ale is made. It is twenty-two miles from Boston, a beautiful ride by steam cars through the Newtons.

The railroad station at Millis is unique and will particularly interest tourists seeking wonders among Boston's suburbs.

Mr. Lansing Millis, to whose enterprise the town owes much, conceived the idea of building the railway station of rock specimens gathered from all over the world. In addition to his own collection, he was tendered many others cut with the initials or monograms of railroad lines in this, and other countries. The effect is artistic and sets one's fancy into action, thus warming the blood for the sparkling and cooling Clicquot Ginger Ale we had come to enjoy.

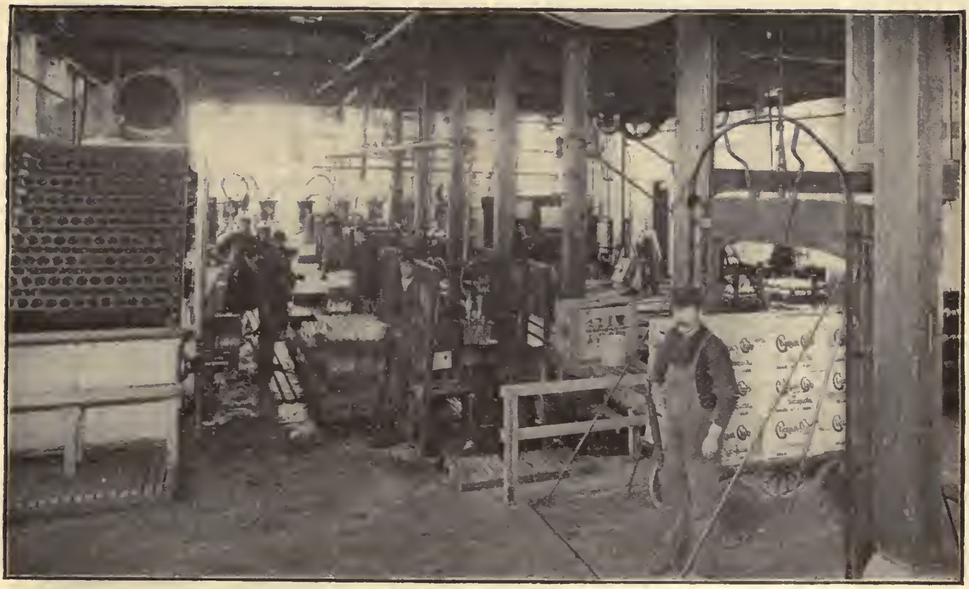
A little way from the station and near the track we observed the prosperous looking buildings of the Clicquot Club Company. Even the distant view impressed one with the thrift and enterprise of the institution. The bottling works were located at this spring seventeen years ago, after the water had been given exhaustive tests for purity and chemically analyzed for the elements

THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY WHERE THE COMPOUNDING IS DONE WITH THE EXACTNESS OF SCIENCE essential for retaining the carbonate or soda gas with which the bottles are charged. All the desired elements are contained in the waters of this spring; consequently a bottle of Clicquot Ginger Ale will, when opened and poured out, bubble and effervesce for an hour or more. Another singular feature of the water is, that it is both laxative and diuretic, thus offsetting the astringent agencies of ginger.

Now Clicquot probably is recognized as the superlative ginger ale of America and of the world today; for I drank Belfast Ginger Ale in Belfast, and partook of Clicquot at Millis and can solemnly aver, if I may be regarded as a connoisseur of such drinks, that the American Ale is better. It is possessed of properties that are both wholesome and refreshing. You may remember how in the harvest fields under the hot sun, ginger water sweetened with molasses is always served; and how football players and athletes are given ginger ale to drink because it does not injure the stomach as plain cold water would do when the drinker is in a heated condition.

The secret of the success of Clicquot may be expressed in a single sentence. The very best ingredients are used from start to finish, compounded with this chemically pure water so well adapted for carbonating purposes. For instance, the very finest cane sugar is used for all syrups and their Blood Orange soda water is flavored with Oil of Orange costing $60.00 per pound. The Jamaica Ginger used is the choicest grade and comes direct from the West Indies. The best of everything in fact is secured irrespective of cost.

As I sampled the many kinds of carbonated drinks that are prepared here, it seemed as though I was drinking enough to upset the stomach of anything, save a duck or a fish, and yet I drank on and suffered no nausea. Among the beverages beside Clicquot Ginger Ale which the firm bottles and puts up, may be mentioned Lemon, Blood Orange, Birch,



THE TEN LARGE CARBONATORS ARE IN THIS ROOM, AND THE MACHINE (60 FEET LONG) FOR WASHING THE BOTTLES, WHICH ARE ALSO THOROUGHLY STERILIZED.

Sarsaparilla and Cyc-Kola, a nervetonic, rapidly becoming a very popular drink. In all these beverages it seemed as though there must be a cream or a rich oil, so soft and mellow were the blendings arranged.

MAIN BUILDINGS OF THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY.

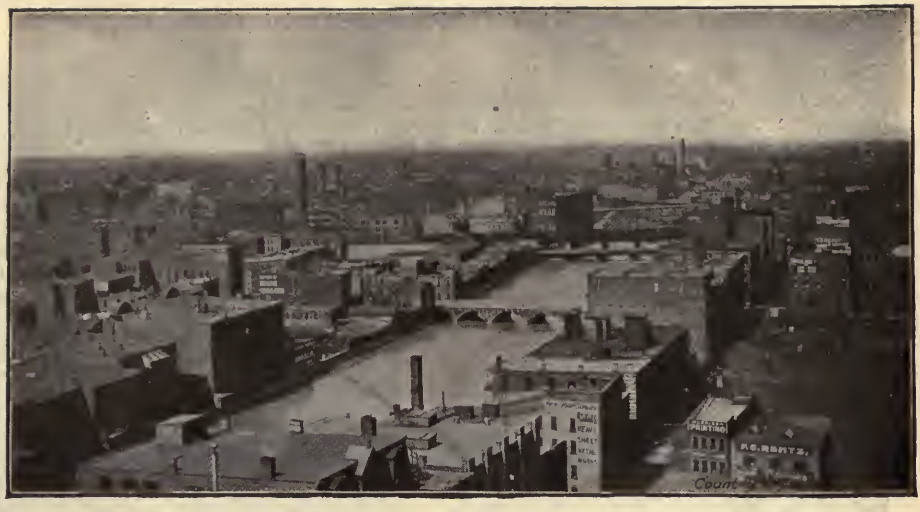
The Clicquot Club Company is capitalized at $250,000. Its plant consists of three buildings with a floor space of 45,000 square feet. Its capacity is already 3,000 dozen per day and soon to be increased. In the warehouse I saw about a quarter-million cases stored, for this is one of the few factories which run nearly the whole year through in order to supply the trade. They believe in aging their stock and allow ample time to test the contents of every bottle. I could picture in my mind's eye as I looked at those cases, the many picnic parties, the scenes at sea-side resorts, on hotel piazzas and at home tables, where the contents of these bottles would serve to quench the Summer thirst of thousands; however, Clicquot is not only a delicious Summer drink, but it has become the popular table beverage for every month in the year.

Entering the bottling works I saw a large machine, sixty feet in length that is used inwashing the bottles, which are all thoroughly sterilized before using. Ten large carbonators supply gas for the bottlers as they seal the stoppers on the bottles; finally the bottles are labeled with all the daintiness and neatness bestowed on the best champagne. The whole establishment from the engine room to the shipping room sparkles with the neatness of a New England kitchen, it fairly shines with cleanliness. It means a great deal to the consumer to know just how the product is made, and from whence it comes, as well as all the conditions of manufacture. *It is notable that in Clicquot Ginger Ale no preservative is used. It is guaranteed to comply with all pure food laws.* And it is made with the strictest and most careful attention to having it chemically wholesome. Pure, piquant and popular are the three words which epitomize Clicquot; and it is said that there is more real satisfaction in one large (and they are large) bottle of Clicquot than in twice the quantity of ordinary Ginger Ale.

It was late in the afternoon when I left the factory. I had been shown about the plant by Mr. C. W. Sanford, secretary of the company. Mr. H. Earle Kimball is treasurer, and Mr. H. A. Kimball, of Providence, R. I., is president. They certainly have reason to be proud of their plant and the production of an American Ginger Ale which is superior to any in the world.

This information will appeal to teetotalers, for it can no longer be urged that champagne is the only sparkling drink which may grace the banquet board.

Let us pledge you heartily in a glass of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. Here's to your good health, and your family's good health. May you live long, and be refreshed in the sultry days to come with Clicquot Ginger Ale, America's drink, par excellence.


ROCHESTER — LOOKING NORTH TOWARD LAKE ONTARIO — GENESEE RIVER DIVIDES THE CITY

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK — THE FLOWER CITY

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING

THE population of Rochester is at present about 200,000. It has 120 churches, eight hospitals, and some 2,750 manufacturing establishments. The employes in factories and work shops are estimated at 60,000. There are over twenty-four fire companies, with a system of extension in hydrants, apparatus, and employes, the latter numbering about 225. The city has an area of 11,365 acres; there are 325 miles of open streets and 126 miles of improved streets. It has an excellent electric street car system of 103 miles, tapping various other systems with ramifications that extend to or are in process of extension to Buffalo, and Niagara Falls on the west, Syracuse and the intervening towns on the east, Auburn, Canandaigua and intervening towns on the south. These trolley lines are destined to be very rich sources of revenue to the merchants of Rochester, providing rapid transit to a prodigious area of produce raising country within a radius of 100 miles from the city, enabling farmers and stock raisers and their families easy access to Rochester. The city has about 280 miles of water pipes, about 230 miles of sewers. Eleven steam railroads enter the city. Ten bridges span the Genesee river within the city limits.

The Genesee river is capable of producing 50,000 horse power, about 10,000 of which by electricity is now in use.

MAIN AND ST. PAUL STREETS

The matter of securing the full power capacity is a subject that will continue to engage the earnest attention of the chamber of commerce.

Rochester enjoys the purest water supply for domestic uses of any city in the United States; its Hemlock lake system delivering 22,000,000 gallons daily. It is hoped to reserve this water exclusively for household use by securing an adequate supply of other high grade water for manufacturing purposes, which should be of such a quality that in case any accident happened to the Hemlock conduits, the water for manufacturing supply might be used temporarily for domestic purposes with a minimum of risk to health.

UPPER FALLS OF GENESEE—96 FEET HIGH

As the health of a city largely depends upon the opportunities given its inhabitants for the enjoyment of fresh air and recreation, the city is equipped with one of the best park systems in the country. These parks contain an area of 696 acres, containing as they do over 1,200 varieties of shrubs and foliage, and larger trees of almost every known species.

The coal consumed in and shipped from Rochester annually amounts to over 360,000 tons of anthracite, and 640,000 tons of bituminous. Over $50,000,000 is invested in manufacturing and the wholesale trades and the value of annual manufactured products exceeds $70,000,000. It is the first city in the world for the production of photographic apparatus, optical instruments and nursery stock, the third city in the United States in the manufacture of clothing, fourth city in the manufacture of boots and shoes, the combined amount of products of the two latter industries alone being over $17,000,000 annually. It has the largest preserving establishment, cider and vinegar factory, lubricating oil plant and button factory in the world.

The educational advantages found in Rochester are of the best. The city boasts of thirty-eight public schools, with an average attendance of 19,000 pupils, supervised by 674 teachers. A Normal Training school, attendance 794. Two high schools attendance over 3,000. A Mechanics Institute with over 4,000 stu-

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK

dents. A university with 270 students. Wagner Memorial college, and the Rochester Theological seminary, under the control of the Baptist denomination. There are also eighteen parochial schools, two academies for girls, one academy for boys, and St. Bernard's Theological Seminary.

The church accommodations of Rochester are seventeen Baptist, two Christian, two Congregational, three Evangelical, two Evangelical Association, one Holland Christian Reformed, six Jewish congregations, thirteen Lutheran, fourteen Methodist Episcopal, one Free Methodist, fourteen Presbyterian, one United Presbyterian, twelve Protestant Episcopal, one Reformed Church in United States, seventeen Roman Catholic churches and a Cathedral, one Second Adventist, one Unitarian, one Universalist, beside a church each for Christadelphians, Church of the Stranger, First Church of Christ, (Scientist,) First Spiritual Church, People's Rescue Mission, Rochester Italian Mission, Second Church of Christ, (Scientist).

The hospitals include St. Mary's, City hospital, Rochester Homeopathic hospital, Rochester Hahnemann hospital, Infant's Summer hospital, new Municipal hospital for contagious diseases and a State hospital.

The library accommodations of Rochester are excellent, and continually in process of extension. The Reynolds' library, the Central library, the University of Rochester library, the Rochester Theological seminary library, the St. Bernard Theological seminary library, the Fourth Appellate Division Law Library and the Powers Law library, with a total of over 200,000 volumes.

Rochester is pre-eminently a city of homes. The palaces of the rich and the cottages of the industrial classes are seen on every side. The majority of the people own their own homes, which accounts largely for the permanent prosperity of the city. The reason is simple, for the city has a greater diversity of industries than any other place of its size, and all can find employment with opportunities for advancement by the exercise of industry, prudence and patience.

For a period of nearly forty years Rochester has held the eminent position of being one of the great centers for the manufacture of boots and shoes in America. There are only three or four cities that surpass this city in the shoe trade. Although the shoe manufacturing industry has largely increased in the West during the past few years, it is a remarkable fact that during the past decade and more the establishment of new concerns for the manufacture of shoes has been a marked feature in the industrial growth of the city. Rochester is noted for the production of women's shoes and holds second place in the United States in their manufacture. Philadelphia alone is ahead in point of quantity but not in that of quality. In addition to women's shoes the Rochester output includes the best lines of misses', youths', boys', children's and infants' shoes, which are marketed in every large city on the continent. There are seventy factories, many of which are small concerns, making what are called cacks or soft soles. Over $3,000,000 is invested in the shoe industry in Rochester, and nearly $2,000,000 in wages are annually paid to employes. The value of the shoe product in this city is officially stated to be about $10,000,000 per annum.

Rochester is experiencing prosperity surpassing all records. This can be most readily noticed among its banks. These financial institutions show an increase last year of over $9,000,000 in their deposits. The depoists for 1905 were $119,042,135.

The city is almost free of labor troubles and because of this Cluett, Peabody & Co. left the seat of their trouble in Troy and now rank with the large concerns of Rochester.

Who is there in this broad land who does not know of Rochester made clothing?

The annual output of the Rochester clothing factories amounts to over twenty million dollars. In this Rochester is surpassed by but three cities in the United States—New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. But in the matter of quality and style Rochester stands first and practically alone, because the styles in clothing emanate from this city to a large extent and because on Rochester clothing more thought and pains and money are expended in workmanship, quality of fabrics and furnishings, than upon the productions of any other clothes manufacturing establishments in the world.

The clothing industry of Rochester has done very much to advertise and build up the city. The industry has made millionaires of some of its manufacturers and made others engaged in the trade rich beyond expectation.

A remarkable feature in connection with Rochester's clothing industry is the fact that many merchants residing in cities throughout the United States and in foreign countries have also grown rich by handling Rochester made clothing during many years. The reason is obvious. Those who wear the clothing are so satisfied with its quality and style that they always call for it in replenishing their wardrobes.

The census report shows close to 3,000 manufacturing and mechanical establishments employing close to 60,000 hands. Of this number about one-fourth are girls over sixteen in the many up-to-date stores and office buildings that line the principal streets.

The completion of the new public market and its quiet adaptation to the needs of the people has given satisfaction. The farmers have become accustomed to the new order of things; the market is being run on business principles and making money and the cry is now being raised for a similar market on the west side of the river. So rapidly is Rochester increasing in wealth and population that the establishing of a second public market seems to be among the probabilities.

As the years roll by, bringing prosperty, wealth and renown to the city, the need of a convention hall becomes the more pressing. When the hall is secured Rochester will become at once a convention city, which means the visitation there of thousands of people during each year.

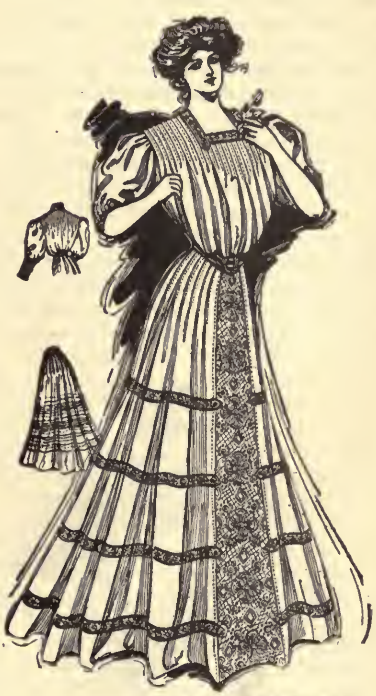
The chamber of commerce is putting forth every effort toward getting in touch with any manufacturing institution that wishes to change its location, and a card to the secretary for literature will be appreciated. The annual report as arranged by Mr. John M. Ives, secretary, is different from anything you ever read about any growing city. It would be well worth your while to write to him for a copy.

CORNER MAIN AND EXCHANGE STREETS

EARLY SPRING FASHIONS

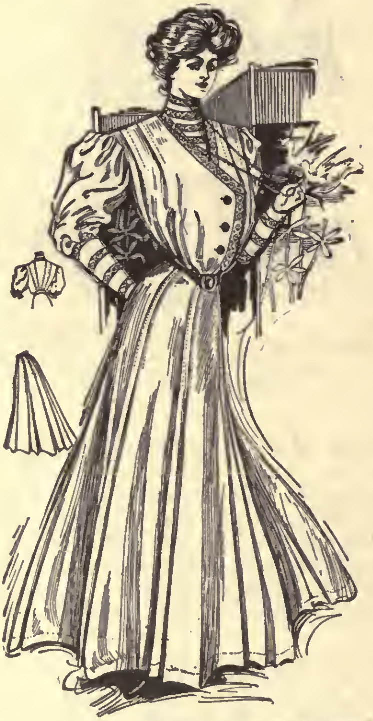
The early Spring is ever a season of sartorial interest, although as a matter of fact we do not, as a rule, need Spring clothing until April, and this year, Easter being a bit later than common, the time of change is likely to be put off until the last possible moment. Styles are, however, already established and tailors and dressmakers are busy making ready the costumes of the coming season, whether they will be needed immediately or will not. The short coat is to reign supreme. Etons, and what are known as "pony" jackets, share the honors, so that there is considerable variety, but the long, fitted coat seems likely to be relegated to morning wear, to travel and to occasions of a similar sort, all the dressier costumes being made with jaunty little creations that are exceedingly chic and exceedingly charming. For the street all skirts will clear the ground but for the carriage they will be made in what is known as round length, while for in-door occasions the round length and the train prevail for all except the extremely simple gowns, which are far more practical when the skirts do not quite touch. Gray is to be a prevailing color and is shown in exquisite suitings, both in mixtures and in plain tones, but there will also be a great deal of reseda and of the violet shades, while such stand-bys as brown and blue are always worn. White may be looked for both in reception toilettes and in the gowns of dinner and evening wear and for the seaside resorts will be seen in serge and the like, making coat suits that are alluring in the extreme. For in-door wear all soft, crushable silk and wool materials will retain their favor, while their number has been added to until it is very nearly legion.

In the illustration combining 5252 with 5233 is shown one of the prettiest gowns of semi-dress that the season has brought forth. The material is the favorite pongee in one of the lovely new shades of pinkish lavender, while the trimming is lace of the exact shade of ecru which harmonizes to perfection with the silk. The design is a simple one but eminently effective, the waist being made with an open square and with elbow sleeves, while the skirt combines a plain front gore with circular portions that are tucked over the hips. When liked, however, the waist can be worn with a chemisette or can be made with the tucks extending to the neck and with long sleeves, so that really the design provides for several waists in one. For a woman of medium size will be required, for the waist four yards of material twenty-one inches, or two yards if forty-four inches wide, with two and one-half yards of banding; for the skirt twelve yards twenty-one inches, or five yards if forty-four inches wide with one and one-fourth yards of all-over lace for the front gore.



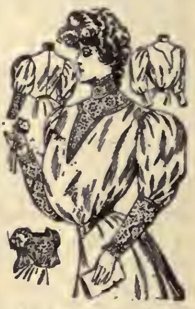
Design By May Manton.
Tucked Blouse 5252.
Three-Piece Skirt 5233.

The simpler gowns are for the most part made with blouse waists, many of which show the chemisette, that always is dainty and charming. (5259-5135) is adapted to taffeta, to veiling, to cashmere and to all similar materials, while also it will be found a most satisfactory model for linen and for the heavier cotton fabrics, which so many women are having made at this season of the year. The waist is made with a chemisette that can be made of any contrasting material that may be liked and includes the very latest sleeves, which allow a choice of full or elbow length, while the skirt is seven gored, laid in two tucks at each seam, and can be made in walking or in round length. For the medium size will be required, for the waist three and one-fourth yards of material twenty-seven inches, or two and five-eighth yards if forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard any width for the chemisette and five and one-half yards of banding; for the skirt nine and one-half yards twenty-seven inches, or five and one-half yards if forty-four inches wide when material has up and down; seven and three-quarters yards twenty-seven inches or three and three-fourths yards if forty-four inches when it has not.



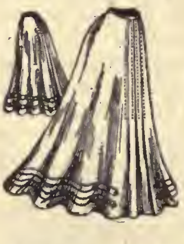
Design By May Manton.
Blouse with Chemisette 5259.
Seven Gored Skirt 5135.

The plain blouse is one that fills so many needs that it is a very well deserved favorite. This one (5267) can be treated in a number of ways, so becoming the plain waist of daily afternoon wear, the low waist of the evening or the fancy one of intermediate use. As shown white silk is combined with lace and the deep cuffs are used, but cuffs of less depth can be substituted or these can be omitted altogether and the sleeves finished with bands at the elbows, or again the waist can be cut out to give a square decolletage and made with the short puffed sleeves that are the very latest decree of fashion. For the medium size will be required three and one-half yards of material twenty-one inches, two and three-fourths yards twenty-seven inches, or one and there-fourths yards if forty four inches wide with one and one-eighth yards eighteen inches wide and one and one-half yards of banding.

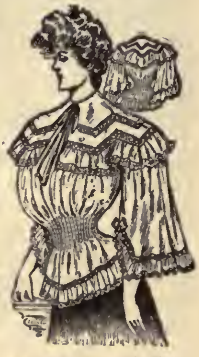


5267 Plain Blouse, 32 to 42 bust.

A great variety of skirts unquestionably will be worn throughout the Spring, but there is, nevertheless, a marked preference shown for the variations of the circular model. In 5255 is given one of the best of these that can be made either in round or walking length. There is a front gore that is laid in inverted plaits and the fulness at the back is similarly arranged while between the two the skirt is plain over the hips but falls in graceful ripples at the lower portion. Cloth, wool suitings, silk and linen all are appropriate with trimming of any sort that personal preference may fancy. Material required for the medium size is seven yards twenty-seven inches, or four and one-half yards of forty-four or fifty-two inches wide. No wardrobe is quite complete without a pretty and tasteful house jacket, and the one illustrated (5265) is sure to find its own welcome. It is of pale blue cashmere trimmed with cream lace and is charming for immediate wear.



5255 Three-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist



5265 House Jacket, 32 to 40 bust.

COCA-COLA

WHENEVER I go within hailing distance of a town where a well advertised article is made, I try to plan a stop-over and a visit to the plant. The interest in seeing and knowing all about the plant is whetted if one has personally tested and found merit in the products of the place—and so on a recent trip to Florida I stopped over at Atlanta.

Every magazine in the country, every periodical, every street car running on our streets has, I suppose, at one time or another contained the mystical words, "Coca-Cola," the same identical form of type that was initiated in the early campaign, by Secretary F. M. Robinson, and is still being used as the insignia of one of the most popular drinks in the United States, now called the National drink. In fact, when one stops to think about it, there is no other beverage that has so widespread a use in this country, which forces the conclusion that it must be a drink of unusual merit.

After a breakfast at "The Piedmont" I made my way to the viaduct and there met Mr. St. Elmo Massengale, the energetic and able advertising agent of the South. After a brief chat, Mr. Massengale used the telephone and in came a soda fountain boy with a waiter and we pledged a greeting in glasses of Coca-Cola—I tell you it tasted good. I was not long in discovering that the greatest soda water fountain city in the world is Atlanta, one of America's healthiest cities, and no wonder that Coca-Cola is in vogue there, for it is a most delightful effervescent drink.

The advertising of this product is very well managed. Who has not seen the lithograph portrait of Madame Nordica, as she appeared in grand opera, but holding in her hand a glass of Coca-Cola? This picture was the work of a Berlin house and it has appeared in many of our best magazines. To the advertisement a coupon is sometimes attached, and I noticed that the white robed vendors of the soda fountains were kept busy with coupon customers demanding drinks of Coca-Cola.

Now it is always interesting to analyze the success of a product. Asa G. Candler, President of the Coca-Cola Company, is one of the wealthy and substantial citizens of Georgia, and the handsome seventeen story building which bears his name is the finest in the South. It is the success of such men and such enterprises as that of Coca-Cola that does so much toward advertising energetic cities like Atlanta. The traveler cannot remain there long without imbibing something of its enthusiastic spirit. Atlanta is looked upon as the great capital of the South, and is regarded by all the people of Georgia as one of the sights to see and the place of all others which it is essential to visit. The industrial exposition held in this city years ago did much to bring it to the front and give it the prominence which it enjoys today. We must not forget that this city was the home of Henry W. Grady, whose memory is kept green by a handsome statue. Atlanta is full of suggestions of Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus) and his doings, and here resides the sweet singer of the South, Frank Stanton.

Some two years ago, when the National Magazine party was in Jamaica, we found that the popular drink there was Kola. In fact, it was mixed with everything drinkable, from water to forty rod rum. It seemed to be essential in every hot weather beverage, and certainly contains refreshing and slightly stimulating qualities that are deemed necessary during the Summer. After my return, I found myself, whenever I approached a soda fountain, thinking of the kola in Jamaica; and thus Coca-Cola came to be a favorite drink. Then, too, it has such a subtle way of inviting you to it. There is always a conspicuous sign somewhere—perhaps it will be a changing plate, from which wink the words, "Coca-Cola."

Well, Mr. Massengale and I were not long in getting out to the home of this delightful drink, which is situated in a flat-iron building, on which the sign is prominently displayed. Inside we met Mr. F. M. Robinson, the secretary and manager of the advertising department, and the person who first produced the beverage and gave it the name "Coca-Cola." He is as pleasant a man as one could wish to meet, and has conducted one of the most notable campaigns ever inaugurated for a great national beverage which may be found almost anywhere that American enterprise extends — in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and even in England, France and Germany, for when once introduced it is sure of gaining favor.

In the office of Mr. Robinson I was

shown a number of Kola nuts about the size of small walnuts, though they look like large chestnuts. It is from these nuts, which grow, like the vanilla bean, inside a large pod, that kola is procured, and they are brought from the interior of Africa. It was through the natives of that country that the value of this product was known. During the strenuous days of Stanley's march — "Through darkest Africa"—he found the natives used these nuts, and discovered that they were not only refreshing and stimulating but that they also contained valuable food properties. The modern beverage is produced by mixing the kola with the coca leaves of South America. The nut is the identical kola of the Congo river country of West Africa, and the coca leaves are imported from South America, the best coming from Peru, where they have been used for centuries past. In fact these leaves are in daily use in Peru, Columbia and Brazil, and their wholesome and nutritive qualities have been fully proved. It is known that they have an excellent effect on the digestive organs. Thorough and rigid chemical tests have been made proving the virtues of these two ingredients which combined form one of the best temperance drinks of the century.

Less than a score of years have elapsed since the first Coca-Cola was sold at the soda fountain. This momentous event occurred at Jacobs' Drug store, on Marietta Street in Atlanta. The sale of the first year was less than one thousand gallons, but in 1900, 370,000 gallons were sold and the output has been more than one million, five hundred thousand gallons during the year 1905 meaning about 192,000,000 glasses. It was very entertaining to go about the factory where the syrup is made. In the warehouses I saw the barrels of refined sugar, which came from Boston and is the best to be obtained. In the great copper vats, capable of holding 12,000 gallons, I saw the drink in process of manufacture. Seven large vats have been added recently to the equipment, and on every side are evidences of greater growth. There are now 234 separate and distinct bottling establishments throughout the United States, where Coca-Cola is prepared for public use. The syrup is shipped from the factory in large, well made barrels, thoroughly sterilized—and that cleanliness is regarded as essential in the entire manufacture is a comforting reflection for those who make this their favorite drink. There is something of irony in the fact that a great many whiskey barrels are used for the shipment of Coca-Cola. It is claimed by people who know the facts that this beverage is one of the most effective agents for temperance, because it satisfies the terrible thirst created by fermented liquor, while it leaves no deleterious after effects. What Glasgow people have done in establishing tea rooms and coffee rooms, the American people are doing by the encouragement of the use of effervescent drinks at the ubiquitous soda fountain, and it is claimed that many of these drinks are more beneficial than tea or coffee, Coca-Cola notably containing the constituents of both without the harmful effects. It is also claimed that it is a panacea for hypochondria.

An interesting incident is told of a certain popular lecturer who never appears upon the platform without a pitcher of Coca-Cola, choosing it in preference to the old time glass of water. This gentleman at times speaks upon temperance, because he finds it possible to state that he knows of a beverage capable of quenching thirst. Probably Coca-Cola is the only drink for which such properties can be claimed.

It always gives a man a broader view of his country to visit other sections than his own, and find that here, too the same hopeful and optimistic spirit prevails as in his own home, for we are sometimes prone to think of our native place as the acme of perfection and the only place where it can be found. No one can visit Georgia without leaving the dear old state with regret and the conviction that whether it is Coca-Cola or the stories of Joel Chandler Harris, everything is supplied with a free hand and the earnest desire to make Georgia one of the greatest states of the Union.

So now, whenever you go to a soda fountain for a refreshing draught, you need not stop to read the labels on the whole array of spigots and bottles, for if it is a popular drinking fountain there will be Coca-Cola there, and you can depend upon it that it will be the best and most approved beverage in their complete assortment.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WE do not agree with the present lament that America is altogether devoid of artistic taste, and is submerged in the making of dollars to the exclusion of all other interests. In a majority of instances the accumulation of wealth is simply the overture to the opening of the doors for artistic opportunity.

This brings to mind the comment made by several senators and congressmen concerning the question whether sentiment is in any way a barrier to business success and suggests making an effort to find out just what people think on this matter. We often hear the statement made:

"Well this is business, not sentiment."

The general impression prevails that sentiment is incompatible with good business ability. My observation is somewhat to the contrary, but still my ideas are more or less limited, though the following up of the splendid success of our Heart Throb book has been a revelation beyond anything we could anticipate. We wish for definite information on this matter, so we are offering two prizes, as follows.

We anticipate taking a trip to Honolulu in March, 1907. I desire to have two subscribers with me, and have decided to offer the trip for the two best essays on the above subject, but all articles published will be paid for at regualr rates, so now is the time to start right out and do your thinking. The only provison is that you must give a concrete example of a man of sentiment who has become a business success. For instance, we should all like to know the sentimental side of James J. Hill or Marshall Field, but it is not essential that the examples of success be taken from prominent men, it will be all right for you to sketch the career of your butcher or your grocer, if they appeal to you as being men of sentiment who have made a success, proving that sentiment is not a barrier to commercial achievement.

The more I observe, the more I see that men who seem as cold as the Egyptian sphynx have succeeded in trade but I believe they have warm hearts, and that sentiment has contributed to their success. I may be wrong, but if so, I should like to know it.

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YEARS ago Marshall Field, whose death has meant the loss of one of the greatest merchants of the world, as well as a personal friend, said: "To work is to work all the time and to keep constantly in mind your customers and your patrons, and their interests—serve them all the time, not during business hours but night and day. These are little things, perhaps, but it is the little things that people appreciate."

These thoughts come to me forcibly whenever I have a player of note in mind. I think of it as I wander into the theatre to see this player or that.

Whenever I see the name of Willard on the boards I run up to the theatre.

It was at the New Amsterdam that I saw him once more, and it seemed like meeting an old friend as I looked at him over the footlights in "A Pair of Spectacles." What an interesting phase of human nature is revealed in that play and who but a Willard could give that sympathetic touch! Every time he put on the spectacles his entire nature changed. Of course there is always a winsomeness in Willard, but the best of all is that he is not one thing behind the footlights and another in person.

The night I went there was a double bill; the second piece was a powerful rendition of "The Man Who Was." Here was another rare display of Willard's genius. What a thrilling picture it was, a rare portrayal of English army life and what a powerful moment it was when the demented old soldier of the White Huzzars looked upon the face on the wall and recognized in those placid features the Queen, which rent aside the veil and restored lost reason and showed to his comrades in arms that like Rip Van Winkle he had regained the power to live.

All this cast a spell over me and I wandered down the aisle and behind the scenes and found my good friend still in the robes of the "man who was," but in the gleam of his eyes there was the real Willard. He is an artist to his finger tips, and an artist whom the people love. In his long and eventful career he has endeared himself to a loyal constituency of American playgoers, such as few actors of the American stage are privileged to possess.

Not long after this I had a chance to see another actor, William Gillette, who always has such a quiet, pleasant way, even if he plays Sherlock Holmes. He has a way of worming himself into one's heart, whether as Sherlock Holmes or in his new play, "Clarice."

William Gillette wrote this comedy-drama, "Clarice," in the hills of North Carolina, and somehow it has the real touch and atmosphere of the Carolina mountains. It was produced by Mr. Frohman at the Duke of York in 1905 and ran with great success for four months. But the first American production was on the Colonial stage at Christmas. It met with a brilliant success and the management were obliged to cancel all out of town engagements to give the twelve extra matinees demanded at the Colonial. I would like to give the plot of the play, which is so subtle, and the love making which is so wholesome, but space forbids. There is not a moment in which the intensity of the dramatic situation is not manifest, even though a word may not be spoken. Gillette has that way with him. As he was picking to pieces a rose which Clarice, his ward, had given to him, even the silence was eloquent. The fight with himself to give up the young girl, because he thinks it for her advantage, and then the revulsion of feeling when the keen intuition of the woman knew and felt the intensity of that love, despite the cruel words and actions which belied the heart of the man, reveal a touch of sovereign love that is especially appropriate in these days of doubt.

It was stated at one time that the people would never tolerate William Gillette in anything but Sherlock Holmes, but he has triumphed in his own play and is revealing those heart touches which are more dear to the people than any achievement, whether it be that of an actor or any other artist.

* * *

IF every reader of the National Magazine realized how important it is to answer the advertisements in the magazine, I am sure there would be a flood of inquiries poured in upon all our advertisers. They want your attention and business, and it is certainly worth your while to get acquainted with them.

We go through the ceremony of introducing you to them each month, and we should like you to keep right in touch with them.

The other day I was perplexed as to what to get for a birthday present. I felt I must have the very best obtainable, yet of course there was some limitation as to price. It did no good to wander through the shops down town. In my desperation I wrote to my good friend Mr. Hussey, of the Baird-North Company, of Salem, Massachusetts. In a few lines I told him of my predicament, and asked him to send me something for my wife's birthday—anything except a watch or a locket. That good natured man sent exactly the right thing. Mr. Hussey is in the business and knows just what people like to have.

I should like every reader of the National Magazine to know Mr. Hussey. You may all have perfect confidence in sending to him for a present for anybody for whom you desire an especially pleasing gift. If the article sent is not exactly what you wish, rest assured that the good reliable firm of Baird-North Company will see that it is made right for you.

I have had an argument with Mr. Hussey on this subject. I said to him that people would buy birthday, wedding and anniversary gifts at other times beside Christmas, but he insisted that it was useless for him to advertise except in the month of November in preparation for the holiday trade.

I suggested that statistics prove such events occur all the year round. Nor can I believe that our readers give presents only in December. So now, if you desire a present for a friend, sit down and write to Mr. Hussey just what you want and add another link to the chain that binds human nature together in the spirit of good cheer and cooperation.

Mr. Hussey's ad for the Baird-North Company, Salem, is on another page, but I think if you mention to him that you want to buy something on the Joe Chapple special service plan, he will understand just what you desire. He has made a study of the tastes of the people in the matter of presents, and ideas will occur to him which we ordinary mortals never would have.

◆

DEAR BILLY! I knew it all along, though never a word was spoken on the subject. He was in the birth throes of getting out a book. He came to the National office one sultry August afternoon and we had one of those delightful chats, in which we talked over some of the great problems of life, both here and hereafter, and never for a moment was there a lack of that genial optimism, good cheer and wholesome love of humanity which defies analysis but is at once felt by everyone who comes into contact with Billy.

Since those days I have had placed in my hands a book called "Frozen Dog Tales and Other Things," by Colonel William Hunter, printed by the Everett Press. The pages are elaborately illustrated, and the book comes like a fragrant breath of Spring after a long and weary Winter. There is something in the description of the Frozen Dog Quadrille, to the tune of Money Musk, that sets one's feet a-going, while the tender feeling expressed in the little poem, "Leavin' Home" is something we have all felt. The book gives a wholesome touch of Western life and the broad sweep of the prairies, such as we have not had since the days of Bret Harte.

No strictly American library would be quite complete without a copy of Frozen Dog Tales. I feel you will all enjoy reading it because it is unique, it stirs the sluggish blood, giving glimpses of real pioneer life that read like a fairy tale to Eastern people. It is the experience of a man who has closely observed his fellows and given character of all kinds much thought and study. In

"The Editor's Vision" he measures up the various sorts of aristocracy and concludes that the aristocracy of brains is the only one of them all that will last, "He who belongs to the aristocracy of knowledge is the real man."

Occasionally a sound piece of advice is embodied in the commonest language.

"A fur collar on an overcoat is no evidence that the man has an undershirt." His plea for "The Old Fashioned Home" is something that will appeal to every dweller in a city, while it will strengthen the love of home in the hearts of country readers.

The book abounds in homely aphorisms. "We hear a great deal about 'has-beens,' but our investigation shows they are 'never-wases.'" "An imitator can't make a success any more than a crow can be an eagle."

"The man who gets mad easily suffers more mental torture than the man he gets mad at."

"Grizzly Pete says, 'The man what talks too much is settin' traps fer himself.'"

"Link Duke says the college education often has the effect of making some fellows too smart to work and not smart enough to get along without working."

It is true that it may occasionally occur to the reader that the maxims of Frozen Dog do not quite agree with the practice of the citizens. In theory they believe in loving each other and doing unto others as they would they should do unto them, but occasionally the Frozen "Doggers" sally forth and smite their neighbors "hip and thigh" for some minor offence, usually verbal, while "necktie parties" are so plentiful as to cause the Eastern reader to feel a cold chill run down his spine. But then where is there a community that is not more or less inconsistent?

Colonel Hunter is not only a business man, a writer and an advertising man, but is also an all-round good fellow with a legion of friends, and always with a hand outstretched ready to help the man who is down. I suppose we shall still continue to call the talented author Colonel William Hunter, because for my part I cannot remember the time when he was not a colonel, a member of the governor's staff in Wyoming, and I suppose there will not be a time when he will not still bear that title. But after all his other claims for popularity have been considered, I believe his fame will rest more surely on what he has given in this handsome little volume than on anything else he has ever done up to this time. But remember this is dated—there is no telling what Hunter may do in the years to come.

I found a favorite nook for Frozen Dog Tales in my library and when I want to have memories awakened of a trip over the Rockies, I take down that little volume and revel in the heart warmth of one of the best fellows I know.

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